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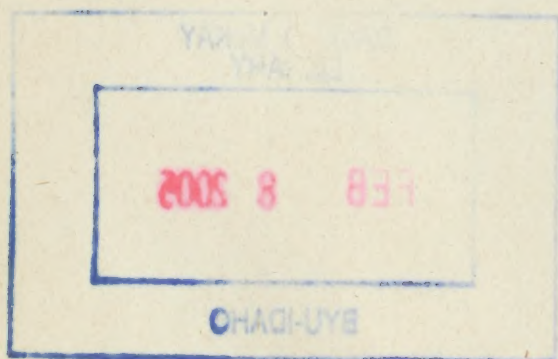


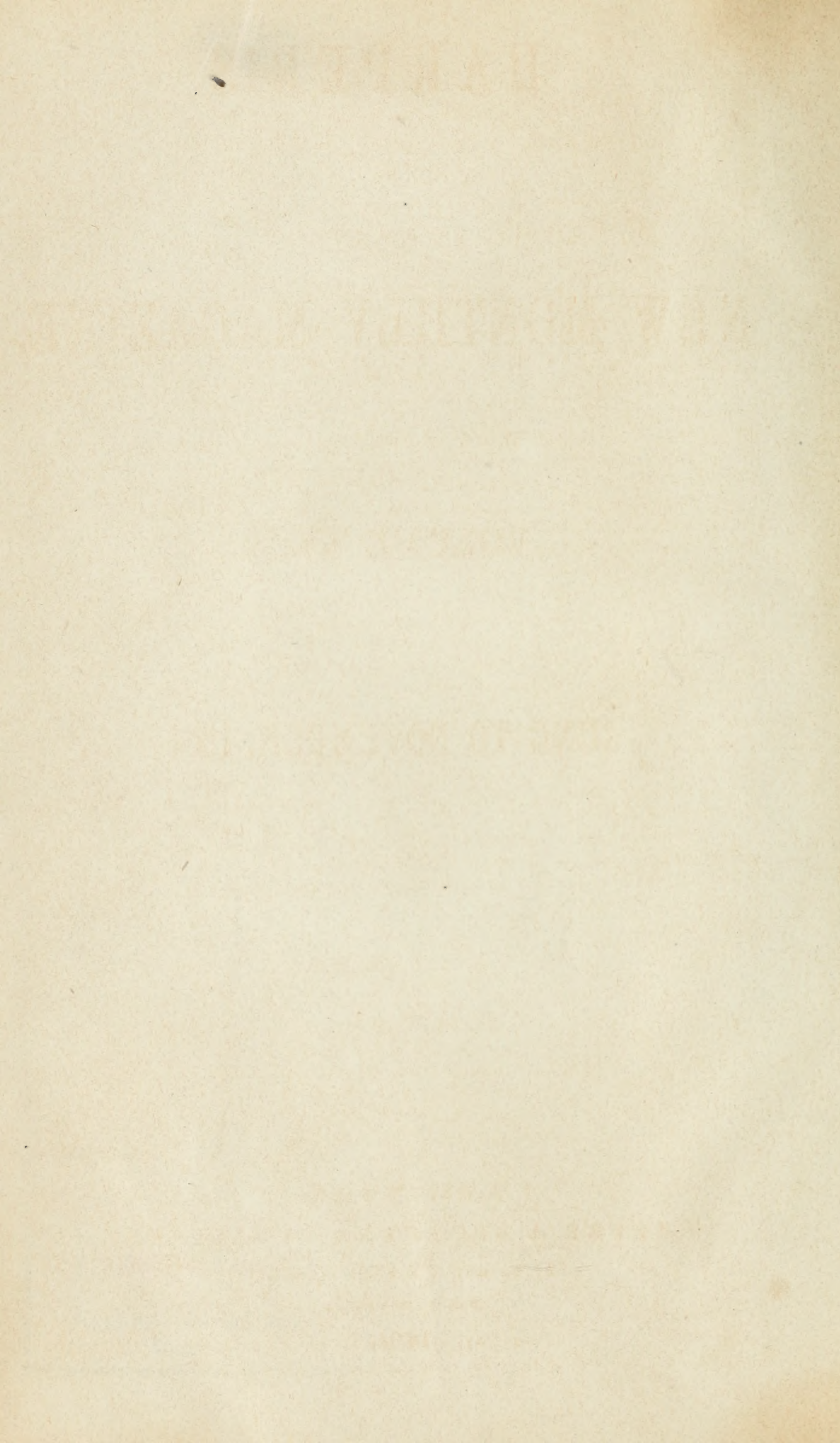
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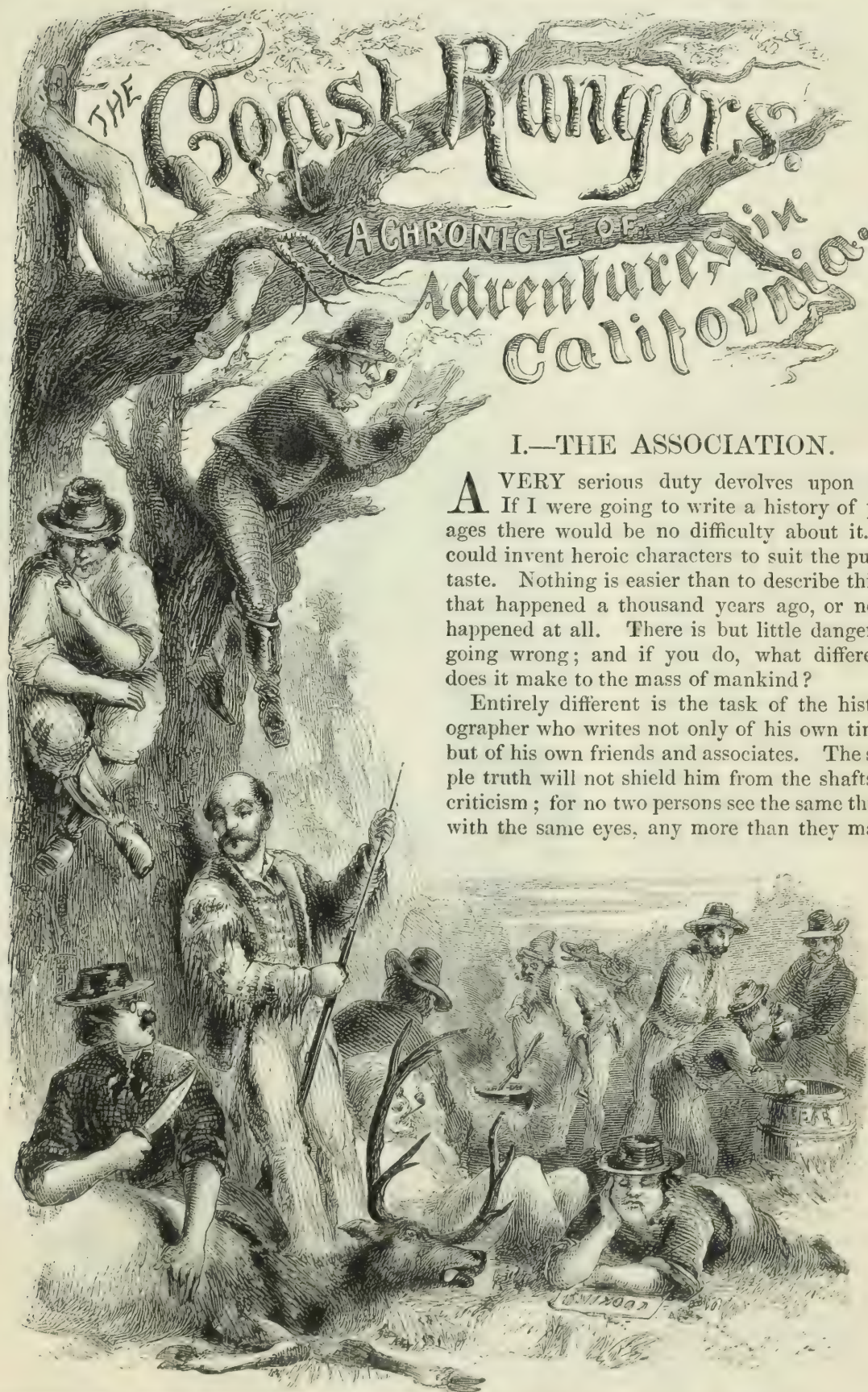
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I.—THE ASSOCIATION.

A VERY serious duty devolves upon me. If I were going to write a history of past ages there would be no difficulty about it. I could invent heroic characters to suit the public taste. Nothing is easier than to describe things that happened a thousand years ago, or never happened at all. There is but little danger of going wrong; and if you do, what difference does it make to the mass of mankind?

Entirely different is the task of the historiographer who writes not only of his own times, but of his own friends and associates. The simple truth will not shield him from the shafts of criticism; for no two persons see the same things with the same eyes, any more than they masti-

cate their food with the same mouth, or take a pinch of snuff with the same nose. In my case the position is peculiarly embarrassing. I have to speak of events the most remarkable in the very face of numerous living witnesses; to describe scenes the most extraordinary without the slightest approach to exuberance of fancy; to paint portraits of distinguished characters that will be true to nature and satisfactory to the originals: in short, to be entertaining without offense, and complimentary without flattery. The sword of Damocles hangs over me. I can only hope that it will not fall until after the next election of Historiographer by the gentlemen of the "Coast Range Association."

I never could tell exactly why they selected me for this duty. Of late years my business has been to examine public depositories, and ascertain the amount of money left in them by the officers in charge. A considerable portion of my practice has been in the examination of vouchers for disbursements. What connection that is supposed to have with a record of facts I am at a loss to determine. My friend, Captain Toby, who has been a member of the Association for the past six years, says they make it a practice to select for this position persons of unusually idle habits and lazy disposition, on the ground that such worthless fellows must have ample time to do justice to the subject; as the Government appoints vagrant politicians to handle the public funds, because it affords them an opportunity of being honest—a species of penance devised originally by the burghers of Schilda, who, when they wanted to put a lobster to death, cast him into the water in order to drown him.

The "Coast Rangers" are not, as may be supposed, a formidable body of armed men, like the famous Rangers of Texas, whose business it was to scour the country and protect the settlers from the attacks of hostile Indians. We profess, on the contrary, to be eminently peaceful. The destruction of quails and rabbits is sufficient, generally, to satisfy our most sanguinary pro-

pensities; though there are some among us who are ambitious enough to aspire to deer, elk, and grizzly bears. If we now and then take a pop at an Indian, it is only in the way of practice, and not from any unfriendly feeling toward that race. In the course of our travels we take a very extensive range of country, but make it a point to avoid all dangers not necessarily embraced within the limits of our researches, which, for the most part, are of a literary and scientific character.

The city of San Francisco is our usual place of residence. Of course we claim the privilege, under the Constitution, of residing where we please; hence some of us build handsome villas across the bay, by which means we enjoy the



DOCTOR CAMPBELL.

summer breeze on both sides. During the principal part of the year we are engaged in the various pursuits of literature, art, science, agriculture, commerce, law, and the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. Our distinguished president belongs to the bench—a position to which he does great credit. Although profoundly versed in the intricacies of the judiciary, he is by no means ignorant of music and polite literature. He has a fine eye for scenery, and generally a good appetite after a long day's journey. On every subject he is thoroughly genial and entertaining; abounding in conversational resources, always in a pleasant humor, and ever ready to contribute to the happiness of others. Long life to his Honor the Judge! There are few better men in this world—certainly few who could not be better spared.

The bar is also honorably represented in our Association. We have among us several very respectable lawyers, in whose general good conduct we take considerable pride. Not one of them has ever been known to appropriate the blankets, saddle, bridle, spurs, or boots of any other member to his own use; and I do not hesitate to say that, in any case not involving an additional title to my property in Oakland, I would as soon trust in the honor of any of these gentlemen as in that of any other class, not excepting Collectors of Customs, Members of Congress, and Senators of the United States.

The only physician attached to our party is our cook, one Dr. CAMPBELL, a very worthy personage of African descent. In the art of preparing prescriptions of fish-chowder, broiled steaks, slap-jacks, and puddings, I defy any medical man in existence to compete with Doctor Campbell. The great beauty of his system is that he invariably cures every body, and has never been known to charge an extravagant price for writing illegible Latin. His pills of chopped venison, mashed potatoes, and onions, rolled in the gravy, and covered with a nicely-browned coating of flour, are the very best dinner pills ever invented. I have known them to

bring men to life who could not possibly have existed for fifteen minutes longer without perishing of hunger. Apart from the color of his skin—which must have been very nearly black originally, but which, by long accumulations of grease, smoke, and soot, aided by exposure to the weather, has become somewhat piebald—the Doctor is not, strictly speaking, a handsome man; nor is his costume calculated to improve the general effect of his figure. The great importance of the art which he professes, and in which his soul is wrapped, has given something of a grave cast to his features, naturally not very symmetrical; and constant stooping over pots, pans, and kettles, together with a chronic “rheumatiz,” so stiffened his joints, that there is but one left of which he can make any particular use, and that is at the extremity of his back-bone. The Doctor is also afflicted with a “misery in the head,” the exact nature of which I have never been able to ascertain. It may be constitutional, or the effects of accident—probably a confusion of the brain, caused by some brilliant idea that struck him in early youth on the subject of his great future Mission in the culinary line. Every morning when he gets up he is only “tolerable, thank God!” The “rheumatiz” troubles his bones, and the “misery” is in his head; but when he gets the fire under full headway, and the pots, pans, and kettles bubbling, fizzing, and steaming, a trifling dose from the blue keg sets him all right; the “rheumatiz” and the “misery” are forgotten; a genial smile irradiates his countenance, his dusky skin glistens, and he hobbles around from pot to kettle, and from kettle to frying-pan, stirring up the savory messes, mumbling quaint anecdotes, or humming over the plantation melodies of his early youth, in a manner highly instructive and entertaining. By-and-by all is ready except a pot of refractory potatoes that will not get done. The Doctor stirs them, rakes the coals under them, piles on another stick or two of wood, gives them another stir, and then, in a voice of gravity becoming the importance



TOM FRY.

of the occasion, informs the gentlemen of the Association that "De taters is biled, gemmen!"

Next to the cook, in proper order, comes his chief patron, Mr. TOM FRY, another distinguished member of our Association.

If it were my fortune to possess an imaginative turn of mind, I would paint my friend Tom in an allegorical scene of great beauty and originality. The principal object in the fore-ground would be a large mince-pie, in the midst of which a round and jolly figure would be seated in the act of devouring his way out of the crust. That figure would be Tom. In the distance I would paint a beautiful sugar-loaf mountain, with rivers of Champagne running along its base. At one side would be a glimpse of the sea, with an oyster-boat stranded on the shore, and six men in red shirts turning over a tremendous green turtle by means of hand-spikes and beams of timber. I would make groves of trees in the middle ground, bearing, instead of fruit, the most beautiful roast turkeys imaginable, with here and there little pigs running about in the old fashion crying out for somebody to come and eat them. I would make the sky mackerel, and the sun broiling hot; and if I put a moon in some obscure part of the heavens to give effect to the scene, it would be an exact representation of a green cheese. I would then paint the goddess Hebe, with a face resembling a blazing fritter, in the act of approaching Tom and offering him a large punch-bowl full of mulled wine, while the Genius of Hunger would sit howling on the peak of a high rock in the distance. The picture would be at once original and striking; but then it would require extraordinary artistic powers to do it justice.

I can only introduce Tom as he is—the simplest and most genial of good fellows, loving all human kind, and free and jovial as the morning sunshine. Yet withal, Tom has his troubles in life as well as the happiest of us. While it is the lot of some to suffer from actual want, others are afflicted with imaginary grievances. By a kind dispensation of Providence an equalizing principle prevails in all nature. Nobody is allowed to be perfectly satisfied in this world. The besetting trouble of Tom's life is the want of something to eat. In the midst of plenty he is afflicted with a chronic starvation. It is a constant struggle with him to appease the cravings of a peculiar and insatiable appetite. He can never enjoy to the full extent the good things that fortune has spread before him because of that terrible vision of

Hunger which sits howling in the distance. But he has glimpses of happiness such as few of us can enjoy. Breakfast is the illuminating orb to which he turns with a grateful heart in the morning; lunch is the meridian of glory to which he aspires after breakfast; and dinner the grand ultimatum of existence at which he hopes to arrive after lunch. Meet him of a fine morning, when the birds are singing in the trees and the jasmine sheds its odors upon the balmy air, and he is absolutely inspired. He snuffs the air; it is redolent of the flesh-pots of Egypt. "What a morning," he exclaims enthusiastically, "for grouse or mushrooms!" Comment upon the pastoral beauties of the scene, and he espies a fat cow. "Gad," says he, "there's a fine cow! What sirloin steaks she would make!" and forthwith he resolves to ascertain whether she is designed for the shambles. By-the-way, do you know how to cook a steak? Whereupon you are button-holed a good hour on the prevailing erroneous methods of cooking steak, and half an hour more on the true method. Beef reminds him of mutton. From mutton he rises into the tenderness of lamb. Did you ever read Lamb?—a glorious fellow; understood thoroughly how to cook a pig. And with tears in his eyes Tom quotes the gentle Elia—crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted—overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—the adhesive oleaginous, oh call it not fat, but the tender blossoming of fat! "A splendid fellow, Lamb. Why, Sir, there is nothing like it in English literature; not even the 240 Ways of Cooking a Rabbit, by an English Epicure. Did you ever read it? No? Then buy it by all means. There are some good things in it."

Tom is a traveler. Though always at home in the metaphysics of lobster sauce, he makes occasional excursions into the broad fields of deviled kidney. While Captain Cook, Sir John Simpson, Bayard Taylor, and other ambitious travelers, have contented themselves by putting a girdle round about the earth, Tom has made



TOM FRY HAUNTED.

life-long and hazardous explorations from the cupboard to the kitchen, from the hen-yard to the frying-pan, from the cooking-stove to the table. Others, at the close of day, wrap the drapey of their couch around them and lie down to pleasant dreams. Not so Tom. More indefatigable than the midnight astronomer, who peers at the stars through monster telescopes, he rises in the dead of night, drags forth his pocket-stove, strikes a light and cooks a snipe.

In camp he is the best of companions—ever jolly in the midst of afflictions. It is a greater pleasure to see him starve on rounds of venison, baked deer's heads, ribs of elk, and marrowed toast, than to see other men feed. He luxuriates in the dirt, smoke, and savory odor of camp. His face beams with good-nature and grease; his voice assumes an oleaginous unction; he is prolific in anecdotes of by-gone dinners, and swells with a surplus of genial humanity and broiled venison. Long life to Tom Fry! Surely he will never stop living while his appetite lasts. On the sad day when it may please Providence to knock him into pie, he will at least be rid of one affliction—never more suffer from hunger or thirst. Should it be his misfortune to fall into evil hands, poor fellow, which all the saints forbid! I trust he may be properly done up in batter, with a sprinkling of nutmeg. If he should be called for at an untimely hour, it will certainly be by the ghost of a fat capon.



PHIL WILKINS.

As many incomprehensible things happen in the course of our annual expeditions, it has become necessary to enlist in the service a gentleman of a metaphysical turn of mind—one Mr. PHIL WILKINS, who is a famous hand at abstruse

questions. I think his brain must be constructed somewhat in the fashion of a cobweb, it possesses such an extraordinary faculty for catching at the various troublesome problems that buzz around the circle of humanity. Combined with this trait, his propensity for argument is perfectly incorrigible; and, indeed, now while I write, I am haunted by a fear that he will suddenly appear before me, and not only dispute every word I say, but prove that words are merely arbitrary signs, possessing intrinsically no more meaning than sticks and stones. It is a favorite theory of his, that, if it were not for the sake of commerce, we might as well talk to one another by means of punches and blows as by oral or written signs—a fact which I am not at all prepared to dispute. I have no doubt that, upon entering the world, Mr. Phil Wilkins must have questioned the right of mankind to propagate the human species; and that, being unable to obtain a satisfactory solution of his proposition, he set to work and devoted his infancy to the grand question of sleep. When he woke up, in the due course of years, it is supposed that he astonished and confounded his nurse by demanding to be informed—"What, after all, *is* sleep?" For the last thirty years of his life he has given himself completely up to logical analysis. He considers the mysteries of nature and creation generally in a philosophical point of view. When he has arrived at that point, however, various others present themselves, like the points of the Rocky Mountains, dim in the distance, and upon each he becomes lost in a fog of argument. He arrives at a conclusion that there is considerable doubt whether there is such a thing as a conclusion, and concludes not to conclude, but to argue the point in a different aspect, and show that, after all, points are no points. When men of this genius, as Sir Richard Steele observes, "are pretty far gone in learning, they will put you to prove that snow is white, and when you are upon that topic can say that there is really no such thing as color in nature." And what is Nature? Upon that point there has been a great diversity of opinions from the days of Plato and Aristotle down to the days of our excellent friend Phil Wilkins; but he is learned in them all, and can take all sides of the question, and defeat his opponent upon any. He was never yet known to be convinced. Truth will not convince him, for therein arises a question to his speculative mind as to the exact nature of truth. Is it Perfection, or is it the fountain of Perfection? Is it the negative of Error, or is it the positive of Actuality? All these matters must be duly weighed and considered; and he will weigh and consider them all night long—destroying your rest, filling your brain with dreadful difficulties which you never can get over, answering the most timid suggestion by a flood of argument on the opposite side, and maintaining what you dare not dispute with all the tenacity of an advocate at law. When you avow that you are convinced, and beg for quarter, he turns upon you like Cap-

tain Sentry, of the *Spectator*, and proves to you that you are wrong—that you are not convinced, and can not be convinced, so that there is no resource but to remain silent. Even that will not serve you when our friend Phil is in an ordinarily good vein. He is indefatigable in the pursuit of favorite crotchets, and will never let up while there is a word to be said on either side of the subject. I have often been tempted to end the matter by an appeal to Club Law; but what can one do with such a fellow as Phil? Over all the quirks and quibbles of his composition stature has cast such a gauze-work of genial humanity that he wins our hearts with affection while he puzzles our brains with metaphysics.

I now come, by an easy and gradual transition, to the chief ornament of our society, familiarly known throughout the Coast Range as "THE GENERAL." To know him is to love him. At least the ladies think so; for the General is the very handsomest man in the whole party, not excepting the writer, whose highest claim is to be considered the next best-looking. Indeed, with the exception of the State Gauger, who is admitted on all hands to be the most portly and commanding gentleman in the State, in point of

personal beauty I know of no person in the entire range of my acquaintance who can compare favorably with the General. His form is of magnificent proportions, with just a sufficient tendency to corpulency to give it a splendid effect in the distance. His features are finely rounded; the expression of his eye is at once genial and fascinating. No lady, possessing the slightest claims to a heart, was ever subjected to the magic influence of the General's eye without immediately admitting that further resistance would be useless. But his admiration is of too diffusive a character ever to result in matrimony. The number of hearts that he has broken is perfectly incredible; and the only excuse I can make for him in this respect is that he does it undesignedly. It is purely the result of a constitutional admiration for the sex, which he can no more resist than less favored gentlemen can avoid being ugly and unattractive.

To see the General in his magnificent hunting costume of tanned deer-skin; to hear him sing in his grand bravura style the inspiring song of the "Little Black Elephant that came down from the top of the Mountings;" to stand upon a projecting rock and gaze upon that manly form as he buffets the surf amidst shoals of seal and

porpoises; to sit by the crackling camp-fire, and hear him discourse of female beauty and all the charms of the tender sex; to shake that honest hand of his after a week's absence, and bask for a while in the broad sunshine of his presence, these are among the things never to be forgotten. What if years have

"Stamped with their signet that ingenuous brow,
And mellowed the music of his eloquence,"

the General carries in his heart an inexhaustible fountain of youth, from which there is ever a genial flow. The head may have become destitute of vegetation as the summit of Mount Etna, but its very barrenness is evidence of the volcanic fires that burn within. The parched declivities of the cranium tell of the generous warmth of the man. I hold that the crowning glory of humanity is a bare crown; and I am the more tenacious of this opinion since my own has begun to make its appearance in public.

Without the General, we could no more perform those extraordinary exploits in the mountains, which have given us such an enviable reputation throughout the State, than without our right arms.



THE GENERAL.

Not that he is any great hand at the rifle or shot-gun, for I never heard of any living animal that suffered the least injury from being shot at by him; nor because he climbs higher mountains, or jumps over wider creeks, or carries more wood upon his back, or runs away any faster when a grizzly bear appears in camp than the rest of us; but because he is the very best soul that ever lived—because we naturally like him, and can not help it. If he were in the slightest degree different from what he is, he would not be “the General;” and without him, we might as well undertake to spend a month of midnights agreeably at the North Pole as to make an expedi-

tion in the Coast Range with any prospect of pleasure.

By common consent CAPTAIN TOBY has been appointed guide and caterer to the Association—a position for which he is considered eminently fitted by nature and long experience in mountaineering. A better selection could not have been made. The Captain is a wild Irishman by birth, and an Indian by instinct. His home is in the saddle, his bedroom under the trees. For houses of all sorts he has an innate aversion. He considers cities a great waste of valuable hunting-ground; and looks upon crowds of well-dressed men as a very dreary spectacle, without any well-defined object.

He can not conceive what sense there is in burrowing among bricks and piles of merchandise, when there is so much more room outside in the open country where one can breathe the fresh air.

I say the Captain is eminently qualified by nature to be a guide. In making that assertion I do not mean to intimate that he was ever known to find the right trail, or to avoid losing himself and the entire party committed to his charge before the expiration of each day's travel. The special quality in which he excels is in the art of persuading every body that he is familiar with every stick and stone on the route, and within an extensive circuit of country; in fact, that he was the original discoverer of the particular range in question, and knows it better than he knows his own face when he stands in front of a looking-glass. On this mountain he has killed a large she-bear, with four cubs; on that, a remarkably fine buck; in this cañon he has been chased by a band of hostile Indians, and only escaped by stopping suddenly and singing the famous pig-song, consisting of a whistle and a grunt; in that cañon he has captured a live grizzly single-handed, by making him drunk with sugar and whisky, to which grizzlies are notoriously addicted: in short, no matter how the facts may be



CAPTAIN TOBY FINDS A TRAIL.

against him, Captain Toby is never known to be at fault. I even knew him on one occasion, when a member of the party produced a pocket-compass to prove that we were traveling east instead of west, make good his position by asserting that there were four points of variation; and when that was shown to be insufficient, he clearly demonstrated that the point of north was erroneously marked on the compass, and that it should be substituted by the point of south.

Besides these high qualifications, so useful in the development of new regions, and so well calculated to result in perilous adventures, Captain Toby possesses a wonderful flow of good-humor, and an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, aided by an imagination the most marvelous in its capacity. The camp is his home, and the whole party are his guests. He is continually saddling or unsaddling horses for inexperienced members of the Society, piling up wood on the fire, wiping out rifles, frying or broiling choice scraps of venison, digging holes in the ground for deer's heads, detailing some extraordinary adventure, or singing the famous pig-song, with the whistle and the grunt.

Captain Toby, although not much given to literary pursuits, became satisfied, during some of his solitary expeditions, that the English language is very imperfect in its construction; so much so that he has composed a new grammar, which is very popular in camp, as "Toby's Improved English Speaker." The principal object in view is to remodel the arbitrary system of moods, tenses, and numbers, somewhat on the Cobbett principle, but to a much more alarming extent. He has also composed an "Improved Method of Swearing," by means of which many of those vulgar oaths so frequently used by the citizens of California in common conversation may be dispensed with; as, for example, instead of using the name of the Creator, he proposes to swear "By the mystic moonbeam's struggling light! By the banks of the blue Moselle! By the margin of fair Zurich's waters! a ha! ha! e-you!" Or for brief oaths, to be used on occasions of no pressing importance, he suggests—"Buy a broom!" or "By-the-by!" which, by means of fierce looks and strong emphasis, may be made sufficiently forcible for ordinary purposes.

But the predominating talent of the Captain is his wonderful capacity for finding bad trails. If there is an impracticable mountain within ten miles of the direct route, or a cañon out of which no white man was ever before known to make his exit on mule-back, Toby is sure to find it, and end the labors of the day by getting the whole party involved in a complication of difficulties for which there seems to be no earthly remedy. For rocky and precipitous trails he has an absolute passion, amounting almost to a mania. He generally rides down-hill at a full gallop, and when that is impracticable, compels his animal to slide or make "buck jumps" over the worst places, apparently with no other motive than that of trying how near he can come to



DESCENDING CAPTAIN TOBY'S TRAIL.

killing his mule or breaking his own neck without actually doing it. If there be a trail covered over with the trunks of large trees, or winding through an extensive region of chaparral, he will spend a week trying to find it, in order that he may enjoy the luxury of being thoroughly jarred and scarified, and seeing every body else in the same predicament. Not that he subjects his friends to these trying ordeals from any malicious spirit, or any desire to enjoy himself at their expense. On the contrary, the marvel of the thing is, that he always imagines he is doing them the greatest possible kindness, and seems distressed and mortified when they complain. His good-nature is particularly manifest on the point of hills and distances. To oblige a tired man he will make a mole-hill out of the most formidable mountain, and assert in the most positive manner that it is only three miles to the camping-ground when it is at least ten. If the day's travel happens to be unusually rough, he calls the trail "a little gulchy," but promises that it will be "all easy work to-morrow." For those who "give out," and protest they can not go an inch farther, he carries an infallible remedy in the interior of a large pewter flask which usually hangs from his saddle. What it is I am entirely unable to say, but it always has the desired effect. He calls it "nourishment," and says it is "good for man or beast."

His hunting stories are of a kind well calculated to interest the inexperienced members of our Association. Many of his adventures are wonderful—some absolutely improbable. With all respect for Captain Toby, and great confidence in his general veracity, I never could force myself to accept without some allowance his adventure with the California hare, or, as it is vulgarly called, the "jackass rabbit." I have seen several very large hares in the San Joaquin Valley, but none large enough to kick a man over, as the Captain professes to have been kicked on one occasion. To speak frankly, I do not believe it, though it may be true; for I remember some years ago I shot at one in mistake for

an antelope, but having the misfortune to be a little near-sighted, I discovered upon going up to the spot that it was neither an antelope nor a hare, but one of the settler's hogs, for which I was subsequently damaged to the extent of five dollars.

The Captain professes, in another favorite story, to have killed a deer without ever shooting at it. There were three together. He crept upon them so stealthily that they were not aware of his approach until he was within a few feet, when they all bounded off at random. One tripped against a projecting branch of a tree, fell down unexpectedly, and dislocated his neck; upon which the Captain immediately seized him and cut his throat to let the blood flow. Possibly this too may have happened, though I have my doubts on the subject. Deer are not apt to allow sporting gentlemen with rifles to approach within ten feet of them, and then break their necks attempting to jump out of their way. The does with young fawns are exceedingly wary, and their sagacity in concealing their offspring is one of the most beautiful traits of maternal instinct.



CALIFORNIA RABBIT.

I would fain, before closing this imperfect sketch of our Association, give some account of our esteemed friend COLONEL JACK—"the noblest Roman of them all." Yet what can I say of him in the brief space of a few pages that will convey an adequate idea of his remarkable history and character? If we were only in camp, gentle reader, where it is not the fashion to be accurate in phraseology or historical details, I would take you kindly by the arm, lead you aside under the shade of a wide-spreading tree by the side of a sparkling brook, invite you to a seat on the green sward with a roll of blankets to lean against, hand you a genuine meerschaum filled with the best Turkish tobacco, and tell you to puff away quietly and cozily, and listen to the story of a strange and eventful life. When your eyes were half-closed, and a genial glow suffused your amiable features—when the follies, vexations, and trickeries of the busy multitude had vanished from your mind, and something of the

simplicity and freshness of early youth had stolen back again into your heart—when you felt that there was nothing in the world half so fascinating as camp-life, and were overflowing with affection for all your friends—I would tell you of the beautiful prairies of Texas and the blue seas of clover between the Nueces and the Rio Grande; of the Mottes, or woody islands, that loom up in the distance; of the wild spring flowers, and the balmy and odorous atmosphere that never was equaled in any other country; of the wild mustangs that prance along the horizon, occasionally charging up toward you, and sweeping off again till they are lost to the eye; of the deer and the antelope that course over these broad seas of flowers, and the flocks of wild turkeys that range along the water-courses—all these I would endeavor to picture to your mind, so that you might understand the fascination of frontier life in Texas. I would then tell you of the Mexican invasions, and the fierce and bloody contests of the Texans in defense of their country; of the struggles of the settlers with the wild hordes of savage Comanches and Lipans who roamed over these beautiful prairies; of the white women that were carried into captivity and cruelly treated; of the children that were snatched from the door-steps of the cabins, and never heard of again, or only after the lapse of years; of the midnight massacres that struck a gloom into the minds of men, and all the horrors of Indian warfare. And then, in the midst of these scenes of suffering and distress, how a young stranger of gentle manners, but firm and determined aspect, came among the people with his rifle and powder-flask and joined in their defense. I would follow that youth, for there is a fascination in his presence, and point him out to you as he stands with unblenched features and eagle eye in the midst of dangers; often separated from his comrades for days, and compelled to fight his way alone through bands of savage Comanches; always foremost wherever death seemed inevitable, yet of a happy and cheerful disposition, placing a fair estimate upon the value of life, and determined to make the most of it. I would tell of the strong and daring spirits that instinctively gathered around him; how he was chosen leader of a company whose career on the borders of Texas for many years has rarely been paralleled in the annals of frontier life for deeds of chivalrous and romantic daring. In a country where such qualities are by no means rare, it was wonderful how devotedly these men clung to their leader, and what a pride they felt in his growing fame; for soon his exploits were the theme of every tongue, and the whole country echoed with his praises. Amidst all, from first to last, he was brave, gentle, and true; devoted to his friends; every where beloved, yet shrinking from all demonstrations of applause with a timidity almost feminine; seeking no reward save to render some service to a suffering people. In the Mexican invasions he acquired new laurels; and years after, when the war between the United States and Mexico broke



COLONEL JACK.

out, he rendered distinguished service to his country. Since that period he has occupied several high positions of honor and trust.

This is the man whose history I would give you, gentle reader—one whose like is seldom found in this world. As he sits yonder by the fire cooking a rabbit, you would never take him for a hero. He is the very plainest and most unsophisticated of mortals—is actually unconscious of the difference between a great man and a common man, treats all with equal simplicity and kindness, and likes the whole world so well that he is constantly trying to do somebody a service. I have no doubt you and I will enjoy the benefit of that rabbit. He would give you an entire ox if he had one cooked, and then seem mortified that it was not an elephant or a whale. The only thing of which he is at all chary is any account of his past adventures. It takes time and skill to draw him out, and then no man can be more entertaining. To sit by the crackling camp-fire of a pleasant night and hear Colonel Jack talk of old times in Texas, the hunts and camp-scenes, the Comanches, the wild buffalo, the Mexicans at the Alamo, the massacre of Fannin's party, and all those thrilling events in Texan history, is worth a trip to California. There is such an overflow of genial simplicity about him, such an unconscious power of winning your sympathies and respect, such an entire absence of egotism, and so much that is true, generous, and reliable in his whole nature and character, that you are completely charmed.

It is refreshing to find a man in the full enjoyment of a national reputation who can afford

to be perfectly natural and unsophisticated; a genuine hero, modest to the verge of bashfulness, yet brave and steadfast as a true gentleman and a hero should be.

The Colonel, although a skillful hand with the rifle, is not an adept in the ordinary affairs of the world. He has recently purchased a ranch, about five miles from the village of O—, and moved out there with his family. I am told that the removal was very characteristic. They had been living for some time with Captain Johnny, an old Texas friend. When the time arrived to send out the furniture, which was scattered about the house in common, the Colonel said he would help; so he pulled off his coat, told the Mrs. Colonel not to worry herself, "pitched in" like a man, ransacked all the premises looking for things, seized and started off with his pipe and a box of tobacco, then got hold of the wrong bedsteads and tables, put them down again, then hurried off to the village, distant about half a mile, and brought six wagons to the door without previous notice and before any thing was ready; after which he took a glass of whisky, and wondered where the mischief his pipe was. Meantime the Mrs. Colonel was sorely troubled about parting with her friends, which the Colonel perceiving, he jumped up and said: "Now don't fret yourself; it'll be all right; just leave it all to me, and I'll 'tend to every thing;" with which he seized several chairs (Mrs. Captain Johnny's among others) and ran out of doors with them on his back, the ladies calling to him not to put them in the wagons. Puzzled and confounded at the caprices of woman, but ever

ready to obey orders of the fair sex, he ran back again with the chairs, the sweat streaming from his face; then tried to pull a bedstead to pieces, and failing in that, picked up his rifle, wrapped it carefully in a blanket which did not belong to him, put it in an empty wagon, told the driver to be off to the ranch and hurry back as fast as possible, after which he returned into the house and discovered his meerschaum on the mantle-piece. This he recognized at once, and forthwith carried it out and sent it off in another wagon. Having thus rendered all the assistance in his power, he whistled for the dogs, took his shot-gun, mounted old Charley, and rode out full tilt to the ranch. When he arrived there he was determined to make the house comfortable, and with that view gathered a tremendous pile of brush and shavings, built a big fire in the kitchen, so that the Mrs. Colonel could warm herself and the children when she came out, and then started up a neighboring cañon to kill some rabbits for supper. Fortunately, about the time the house was catching fire, one of the wagoners discovered and suppressed the flames. In due time the furniture arrived, and with it the family. Colonel Jack cooked supper; fried, broiled, and stewed the rabbits in a manner perfectly inspiring; made the coffee and baked the bread; and after every body was surfeited with the good things he had prepared, nothing would serve him but to spread the beds before the fire, and "all hands camp right there!" For the next three or four days he enjoyed this new species of camp-life so much that he was constantly begging the Mrs. Colonel not to put up the bedsteads or spread the carpets; but woman's will is omnipotent, and the Colonel finally had to give in and suffer his camp to be broken up. It was presently discovered that the rifle and meerschaum, and most of the other articles essential to housekeeping, were all right, except the looking-glass. The Colonel thought he would send for it, and he did so; but owing to the indefinite nature of his instructions the wagon-man got hold of Mrs. Captain Johnny's large parlor mirror, which had just been handsomely gilded, and nobody being at home, carried it out to the ranch, wondering why the Colonel did not send some blankets to keep it from being rubbed. The Mrs. Colonel, of course, was exceedingly vexed and distressed; which so incensed the Colonel at the man's stupidity that he started out to swear at him, but as soon as he saw that the poor fellow looked troubled about the mistake, he came back saying: "Oh, there's no harm done; the poor fellow didn't know any better. We can send it back again!"

After the destruction of his camp the Colonel commenced operations on his ranch. His first great work was to exterminate the gophers in the orchard. The way he did this was to pour a bucket of water into their holes, and then stamp it down with the heel of his boot, since which summary process he says the trees are growing wonderfully, and expresses the hope that next summer he will have fruit enough for all his friends; but "they musn't wait on that

account, but come any how: they will always be welcome!"

I will now endeavor to furnish some general idea of the region of country from which our distinguished Association derives its name. Without undertaking a topographical description of California, I may say, in general terms, that the Sierra Nevada is the principal range of mountains bordering the State to the eastward, on the slopes of which are the great mining placers which furnish occupation and wealth to a large and enterprising population. On the western slope are situated the gold placers, and on the eastern the wonderful silver mines of Washoe, which I have endeavored to describe in former articles. Lying between the foot-hills and the mountains of lesser altitude bordering on the coast, are the great valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, extending nearly north and south a distance of some six hundred miles, and varying in width from sixty to a hundred miles. Between these extensive valleys, which in many places have the appearance of immense plains, and the shores of the Pacific, is a mountainous region of nearly the same width, of irregular conformation, abounding in smaller valleys, and comprising the principal grazing and agricultural territory of the State, designated as the Coast Range. This in reality consists of two nearly parallel ranges, occasionally united or separated only by cañons. In the counties of San Diego and Los Angeles to the southward, and Siskiyou and Del Norte to the northward, the distinction between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range becomes less manifest—a considerable portion of the country being involved in a labyrinth of mountains of various altitudes, which appear to have become lost and scattered in an attempt to unite upon some fixed point of departure.

The climate of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys is very warm in summer, though seldom oppressive, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere and the relief afforded by the coolness of the nights. In the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada the thermometer frequently rises to 130° Fahrenheit, where the sun's rays are reflected from the rocks, as in some of the mining gulches; but I have seldom known the heat to produce an injurious effect. These valleys are now nearly covered with fine farms, and produce abundant crops of grain, hay, fruit, and vegetables. The valley of the San Joaquin is not so rich as that of the Sacramento; but along the water-courses and in the vicinity of Stockton, Visalia, and Tule River, are some of the best lands in the State.

In 1849 bands of mustang, or wild horses, roamed over the greater part of this extensive region. The native Californians were in the habit of catching them occasionally by means of corrals and lassoes, but the number did not diminish much until the settlement of the country by the Americans. Horses then became valuable, and the mustang hunters made a good business of it, corralling as many as five hundred in a day. They constructed lines of willow fencing

five or six miles in length, converging into a coral, or pocket of stout pickets, into which they drove the wild horses, and secured them by means of lassoes. The remains of these fences are still visible in the vicinity of the great Lagoon, and the bones of thousands of the poor animals that died of thirst during the chase still lie bleaching upon the plains.

Elk and antelope were also numerous, and even now bands of them still roam in the vicinity of the Tulare lakes. The quantity of geese and ducks that frequent the lake region is perfectly incredible. I have seen the plains covered for miles with flocks of geese, and the Tule lagoons literally black with ducks. The few bands of Indians who have been permitted to remain in this vicinity subsist, during a considerable portion of the year, on the wild-fowl, which they catch by means of nets and snares; and if let alone by white men would be enabled to enjoy an easy existence. The settlers, however, are rapidly killing them off. In a few years more there will be none left.

A marked change is perceptible in the climate upon leaving the large basin of the interior and striking into the Coast Range. The air becomes deliciously cool and bracing. The country is better wooded, and has a less parched appearance. Many of the small valleys retain their verdure during the greater part of the year, and numerous streams of deliciously pure water course through the various cañons and ravines. In the northern part of the State the coast-hills are covered, for the most part, with magnificent forests of pine, cedar, and red-wood, interspersed

with patches of open country. To the southward there is less timber; but this deficiency is compensated by the extraordinary beauty of the country and fertility of the soil. All those portions not under cultivation are covered with luxuriant crops of wild oats, presenting in early spring the appearance of a robe of velvet, and at a later period that of a golden mantle. In the immediate vicinity of the sea the air is occasionally too bracing for actual comfort, but back a little no climate in the world can compare with that of the Coast Range. It is at once soft, balmy, and invigorating—never too warm, and seldom cool enough even in mid-winter to produce ice in the valleys. Where there is some protection against the ocean breeze tropical plants will flourish luxuriantly. To the southward of Point Conception oranges, figs, citrons, almonds, olives, and other productions of a similar character, arrive at a high degree of perfection; and most of these will, with a little care, grow as far north as Cape Mendocino.

Commencing at San Diego, a series of valleys of greater or less extent, lying within the limits of the Coast Range, may be traced all the way to the Oregon line. The best and most eligibly situated were originally selected by the Jesuits for the uses of the Missions; and it is a striking feature, in traveling from one Mission to another, with what consummate judgment the sites were chosen. All these magnificent ranches, in former years covered with innumerable herds of cattle, have now fallen into private hands, and form the nucleus of smaller ranches and thriving farms. Within the last two or



CORRALING WILD HORSES.



HUNTING IN THE COAST RANGE.

three years nearly every valley of any considerable extent, north of Monterey, has been fenced in and reduced to cultivation. The southern counties have not enjoyed so rapid an increase of population, nor has agriculture advanced in the same ratio; most of the available lands consisting of large grants made by the Mexican Government for military services, and still retained by the original grantees, who, either from pride or principle, make it a point to hold on to them as long as they can. The costs of litigation, however, and the superior energy and sagacity of the incoming population, are gradually absorbing these princely estates; and it will be but a few years more before they are all cut up into prosperous farming districts. Of the many fine valleys in the southern part of the State the principal are—Wetherby's Ranch, San Pasqual, San Ysabel, San Luis Rey, Warner's Ranch, and Tamecula; the beautiful valley of San Bernardino; Los Angeles, San Fernando, Santa Clara, Santa Barbara; and over the pass of the Garrote to San Ynez; the valley of the Purissimo; a series of fine ranches extending through the county of San Luis Obispo; Santa Marguerita, San Miguel, and the Salinas Plains; thence, as you travel north, the vicinity of Monterey and the Paphero—one of the richest and most beautiful agricultural districts in California—the valleys of San Juan, San José, Santa Clara, Alameda, Martinez, and San Ramon, which brings you to the region of the Bay of San Francisco.

To travel through this magnificent country, on horse or mule back, in the spring of the year, in company with a few chosen friends, and without any encumbrance beyond a pack-mule, a rifle, and a few pounds of coffee, sugar, bacon, and bread, is a luxury to be remembered in after-life. The whole face of the country is covered with flowers of the richest hue, and scattered with the most bountiful profusion over hill and valley. The air is fragrant with the scent of wild roses, honey-suckle, and ceonosa. Every stream that gushes from the hill-sides is bordered with green shrubbery; and beds of clover and wild

oats invite the traveler to rest at every turn of the trail. Now and then a deer bounds from some neighboring thicket, and stands a moment with antlers erect, gazing at the intruders, then off up the mountain-sides like a dart from the bow. Smaller game, such as rabbits, pheasants, quail, etc., abound in extraordinary numbers, and furnish a livelihood to many hunters who supply the markets of San Francisco.

Continuing thence in a northwardly direction, you strike the splendid valleys of Petaluma and Santa Rosa, Napa and Sonoma, Knight's Valley, Russian River, Yulia, Bechtel's or Little Lake Valley, Long Valley, Round Valley, and so on through a wilder region to Weaver-ville near the Oregon line. The valleys of Napa, Sonoma, Petaluma, and Santa Rosa are now thickly settled by an industrious and thriving population of farmers. Fruit orchards are attached to every farm; the cottages are neat and comfortable, and the country presents quite the appearance of an agricultural region in some of the older States, except that there is no such climate or soil on the Atlantic side.

It is beyond dispute, take it altogether, that California is the most desirable country on the face of the earth to live in. The soil is the richest, the climate the most genial, the people are the most independent, the mountains are the highest, and the rivers are the— Well, no, I admit that the rivers are not so long and so deep as the Mississippi; but then they are a great deal muddier, and the mud has a great deal more gold in it. At all events, it is good enough a country for us, the members of the Coast Range Association; and we hereby respectfully invite all sensible people to come and settle here.

If the reader will now be kind enough to suppose that we have all started out on a hunting expedition, duly equipped and provided with horses, mules, blankets, rifles, shot-guns, pack-animals, provisions, vinegar, etc., headed by our guide and interpreter, Captain Toby, who knows every foot of the way; that we have debarked from the Petaluma steamer, camped our way

through Santa Rosa, Russian River, Yukia Valleys, and all the civilized parts of the country, and in due time reached the grand point of deflexion for the wilderness—the Mendocino Indian reservation, at the mouth of the Noyo River; that we are all pleasantly located there under the big redwood trees, rubbing up our rifles, mending our pack-saddles, sharpening our hunting-knives, getting out our note-books, and enjoying ourselves generally in a satisfactory manner prior to engaging in those extraordinary scenes of peril and adventure to which I am approaching by degrees, I will undertake to give in my next chapter a brief account of the Indians of California, and of the system adopted by our Government for their relief and protection.



ENCAMPED.

RECRIMINATION.

I.

THE prime of summer is coming, and with it there comes, to-day,
 A thought of another summer, whose garlands have faded away:
 The tall laburnums are covered with tresses of yellow flowers,
 As they were when under their shadow you used to loiter for hours;
 And the blackberry's starry blossom, and the buttercup's chalice of gold,
 Bloom bright in the ancient forest where you loved to wander of old—
 Where you loved to wander at even, but wandered never alone;
 For a manly form was beside you, and a voice of manly tone
 Told ever the olden story; the tale that you know so well,
 You seem to think it the only one it is worth man's while to tell.
 Come, sit you down here and listen; I have many things to say,
 And though I am loth to blame you, yet *pity* I surely may.

II.

Ay, ay, you wince! I fancy you had rather have blame instead;
 Oh, girl! will you never learn wisdom? I had hoped your pride was dead;
 But no—it will last and flourish so long as vanities live—
 So long as you hunger for worship—so long as your subjects give.
 It was strange that he thought you loved him; it was strange that he never knew
 Your heart, except by the shadow that others mistook for you:

But you went well-masked, and no one, whether you laughed or wept,
Knew aught of the secret chamber where your broken relics were kept;
You hid them so very securely the wisest had hardly guessed,
From your light-hearted tone and manner, your outer seeming of rest,
That your heart was a drear Golgotha, where all the ground was white
With the wrecks of joys that had perished—the skeletons of delight!

III.

He loved you; his soul was in earnest; at your dainty feet he poured
The purest and best libation that human hearts can afford:
He dreamed of you morn and even; he cherished the flowers you gave;
And I tell you, though they are withered now, they will go with him to the grave!
But you—how was it?—you met him with marvelous glances and smiles;
You wove your glittering meshes; you compassed him with your wiles;
You sang the songs he had written; you talked in your sweetest voice,
Till he thought his bondage was freedom, and wore your fetters by choice.
Then a great joy flooded his spirit, and the yellow laburnum flowers
Heard wondrous vows and pledges in the dusk of the evening hours;
While there in your heart, close hidden with jealousy watchful care,
Lay that strange Golgotha of passion—that arid waste of despair!

IV.

It is well that I know your story—I know that your first love came,
As of old came Jove to Semele, a splendid and fatal flame:
It left all your heart in ashes—dead ashes, that cooled and lay
A wearisome weight in your bosom, a burden to bear for aye.
Since then you have shown no mercy to any that circle around
The dangerous blaze of your beauty, for you no mercy had found.
'Tis for this I offer you pity, and blame you not, as I should
Had you still a heart that was human, with a human knowledge of good;
But the glass of your life is darkened, and darkly through it you see
Distorted and ghastly fragments of duty and destiny.
Yet you still can flirt and trifle, still live in folly and mirth—
Ah, they say that revenge is sweeter than any thing else on earth!

V.

But are there no better moments—better? or are they worse?—
When flattery loses its sweetness, and beauty becomes a curse?
When you come from the world of pleasure, the whirl, and glitter, and glare,
The tattle instead of wisdom, the perfume instead of air;
When the hot-house garlands are withered, and the gray dawn breaks in the east,
And the wine grows stale in the goblets that shone so fair at the feast;
When rouge hides paleness no longer, and folly gives way to thought—
Do love, and life, and emotion still count in your creed for naught?
Do you never gaze in your mirror, when your beauty at daybreak goes,
And pressing your throbbing temples, pray God to give you repose?
Repose! it is tardy in coming; when the bitter chalice is filled,
We must wait till the feverish pulses and the passionate heart are stilled.

VI.

There is one that we know thus waiting—waiting and thinking to-day,
Perchance of the happy summer whose blossoms have faded away:
He walks beneath the laburnums, but not with the hopeful pride
That made his world such an Eden when you walked there by his side.
Oh, love! 'tis a wonderful passion; it makes or it mars us all;
By love men may walk with the angels, by love the angels may fall!
And you—it has changed your nature, it has warped you, heart and soul,
Till you flee, with fierce desperation, the genii you can not control.
What, tears? they are not becoming; let others such weakness show—
The hall is garnished for dancing, the wine and the gaslights glow—
Go, stifle your sobs with laughter, let your eyes, like your heart, be dry,
And pray, when the ball is over, to be forgiven—and die!

GEORGE ARNOLD.



HEAD OF THE GORILLA.

ADVENTURES IN GORILLA LAND.*

TOWARD the close of the year 1846, the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, now the respected Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, but then a missionary in the Gaboon Region of Western Africa, came into possession, accidentally, of the skull and afterward of the greater part of a skeleton of an ape which he was convinced was not known to naturalists. He forwarded these remains to the Boston Society of Natural History, in whose proceedings they were afterward described by Dr. Savage and Professor Jeffries Wyman.

This was the first notice the scientific world had of the existence, in a part of Africa known to the civilized world for twenty centuries, of an animal the most monstrous and cruel, as it has been since demonstrated to be in its frame the most man-like, of all the beasts of the forest.

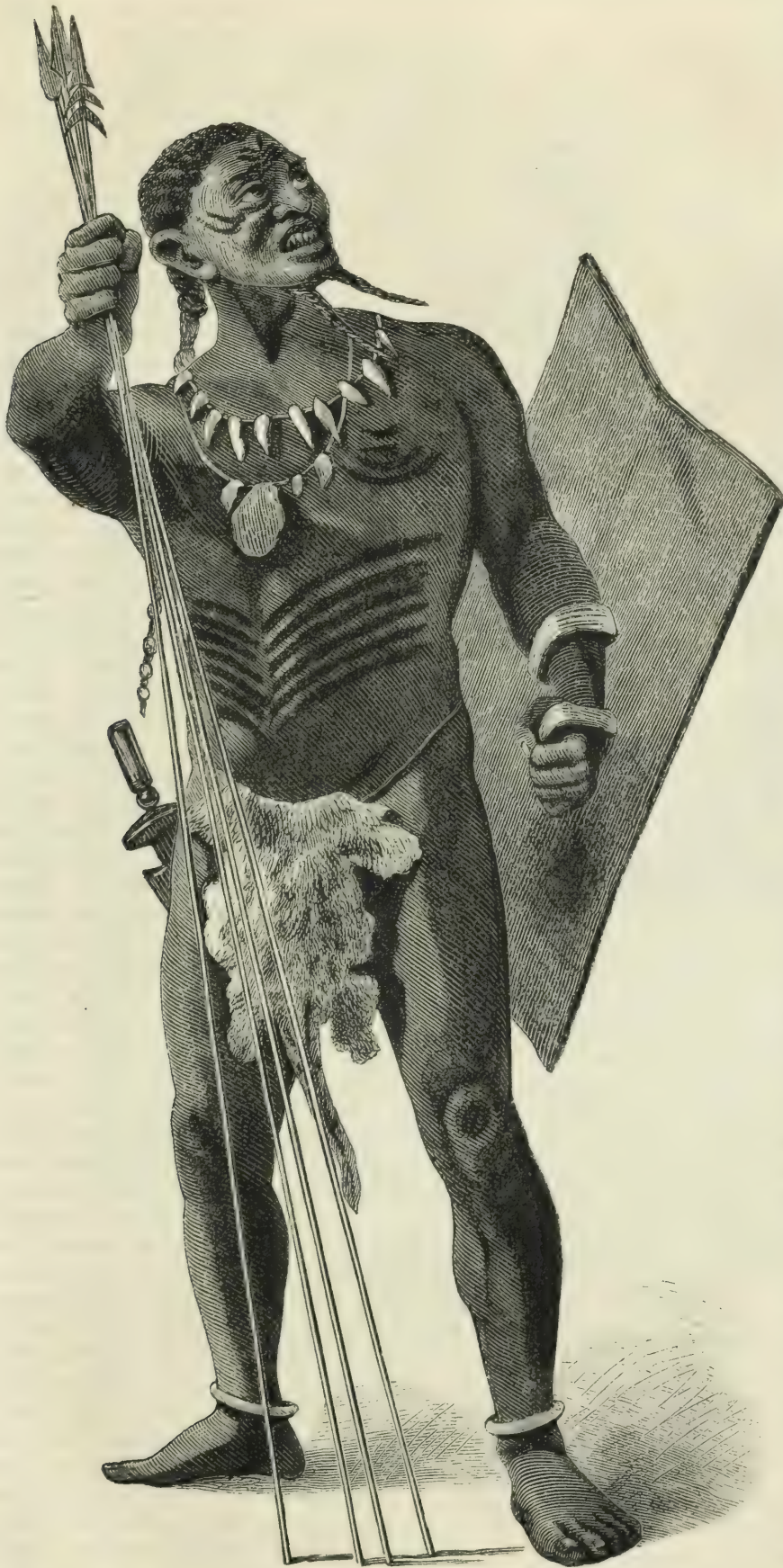
Mr. Wilson's discovery, whose importance he modestly underrated, devoting to it only a few lines in his interesting account of Western Africa,† caused naturalists to search old books of travel for any description of such an animal; and a few such traces are indeed found, but all evidently negro exaggerations with the glosses of imaginative writers; no civilized man having up to that period ever seen a live gorilla; only Mr. Wilson was known to have had the good fortune to see its carcass. In 1855 Professor Owen, of London, received from the Gaboon, from an old shipmaster, a cask of rum, in which

was contained the spoiled body of a huge gorilla. Only the skeleton proved of use for descriptive purposes, and on this Professor Owen founded a most interesting paper, in which he took pains to collect all the meagre accounts so far gathered from the natives, of the appearance and habits of the animal.

With this memoir the subject rested, to all intents, until in the fall of 1859 the naturalists of this country were at last gratified by the return, with a magnificent collection of stuffed gorillas of all ages, of Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu, an enterprising American citizen, who had spent four years in a thorough exploration of the region in which alone the gorilla is found, and in hunting that animal, and gaining, with the enthusiasm of an ardent naturalist, the fullest knowledge of the habits and nature of the mysterious beast. We propose to follow Mr. Du Chaillu through a portion of his romantic and adventurous travels, as he has recounted them in the magnificent work he has just published; but must pause at the threshold to give the reader some idea of the region which may with justice be called "Gorilla Land." Turn to a map of Africa, on which are marked the most recent explorations, and you will find a belt, narrow, compared with the length of the continent, but containing a vast area of land, lying between lat. 3° North, and lat. 3° South, and which is left blank from the western coast to Captain Burton's Lake Tanganyika on the east. Barth did not reach it from the north; Livingstone stopped short of it from the south; Burton's adventurous march to the long-sought land of the moon was but a step in the long journey across the continent from the east; and the merchants who had for many years more or less drained this mysterious region of ivory, beeswax, ebony, gold dust, and latterly of India-rubber, were content to live carefully on the coast, not caring to risk

* *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa: With Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, the Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other animals.* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, corresponding member of the American Ethnological Society, of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York, and of the Boston Society of Natural History. 1 vol. 8vo, with numerous illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

† *Western Africa, its History, Condition, and Prospects,* by Rev. J. LEIGHTON WILSON. Harper and Brothers.



NDIAYAI, KING OF THE CANNIBALS.

the limited commerce himself. As a merchant he became familiar with the languages of many of the tribes who came down to trade. Having studied Natural History in France, he profited by his leisure to make collections of the numerous undescribed species of birds found on this little known coast; and at last, desirous alike of extending his trade, and of investigating the habits of the gorilla, about which he had long been curious, he determined to devote a year to an exploration of the mysterious interior.

His year lasted *four* years! And in this time, as he modestly sums it up in his preface, he traveled—always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men—about 8000 miles; shot, stuffed, and brought home over 2000 birds, of which more than 60 are new species, and killed upward of 1000 quadrupeds, of which 200 were stuffed and brought home, with more than 80 skeletons. “*Not less than 20 of these quadrupeds are species hitherto unknown to science!*” He suffered fifty attacks of the African fever, taking, to cure himself, over fourteen ounces of quinine. Of famine, long-continued exposures to the heavy tropical rains, and attacks of ferocious ants and venomous flies, he thinks it not worth while to speak.

These are achievements of which surely any man not yet thirty may be proud, and which place him high in the

an almost certain death by rash ventures into an interior thought to be doubly protected by ferocious negro tribes and fatal fevers. Of these merchants the father of Mr. Du Chaillu was one. The son was familiar with the coast from early boyhood, quitted it to attend school, but returned, and on his father's death entered into

list of those adventurous spirits—Livingstone, Barth, Burton, and others, the pioneers of African civilization—to whom, some centuries hence, we may imagine the Empire of Africa gratefully erecting statues.

The tribes of West Africa, according to Mr. Du Chaillu, are pre-eminently traders, and on



MBONDEMO MAN AND WOMAN, SHOWING MANNER OF CARRYING CHILDREN AND BURDENS.

their eagerness for commerce he based, in part, his hopes of safety in his solitary inroads into the far interior. For he was entirely unattended; and when it is remembered that he did not hesitate to encumber himself on his longest journey with about two thousand dollars' worth of the goods most coveted by the savages among whom he lived for two years, it is not strange that Quengeza, the great king, called him "a man with a heart like tiger's."

"When you go out again, you will make up a party of whites?" the present writer one day suggested to him.

"What for? You know they would all die!" was the quick reply.

"But why did not you die?"

"Because I had not time."

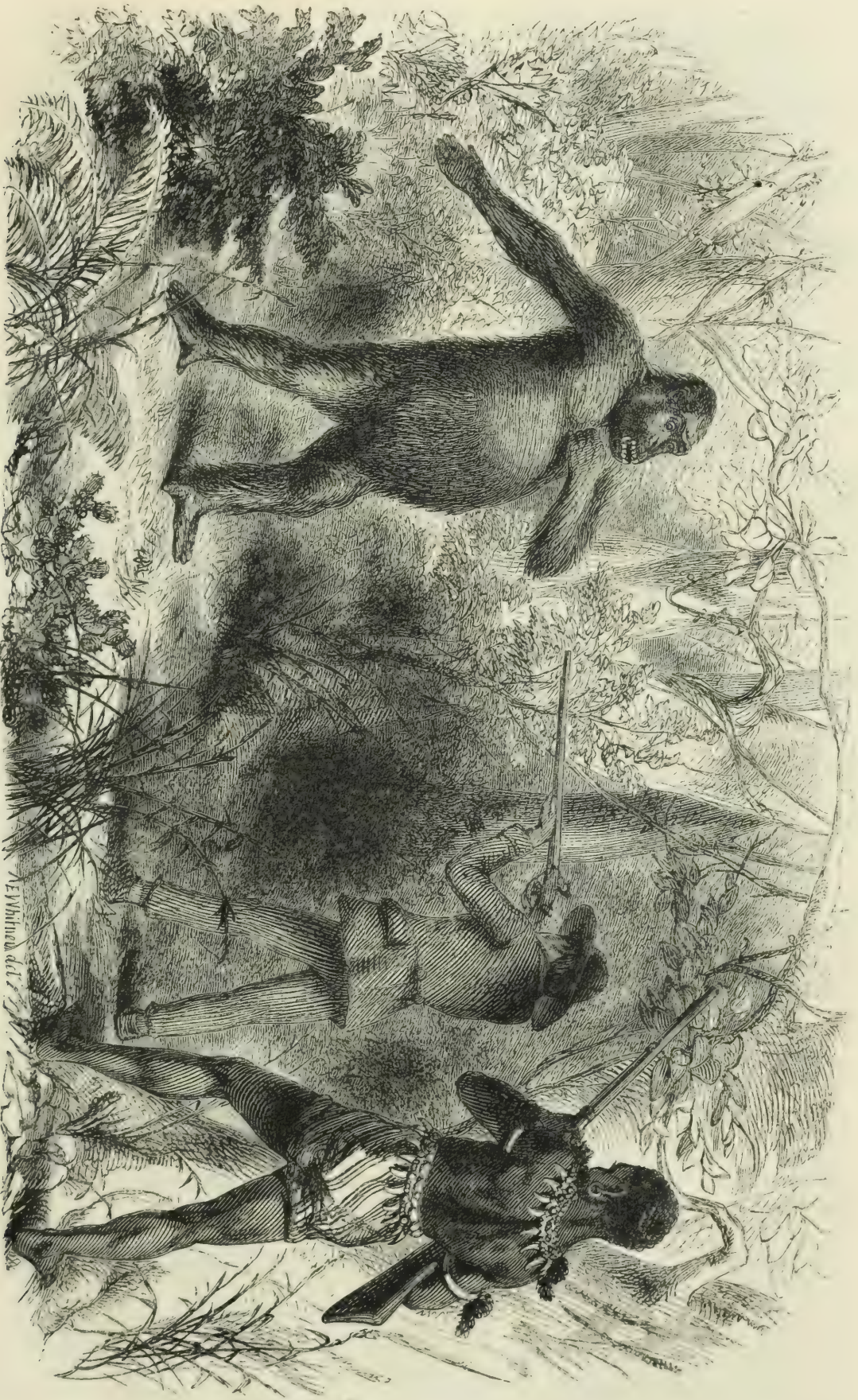
The blacks are the most eager traders in the world; but when we know the manner of their trade, we cease to wonder that an enterprising merchant should attempt to work without agents of such double-dyed Jewry. In the first place, all trade is a monopoly. Many of the products are brought from a distance of three or four hundred miles from the interior. There are the elephants, the ebony-trees, the India-rubber vines; and there live the wretched producers. Between them and the coast live perhaps a dozen tribes, who are *not* producers, but commission mer-

chants. Each holds fast possession of a piece of the river, which is the only highway of the impenetrable country. Each passes to his neighbor below him the tooth, or piece of ebony or barwood, which has passed to him from his neighbor above; and when, at last, the venture reaches the coast, it is already burdened with a series of debts, in the shape of commissions, which too often eat up the principal. "In fact, the first holder has *trusted* each successive dispenser with his property without any equivalent or 'collateral' security. Now, when the last black fellow disposes of this piece of ebony or ivory to the white merchant or captain, he retains, in the first place, a very liberal percentage of the returns for his valuable services, and turns the remainder over to his next neighbor above. *He*, in turn,

takes out a commission for *his* trouble, and passes on what is left; and so, finally, a very small remainder—too often nothing at all—is handed over to the poor fellow who has inaugurated the speculation or sent the tusk. The poor interior tribes are kept by their neighbors in the profoundest ignorance of what is done on the coast. They are made to believe the most absurd and horrid stories as to the ferocity, the duplicity, and the cunning of the white traders. They are persuaded that the rascally middle-men are not only in constant danger of their lives by their intercourse with the whites, but that they do not make any profit on the goods which they good-naturedly pass on to a market, so that I have known one of these scoundrels, after having appropriated a large share of the poor remainder of returns for a venture of ivory, actually, by a pitiful story, beg a portion of what he had handed over to his unsuspecting client. Each tribe cheats its next neighbor above, and maligns its next neighbor below. A talent for slander is, of course, a first-rate business talent; and the harder stories one can tell of his neighbors below the greater profit he will make on his neighbor above."

Again, through the anxiety of white traders to secure "trade," there has sprung up along the coast an injurious system of "trust." A

ATTACK OF THE GORILLA.



merchant, to secure to himself certain quantities of produce *yet to come down* from the interior, gives to such black fellows as he thinks he can depend on advances of trade goods, often to very considerable amounts. In this way, on the Gaboon and on the coast, often many thousand dollars' worth of goods are in the hands of natives,

for which no consideration has been received by the white trader, who meantime waits, and is put to trouble and expense, and thinks himself lucky if he do not eventually lose a part of his investment. And last, though evidently not least, is the vexation and loss of precious time in a climate fatal to white men, of having to deal



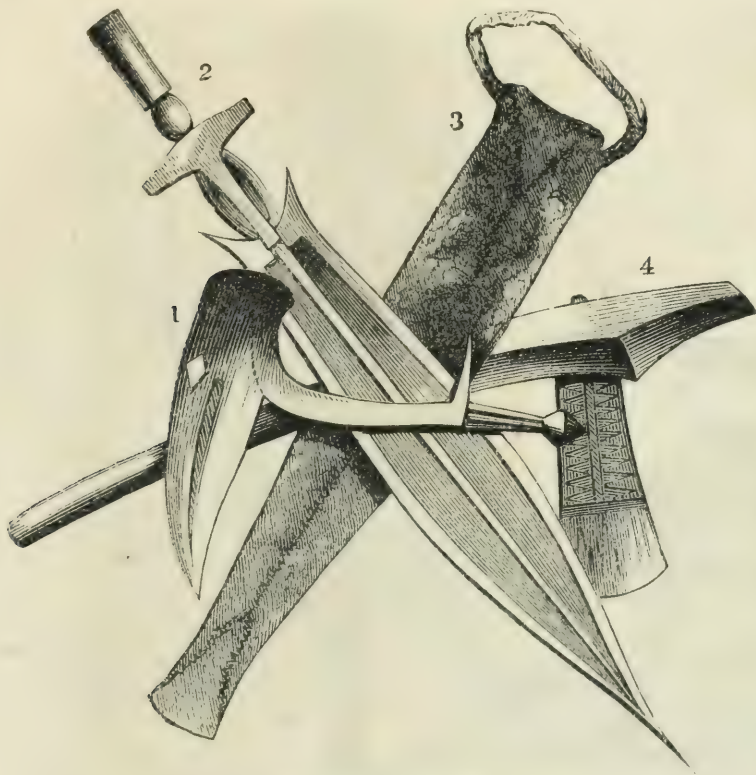
ELEPHANT BATTLE AMONG THE FANS.

with a set of fellows to whom time is precisely the thing they least value, and who chaffer all day about the sale of a tooth, and then take it away to try again next day. Here is a scene on board a ship just arrived. She is instantly boarded by a crowd of fellows, each jabbering

away, apparently at random, but all telling the same story :

“Never was there such dearth of ivory—or whatever the captain may want !

“Never were the interior tribes so obstinate in demanding a high price !



FAN KNIFE AND AXES.

1. Tomahawk.—2. Knife three feet long.—3. Sheath.—4. War-axe.

“Never was the whole coast so bare!
 “Never were difficulties so great!
 “There have been fights, captain!
 “And fever, captain!
 “And floods, captain!
 “And no trade at all, captain!
 “Not a tooth!”

This point settled, they produce their “good books,” which are certificates of character, in which some captain or other white trader who is known on the coast vouches for the honesty—the great honesty and entire trust-worthiness—of the bearer. It is not worth while for a fellow to present himself without a certificate, and the papers are all *good*; because, when “the bearer” has cheated, he does not apply for a “character.” Now these certificates help him to cheat. When he finds the need of a new set of papers, he conducts himself with scrupulous honesty toward two or three captains. These, of course, “certify” him, and then he goes into the wildest and most reckless speculations, upheld by the “good books,” which he shows to every captain that comes.

Now, while they are pretending that nothing is to be bought, that there is no ivory on the coast, all this time the lying rascals have their hands full, and are eager to sell. They know the captain is in a hurry. The coast is sickly. The weather is hot. He fears his crew may fall sick or die, and he be left with a broken voyage. Every day is

therefore precious to him; but to the black fellows all days are alike. They have no storage, no interest account, no fever to fear, and, accordingly, they can tire the captain out. This they do. In fact, often, if they have an obstinate customer to deal with, they even combine and send all the trade a day’s journey up river, and thus produce a fair show of commercial scarcity. At last, when high prices have been established, when the inroads of fever on his crew or the advance of the season have made the poor captain desperately willing to pay any thing, the ivory comes aboard, and the cunning black rascals chuckle.

In this wretched way no less than 150,000 pounds of ivory, besides quantities of palm-oil, ebony, and barwood are collected on this limited stretch of coast each year.

It is not strange that an enterprising man should tire of this, and leave the coast for the strange interior. The rivers are highways as far as they go. When they fail, the travelers’ luggage is strapped on the backs of women, who support the load by an awkward band wound round the head. There are no beasts of burden. The savage wild bull of these plains has never been tamed; horses are unknown; and the journey must be made on foot. Happy the poor traveler if he does not starve on the way; for game is scarce. “Not even a monkey or a rat!” exclaims hungry Du Chaillu, looking with greedy eyes and watering mouth at a half-roasted snake, twenty-five feet long, which his unscrupulous party are devouring; and cursing in his heart those qualms which forbade him to partake with them.

At every new town our traveler reached he was the object of wonder not unmixed with



FAN BOWMAN.



FAN DRUM AND HANDJA.

alarm. His white face—tanned, we imagine, to what we should call a dark bronze; his shoes, which were usually supposed to be his feet; his clothes; and, above all, his long, straight hair, excited by turns the awe and admiration of curious and rankly-smelling crowds; till, at last, when he reached the *ultima thule* of his first journey, an astonished warrior fell down at his feet, in mortal terror, to worship him as a spirit.

This was among the *Fans*, a tribe remarkable for the most disgusting species of cannibalism which has ever been witnessed or recorded. They eat habitually the corpses of persons who die a

ies between neighboring villages; and our traveler not only found his quarters in the Fan capital surrounded by human remains, but was witness to the division of the spoils of a deceased villager. We have heard Captain Burton relate, with savage glee, how a tribe on the eastern coast, determined to conquer another which offered unexpected resistance, on the field of battle ate the hearts of their enemies in the presence of a number of prisoners, who, being afterward released, carried the terror of this tale to their nation, who immediately submitted. "They could stand being killed," said the redoubtable captain, "but to be eaten struck them with terror." But here was a tribe who eat human flesh habitually, and that of a peculiarly disgusting quality. We shall not forget the incredulous smile with which a dinner party received this relation from the lips of Mr. Du Chaillu, who, quickly perceiving the doubt, capped it with an instance which seemed quite too horrible to be true: "A party of Fans who came down to the sea-shore once to see the sea actually stole a freshly buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it and ate it among them; and another party took another body, conveyed it into the woods, cut it up, and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them."

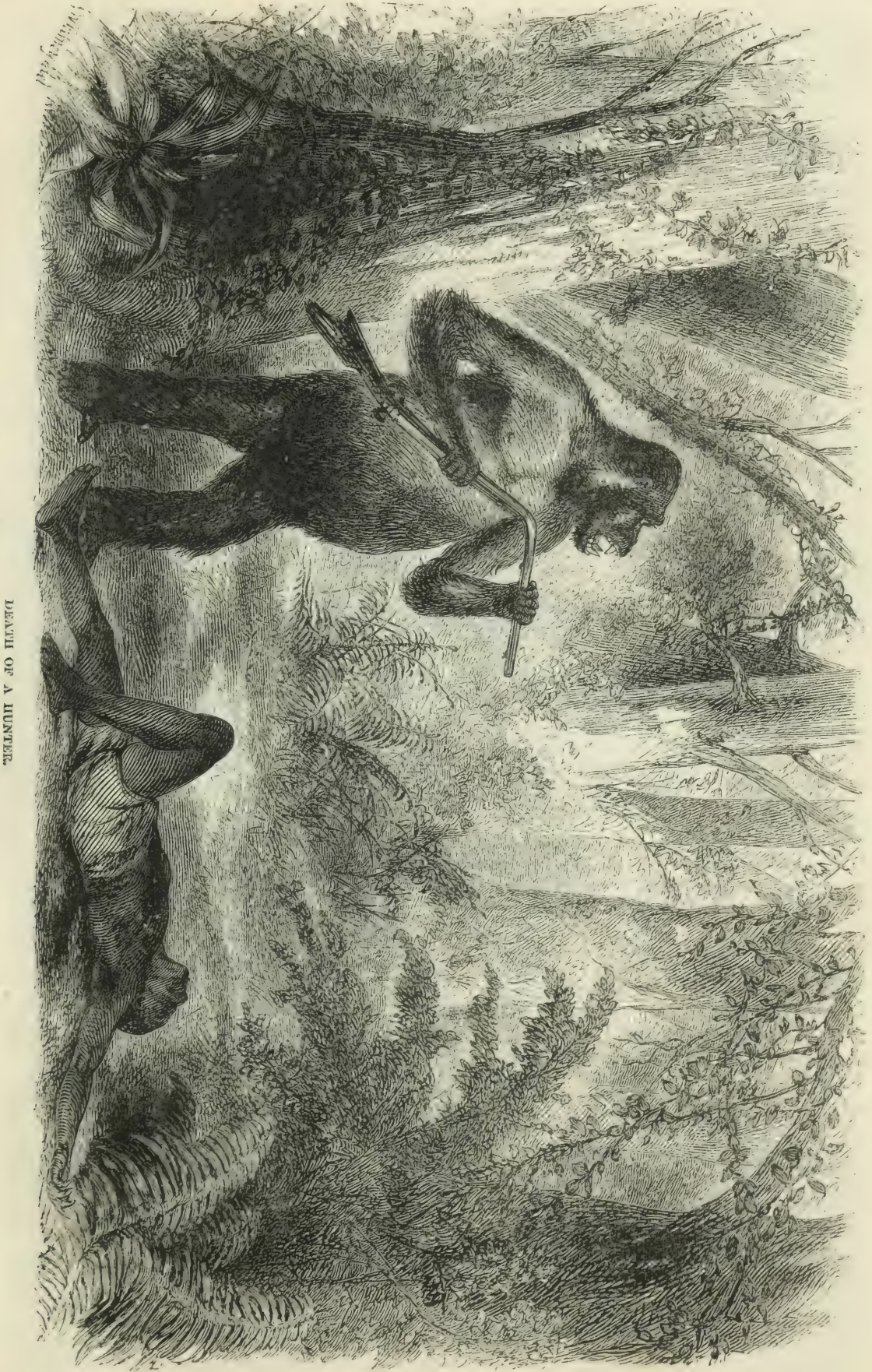
Several months afterward we found ourselves one day in Mr. Du Chaillu's museum, and were introduced to the Rev. Mr. Walker, long time a missionary on the Gaboon station, and were by him assured of the literal truth of this story, which no one would before believe.

These disgusting cannibals are a finely built



THE BASHIKOUAY ANT, MAGNIFIED TO TWICE ITS NATURAL SIZE.

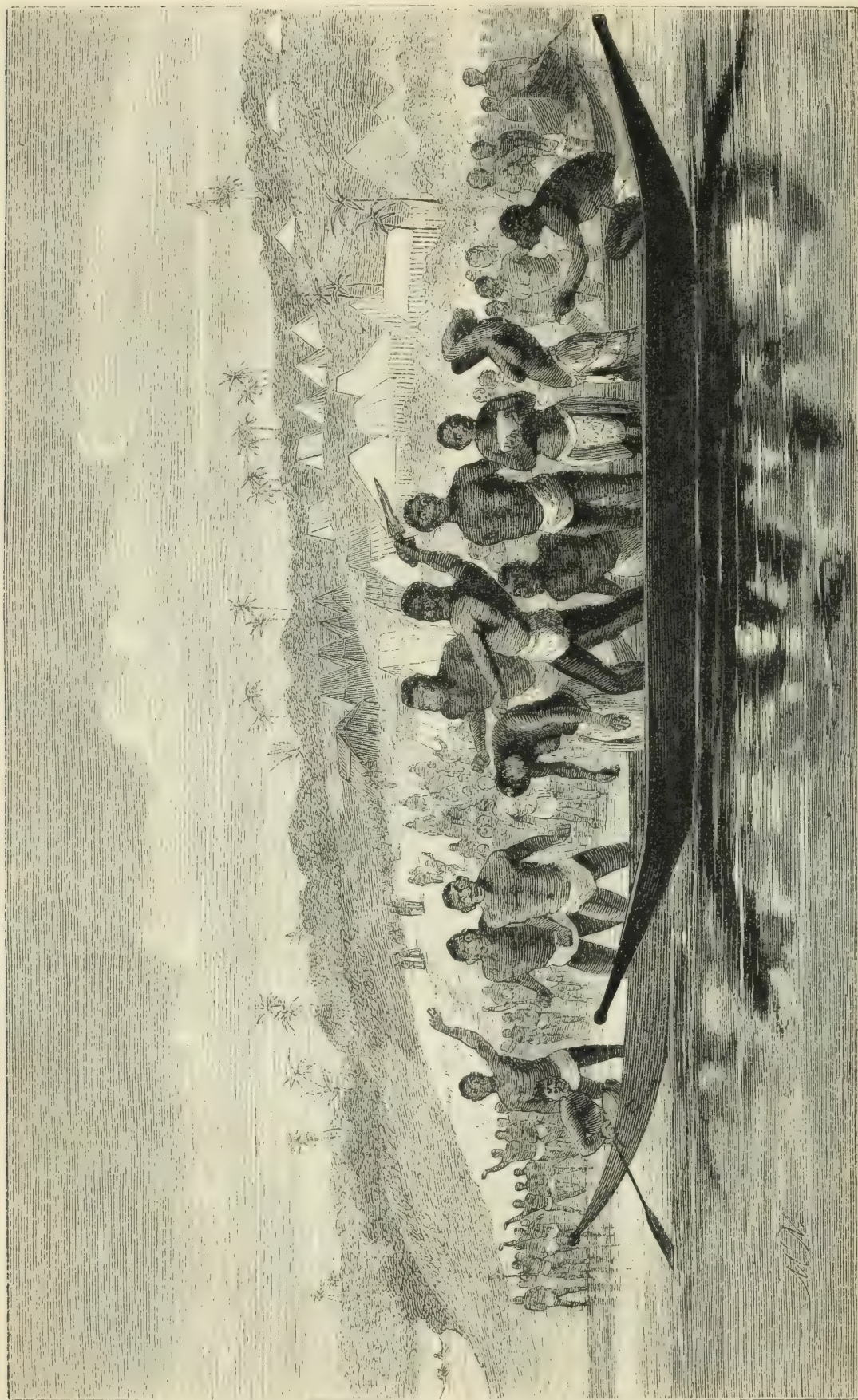
natural death—that is, by disease! It seems that they refrain from eating their relatives and townsmen, but carry on a regular traffic in bod-



DEATH OF A HUNTER.

and very intelligent race; taller than their neighbors; smelting and hammering iron, of which they make spear-heads, and long, savage, two-edged knives, compared with which the Arkansas tooth-pick is a child's plaything. They use a bow of immense strength, which even they can not bend without sitting down to it, and from

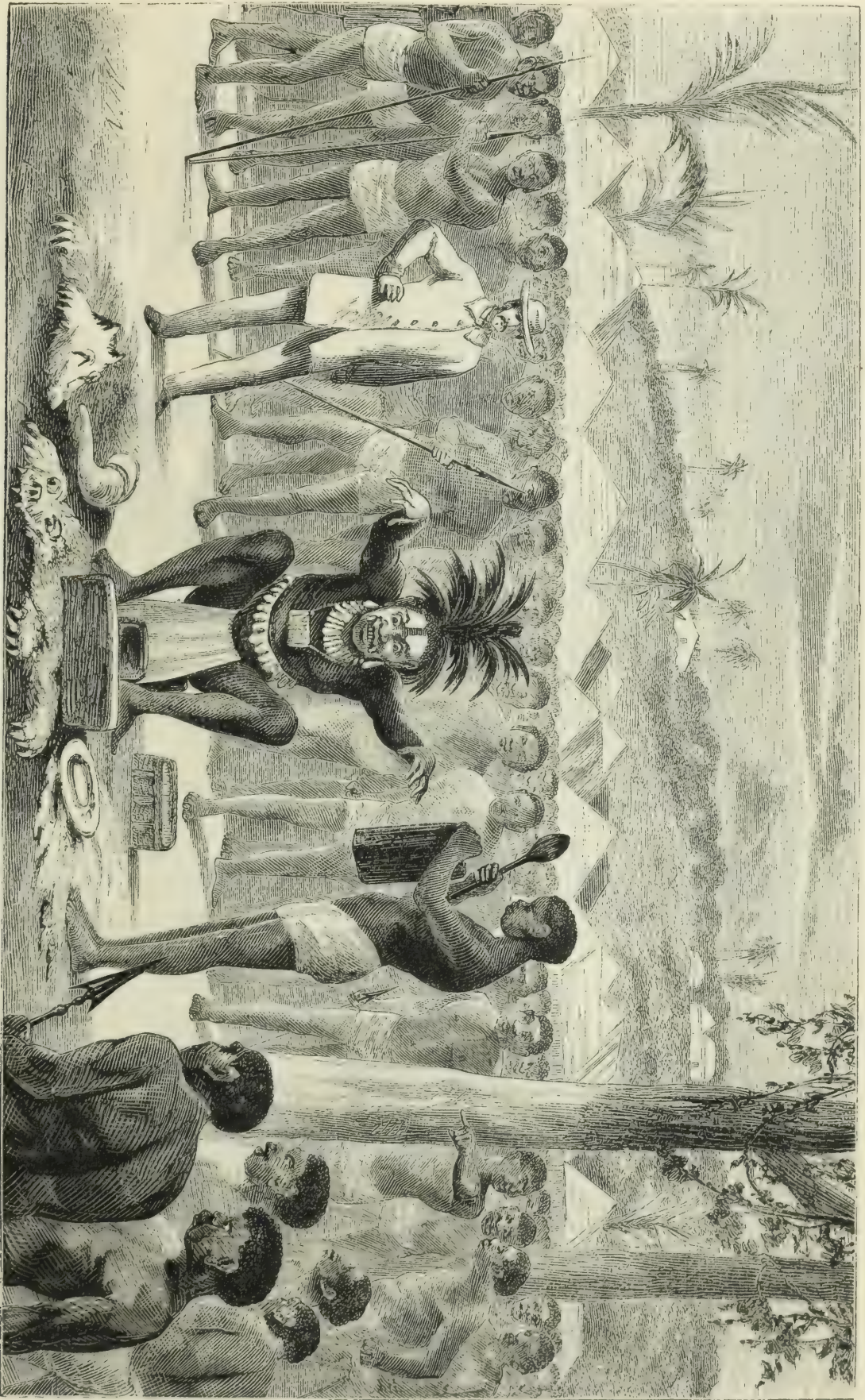
which are propelled the little poisoned arrows which make them a terror to their enemies. The men plait their wool into a queue behind, lengthening it by the help of tow dyed black, as John Chinaman helps his tail out with black silk. They use a shield of elephant hide, a specimen of which, in Mr. Du Chaillu's collec-



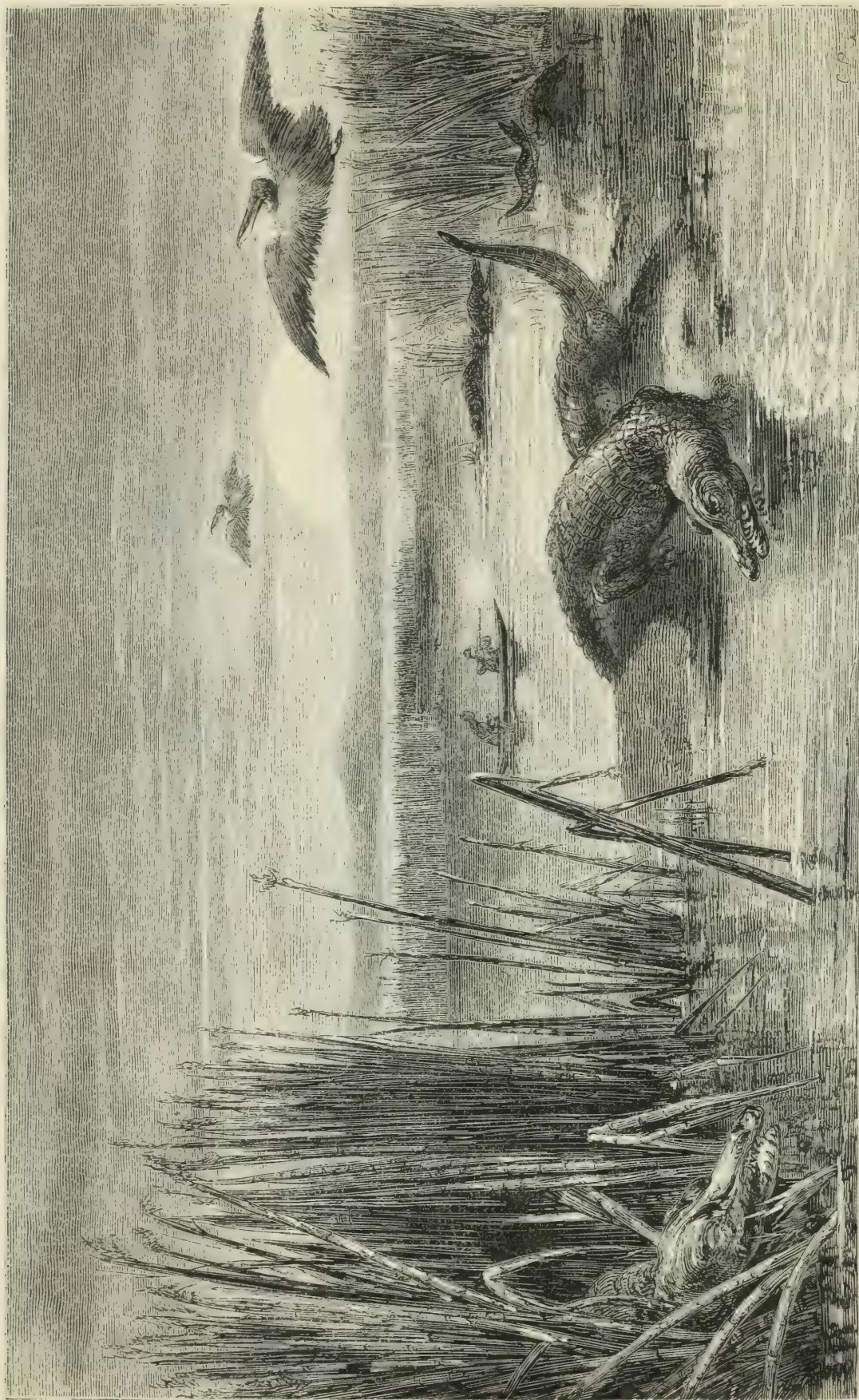
POISON ORDEAL, AND DECAPITATION FOR SORCERY.

tion, needs a strong arm to hold out. They dress themselves in a cloth made, like the South Sea Islander's "tappa," of the beaten bark of a tree; to which are added a leopard's skin about the middle, and an abundance of tigers' teeth, human vertebræ, monkeys' tails, and other absurdities, which are fetiches or amulets, to protect these man-eaters from the arrows and teeth of their enemies. Their country abounds with elephants, which they kill for their meat and the ivory, which is their only "trade" with the coast. And, alas! even these fierce ghouls are cheated by their monopolizing neighbors, to whom they intrust their goods for sale to the white man.

THE OUGANGA (DOCTOR) EXERCISING A SORCERER



When the Fans have discovered the beat of a herd of elephants, they construct, with great labor, a net-work of the abundant vines of the forest, which half incloses a considerable tract. This requires several days. Then, armed with numerous spears, they drive the herd against this fatal barrier, where the huge bodies push vainly against the yielding vines, while their agile enemies attack them from the overhanging branches and from behind the trees, till at last, one after another, the poor victims fall, their hides bristling with spears. But there is no little danger in the mad melée; and the man who loses his presence of mind for a moment is killed



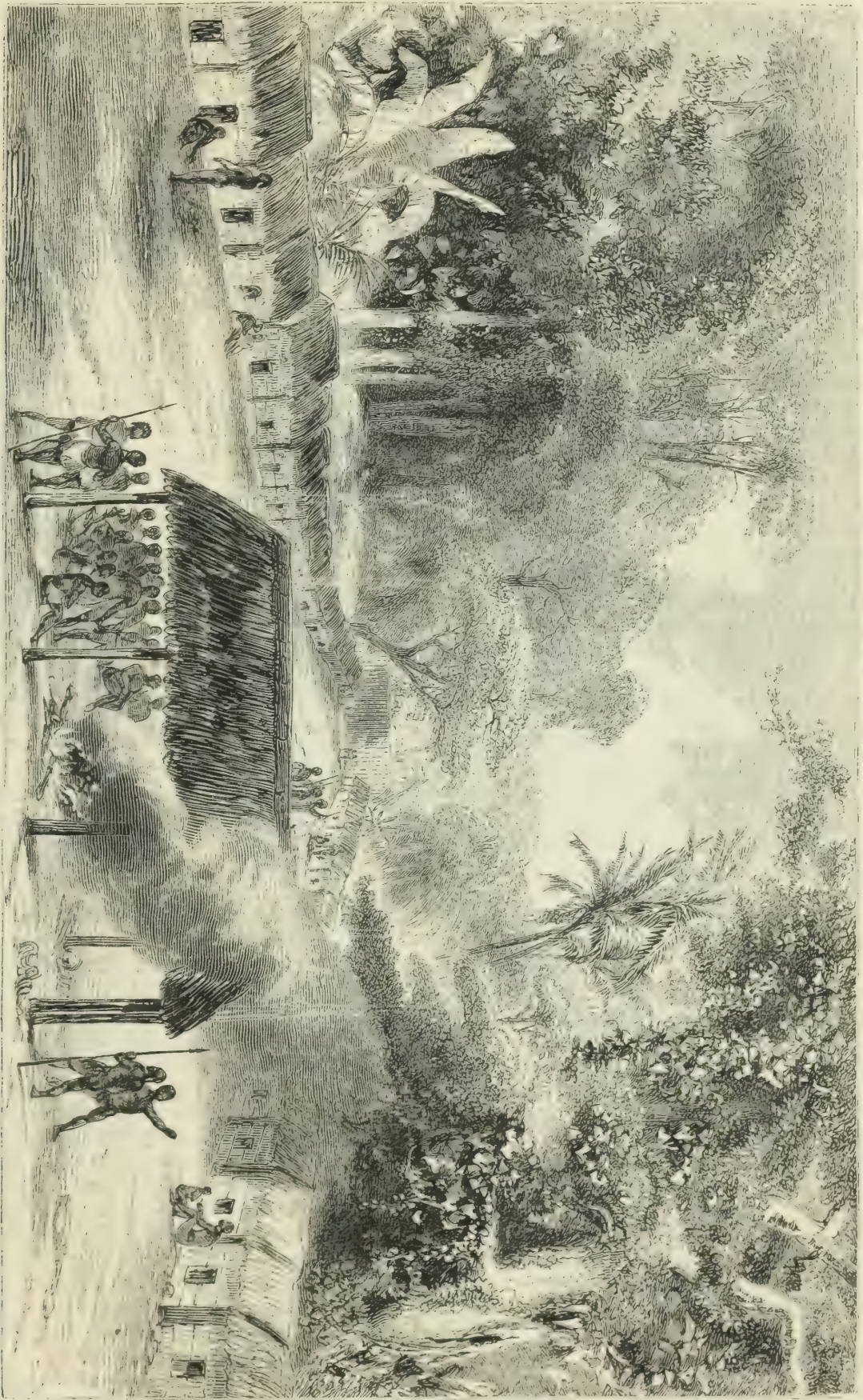
CROCODILE HUNTING IN THE ANENGUE LAKE.

by the enraged beast. Of our traveler's party, on one such *battue*, a poor fellow was caught and trampled into a jelly in an instant by a furious elephant, which suddenly charged an attacking crowd.

We have not space to recount the curious rules which guide the chase among the Fans,

or the superstitious observances with which the spoils are afterward divided. Nor can we quote the interesting account of their marriage customs, or of a cannibal wedding at which Mr. Du Chaillu was an honored guest, and where he was deafened by the noise of savage music, and disgusted by the general intoxication with which

A VILLAGE IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.



the feast wound up. The drum is valued the more the greater noise it makes. But these people have also a very remarkable instrument called the handja, whose sweet and silvery tones by no means smack of cannibalism. It consists of a light reed frame, three feet long by one and a half broad, into which are set and securely

fastened a set of hollow gourds covered by strips of a hard red wood found in the forests. Each of these cylinders is of a different size, and all are so graduated that the set form a regular series of notes. A handja generally contains seven. The performer sits down, lays the frame across his knees, and strikes the strips lightly

with a stick. There are two sticks, one hard, the other soft, and the principle is the same on which music has been produced in France from a series of glasses. The tone is very clear and good; and though their tunes are very rude, they can play them with considerable skill.

It was while among the Fans that our traveler killed his first gorilla, a huge beast lacking but a few inches of being six feet in height. They had been cautiously hunting the dense jungle for some hours. "Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

"This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all were right; and then we marched on cautiously.

"The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

"Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring, large, deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forests.

"He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

"The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark* like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we

stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half man half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars and beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

"With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

"My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that we should come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I should myself give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted while my men ate gorilla.

"I noticed that they very carefully saved the brain, and was told that charms were made of this—charms of two kinds. Prepared in one way, the charm gave the wearer a strong hand for the hunt, and in another it gave him success with women."

The evening was spent, as was usual on such occasions, in telling superstitious stories of the powers and evil doings of the mysterious brute, which has taken so strong a hold of the imaginations of these Africans that it is in all these regions a household word of dread. We cull a few of the many curious stories which Mr. Du Chaillu thus gathered at different times about the camp-fire. He says: "I listened in silence to the conversation, which was not addressed to me, and was rewarded by hearing the stories as they are believed, and not as a stranger would be apt to draw them out by questions. One of the men told of two Mbondemo women who were walking together through the woods, when suddenly an immense gorilla stepped into the path, and, clutching one of the women, bore her off in spite of the screams and struggles of both. The other woman returned to the village, sadly frightened, and related the story. Of course her companion was given up for lost. Great was the surprise, therefore, when, a few days afterward,



THE KOOLOO-KAMBA.

she returned to her home. She related that the gorilla had forced her to accompany him for many miles, but had not seriously injured her, and that she had easily escaped from him.

“‘Yes,’ said one, ‘that was a gorilla inhabited by a spirit.’

“Which explanation was received with a general grunt of approval.

“They believe, in all this country, that there is a kind of gorilla—known to the initiated by certain mysterious signs, but chiefly by being of extraordinary size—which is the residence of

certain spirits of departed negroes. Such gorillas, the natives believe, can never be caught or killed; and, also, they have much more shrewdness and sense than the common animal. In fact, in these 'possessed' beasts, it would seem that the intelligence of man is united with the strength and ferocity of the beast. No wonder the poor African dreads so terrible a being as his imagination thus conjures up.

"One of the men told how, some years ago, a party of gorillas were found in a cane-field tying up the sugar-cane in regular bundles, preparatory to carrying it away. The natives attacked them, but were routed, and several killed, while others were carried off prisoners by the gorillas; but in a few days they returned home uninjured, with this horrid exception: the nails of their fingers and toes had been torn off by their captors.

"Some years ago a man suddenly disappeared from his village. It is probable that he was carried off by a tiger; but as no news came of him, the native superstition invented a cause for his absence. It was related and believed that, as he walked through the wood one day, he was suddenly changed into a hideous large gorilla, which was often pursued afterward, but never killed, though it continually haunted the neighborhood of the village.

"Here several spoke up and mentioned names of men now dead whose spirits were known to be dwelling in gorillas.

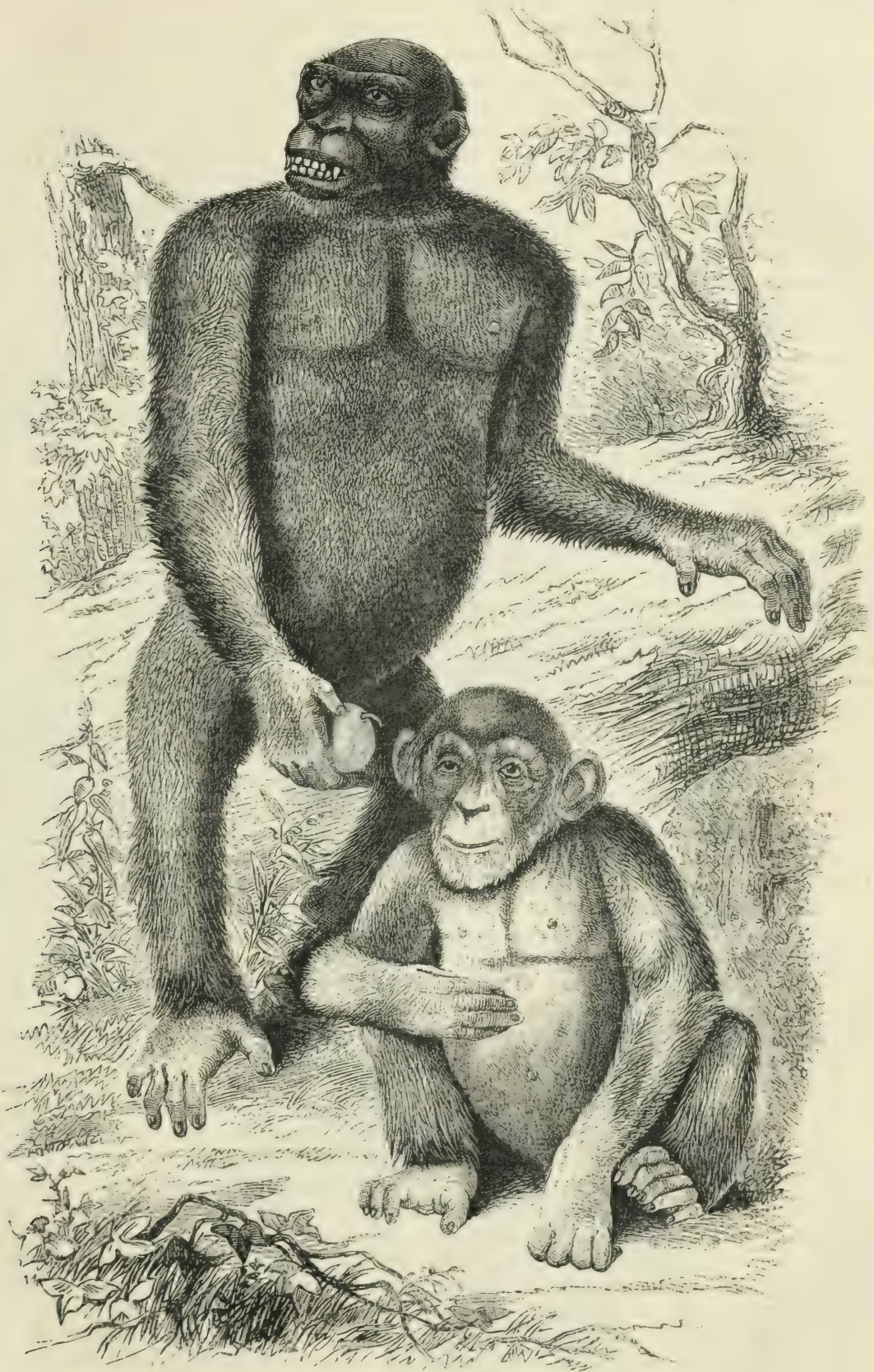
"Finally was rehearsed the story which is current among all the tribes who at all know the gorilla: that this animal lies in wait in the lower branches of trees, watching for people who go to and fro; and, when one passes sufficiently near, grasps the luckless fellow with his powerful feet and draws him up into the tree, where he quietly chokes him."

Such stories as these, the wild imaginings of terror-stricken negroes, have, until now, passed current as at least largely founded in fact. They are gathered in Professor Owen's before mentioned very interesting Memoir of the Gorilla; and it seems a pity to wipe away at one blow so horrible and pleasing a picture as is thus made up. But Mr. Du Chaillu must be believed, and he says: "I am sorry to be the dispeller of such agreeable delusions; but the gorilla does not lurk in trees by the roadside, and drag up unsuspecting passers-by in its claws, and choke them to death in its vice-like paws; it does not attack the elephant and beat him to death with sticks; it does not carry off women from the native villages; it does not even build itself a house of leaves and twigs in the forest-trees and sit on the roof, as has been confidently reported of it. It is not gregarious even; and the numerous stories of its attacking in great numbers have not a grain of truth in them."

It lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungle, preferring deep wooded valleys and also rugged heights. It does not live much, if at all in trees, only the young ones sleeping in the branches, while the adults make their beds at the foot of some mon-

arch of the woods, sleeping, as Mr. Du Chaillu thinks, in a sitting posture. Though the animal has such immense teeth and jaws, it is a strict vegetarian; its favorite food being pine-apple leaves, a small berry which grows near the ground, the soft pith of a tree, to get at which the gorilla uses his vast strength to break the tree down; and, lastly, a nut with a very hard shell, which it cracks with its strong jaws. It is not gregarious. The young are found in flocks of never more than five; and these, as well as females when found alone, make off in great haste from the hunter. *But the adult male gorilla is never known to run from his enemy, man.* This is not only the experience of Mr. Du Chaillu, but the universal testimony of the negroes. "When I surprised a pair of gorillas, the male was generally sitting down on a rock or against a tree, in some darkest corner of the jungle, where the brightest sun left its traces only in a dim and gloomy twilight. The female was mostly feeding near by; and it is singular that she almost always gave the alarm by running off, with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. Then the male, sitting for a moment with a savage frown on his face, slowly rises to his feet, and, looking with glowing and malign eyes at the intruders, begins to beat his breast, and, lifting up his round head, utters his frightful roar. This begins with several sharp barks, like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply guttural rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep rolling thunder of an approaching storm. I have reason to believe that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles. The horror of the animal's appearance at this time is beyond description. It seems as monstrous as a nightmare dream—so impossible a piece of hideousness that, were it not for the danger of its savage approach, the hunter might fancy himself in some ugly dream. At such a sight I could forgive my brave native hunters that they were sometimes overcome with superstitious fears, and ceased to wonder at the strange, weird 'gorilla stories' of the negroes."

It is a maxim with the well-trained gorilla-hunters to reserve their fire till the very last moment. Experience has shown them that—whether the enraged beast takes the report of the gun for an answering defiance, or for what other reason unknown—if the hunter fires and misses, the gorilla at once rushes upon him; and this onset no man can withstand. One blow of that huge paw, with its bony claws, and the poor hunter's entrails are torn out, his breast-bone broken, or his skull crushed. It is too late to reload, and flight is vain. There have been negroes who in such cases, made desperate by their frightful danger, have faced the gorilla, and struck at him with the empty gun. But they had time for only one harmless blow. The next moment the huge arm came down with fatal force, breaking musket and skull with one blow.



NSHIEGO, AND YOUNG.

One poor fellow, an attached follower of our traveler, was thus slain, the gorilla with one blow from its tremendous arm laying his bowels open. Then the furious animal seized the gun, whose barrel it bent, and bit so as to leave the dents of its teeth on the iron! "I imagine," says Mr. Du Chaillu, "that no animal is so fatal in its attack on man as this, for the reason that it meets him face to face, and uses its arms as

its weapons of offense, just as a man or a prize-fighter would—only that it has longer arms, and vastly greater strength than the strongest boxer the world ever saw."

But we must refer the reader to Mr. Du Chaillu's work for farther particulars of the gorilla, whose nature and actions he was able to study, not only in the forests, but in his camps, where he had at various times no less than five

young captive gorillas. Utterly untamable, ferocious, and not to be touched either by kindness or severity, these treacherous little beasts wore out their lives by vain struggles for liberty and savage attempts at revenge upon their captors. There is a monstrous fascination about his accounts of this animal which is scarcely equaled by the most horrid of Edgar Poe's nightmare-breeding romances.

Our remaining space suffices only to give a running summary of Mr. Du Chaillu's journeys and their results. His longest and most important explorations were made by the favor of a powerful king, Quengeza by name, whose shrewd mind appreciated the benefit he was likely to derive from the friendship of a white man. At Goombi, Quengeza's capital, the traveler was received with great honor, and, with the exception of one unfortunate execution for witchcraft, when two of his own friends were murdered in cold blood, he enjoyed here a great influence over the people; many of whom begged him to send them white men to teach them. The *oungangas*, or medicine-men, however, hated him, because he spoke with disrespect of their superstitions, and tried to induce the king to abolish the cruel poison-ordeal to which persons accused of sorcery are obliged to submit, and by which thousands lose their lives every year through this region.

One of these medicine-men played him in return a very shrewd trick, which we must relate. A man had died in the town owned by our traveler at the mouth of the Fernand Vaz, and which was the base of his operations, where his surplus goods were stored in houses built by him at considerable expense. Now when a man dies in that country, it is supposed to be only because some enemy of his has bewitched him. Hence an *ounganga* was called from the interior, whose duty it was to discover the culprit—who would then be submitted to the ordeal of poison, and if this, by its effects, declared him guilty, would be decapitated, quartered, and his remains cast away. The shrewd *ounganga* came, and after various incantations declared himself unable to discover the sorcerer; but gave it as his opinion that if the people did not abandon their town, and remove farther up the river, they would all die. And before twenty-four hours were over poor Du Chaillu was left entirely alone! The medicine-man had played him a trick which nearly proved fatal to his enterprise, as it was only by promises of extravagant pay that he could induce three or four men to come back and live with him, and to keep watch over his property in his absence.

Before ascending the Rembo to Goombi, Du Chaillu explored the Ogobay, to its termination, or source, in a lake called the Anengue, which he found, at the dry season, filled with little blotches of mud-islands, covered with astonishing numbers of crocodiles, who came down from the surrounding marshes to feed on the fish, which abound in the lake at this season. On these crocodiles the natives of the region live;

killing them with a rude but effective harpoon, which is darted from a long and very flat-bottomed boat, which skims over the turbid surface raising scarce a ripple. Crocodile shooting by moonlight—which is the best time—is a novel and exciting sport, which he here enjoyed for the first time, and which we find no note of in former African travelers.

Above Goombi, the Rembo, which was originally the Fernand Vaz, takes the name of Ovenga—Rembo meaning, in fact, only *river*. Here our traveler came upon a region somewhat healthier, with a soil of considerable fertility, though, in the utter ignorance of the negroes, they do not cultivate the ground with sufficient regularity to draw from it even subsistence for themselves: a more idle, hand-to-mouth living set of people it would be difficult to imagine. They cut small quantities of the abundant ebony, kill a few elephants, and cut sometimes a little barwood, and with these manage to obtain scant supplies of beads, guns, powder, and iron and copper kettles, from the sea-shore. In all this region the gorilla is found; and while staying with a chief named Obindji, Mr. Du Chaillu was so fortunate as to discover two new species of apes—of which the world did not before possess even that scant intelligence it had of the gorilla. These were the *Kooloo-Kamba*—so named from its singular cry—which is pronounced by comparative anatomists the most man-like of all the apes; and the *Nshiego Mbouvé*, a remarkably docile and intelligent animal, which builds for itself, with a surprising ingenuity, a leafy roof, in the forks of some high tree, where it rests at night, secure from the drenching rains of this country, and from the attacks of beasts. Of the last, our traveler possessed several young ones, which exhibited an astonishing docility and love for the company of man—very different from the morose and treacherous disposition of the young gorilla. And, most singular of all, *the young Nshiego is born with a face as perfectly white as the whitest child!* It is not till it enters its second year that its face assumes a yellow tint, and at three years old it is pitchy black like its mother. We can not spare room here for a more detailed account of these remarkable animals.

Among all the tribes he had hitherto visited he had found a kind of grass-cloth, used for the scanty covering of both men and women—but nowhere, so far, had he seen a loom. To the question, "Where do you get this?" the invariable answer was, "from the East, from a people who are cloth-makers, and great magicians, and whose tongue we do not speak, and who can kill men whom they do not like." This people—cloth-makers and magicians—he had long wished to see; and at last, after many delays, he set out for the high table-lands in which they were said to dwell. After many days' journey, through a mountainous region, they did reach the plains, and found the Ashira, the mysterious nation of cloth-makers, to be really a superior people, industrious, living in permanent towns, and peace-



OBINDJI IN HIS EASY-CHAIR.

able. Here he was received as a spirit of great power; the maker of guns and powder and beads—for though these negroes had never even hoped to see a white man, they knew the use of guns. Hence he journeyed yet farther east, to the Apingi, a tribe who were yet farther advanced than the Ashira, being not only better weavers, but also workers in iron, and of no mean skill, for savages, to judge by their knives and other weapons, brought home by Mr. Du Chaillu, which we have seen. The Apingi not only looked upon him as an all-potent spirit, but thought him a cannibal; and with a hospitality which can not be too much admired, the king sent him, on his arrival, a fat slave, to be roasted for his supper, promising a farther supply when it was needed.

“What, then, do you white spirits do with the men you buy on the sea-shore?” queried the Apingi king, curiously, of our horror-struck traveler. “If you don’t eat them, what *do* you want of them?” It seems that in the far interior the whole white race is believed to be in the practice of cannibalism; and having a short supply of human flesh at

home, these people believe that we are forced to seek our supply from among them, in Africa.

In Apingi-land Mr. Du Chaillu stood upon the threshold of what he justly regards as his most important geographical discovery. He found himself at the beginning of a range of mountains,



CAMA MAN AND WOMAN.



A NEGRO BEAUTY.

extending, so far as any of the negroes could tell him, in a direction nearly due east; that is to say, across the continent. He determined to follow the line of this mountain range as far as possible; though, from lack of preparations, and the debility resulting from some twenty-five attacks of African fever within two years, with constant exposure, poor fare, and hard work, forbade him to hope to cross the Continent. We must remember, in addition, that the only food which could be carried by his party was the plantain and yam, both, by their bulk and weight, rendering it impossible to carry more than a few days' supply; and that the forests of all this region are almost barren of life—vast solitudes, in which the stately ebony rears its head high above its neighbors; in which the barwood and various other precious woods are found in abundance, and where the traveler's steps are cumbered by the abounding vines which yield the caoutchouc of Africa.

The only hope of penetrating such a country was to push desperately on from tribe to tribe; but when our traveler reached the Isogo villages, some four days' journey east from the Apingi, he found that the next stopping-place—with no intermediate villages—was put at three days' journey, due east, which he well guessed would prove nearer six. Nevertheless, the mountain-range still pointed eastward; and it was not in the heart of a man who had pierced this great secret so far, alone, and against all odds, to give it up now. Gathering what scant supplies he could obtain, and putting on, alas! *his last pair of stout shoes*, he set out, determined, if possible, by energetic travel to reach the Ashango villages, where he might rest.

On that last pair of stout shoes rested in reality all his hopes. Starvation he had now got pretty well accustomed to, and we think of him, in the last extremity bracing his stomach to receive a proper portion of roasted boa-constrictor, if nothing better offered.

But the ground proved too much for the shoes. On the third day he tied his shirt-sleeves about his bleeding feet—and yet pushed on, with empty stomach, no villages yet in sight; the jungle dense as ever; the mountains still ranging east-

ward, as far as the eye could reach from any unobstructed point.

At last the swollen, torn, and bleeding feet could bear him on no longer. He sat down by the side of a purling brook, bathed his feet, and sent his men to ascend an eminence near by, from whence perhaps they might descry human habitations. But there was nothing but the dreary jungle, and the mountains still ranging eastward, as far as the eye could distinguish their peaks in the distance.

They returned with a snake and a monkey, having dined on which, and fastened a small American flag to the top of the highest tree they saw, as a symbol of possession, in right of first discovery, they set out on their backward trip, desperate with hunger, and not daring to stop, even to hunt, by the way.

"Of the journey back," he writes, "I have but a dim and feverish recollection. I remember that my feet got worse instead of better; that when the wretched shoes were beyond even tying together with vines, I cast them away, and bandaged bare feet with what remained of my shirt. That on the second and third day of our journey we had not even a little bird to eat, but plunged forward in a stupid apathy of hunger and pain. That on the fourth morning one of the men espied a gorilla, who came roaring toward us, beating his vast chest, and waddling up to the attack with such horrid utterances and soul-freezing aspect, eyes glaring, and the monstrous face distorted with impotent rage, that for once, waking out of my dreamy stupor, and seeing this image of the devil coming upon us, I would have run if my feet had borne me. I remember that, when my gun-carrier shot the huge beast, the men rushed upon it, and tore rather than cut it up, to stifle with its loathed flesh the hunger which was gnawing at their vitals.

"Then we went on, relieved for a time from starvation, I dragging my bleeding, bare, and swollen feet over the rough and thorny ground, till at last, at noon of the fifth day, we came to the Isogo towns."

And here we leave him.

The discoveries of Mr. Du Chaillu in the Department of Natural History alone, have been proclaimed in this country and in Europe, to be of such value and interest as to make his name honored among those enterprising men to whom Natural History is under the greatest obligations. But he has shown us not only the terrible gorilla, the curious nest-building nshiego, and many other new and beautiful animals; he has laid bare, for the operations of our enterprising commerce, a large region fruitful in many products which take the first rank in the world's commerce. India-rubber, ebony (of which he imported a cargo cut in the upper Ovenga, under his own supervision, and which was counted first-class wood for size and grain), ivory, barwood, palm-oil, are found here—in a virgin country, only needing shrewd management to become a source of wealth to our merchants and of new hopes of civilization to Africa.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.



HITHER and thither they swung, Madeline Hays—

The bloom-loaded apple-tree boughs,
The rose-scented apple-tree boughs,
The pink-tinted apple-tree boughs—
In the merry May days.

Hither and thither they swung, Madeline Hays;
The blossoms and you together,
Rose-tinted, and light as a feather,
All in the merry May weather,
My rose-tinted Madeline Hays.

Down in the wet green grass, Madeline Hays,
Where the brown bees cluster and hover;
Down in the cowslips and clover,
With the apple-tree blooms sprinkled over,
I awaited you, Madeline Hays.

Down in the wet green grass, Madeline Hays,
Ankle-deep, I pleaded and flattered,
While the blackbird whistled and chattered,
And the pink-blossoms, pelted and pattered,
All in the merry May days.

“Come down, come down to me, Madeline Hays!”

I pleaded, and pleaded in vain;
While the pink pelting rain
And your laugh of disdain
Only answered me, Madeline Hays.

“Come down, come down to me, Madeline Hays!”

I pleaded, and flattered once more,
And you laughed in my face as before,
“Till the wind blew down with a roar!—
What happened then, Madeline Hays?

The wind blew down with a roar, Madeline Hays,

Breaking branches and boughs in the race,
Blowing blossoms and buds in my face;
What else did I catch and embrace
As the bough broke, Madeline Hays?

Soft yellow silk hair, Madeline Hays,
Unrolling its lovely Greek twist,
Blowing out its goldening mist—
It was this that I caught first and kiss’d,
My bloom-blushing Madeline Hays!

Then through hair all a-dazzle, Madeline Hays,
Eyes and mouth, cheek and chin too,
Out of the dazzle came glimmering through;
All the love colors—red, white, and blue—
What could a man do, Madeline Hays?

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER V.

SIR PEREGRINE MAKES A SECOND PROMISE.

WE left Lady Mason very grateful, at the end of the last chapter, for the promise made to her by Sir Peregrine with reference to her son; but there was still a weight on Lady Mason's mind. They say that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript, and it may be that that which remained for Lady Mason to say, was after all the matter as to which she was most anxious for assistance. "As you are here," she said to the baronet, "would you let me mention another subject?"

"Surely," said he, again putting down his hat and riding-stick.

Sir Peregrine was not given to close observation of those around him, or he might have seen by the heightened color of the lady's face, and by the slight nervous hesitation with which she began to speak, that she was much in earnest as to this other matter. And had he been clever in his powers of observation he might have seen also that she was anxious to hide this feeling. "You remember the circumstances of that terrible lawsuit?" she said, at last.

"What; as to Sir Joseph's will? Yes; I remember them well."

"I know that I shall never forget all the kindness that you showed me," said she. "I don't know how I should have lived through it without you and dear Mrs. Orme."

"But what about it now?"

"I fear I am going to have further trouble."

"Do you mean that the man at Groby Park is going to try the case again? It is not possible after such a lapse of time. I am no lawyer, but I do not think that he can do it."

"I do not know—I do not know what he intends, or whether he intends any thing; but I am sure of this—that he will give me trouble if he can. But I will tell you the whole story, Sir Peregrine. It is not much, and perhaps after all may not be worth attention. You know the attorney in Hamworth who married Miriam Usbech?"

"What, Samuel Dockwrath? Oh, yes; I know him well enough; and to tell the truth I do not think very well of him. Is he not a tenant of yours?"

"Not at present." And then Lady Mason explained the manner in which the two fields had been taken out of the lawyer's hands by her son's order.

"Ah! he was wrong there," said the baronet. "When a man has held land so long it should not be taken away from him except under pressing circumstances; that is, if he pays his rent."

"Mr. Dockwrath did pay his rent, certainly; and now, I fear, he is determined to do all he can to injure us."

"But what injury can Mr. Dockwrath do you?"

"I do not know; but he has gone down to Yorkshire—to Mr. Mason's place; I know that; and he was searching through some papers of old Mr. Usbech's before he went. Indeed, I may say that I know as a fact that he has gone to Mr. Mason with the hope that these law proceedings may be brought on again."

"You know it as a fact?"

"I think I may say so."

"But, dear Lady Mason, may I ask you how you know this as a fact?"

"His wife was with me yesterday," she said, with some feeling of shame as she disclosed the source from whence she had obtained her information.

"And did she tell the tale against her own husband?"

"Not as meaning to say any thing against him, Sir Peregrine; you must not think so badly of her as that; nor must you think that I would willingly obtain information in such a manner. But you must understand that I have always been her friend; and when she found that Mr. Dockwrath had left home on a matter in which I am so nearly concerned, I can not but think it natural that she should let me know."

To this Sir Peregrine made no direct answer. He could not quite say that he thought it was natural, nor could he give any expressed approval of any such intercourse between Lady Mason and the attorney's wife. He thought it would be better that Mr. Dockwrath should be allowed to do his worst, if he had any intention of doing evil, and that Lady Mason should pass it by without condescending to notice the circumstance. But he made allowances for her weakness, and did not give utterance to his disapproval in words.

"I know you think that I have done wrong," she then said, appealing to him; and there was a tone of sorrow in her voice which went to his heart.

"No, not wrong; I can not say that you have done wrong. It may be a question whether you have done wisely."

"Ah! if you only condemn my folly, I will not despair. It is probable I may not have done wisely, seeing that I had not you to direct me. But what shall I do now? Oh, Sir Peregrine, say that you will not desert me if all this trouble is coming on me again!"

"No, I will not desert you, Lady Mason; you may be sure of that."

"Dearest friend!"

"But I would advise you to take no notice whatever of Mr. Dockwrath and his proceedings. I regard him as a person entirely beneath your notice, and if I were you I should not move at

all in this matter unless I received some legal summons which made it necessary for me to do so. I have not the honor of any personal acquaintance with Mr. Mason, of Groby Park." It was in this way that Sir Peregrine always designated his friend's step-son—"but if I understand the motives by which he may probably be actuated in this or in any other matter, I do not think it likely that he will expend money on so very unpromising a case."

"He would do any thing for vengeance."

"I doubt if he would throw away his money even for that, unless he were very sure of his prey. And in this matter what can he possibly do? He has the decision of the jury against him, and at the time he was afraid to carry the case up to a court of appeal."

"But, Sir Peregrine, it is impossible to know what documents he may have obtained since that."

"What documents can do you any harm—unless, indeed, there should turn out to be a will subsequent to that under which your son inherits the property?"

"Oh no; there was no subsequent will."

"Of course there was not; and therefore you need not frighten yourself. It is just possible that some attempt may be made, now that your son is of age; but I regard even that as improbable."

"And you would not advise me, then, to say any thing to Mr. Furnival?"

"No; certainly not—unless you receive some legal notice which may make it necessary for you to consult a lawyer. Do nothing; and if Mrs. Dockwrath comes to you again, tell her that you are not disposed to take any notice of her information. Mrs. Dockwrath is, I am sure, a very good sort of woman. Indeed, I have always heard so. But if I were you, I don't think that I should feel inclined to have much conversation with her about my private affairs. What you tell her you tell also to her husband." And then the baronet, having thus spoken words of wisdom, sat silent in his arm-chair; and Lady Mason, still looking into his face, remained silent also for a few minutes.

"I am so glad I asked you to come," she then said.

"I am delighted if I have been of any service to you."

"Of any service! oh, Sir Peregrine, you can not understand what it is to live alone as I do—for of course I can not trouble Lucius with these matters; nor can a man, gifted as you are, comprehend how a woman can tremble at the very idea that those law proceedings may possibly be repeated."

Sir Peregrine could not but remember, as he looked at her, that during all those law proceedings, when an attack was made, not only on her income but on her honesty, she had never seemed to tremble. She had always been constant to herself, even when things appeared to be going against her. But years passing over her head since that time had perhaps told upon her courage.

"But I will fear nothing now, as you have promised that you will still be my friend."

"You may be very sure of that, Lady Mason. I believe that I may fairly boast that I do not easily abandon those whom I have once regarded with esteem and affection; among whom Lady Mason will, I am sure, allow me to say that she is reckoned as by no means the least." And then taking her hand, the old gentleman bowed over it and kissed it.

"My dearest, dearest friend!" said she; and lifting Sir Peregrine's beautifully white hand to her lips she also kissed that. It will be remembered that the gentleman was over seventy, and that this pretty scene could therefore be enacted without impropriety on either side. Sir Peregrine then went, and as he passed out of the door Lady Mason smiled on him very sweetly. It is quite true that he was over seventy; but nevertheless the smile of a pretty woman still had charms for him, more especially if there was a tear in her eye the while; for Sir Peregrine Orme had a soft heart.

As soon as the door was closed behind him Lady Mason seated herself in her accustomed chair, and all trace of the smile vanished from her face. She was alone now, and could allow her countenance to be a true index of her mind. If such was the case her heart surely was very sad. She sat there perfectly still for nearly an hour, and during the whole of that time there was the same look of agony on her brow. Once or twice she rubbed her hands across her forehead, brushing back her hair, and showing, had there been any one by to see it, that there was many a gray lock there mixed with the brown hairs. Had there been any one by, she would, it may be surmised, have been more careful.

There was no smile in her face now, neither was there any tear in her eye. The one and the other emblem were equally alien to her present mood. But there was sorrow at her heart, and deep thought in her mind. She knew that her enemies were conspiring against her—against her and against her son; and what steps might she best take in order that she might baffle them?

"I have got that woman on the hip now." Those were the words which Mr. Dockwrath had uttered into his wife's ears, after two days spent in searching through her father's papers. The poor woman had once thought of burning all those papers—in old days before she had become Mrs. Dockwrath. Her friend, Lady Mason, had counseled her to do so, pointing out to her that they were troublesome, and could by no possibility lead to profit; but she had consulted her lover, and he had counseled her to burn nothing. "Would that she had been guided by her friend!" she now said to herself with regard to that old trunk, and perhaps occasionally with regard to some other things.

"I have got that woman on the hip at last!" and there had been a gleam of satisfaction in Samuel's eye as he uttered the words which had convinced his wife that it was not an idle threat. She knew nothing of what the box had con-

tained; and now, even if it had not been kept safe from her under Samuel's private key, the contents which were of interest had of course gone. "I have business in the north, and shall be away for about a week," Mr. Dockwrath had said to her on the following morning.

"Oh, very well; then I'll put up your things," she had answered, in her usual mild, sad, whining, household voice. Her voice at home was always sad and whining, for she was overworked, and had too many cares, and her lord was a tyrant to her rather than a husband.

"Yes, I must see Mr. Mason immediately. And look here, Miriam, I positively insist that you do not go to Orley Farm, or hold any intercourse whatever with Lady Mason. D'ye hear?"

Mrs. Dockwrath said that she did hear, and promised obedience. Mr. Dockwrath probably guessed that the moment his back was turned all would be told at the farm, and probably also had no real objection to her doing so. Had he in truth wished to keep his proceedings secret from Lady Mason he would not have divulged them to his wife. And then Mr. Dockwrath did start for the north, bearing certain documents with him; and soon after his departure Mrs. Dockwrath did pay a visit to Orley Farm.

Lady Mason sat there perfectly still for about an hour thinking what she would do. She had asked Sir Peregrine, and had the advantage of his advice; but that did not weigh much with her. What she wanted from Sir Peregrine was countenance and absolute assistance in the day of trouble—not advice. She had desired to renew his interest in her favor, and to receive from him his assurance that he would not desert her; and that she had obtained. It was of course also necessary that she should consult him; but in turning over within her own mind this and that line of conduct, she did not, consciously, attach any weight to Sir Peregrine's opinion. The great question for her to decide was this; should she put herself and her case into the hands of her friend Mr. Furnival now at once, or should she wait till she had received some certain symptom of hostile proceedings? If she did see Mr. Furnival, what could she tell him? only this, that Mr. Dockwrath had found some document among the papers of old Mr. Usbech, and had gone off with the same to Groby Park in Yorkshire. What that document might be she was as ignorant as the attorney's wife.

When the hour was ended she had made up her mind that she would do nothing more in the matter, at any rate on that day.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COMMERCIAL ROOM, BULL INN, LEEDS.

MR. SAMUEL DOCKWRATH was a little man, with sandy hair, a pale face, and stone-blue eyes. In judging of him by appearance only and not by the ear, one would be inclined to doubt

that he could be a very sharp attorney abroad and a very persistent tyrant at home. But when Mr. Dockwrath began to talk one's respect for him began to grow. He talked well and to the point, and with a tone of voice that could command where command was possible, persuade where persuasion was required, mystify where mystification was needed, and express with accuracy the tone of an obedient humble servant when servility was thought to be expedient. We will now accompany him on his little tour into Yorkshire.

Groby Park is about seven miles from Leeds, and as Mr. Dockwrath had in the first instance to travel from Hamworth up to London, he did not reach Leeds till late in the evening. It was a nasty, cold, drizzling night, so that the beauties and marvels of the large manufacturing town offered him no attraction, and at nine o'clock he had seated himself before the fire in the commercial room at The Bull, had called for a pair of public slippers, and was about to solace all his cares with a glass of mahogany-colored brandy-and-water and a cigar. The room had no present occupant but himself, and therefore he was able to make the most of all its comforts. He had taken the solitary arm-chair, and had so placed himself that the gas would fall direct from behind his head on to that day's Leeds and Halifax *Chronicle*, as soon as he should choose to devote himself to local politics.

The waiter had looked at him with doubtful eyes when he asked to be shown into the commercial room, feeling all but confident that such a guest had no right to be there. He had no bulky bundles of samples, nor any of those outward characteristics of a commercial "gent" with which all men conversant with the rail and road are acquainted, and which the accustomed eye of a waiter recognizes at a glance. And here it may be well to explain that ordinary travelers are in this respect badly treated by the customs of England, or rather by the hotel-keepers. All inn-keepers have commercial rooms, as certainly as they have taps and bars, but all of them do not have commercial rooms in the properly exclusive sense. A stranger, therefore, who has asked for and obtained his mutton-chop in the commercial room of The Dolphin, The Bear, and The George, not unnaturally asks to be shown into the same chamber at the King's Head. But the King's Head does a business with real commercials, and the stranger finds himself—out of his element.

"Mercial, Sir?" said the waiter at The Bull Inn, Leeds, to Mr. Dockwrath, in that tone of doubt which seemed to carry an answer to his own question. But Mr. Dockwrath was not a man to be put down by a waiter. "Yes," said he. "Didn't you hear me say so?" And then the waiter gave way. None of those lords of the road were in the house at the moment, and it might be that none would come that night.

Mr. Dockwrath had arrived by the 8.22 P.M. down, but the 8.45 P.M. up from the north followed quick upon his heels, and he had hardly

put his brandy-and-water to his mouth before a rush and a sound of many voices were heard in the hall. There is a great difference between the entrance into an inn of men who are not known there and of men who are known. The men who are not known are shy, diffident, doubtful, and anxious to propitiate the chambermaid by great courtesy. The men who are known are loud, jocular, and assured; or else, in case of deficient accommodation, loud, angry, and full of threats. The guests who had now arrived were well known, and seemed at present to be in the former mood. "Well, Mary, my dear, what's the time of day with you?" said a rough, bass voice, within the hearing of Mr. Dockwrath. "Much about the old tune, Mr. Moulder," said the girl at the bar. "Time to look alive and keep moving. Will you have them boxes up stairs, Mr. Kantwise?" and then there were a few words about the luggage, and two real commercial gentlemen walked into the room.

Mr. Dockwrath resolved to stand upon his rights, so he did not move his chair, but looked up over his shoulder at the new-comers. The first man who entered was short and very fat—so fat that he could not have seen his own knees for some considerable time past. His face rolled with fat, as also did all his limbs. His eyes were large and bloodshot. He wore no beard, and therefore showed plainly the triple bagging of his fat chin. In spite of his overwhelming fatness there was something in his face that was masterful and almost vicious. His body had been overcome by eating, but not as yet his spirit—one would be inclined to say. This was Mr. Moulder, well known on the road as being in the grocery and spirit line—a pushing man, who understood his business, and was well trusted by his firm in spite of his habitual intemperance. What did the firm care whether or no he killed himself by eating and drinking? He sold his goods, collected his money, and made his remittances. If he got drunk at night that was nothing to them, seeing that he always did his quota of work the next day. But Mr. Moulder did not get drunk. His brandy-and-water went into his blood, and into his eyes, and into his feet, and into his hands—but not into his brain.

The other was a little spare man in the hardware line, of the name of Kantwise. He disposed of fire-irons, grates, ovens, and kettles, and was at the present moment heavily engaged in the sale of certain newly-invented metallic tables and chairs lately brought out by the Patent Steel Furniture Company, for which Mr. Kantwise did business. He looked as though a skin rather too small for the purpose had been drawn over his head and face, so that his forehead and cheeks and chin were tight and shiny. His eyes were small and green, always moving about in his head, and were seldom used by Mr. Kantwise in the ordinary way. At whatever he looked he looked sideways; it was not that he did not look you in the face, but he always

looked at you with a sidelong glance, never choosing to have you straight in front of him. And the more eager he was in conversation, the more anxious he might be to gain his point, the more he averted his face and looked askance; so that sometimes he would prefer to have his antagonist almost behind his shoulder. And then as he did this he would thrust forward his chin, and having looked at you round the corner till his eyes were nearly out of his head, he would close them both and suck in his lips, and shake his head with rapid little shakes, as though he were saying to himself, "Ah, Sir! you're a bad un, a very bad un." His nose—for I should do Mr. Kantwise injustice if I did not mention this feature—seemed to have been compressed almost into nothing by that skin-squeezing operation. It was long enough, taking the measurement down the bridge, and projected sufficiently, counting the distance from the upper lip; but it had all the properties of a line—it possessed length without breadth. There was nothing in it from side to side. If you essayed to pull it, your fingers would meet. When I shall have also said that the hair on Mr. Kantwise's head stood up erect all round to the height of two inches, and that it was very red, I shall have been accurate enough in his personal description.

That Mr. Moulder represented a firm good business, doing tea, coffee, and British brandy on a well-established basis of capital and profit, the traveling commercial world in the north of England was well aware. No one entertained any doubt about his employers, Hubbles and Grease, of Houndsditch. Hubbles and Grease were all right, as they had been any time for the last twenty years. But I can not say that there was quite so strong a confidence felt in the Patent Steel Furniture Company generally, or in the individual operations of Mr. Kantwise in particular. The world in Yorkshire and Lancashire was doubtful about metallic tables, and it was thought that Mr. Kantwise was too eloquent in their praise.

Mr. Moulder, when he had entered the room, stood still, to enable the waiter to peel off from him his great-coat and the large shawl with which his neck was enveloped, and Mr. Kantwise performed the same operation for himself, carefully folding up the articles of clothing as he took them off. Then Mr. Moulder fixed his eyes on Mr. Dockwrath, and stared at him very hard. "Who's the party, James?" he said, to the waiter, speaking in a whisper that was plainly heard by the attorney.

"Gen'elman by the 8.22 down," said James.

"Commercial?" asked Mr. Moulder, with angry frown.

"He says so himself, anyways," said the waiter.

"Gammon!" replied Mr. Moulder, who knew all the bearings of a commercial man thoroughly, and could have put one together if he were only supplied with a little bit—say the mouth, as Professor Owen always does with the Dodoes. Mr. Moulder now began to be angry, for he was

a stickler for the rights and privileges of his class, and had an idea that the world was not so conservative in that respect as it should be. Mr. Dockwrath, however, was not to be frightened, so he drew his chair a thought nearer to the fire, took a sup of brandy-and-water, and prepared himself for war if war should be necessary.

"Cold evening, Sir, for the time of year," said Mr. Moulder, walking up to the fire-place, and rolling the lumps of his forehead about in his attempt at a frown. In spite of his terrible burden of flesh, Mr. Moulder could look angry on occasions, but he could only do so when he was angry. He was not gifted with a command of his facial muscles.

"Yes," said Mr. Dockwrath, not taking his eyes from off the Leeds and Halifax *Chronicle*. "It is coldish. Waiter, bring me a cigar."

This was very provoking, as must be confessed. Mr. Moulder had not been prepared to take any step toward turning the gentleman out, though doubtless he might have done so had he chosen to exercise his prerogative. But he did expect that the gentleman would have acknowledged the weakness of his footing by moving himself a little toward one side of the fire, and he did not expect that he would have presumed to smoke without asking whether the practice was held to be objectionable by the legal possessors of the room. Mr. Dockwrath was free of any such pusillanimity. "Waiter," he said again, "bring me a cigar, d'ye hear?"

The great heart of Moulder could not stand this unmoved. He had been an accustomed visitor to that room for fifteen years, and had always done his best to preserve the commercial code unsullied. He was now so well known that no one else ever presumed to take the chair at the four o'clock commercial dinner if he were present. It was incumbent on him to stand forward and make a fight, more especially in the presence of Kantwise, who was by no means stanch to his order. Kantwise would at all times have been glad to have outsiders in the room, in order that he might puff his tables and, if possible, effect a sale—a mode of proceeding held in much aversion by the upright, old-fashioned commercial mind.

"Sir," said Mr. Moulder, having become very red about the cheeks and chin, "I and this gentleman are going to have a bit of supper, and it ain't accustomed to smoke in commercial rooms during meals. You know the rules no doubt if you're commercial yourself—as I suppose you are, seeing you in this room."

Now Mr. Moulder was wrong in his law, as he himself was very well aware. Smoking is allowed in all commercial rooms when the dinner has been some hour or so off the table. But then it was necessary that he should hit the stranger in some way, and the chances were that the stranger would know nothing about commercial law. Nor did he; so he merely looked Mr. Moulder hard in the face. But Mr. Kantwise knew the laws well enough, and as he

saw before him a possible purchaser of metallic tables, he came to the assistance of the attorney.

"I think you are a little wrong there, Mr. Moulder; eh, ain't you?" said he.

"Wrong about what?" said Moulder, turning very sharply upon his base-minded compatriot.

"Well, as to smoking. It's nine o'clock, and if the gentleman—"

"I don't care a brass farthing about the clock," said the other; "but when I'm going to have a bit of steak with my tea, in my own room, I chooses to have it comfortable."

"Goodness me, Mr. Moulder, how many times have I seen you sitting there with a pipe in your mouth, and half a dozen gents eating their teas the while in this very room? The rule of the case I take it to be this: when—"

"Bother your rules."

"Well, it was you spoke of them."

"The question I take to be this," said Moulder, now emboldened by the opposition he had received. "Has the gentleman any right to be in this room at all, or has he not? Is he commercial, or is he—miscellaneous? That's the chat, as I take it."

"You're on the square there, I must allow," said Kantwise.

"James," said Moulder, appealing with authority to the waiter, who had remained in the room during the controversy; and now Mr. Moulder was determined to do his duty and vindicate his profession, let the consequences be what they might. "James, is that gentleman commercial, or is he not?"

It was clearly necessary now that Mr. Dockwrath himself should take his own part and fight his own battle. "Sir," said he, turning to Mr. Moulder, "I think you'll find it extremely difficult to define that word—extremely difficult. In this enterprising country all men are more or less commercial."

"Hear! hear!" said Mr. Kantwise.

"That's gammon," said Mr. Moulder.

"Gammon it may be," said Mr. Dockwrath, "but nevertheless it's right in law. Taking the word in its broadest, strictest, and most intelligible sense, I am a commercial gentleman; and as such I do maintain that I have a full right to the accommodation of this public room."

"That's very well put," said Mr. Kantwise.

"Waiter," thundered out Mr. Moulder as though he imagined that that functionary was down the yard at the tap-room instead of standing within three feet of his elbow. "Is this gent a commercial, or is he not? Because if not—then I'll trouble you to send Mr. Crump here. My compliments to Mr. Crump, and I wish to see him." Now Mr. Crump was the landlord of the Bull Inn.

"Master's just stepped out, down the street," said James.

"Why don't you answer my question, Sir?" said Moulder, becoming redder and still more red about his shirt-collars.

"The gent said as how he was 'mercial,'"



LADY MASON.

said the poor man. "Was I to go to contradict a gent, and tell him he wasn't when he said as how he was?"

"If you please," said Mr. Dockwraith, "we will not bring the waiter into this discussion. I asked for the commercial room, and he did his duty in showing me to the door of it. The fact I take to be this; in the south of England the

rules to which you refer are not kept so strictly as in these more mercantile localities."

"I've always observed that," said Kantwise.

"I traveled for three years in Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire," said Moulder, "and the commercial rooms were as well kept there as any I ever see."

"I alluded to Surrey and Kent," said Mr. Dockwrath.

"They're uncommonly miscellaneous in Surrey and Kent," said Kantwise. "There's no doubt in the world about that."

"If the gentleman means to say that he's come in here because he didn't know the custom of the country, I've no more to say, of course," said Moulder. "And in that case, I, for one, shall be very happy if the gentleman can make himself comfortable in this room as a stranger, and I may say guest—paying his own shot, of course."

"And as for me, I shall be delighted," said Kantwise. "I never did like too much exclusiveness. What's the use of bottling one's self up? that's what I always say. Besides, there's no charity in it. We gents as are always on the road should show a little charity to them as ain't so well accustomed to the work."

At this allusion to charity Mr. Moulder snuffed through his nose to show his great disgust, but he made no further answer. Mr. Dockwrath, who was determined not to yield, but who had nothing to gain by further fighting, bowed his head, and declared that he felt very much obliged. Whether or no there was any touch of irony in his tone, Mr. Moulder's ears were not fine enough to discover. So they now sat round the fire together, the attorney still keeping his seat in the middle. And then Mr. Moulder ordered his little bit of steak with his tea. "With the gravy in it, James," he said, solemnly. "And a bit of fat, and a few slices of onion—thin mind, put on raw, not with all the taste fried out; and tell the cook if she don't do it as it should be done, I'll be down into the kitchen and do it myself. You'll join me, Kantwise, eh?"

"Well, I think not; I dined at three, you know."

"Dined at three! What of that? a dinner at three won't last a man forever. You might as well join me."

"No, I think not. Have you got such a thing as a nice red herring in the house, James?"

"Get one round the corner, Sir."

"Do, there's a good fellow; and I'll take it for a relish with my tea. I'm not so fond of your solids three times a day. They heat the blood too much."

"Bother," grunted Moulder; and then they went to their evening meal, over which we will not disturb them. The steak, we may presume, was cooked aright, as Mr. Moulder did not visit the kitchen, and Mr. Kantwise no doubt made good play with his unsubstantial dainty, as he spoke no further till his meal was altogether finished.

"Did you ever hear any thing of that Mr. Mason who lives near Bradford?" asked Mr. Kantwise, addressing himself to Mr. Moulder, as soon as the things had been cleared from the table, and that latter gentleman had been furnished with a pipe and a supply of cold without.

"I remember his father when I was a boy,"

said Moulder, not troubling himself to take his pipe from his mouth. "Mason and Martock in the Old Jewry—very good people they were too."

"He's decently well off now, I suppose, isn't he?" said Kantwise, turning away his face, and looking at his companion out of the corners of his eyes.

"I suppose he is. That place there by the road-side is all his own, I take it. Have you been at him with some of your rusty, rickety tables and chairs?"

"Mr. Moulder, you forget that there is a gentleman here who won't understand that you're at your jokes. I was doing business at Groby Park, but I found the party uncommon hard to deal with."

"Didn't complete the transaction?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but I intend to call again. He's close enough himself, is Mr. Mason. But his lady, Mrs. M.! Lord love you, Mr. Moulder, that is a woman!"

"She is, is she? As for me I never have none of these private dealings. It don't suit my book at all; nor it ain't what I've been accustomed to. If a man's wholesale, let him be wholesale." And then, having enunciated this excellent opinion with much energy, he took a long pull at his brandy-and-water.

"Very old-fashioned, Mr. Moulder," said Kantwise, looking round the corner, then shutting his eyes and shaking his head.

"Maybe," said Moulder, "and yet none the worse for that. I call it hawking and peddling, that going round the country with your goods on your back. It ain't trade." And then there was a lull in the conversation, Mr. Kantwise, who was a very religious gentleman, having closed his eyes, and being occupied with some internal anathema against Mr. Moulder.

"Begging your pardon, Sir, I think you were talking about one Mr. Mason who lives in these parts," said Dockwrath.

"Exactly. Joseph Mason, Esq., of Groby Park," said Mr. Kantwise, now turning his face upon the attorney.

"I suppose I shall be likely to find him at home to-morrow, if I call?"

"Certainly, Sir, certainly; leastwise I should say so. Any personal acquaintance with Mr. Mason, Sir? If so, I meant nothing offensive by my allusion to the lady, Sir; nothing at all, I can assure you."

"The lady's nothing to me, Sir, nor the gentleman either; only that I have a little business with him."

"Shall be very happy to join you in a gig, Sir, to-morrow, as far as Groby Park; or fly, if more convenient. I shall only take a few patterns with me, and they're no weight at all; none in the least, Sir. They go on behind, and you wouldn't know it, Sir." To this, however, Mr. Dockwrath would not assent. As he wanted to see Mr. Mason very specially, he should go early, and preferred going by himself.

"No offense, I hope," said Mr. Kantwise.

"None in the least," said Mr. Dockwrath.

"And if you would allow me, Sir, to have the pleasure of showing you a few of my patterns, I'm sure I should be delighted." This he said, observing that Mr. Moulder was sitting over his empty glass with the pipe in his hand and his eyes fast closed. "I think, Sir, I could show you an article that would please you very much. You see, Sir, that new ideas are coming in every day, and wood, Sir, is altogether going out—altogether going out as regards furniture. In another twenty years, Sir, there won't be such a thing as a wooden table in the country, unless with some poor person that can't afford to refurnish. Believe me, Sir, iron's the thing nowadays."

"And Indian rubber," said Dockwrath.

"Yes, Indian rubber's wonderful too. Are you in that line, Sir?"

"Well, no; not exactly."

"It's not like iron, Sir. You can't make a dinner-table for fourteen people out of Indian rubber that will shut up into a box 3—6 by 2—4 deep, and 2—6 broad. Why, Sir, I can let you have a set of drawing-room furniture for fifteen ten that you've never seen equaled in wood for three times the money; ornamented in the tastiest way, Sir, and fit for any lady's drawing-room or boodoor. The ladies of quality are all getting them now for their boodoors. There's three tables, eight chairs, easy rocking-chair, music-stand, stool to match, and pair of stand-up screens, all gilt in real Louey catorse; and it goes in three boxes 4—2 by 2—1 and 2—3. Think of that, Sir. For fifteen ten and the boxes in." Then there was a pause, after which Mr. Kantwise added, "If ready money, the carriage paid." And then he turned his head very much away, and looked back very hard at his expected customer.

"I'm afraid the articles are not in my line," said Mr. Dockwrath.

"It's the tastiest present for a gentleman to make to his lady that has come out since—since those sort of things have come out at all. You'll let me show you the articles, Sir. It will give me the sincerest pleasure." And Mr. Kantwise proposed to leave the room in order that he might introduce the three boxes in question.

"They would not be at all in my way," said Mr. Dockwrath.

"The trouble would be nothing," said Mr. Kantwise, "and it gives me the greatest pleasure to make them known when I find any one who can appreciate such undoubted luxuries;" and so saying Mr. Kantwise skipped out of the room, and soon returned with James and Boots, each of the three bearing on his shoulder a deal box nearly as big as a coffin, all of which were deposited in different parts of the room. Mr. Moulder in the mean time snored heavily, his head falling on to his breast every now and again. But nevertheless he held fast by his pipe.

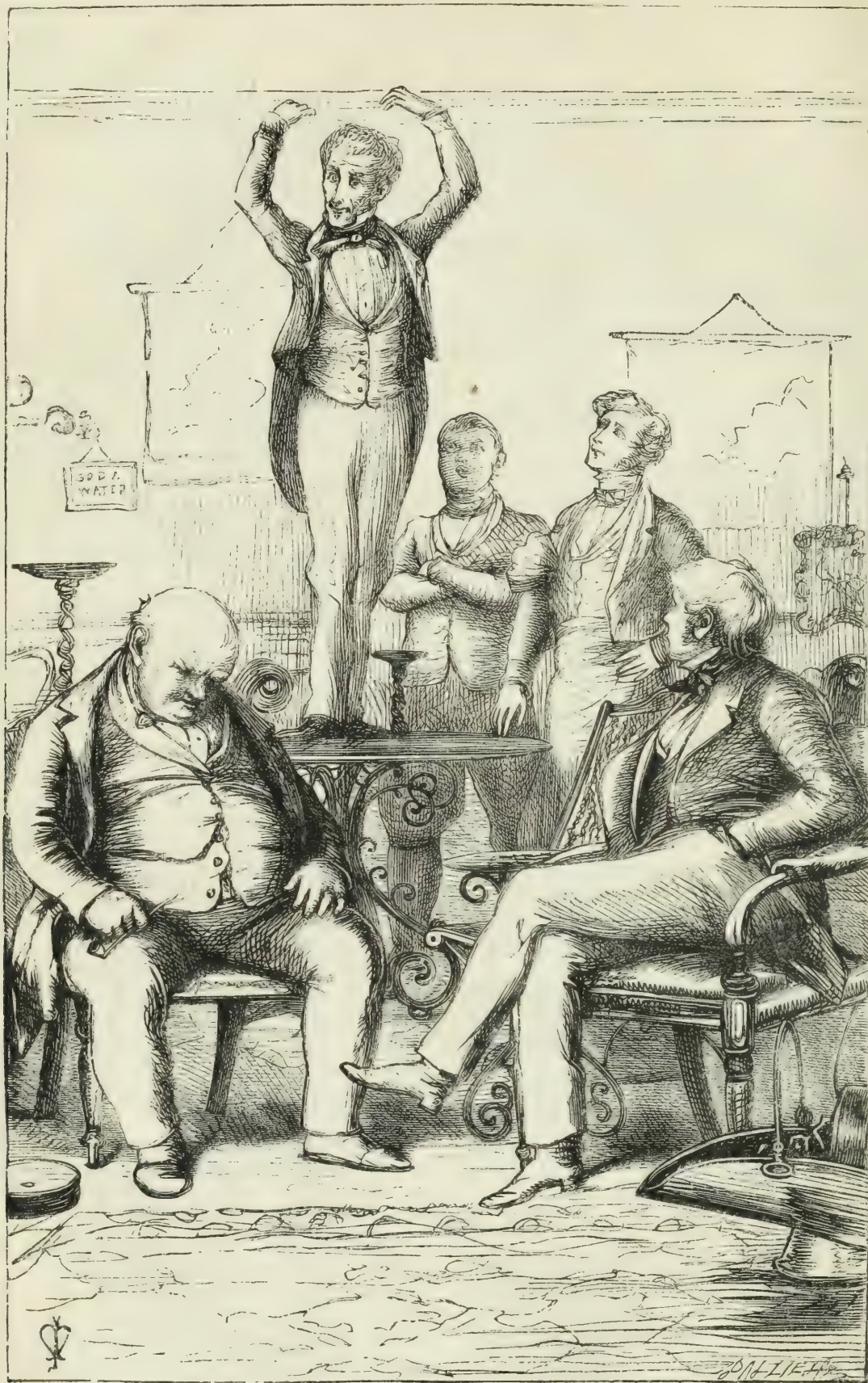
Mr. Kantwise skipped about the room with wonderful agility, unfastening the boxes, and

taking out the contents, while Joe the boots and James the waiter stood by assisting. They had never yet seen the glories of these chairs and tables, and were therefore not unwilling to be present. It was singular to see how ready Mr. Kantwise was at the work, how recklessly he threw aside the whitey-brown paper in which the various pieces of painted iron were enveloped, and with what a practiced hand he put together one article after another. First there was a round loo-table, not quite so large in its circumference as some people might think desirable, but, nevertheless, a round loo-table. The pedestal with its three claws was all together. With a knowing touch Mr. Kantwise separated the bottom of what looked like a yellow stick, and, lo! there were three legs, which he placed carefully on the ground. Then a small bar was screwed on to the top, and over the bar was screwed the leaf, or table itself, which consisted of three pieces unfolding with hinges. These, when the screw had been duly fastened in the centre, opened out upon the bar, and there was the table complete.

It was certainly a "tasty" article, and the pride with which Mr. Kantwise glanced back at it was quite delightful. The top of the table was blue, with a red bird of paradise in the middle; and the edges of the table, to the breadth of a couple of inches, were yellow. The pillar also was yellow, as were the three legs. "It's the real Louey catorse," said Mr. Kantwise, stooping down to go on with table number two, which was, as he described it, a "chess," having the proper number of blue and light-pink squares marked upon it; but this also had been made Louey catorse with reference to its legs and edges. The third table was a "sofa," of proper shape, but rather small in size. Then, one after another, he brought forth and screwed up the chairs, stools, and sundry screens, and within a quarter of an hour he had put up the whole set complete. The red bird of paradise and the blue ground appeared on all, as did also the yellow legs and edgings which gave to them their peculiarly fashionable character. "There," said Mr. Kantwise, looking at them with fond admiration, "I don't mind giving a personal guarantee that there's nothing equal to that for the money either in England or in France."

"They are very nice," said Mr. Dockwrath. When a man has had produced before him for his own and sole delectation any article or articles, how can he avoid eulogium? Mr. Dockwrath found himself obliged to pause, and almost feared that he should find himself obliged to buy.

"Nice! I should rather think they are," said Mr. Kantwise, becoming triumphant; "and for fifteen ten, delivered, boxes included. There's nothing like iron, Sir, nothing; you may take my word for that. They're so strong, you know. Look here, Sir." And then Mr. Kantwise, taking two of the pieces of whitey-brown paper which had been laid aside, carefully spread one on the centre of the round table, and the other on the seat of one of the chairs. Then lightly poising



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himself on his toe, he stepped on to the chair, and from thence on to the table. In that position he skillfully brought his feet together, so that his weight was directly on the leg, and gracefully waved his hands over his head. James and Boots stood by admiring, with open mouths, and Mr. Dockwrath, with his hands in his pockets,

was meditating whether he could not give the order without complying with the terms as to ready money.

"Look at that for strength," said Mr. Kantwise from his exalted position. "I don't think any lady of your acquaintance, Sir, would allow you to stand on her rosewood or mahogany

loo-table. And if she did, you would not like to adventure it yourself. But look at this for strength," and he waved his arms abroad, still keeping his feet skillfully together in the same exact position.

At that moment Mr. Moulder awoke. "So you've got your iron traps out, have you?" said he. "What; you're there, are you? Upon my word I'd sooner you than me."

"I certainly should not like to see you up here, Mr. Moulder. I doubt whether even this table would bear five-and-twenty stone. Joe, lend me your shoulder, there's a good fellow." And then Mr. Kantwise, bearing very lightly on the chair, descended to the ground without accident.

"Now, that's what I call gammon," said Moulder.

"What is gammon, Mr. Moulder?" said the other, beginning to be angry.

"It's all gammon. The chairs and tables is gammon, and so is the stools and the screens."

"Mr. Moulder, I didn't call your tea and coffee and brandy gammon."

"You can't; and you wouldn't do any harm if you did. Hubbles and Grease are too well known in Yorkshire for you to hurt them. But as for all that show-off and gimerack-work, I tell you fairly it ain't what I call trade, and it ain't fit for a commercial room. It's gammon, gammon, gammon! James, give me a bed-candle." And so Mr. Moulder took himself off to bed.

"I think I'll go too," said Mr. Dockwrath.

"You'll let me put you up the set, eh?" said Mr. Kantwise.

"Well, I'll think about it," said the attorney. "I'll not just give you an answer to-night. Good-night, Sir; I'm very much obliged to you." And he too went, leaving Mr. Kantwise to repack his chairs and tables with the assistance of James the waiter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MASONS OF GROBY PARK.

GROBY PARK is about seven miles from Leeds, in the direction of Bradford, and thither on the morning after the scene described in the last chapter Mr. Dockwrath was driven in one of the gigs belonging to the Bull Inn. The park itself is spacious, but is flat and uninteresting, being surrounded by a thin belt of new-looking fir-trees, and containing but very little old or handsome timber. There are on the high road two very important lodges, between which is a large ornamented gate, and from thence an excellent road leads to the mansion, situated in the very middle of the domain. The house is Greek in its style of architecture—at least so the owner says; and if a portico with a pediment and seven Ionic columns makes a house Greek, the house in Groby Park undoubtedly is Greek.

Here lived Mr. and Mrs. Mason, the three

Misses Mason, and occasionally the two young Messrs. Mason; for the master of Groby Park was blessed with five children. He himself was a big, broad, heavy-browed man, in whose composition there was nothing of tenderness, nothing of poetry, and nothing of taste; but I can not say that he was on the whole a bad man. He was just in his dealings, or at any rate endeavored to be so. He strove hard to do his duty as a county magistrate against very adverse circumstances. He endeavored to enable his tenants and laborers to live. He was severe to his children, and was not loved by them; but nevertheless they were dear to him, and he endeavored to do his duty by them. The wife of his bosom was not a pleasant woman, but nevertheless he did his duty by her; that is, he neither deserted her, nor beat her, nor locked her up. I am not sure that he would not have been justified in doing one of these three things, or even all the three; for Mrs. Mason, of Groby Park, was not a pleasant woman.

But yet he was a bad man in that he could never forget and never forgive. His mind and heart were equally harsh and hard and inflexible. He was a man who considered that it behooved him as a man to resent all injuries, and to have his pound of flesh in all cases. In his inner thoughts he had ever boasted to himself that he had paid all men all that he owed. He had, so he thought, injured no one in any of the relations of life. His tradesmen got their money regularly. He answered every man's letter. He exacted nothing from any man for which he did not pay. He never ill-used a servant either by bad language or by overwork. He never amused himself, but devoted his whole time to duties. He would fain even have been hospitable, could he have gotten his neighbors to come to him and have induced his wife to put upon the table sufficient food for them to eat.

Such being his virtues, what right had any one to injure him? When he got from his grocer adulterated coffee—he analyzed the coffee, as his half-brother had done the guano—he would have flayed the man alive if the law would have allowed him. Had he not paid the man monthly, giving him the best price as though for the best article? When he was taken in with a warranty for a horse, he pursued the culprit to the uttermost. Maid-servants who would not come from their bedrooms at six o'clock he would himself disturb while enjoying their stolen slumbers. From his children he exacted all titles of respect, because he had a right to them. He wanted nothing that belonged to any one else, but he could not endure that aught should be kept from him which he believed to be his own. It may be imagined, therefore, in what light he esteemed Lady Mason and her son, and how he regarded their residence at Orley Farm, seeing that he firmly believed that Orley Farm was his own, if all the truth were known.

I have already hinted that Mrs. Mason was not a delightful woman. She had been a beauty, and still imagined that she had not lost all

pretension to be so considered. She spent, therefore, a considerable portion of her day in her dressing-room, spent a great deal of money for clothes, and gave herself sundry airs. She was a little woman with long eyes, and regular eyelashes, with a straight nose, and thin lips, and regular teeth. Her face was oval, and her hair was brown. It had at least once been all brown, and that which was now seen was brown also. But, nevertheless, although she was possessed of all these charms, you might look at her for ten days together, and on the eleventh you would not know her if you met her in the streets.

But the appearance of Mrs. Mason was not her forte. She had been a beauty; but if it had been her lot to be known in history, it was not as a beauty that she would have been famous. Parsimony was her great virtue, and a power of saving her strong point. I have said that she spent much money in dress, and some people will perhaps think that the two points of character are not compatible. Such people know nothing of a true spirit of parsimony. It is from the backs and bellies of other people that savings are made with the greatest constancy and the most satisfactory results.

The parsimony of a mistress of a household is best displayed on matters eatable—on matters eatable and drinkable; for there is a fine scope for domestic savings in tea, beer, and milk. And in such matters chiefly did Mrs. Mason operate, going as far as she dared toward starving even her husband. But nevertheless she would feed herself in the middle of the day, having a roast fowl with bread sauce in her own room. The miser who starves himself and dies without an ounce of flesh on his bones, while his skinny head lies on a bag of gold, is, after all, respectable. There has been a grand passion in his life, and that grandest work of man, self-denial. You can not altogether despise one who has clothed himself with rags and fed himself with bone-scrapings, while broadcloth and ortolans were within his easy reach. But there are women, wives and mothers of families, who would give the bone-scrapings to their husbands and the bones to their servants, while they hide the ortolans for themselves; and would dress their children in rags, while they cram chests, drawers, and boxes with silks and satins for their own backs. Such a woman one can thoroughly despise, and even hate; and such a woman was Mrs. Mason, of Groby Park.

I shall not trouble the reader at present with much description of the young Masons. The eldest son was in the army, and the younger at Cambridge, both spending much more money than their father allowed them. Not that he, in this respect, was specially close-fisted. He ascertained what was sufficient—amply sufficient, as he was told by the colonel of the regiment and the tutor of the college—and that amount he allowed, assuring both Joseph and John that if they spent more they would themselves have to pay for it out of the moneys which should enrich them in future years. But how could the

sons of such a mother be other than spend-thrifts? Of course they were extravagant; of course they spent more than they should have done; and their father resolved that he would keep his word with them religiously.

The daughters were much less fortunate, having no possible means of extravagance allowed to them. Both the father and mother decided that they should go out into the county society, and therefore their clothing was not absolutely of rags. But any young lady who does go into society, whether it be of county or town, will fully understand the difference between a liberal and a stingy wardrobe. Girls with slender provisions of millinery may be fit to go out—quite fit in their father's eyes; and yet all such going out may be matter of intense pain. It is all very well for the world to say that a girl should be happy without reference to her clothes. Show me such a girl, and I will show you one whom I should be very sorry that a boy of mine should choose as his sweet-heart.

The three Misses Mason, as they always were called by the Groby Park people, had been christened Diana, Creusa, and Penelope, their mother having a passion for classic literature, which she indulged by a use of Lemprière's dictionary. They were not especially pretty, nor were they especially plain. They were well grown and healthy, and quite capable of enjoying themselves in any of the amusements customary to young ladies—if only the opportunities were afforded them.

Mr. Dockwrath had thought it well to write to Mr. Mason, acquainting that gentleman with his intended visit. Mr. Mason, he said to himself, would recognize his name, and know whence he came, and under such circumstances would be sure to see him, although the express purpose of the proposed interview should not have been explained to him. Such in result was exactly the case. Mr. Mason did remember the name of Dockwrath, though he had never hitherto seen the bearer of it; and as the letter was dated from Hamworth, he felt sufficient interest in the matter to await at home the coming of his visitor.

"I know your name, Mr. Mason, Sir, and have known it long," said Mr. Dockwrath, seating himself in the chair which was offered to him in the magistrate's study, "though I never had the pleasure of seeing you before—to my knowledge. My name is Dockwrath, Sir, and I am a solicitor. I live at Hamworth, and I married the daughter of old Mr. Usbech, Sir, whom you will remember."

Mr. Mason listened attentively as these details were uttered before him so clearly, but he said nothing, merely bowing his head at each separate statement. He knew all about old Usbech's daughter nearly as well as Mr. Dockwrath did himself, but he was a man who knew how to be silent upon occasions.

"I was too young, Sir," continued Dockwrath, "when you had that trial about Orley Farm to have any thing to do with the matter

myself, but nevertheless I remember all the circumstances as though it was yesterday. I suppose, Sir, you remember them also?"

"Yes, Mr. Dockwrath, I remember them very well."

"Well, Sir, my impression has always been that—" And then the attorney stopped. It was quite his intention to speak out plainly before Mr. Mason, but he was anxious that that gentleman should speak out too. At any rate, it might be well that he should be induced to express some little interest in the matter.

"Your impression, you say, has always been—" said Mr. Mason, repeating the words of his companion, and looking as ponderous and grave as ever. His countenance, however, expressed nothing but his usual ponderous solemnity.

"My impression always was—that there was something that had not been as yet found out."

"What sort of thing, Mr. Dockwrath?"

"Well; some secret. I don't think that your lawyers managed the matter well, Mr. Mason."

"You think you would have done it better, Mr. Dockwrath?"

"I don't say that, Mr. Mason. I was only a lad at the time, and could not have managed it at all. But they didn't ferret about enough. Mr. Mason, there's a deal better evidence than any that is given by word of mouth. A clever counsel can turn a witness pretty nearly any way he likes, but he can't do that with little facts. He hasn't the time, you see, to get round them. Your lawyers, Sir, didn't get up the little facts as they should have done."

"And you have got them up since, Mr. Dockwrath?"

"I don't say that, Mr. Mason. You see all my interest lies in maintaining the codicil. My wife's fortune came to her under that deed. To be sure that's gone and spent long since, and the Lord Chancellor with all the judges couldn't enforce restitution; but, nevertheless, I wouldn't wish that any one should have a claim against me on that account."

"Perhaps you will not object to say what it is that you do wish?"

"I wish to see right done, Mr. Mason; that's all. I don't think that Lady Mason or her son have any right to the possession of that place. I don't think that that codicil was a correct instrument; and in that case of *Mason versus Mason* I don't think that you and your friends got to the bottom of it." And then Mr. Dockwrath leaned back in his chair with an inward determination to say nothing more until Mr. Mason should make some sign.

That gentleman, however, still remained ponderous and heavy, and therefore there was a short period of silence—"And have you got to the bottom of it since, Mr. Dockwrath?" at last he said.

"I don't say that I have," said the attorney.

"Might I ask, then, what it is you purpose to effect by the visit with which you have honored

me? Of course you are aware that these are very private matters; and although I should feel myself under an obligation to you, or to any man who might assist me to arrive at any true facts which have hitherto been concealed, I am not disposed to discuss the affair with a stranger on grounds of mere suspicion."

"I shouldn't have come here, Mr. Mason, at very great expense, and personal inconvenience to myself in my profession, if I had not some good reason for doing so. I don't think that you ever got to the bottom of that matter, and I can't say that I have done so now; I haven't even tried. But I tell you what, Mr. Mason; if you wish it, I think I could put you in the way of—trying."

"My lawyers are Messrs. Round and Crook, of Bedford Row. Will it not be better that you should go to them, Mr. Dockwrath?"

"No, Mr. Mason. I don't think it will be better that I should go to them. I know Round and Crook well, and don't mean to say a word against them; but if I go any farther in this affair I must do it with the principal. I am not going to cut my own throat for the sake of mending any man's little finger. I have a family of sixteen children, Mr. Mason, and I have to look about very sharp—very sharp indeed." Then there was another pause, and Mr. Dockwrath began to perceive that Mr. Mason was not by nature an open, demonstrative, or communicative man. If any thing further was to be done, he himself must open out a little. "The fact is, Mr. Mason, that I have come across documents which you should have had at that trial. Round and Crook ought to have had them, only they weren't half sharp. Why, Sir, Mr. Usbech had been your father's man of business for years upon years, and yet they didn't half go through his papers. They turned 'em over and looked at 'em; but never thought of seeing what little facts might be proved."

"And these documents are with you now, here?"

"No, Mr. Mason, I am not so soft as that, I never carry about original documents unless when ordered to prove. Copies of one or two items I have made; not regular copies, Mr. Mason, but just a line or two to refresh my memory." And Mr. Dockwrath took a small letter-case out of his breast coat-pocket.

By this time Mr. Mason's curiosity had been roused, and he began to think it possible that his visitor had discovered information which might be of importance to him. "Are you going to show me any document?" said he.

"That's as may be," said the attorney. "I don't know as yet whether you care to see it. I have come a long way to do you a service, and it seems to me you are rather shy of coming forward to meet me. As I said before, I've a very heavy family, and I'm not going to cut the nose off my own face to put money into any other man's pocket. What do you think my journey down here will cost me, including loss of time, and interruption to my business?"

"Look here, Mr. Dockwrath, if you are really able to put me into possession of any facts regarding the Orley Farm estate which I ought to know, I will see that you are compensated for your time and trouble. Messrs. Round and Crook—"

"I'll have nothing to do with Round and Crook. So that's settled, Mr. Mason."

"Then, Mr. Dockwrath—"

"Half a minute, Mr. Mason. I'll have nothing to do with Round and Crook; but as I know you to be a gentleman and a man of honor, I'll put you in possession of what I've discovered, and leave it to you afterward to do what you think right about my expenses, time, and services. You won't forget that it is a long way from Hamworth to Groby Park. And if you should succeed—"

"If I am to look at this document I must do so without pledging myself to any thing," said Mr. Mason, still with much solemnity. He had great doubts as to his new acquaintance, and much feared that he was derogating from his dignity as a county magistrate and owner of Groby Park in holding any personal intercourse with him; but nevertheless he could not resist the temptation. He most firmly believed that that codicil had not expressed the genuine last will and fair disposition of property made by his father, and it might certainly be the case that proof of all that he believed was to be found among the papers of the old lawyer. He hated Lady Mason with all his power of hatred, and if there did, even yet, exist for him a chance of upsetting her claims and ruining her before the world, he was not the man to forego that chance.

"Well, Sir, you shall see it," said Mr. Dockwrath; "or rather hear it, for there is not much to see." And so saying he extracted from his pocket-book a very small bit of paper.

"I should prefer to read it, if it's all the same to you, Mr. Dockwrath. I shall understand it much better in that way."

"As you like, Mr. Mason," said the attorney, handing him the small bit of paper. "You will understand, Sir, that it's no real copy, but only a few dates and particulars, just jotted down to assist my own memory." The document, supported by which Mr. Dockwrath had come down to Yorkshire, consisted of half a sheet of note-paper, and the writing upon this covered hardly the half of it. The words which Mr. Mason read were as follows:

"Date of codicil. 14th July, 18—.

"Witnesses to the instrument. John Kenneby; Bridget Bolster; Jonathan Usbech. N.B. Jonathan Usbech died before the testator.

"Mason and Martock. Deed of separation; dated 14th July, 18—.

"Executed at Orley Farm.

"Witnesses, John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster. Deed was prepared in the office of Jonathan Usbech, and probably executed in his presence."

That was all that was written on the paper, and Mr. Mason read the words to himself three

times before he looked up or said any thing concerning them. He was not a man quick at receiving new ideas into his mind, or of understanding new points; but that which had once become intelligible to him and been made his own remained so always. "Well," said he, when he read the above words for the third time.

"You don't see it, Sir?" said Mr. Dockwrath.

"See what?" said Mr. Mason, still looking at the scrap of paper.

"Why, the dates, to begin with."

"I see that the dates are the same—the 14th of July in the same year."

"Well," said Mr. Dockwrath, looking very keenly into the magistrate's face.

"Well," said Mr. Mason, looking over the paper at his boot.

"John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster were witnesses to both the instruments," said the attorney.

"So I see," said the magistrate.

"But I don't remember that it came out in evidence that either of them recollected having been called on for two signatures on the same day."

"No; there was nothing of that came out, or was even hinted at."

"No; nothing even hinted at, Mr. Mason, as you justly observe. That is what I mean by saying that Round and Crook's people didn't get up their little facts. Believe me, Sir, there are men in the profession out of London who know quite as much as Round and Crook. They ought to have had those facts, seeing that the very copy of the document was turned over by their hands." And Mr. Dockwrath hit the table heavily in the warmth of his indignation against his negligent professional brethren. Earlier in the interview Mr. Mason would have been made very angry by such freedom, but he was not angry now.

"Yes; they ought to have known it," said he. But he did not even yet see the point. He merely saw that there was a point worth seeing.

"Known it! Of course they ought to have known it. Look here, Mr. Mason! If I had it on my mind that I'd thrown over a client of mine by such carelessness as that, I'd—I'd strike my own name off the rolls; I would indeed. I never could look a counsel in the face again, if I'd neglected to brief him with such facts as those. I suppose it was carelessness; eh, Mr. Mason?"

"Oh yes; I'm afraid so," said Mr. Mason, still rather in the dark.

"They could have had no object in keeping it back, I should say."

"No; none in life. But let us see, Mr. Dockwrath; how does it bear upon us? The dates are the same, and the witnesses the same."

"The deed of separation is genuine. There is no doubt about that."

"Oh, you're sure of that?"

"Quite certain. I found it entered in the old office-books. It was the last of a lot of such

documents executed between Mason and Martock after the old man gave up the business. You see she was always with him, and knew all about it."

"About the partnership deed?"

"Of course she did. She's a clever woman, Mr. Mason; very clever, and it's almost a pity that she should come to grief. She has carried it on so well; hasn't she?"

Mr. Mason's face now became very black. "Why," said he, "if what you seem to allege be true, she must be a—a—a—. What do you mean, Sir, by pity?"

Mr. Dockwrath shrugged his shoulders. "It is very blue," said he, "uncommon blue."

"She must be a swindler—a common swindler. Nay, worse than that."

"Oh yes, a deal worse than that, Mr. Mason. And as for common—according to my way of thinking there's nothing at all common about it. I look upon it as about the best got-up plant I ever remember to have heard of. I do, indeed, Mr. Mason." The attorney during the last ten minutes of the conversation had quite altered his tone, understanding that he had already achieved a great part of his object; but Mr. Mason in his intense anxiety did not observe this. Had Mr. Dockwrath, in commencing the conversation, talked about "plants" and "blue," Mr. Mason would probably have rung his bell for the servant. "If it's any thing, it's forgery," said Mr. Dockwrath, looking his companion full in the face.

"I always felt sure that my father never intended to sign such a codicil as that."

"He never did sign it, Mr. Mason."

"And—and the witnesses!" said Mr. Mason, still not enlightened as to the true extent of the attorney's suspicion.

"They signed the other deed; that is two of them did. There is no doubt about that—on that very day. They certainly did witness a signature made by the old gentleman in his own room on that 14th of July. The original of that document, with the date and their names, will be forthcoming soon enough."

"Well," said Mr. Mason.

"But they did not witness two signatures."

"You think not, eh?"

"I'm sure of it. The girl Bolster would have remembered it, and would have said so. She was sharp enough."

"Who wrote all the names then at the foot of the will?" said Mr. Mason.

"Ah! that's the question. Who did write them? We know very well, Mr. Mason, you and I that is, who did not. And having come to that, I think we may give a very good guess who did."

And then they both sat silent for some three or four minutes. Mr. Dockwrath was quite at his ease, rubbing his chin with his hand, playing with a paper-knife which he had taken from the study table, and waiting till it should please Mr. Mason to renew the conversation. Mr. Mason was not at his ease, though all idea of affecting

any reserve before the attorney had left him. He was thinking how best he might confound and destroy the woman who had robbed him for so many years; who had defied him, got the better of him, and put him to terrible cost; who had vexed his spirit through his whole life, deprived him of content, and had been to him as a thorn ever present in a festering sore. He had always believed that she had defrauded him, but this belief had been qualified by the unbelief of others. It might have been, he had half thought, that the old man had signed the codicil in his dotage, having been cheated and bullied into it by the woman. There had been no day in her life on which he would not have ruined her, had it been in his power to do so. But now—now, new and grander ideas were breaking in upon his mind. Could it be possible that he might live to see her, not merely deprived of her ill-gained money, but standing in the dock as a felon to receive sentence for her terrible misdeeds? If that might be so, would he not receive great compensation for all that he had suffered? Would it not be sweet to his sense of justice that both of them should thus at last have their own? He did not even yet understand all that Mr. Dockwrath suspected. He did not fully perceive why the woman was supposed to have chosen as the date of her forgery the date of that other genuine deed. But he did understand, he did perceive—at least so he thought—that new and perhaps conclusive evidence of her villainy was at last within his reach.

"And what shall we do now, Mr. Dockwrath?" he said at last.

"Well; am I to understand that you do me the honor of asking my advice upon that question as being your lawyer?"

This question immediately brought Mr. Mason back to business that he did understand. "A man in my position can not very well change his legal advisers at a moment's notice. You must be very well aware of that, Mr. Dockwrath. Messrs. Round and Crook—"

"Messrs. Round and Crook, Sir, have neglected your business in a most shameful manner. Let me tell you that, Sir."

"Well; that's as may be. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Dockwrath; I'll think over this matter in quiet, and then I'll come up to town. Perhaps when there I may expect the honor of a further visit from you."

"And you won't mention the matter to Round and Crook?"

"I can't undertake to say that, Mr. Dockwrath. I think it will perhaps be better that I should mention it, and then see you afterwards."

"And how about my expenses down here?"

Just at this moment there came a light tap at the study door, and before the master of the house could give or withhold permission the mistress of the house entered the room. "My dear," she said, "I didn't know that you were engaged."

"Yes, I am engaged," said the gentleman.

"Oh, I'm sure I beg pardon. Perhaps this is the gentleman from Hamworth?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Dockwrath. "I am the gentleman from Hamworth. I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you very well, ma'am?" And getting up from his chair he bowed politely.

"Mr. Dockwrath, Mrs. Mason," said the lady's husband, introducing them; and then Mrs. Mason courtesied to the stranger. She too was very anxious to know what might be the news from Hamworth.

"Mr. Dockwrath will lunch with us, my dear," said Mr. Mason. And then the lady, on hospitable cares intent, left them again to themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. MASON'S HOT LUNCHEON.

THOUGH Mr. Dockwrath was somewhat elated by this invitation to lunch, he was also somewhat abashed by it. He had been far from expecting that Mr. Mason, of Groby Park, would do him any such honor, and was made aware by it of the great hold which he must have made upon the attention of his host. But nevertheless he immediately felt that his hands were to a certain degree tied. He having been invited to sit down at Mr. Mason's table with Mrs. M. and the family, having been treated as though he were a gentleman, and thus being for the time put on a footing of equality with the county magistrate, could not repeat that last important question, "How about my expenses down here?" nor could he immediately go on with the grand subject in any frame of mind which would tend to further his own interests. Having been invited to lunch he could not haggle with due persistency for his share of the business in crushing Lady Mason, nor stipulate that the whole concern should not be trusted to the management of Round and Crook. As a source of pride this invitation to eat was pleasant to him, but he was forced to acknowledge to himself that it interfered with business.

Nor did Mr. Mason feel himself ready to go on with the conversation in the manner in which it had been hitherto conducted. His mind was full of Orley Farm and his wrongs, and he could bring himself to think of nothing else; but he could no longer talk about it to the attorney sitting there in his study. "Will you take a turn about the place while the lunch is getting ready?" he said. So they took their hats and went out into the garden.

"It is dreadful to think of," said Mr. Mason, after they had twice walked in silence the length of a broad gravel terrace.

"What, about her ladyship?" said the attorney.

"Quite dreadful!" and Mr. Mason shuddered. "I don't think I ever heard of any thing so shocking in my life. For twenty years, Mr. Dockwrath, think of that. Twenty years!" and

his face as he spoke became almost black with horror.

"It is very shocking," said Mr. Dockwrath—"very shocking. What on earth will be her fate if it be proved against her? She has brought it on herself; that is all that one can say of her."

"D—— her! d—— her!" exclaimed the other, gnashing his teeth with concentrated wrath. "No punishment will be bad enough for her. Hanging would not be bad enough."

"They can't hang her, Mr. Mason," said Mr. Dockwrath, almost frightened by the violence of his companion.

"No; they have altered the laws, giving every encouragement to forgers, villains, and perjurers. But they can give her penal servitude for life. They must do it."

"She is not convicted yet, you know."

"D—— her!" repeated the owner of Groby Park again, as he thought of his twenty years of loss. Eight hundred a year for twenty years had been taken away from him; and he had been worsted before the world after a hard fight. "D—— her!" he continued, in a growl between his teeth. Mr. Dockwrath, when he had first heard his companion say how horrid and dreadful the affair was, had thought that Mr. Mason was alluding to the condition in which the lady had placed herself by her assumed guilt. But it was of his own condition that he was speaking. The idea which shocked him was the thought of the treatment which he himself had undergone. The dreadful thing at which he shuddered was his own ill-usage. As for her—pity for her! Did a man ever pity a rat that had eaten into his choicest dainties?

"The lunch is on the table, Sir," said the Groby Park footman in the Groby Park livery. Under the present household arrangement of Groby Park all the servants lived on board wages. Mrs. Mason did not like this system, though it had about it certain circumstances of economy which recommended it to her; it interfered greatly with the stringent aptitudes of her character and the warmest passion of her heart; it took away from her the delicious power of serving out the servants' food, of locking up the scraps of meat, and of charging the maids with voracity. But, to tell the truth, Mr. Mason had been driven by sheer necessity to take this step, as it had been found impossible to induce his wife to give out sufficient food to enable the servants to live and work. She knew that in not doing so she injured herself; but she could not do it. The knife, in passing through the loaf, would make the portion to be parted with less by one-third than the portion to be retained. Half a pound of salt butter would reduce itself to a quarter of a pound. Portions of meat would become infinitesimal. When standing with viands before her she had not free-will over her hands. She could not bring herself to part with victuals, though she might ruin herself by retaining them. Therefore, by the order of the master, were the servants placed on board wages.

Mr. Dockwrath soon found himself in the

dining-room, where the three young ladies with their mamma were already seated at the table. It was a handsome room, and the furniture was handsome; but nevertheless it was a heavy room, and the furniture was heavy. The table was large enough for a party of twelve, and might have borne a noble banquet; as it was the promise was not bad, for there were three large plated covers concealing hot viands, and in some houses lunch means only bread and cheese.

Mr. Mason went through a form of introduction between Mr. Dockwrath and his daughters.

"That is Miss Mason, that Miss Creusa Mason, and this Miss Penelope. John, remove the covers." And the covers were removed, John taking them from the table with a magnificent action of his arm, which I am inclined to think was not innocent of irony. On the dish before the master of the house—a large dish which must, I fancy, have been selected by the cook with some similar attempt at sarcasm—there reposed three scraps, as to the nature of which Mr. Dockwrath, though he looked hard at them, was unable to enlighten himself. But Mr. Mason knew them well, as he now placed his eyes on them for the third time. They were old enemies of his, and his brow again became black as he looked at them. The scraps, in fact, consisted of two drumsticks of a fowl and some indescribable bone out of the back of the same. The original bird had no doubt first revealed all its glories to human eyes—presuming the eyes of the cook to be inhuman—in Mrs. Mason's "boodoor." Then, on the dish before the lady, there were three other morsels, black-looking and very suspicious to the eye, which in the course of conversation were proclaimed to be ham—broiled ham. Mrs. Mason would never allow a ham in its proper shape to come into the room, because it is an article upon which the guests are themselves supposed to operate with the carving-knife. Lastly, on the dish before Miss Creusa there reposed three potatoes.

The face of Mr. Mason became very black as he looked at the banquet which was spread upon his board, and Mrs. Mason, eying him across the table, saw that it was so. She was not a lady who despired such symptoms in her lord, or disregarded in her valor the violence of marital storms. She had quailed more than once or twice under rebuke occasioned by her great domestic virtue, and knew that her husband, though he might put up with much as regarded his own comfort and that of his children, could be very angry at injuries done to his household honor and character as a hospitable English country gentleman.

Consequently, the lady smiled and tried to look self-satisfied as she invited her guest to eat. "This is ham," said she, with a little simper—"broiled ham, Mr. Dockwrath; and there is chicken at the other end; I think they call it—deviled."

"Shall I assist the young ladies to any thing first?" said the attorney, wishing to be polite.

"Nothing, thank you," said Miss Penelope,

with a very stiff bow. She also knew that Mr. Dockwrath was an attorney from Hamworth, and considered herself by no means bound to hold any sort of conversation with him.

"My daughters only eat bread and butter in the middle of the day," said the lady. "Creusa, my dear, will you give Mr. Dockwrath a potato. Mr. Mason, Mr. Dockwrath will probably take a bit of that chicken."

"I would recommend him to follow the girls' example, and confine himself to the bread and butter," said the master of the house, pushing about the scraps with his knife and fork. "There is nothing here for him to eat."

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason.

"There is nothing here for him to eat," repeated Mr. Mason. "And as far as I can see there is nothing there either. What is it you pretend to have in that dish?"

"My dear!" again exclaimed Mrs. Mason.

"What is it?" repeated the lord of the house in an angry tone.

"Broiled ham, Mr. Mason."

"Then let the ham be brought in," said he. "Diana, ring the bell."

"But the ham is not cooked, Mr. Mason," said the lady. "Broiled ham is always better when it has not been first boiled."

"Is there no cold meat in the house?" he asked.

"I am afraid not," she replied, now trembling a little in anticipation of what might be coming after the stranger should have gone. "You never like large joints yourself, Mr. Mason; and for ourselves we don't eat meat at luncheon."

"Nor any body else either, here," said Mr. Mason, in his anger.

"Pray don't mind me, Mr. Mason," said the attorney; "pray don't, Mr. Mason. I am a very poor fist at lunch; I am indeed."

"I am sure I am very sorry, very sorry, Mr. Mason," continued the lady. "If I had known that an early dinner was required, it should have been provided; although the notice given was so very short."

"I never dine early," said Mr. Dockwrath, thinking that some imputation of a low way of living was conveyed in this supposition that he required a dinner under the pseudonym of a lunch. "I never do, upon my word—we are quite regular at home at half past five, and all I ever take in the middle of the day is a biscuit and a glass of sherry—or perhaps a bite of bread and cheese. Don't be uneasy about me, Mrs. Mason."

The three young ladies, having now finished their repast, got up from the table and retired, following each other out of the room in a line. Mrs. Mason remained for a minute or two longer, and then she also went. "The carriage has been ordered at three, Mr. M.," she said. "Shall we have the pleasure of your company?" "No," growled the husband. And then the lady went, sweeping a low courtesy to Mr. Dockwrath as she passed out of the room.

There was again a silence between the host and his guest for some two or three minutes, during which Mr. Mason was endeavoring to get the lunch out of his head, and to redirect his whole mind to Lady Mason and his hopes of vengeance. There is nothing perhaps so generally consoling to a man as a well-established grievance; a feeling of having been injured, on which his mind can brood from hour to hour, allowing him to plead his own cause in his own court, within his own heart—and always to plead it successfully. At last Mr. Mason succeeded, and he could think of his enemy's fraud and forget his wife's meanness. "I suppose I may as well order my gig now," said Mr. Dockwrath, as soon as his host had arrived at this happy frame of mind.

"Your gig? ah, well. Yes. I do not know that I need detain you any longer. I can assure you that I am much obliged to you, Mr. Dockwrath, and I shall hope to see you in London very shortly."

"You are determined to go to Round and Crook, I suppose?"

"Oh, certainly."

"You are wrong, Sir. They'll throw you over again as sure as your name is Mason."

"Mr. Dockwrath, you must, if you please, allow me to judge of that myself."

"Oh, of course, Sir, of course. But I'm sure that a gentleman like you, Mr. Mason, will understand—"

"I shall understand that I can not expect your services, Mr. Dockwrath—your valuable time and services—without remunerating you for them. That shall be fully explained to Messrs. Round and Crook."

"Very well, Sir; very well. As long as I am paid for what I do, I am content. A professional gentleman of course expects that. How is he to get along else; particularly with sixteen children?" And then Mr. Dockwrath got into the gig, and was driven back to the Bull at Leeds.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

[CONCLUDED.]

RELIEVED by the result of Gibault's diplomacy at Vincennes from apprehension of an attack from that quarter, Clarke turned his whole attention to the pacification of the neighboring Indian tribes. His plan was to treat them with the strictest justice, adopting a manner kind, haughty, or contemptuous, as occasion demanded; but always reserved and dignified. Maintaining the superiority of the white men, he never allowed himself to be provoked into any unseemly display of passion or excitement. Seldom offering presents; when he did do so, it was always with the distinct understanding that it was a mere act of grace, and not intended as a bribe. Though anxious to secure the neutrality of the tribes of Illinois, he never condescended to invite them to a council; and all the overtures for peace came from those who had begun the war.

Yet, when necessary, no one could be more persuasive, as was proven by his interview with the Big Gate—so called from having, when a youth, shot a British officer standing on the *gate* of the fort at Detroit, during the attempt of Pontiac to surprise that place. This chief, a deadly foe to the Big Knives, had accidentally met a party of Piankshaws coming to attend the great council, which was being held by the American commander at Kaskaskia; and although an avowed enemy, he resolved to accompany them in order to behold this mighty chief of the pale-faces, whose fame had spread over the whole northwest. With the most audacious calmness he appeared each day in the council, sitting conspicuously in the front of the room in full war-dress, wearing the bloody belt he had received from the English, and elaborately bedecked in his war-paint. Thus he continued to attend for many days, saying not a word to the Americans nor they to him. But on the last day, when the deliberations were closed, Clarke addressed him, apologizing for not noticing him until the public business was over. He said, "Although they were enemies, still it was the custom of the white men, when they met in this way, to treat each other in proportion to their exploits in war." On this account, and because "he was a great chief," the Colonel invited him to dinner—a compliment never extended to less distinguished men. The savage, taken completely by surprise, endeavored to decline; but Clarke would take no denial. At last the chief, confused by such unexpected kindness and attention, and yielding to the spell of a superior mind, could contain his excited feelings no longer. Springing into the middle of the room, he flung down the war-belt and a little British flag that he carried in his bosom, and ended by stripping himself of every article of clothing except his breech-cloth. Then striking himself energetically upon the breast, he told his hearers that "they all knew he had been a great warrior from his youth up and delighted in battle. That he had been out three times against the Big Knives in Kentucky, for the British had told him lies! That he was preparing for another war-party when Clarke arrived, when he determined to rest himself a while, and come and hear what the Americans had to say on their side of the question. Now he knew the Big Knives were right, and as an honest warrior he would no longer fight against them:" upon which he shook hands with Clarke and his officers and saluted them as brothers. He ever afterward remained true to his new friends, and in a private interview detailed to the Colonel the situation of Detroit, and offered to go out and bring him a scalp or a prisoner. Clarke declined the offered scalp, but said that he would be glad to secure a prisoner, from whom he could obtain some information of the movements of the British. The chief, dressed in a fine laced suit, decorated with a silver medal, and bearing a captain's commission, set out on this expedition.

While Clarke was engaged in negotiations

with the Indians between the Mississippi and the Wabash he came near falling a victim to a plot for his assassination, concocted by some of the British emissaries, probably without the knowledge of their superiors. They promised a band of Indians, composed of outcasts from all the tribes, a large reward if they would kill "the great chief of the Bostoni." Under pretense of friendship they pitched their camp close by his, and made a treacherous attempt to shoot him at night. The plot failed, and the conspirators were made captive. The chiefs were heavily ironed, and shut up in the guard-house, whence they were every day brought forth and placed in the midst of the council to be gazed at by the assembled tribes, and not allowed to speak or be spoken to. At last, when the council was about to be broken up, Clarke ordered their chains to be taken off, telling them contemptuously "that he had meant to put them to death; but on considering the meanness of watching a bear and catching him asleep, he had found out that they were not warriors, but only old women, whom it would be a shame to kill; but that they ought to be whipped for putting on breech-cloths like men. They shall be taken off of you," he concluded, "and plenty of food given you for your journey home, as squaws do not know how to hunt;" and then turned away to speak with other persons, as though he scorned to talk any longer with such mean creatures. This treatment was too much for the Indians to bear; they begged for forgiveness. Clarke would not allow their speech to be interpreted; and when they offered him the pipe of peace, he broke it with his sword. The other Indians interceded in their favor, but he still refused to listen. Suddenly two young men of the offending tribe stepped into the centre of the room, sat down in silence upon the floor, and threw a blanket over their heads. While all were wondering at this movement, the chief again advanced with the pipe of peace and informed Clarke that these youths offered their own lives as an atonement for the crime of their people, and they hoped the sacrifice would appease the Big Knife. As he spoke he extended the pipe, the pledge and symbol of peace. Clarke was deeply affected by this display of patriotic self-sacrifice. He had intended from the first to grant the tribe peace after a sufficient show of reluctance, and this touching incident enabled him to do so gracefully. As soon as he dared trust his own voice—for, said he afterward, "I never felt so powerful a gush of emotion over my mind, or was ever so incapable of speaking from the impulse of that feeling"—he ordered the young men to rise, saying, "he was rejoiced to find that there were *men* in all nations, and that they at least were a proof for their own countrymen. Such characters were alone fit to be chiefs, and with such he liked to treat, and through them he granted peace to their tribe; and he, therefore, took them by the hand as its chiefs." They were introduced to the American, French, and Spanish officers, and then to the great men of

the other tribes, who saluted them in their new character. A solemn council was held, in which the terms of peace were settled.

By the last of January, 1779, Clarke had finished his task of pacification. In the mean time he had become anxious concerning the state of affairs at Vincennes, from which place he had heard nothing for many weeks. But on the 29th he was once more roused to the most strenuous activity by the arrival of Colonel Viejó, with the intelligence that Governor Hamilton had recaptured that post in December, and was occupying it with about eighty regulars, besides an Indian force of six or eight hundred warriors. Captain Helm, who had been left in the fort with one single private, had made a most vigorous defense—with menaces and profane language—and only surrendered on being allowed all the honors of war, the British commander choosing to humor him so far, rather than run the risk of losing half a dozen of his men by the charge of grape-shot that Helm swore he would send into his ranks if his conditions of capitulation were not granted. Hamilton was provided with a small train of field-pieces, and had orders to penetrate up the Ohio to Fort Pitt, sweeping Kentucky in his course; he was then to pass on to the invasion of Augusta County, by which name all the western part of Virginia was then known. But he had first to dispose of one of the most resolute and vigorous leaders of the age; and in spite of all that had transpired, he had utterly failed to appreciate the character of the man with whom he had to deal. Instead of assailing him at once, he had sent his Indian allies on an expedition against the settlers along the Upper Ohio, intending to recall them early in the spring for an attack on Kaskaskia.

Clarke had no idea of waiting the pleasure of his antagonist, and resolved to bring matters to an instant issue. "I knew," he said, "if I did not take him he would take me;" and he immediately set about preparing his forces for this truly formidable undertaking. He fitted up a sort of a row galley with an armament of two 4-pounders and two swivels, placing on board forty-six men under command of Lieutenant Rogers, with orders to move round by the Mississippi and Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash, up which stream he was to force his way to within a few miles of Vincennes, and suffer nothing to pass. To the remainder of his own force he added two companies of Kaskaskia volunteers, and with this small body of one hundred and seventy men he set out on the 7th of February on a march of two hundred miles across the "drowned lands" of Illinois. The season was rainy but not cold; otherwise no human beings could have endured the hardships of that expedition. Yet it required all the influence of the commander to prevent despondency among those hardy men whose whole lives had been a constant wrestle with difficulties. At length, on the 18th, they reached the Little Wabash, not far from its junction with the larger stream of that name. Instead of finding an end to their toils and suf-

fering, they saw that the worst was still to come. From the western bluff on which they had halted, the high lands that bounded the eastern side of the valley were full five miles distant, and the whole intervening space was one unbroken expanse of water, "three feet deep, never under two, and frequently four;" while two broad bands of ripples on the otherwise motionless surface indicated the channels of the two rivers.

Nothing is more characteristic of great leaders than the art with which, in critical emergencies, they have appealed to the master-feeling in the hearts of their followers. History has preserved many speeches by which men have been nerved to accomplish the seemingly impossible; and we are sometimes inclined to wonder at their effect, forgetting that it was the occasion and the peculiar character of the hearers, with which we do not fully sympathize, that gave them their magic power. Few military orations will stand the test of a strict critical analysis, nor do we claim that our hero's appeal to his followers on this occasion should be received as a model of elegance. His speech on first coming in sight of Kaskaskia was one of the longest he ever uttered in the field, except on one sad future occasion; and that was far more pithy than elaborate, containing only the single sentiment, "We must take the place at all events." Now when he saw his soldiers gazing in gloomy despondency upon the lake through which lay their only road to Vincennes he did not expend even so many words; but stepping to the front so that all might see, he took a little wet powder in his hand, blackened his face, and raising the startling war-whoop, plunged into the water. The men who were educated in the symbolical customs of the Indians saw in this act of their leader an unalterable determination to succeed or perish in the attempt, and the well-known note of border war, which they had heard pealing over many a bloody skirmish or scene of midnight murder, fired them. The right chord had been struck, and echoing the revengeful yell the whole band dashed resolutely into the lake. It was a terrible undertaking, and it seemed as if their strength could not possibly bear them through. The march became slower and more toilsome; the song gradually ceased, and nothing was to be heard but the splashing and loud panting of the men as they struggled painfully onward. The march was not over a smooth bottom of sand, but upon ground encumbered with submerged logs, brushwood, and all the thousand obstructions of uncleared land, and through water often up to the armpits. Here were to be seen men supporting themselves by embracing the tree trunks with their arms, in order to gain a few moments' rest for their aching legs, while others were seen trying to evade some of the difficulties by paddling themselves forward on pieces of floating timber, and one little drummer created some faint merriment by navigating the deeper places on the head of his drum. At last they reached a small island that offered them a resting-place, from

which the object of all their labors could plainly be seen. But for that very reason it was impossible to remain there long; yet between them and the shore there still spread a wide expanse of water, entirely destitute of any friendly timber by which they could cling and rest.

Clarke now spoke a few cheering words, and again led the way into the stream; but before stepping off he had ordered Captain Bowman to fall back with twenty-five men and shoot any one who refused to march. But the precaution was needless, and the order was received with a huzza, and every man again took bravely to the water. At last the eastern shore was reached, but so complete was the exhaustion of the party that many of them fell with their bodies half in the water, not able, when the spur of absolute necessity was no longer felt, to take even the one single step that would place them on dry land. It was a wonderful achievement, and without a parallel in history since the time when the rancorous hatred of Dutch and Spaniards marched armies along the bottom of the sea, and covered the straits and estuaries of Zealand with floating corpses.

While the army was resting in this manner an Indian canoe came in sight and was brought to. In it were found a quarter of buffalo beef. The timely supply was at once made into broth. Refreshed by this and somewhat rested the line of march for the town was again taken up, Clarke sending word to the inhabitants of his approach, and warning all who were friendly to the enemy to retire at once to the fort. This stroke of policy had the desired effect, for the astonished people thought that such frankness could only belong to one who felt himself too strong to fear resistance. Indeed, the idea was prevalent throughout the place that it was a new army from Kentucky, as it was deemed impossible that a march could have been made from Kaskaskia in such a state of the waters. This delusion was cunningly kept up by several officers sending a captured hunter with messages to their acquaintances in the town, under the names of persons known to be then in Kentucky. In making his approach Clarke countermarched his men several times around some eminences in the plain, displaying each time they came into view different sets of colors in order to create an exaggerated idea of his numbers. He was received with open arms by the French inhabitants, while even the few who were hostile to the American cause were so completely overawed that they dared not even inform the commander of the fort of what was transpiring. He therefore remained quietly within his walls, never dreaming that his antagonist, instead of waiting in winter-quarters according to established military usage, would in a few minutes be under the guns of his own stronghold, demanding an instant decision of the contest.

In order to make his opponent unmask—if there were really any design concealed behind his apparent inaction—Clarke sent forward fourteen men to begin an attack on the fort. At

first the fire of these was attributed to some drunken Indians who had been lying about the place. But one of the men, having had Captain Helm's quarters pointed out to him—who, it will be remembered, was a prisoner in the fort—asked permission of his officer to shoot at the chimney and knock the mortar down into the captain's toddy, which, he said, "was sure to be on the hearth at about this time." The shot was so well aimed that the captain, who was sitting within, engaged as the man conjectured, on seeing this new ingredient added to his favorite beverage, sprang up and exclaimed, "That is Clarke, and he will make us all prisoners; but damn him, he has no business to spoil my toddy!" Immediately afterward a soldier was shot through one of the port-holes, and the truth could no longer be doubted. "Is Colonel Clarke a merciful man?" asked the Governor, anxiously, of his prisoner. But soon recovering himself, the fire was returned and continued hotly throughout the night, and until nine o'clock on the following morning. About that time the Americans, having received a good supply of ammunition—from several of the chief men of the place, who had concealed it during the British occupation—began to push the attack with greater vigor. Lying within thirty yards of the walls, they kept up so murderous a fusillade that the garrison could no longer be kept to their guns, for the instant a port-hole was opened, even a few inches, half a dozen rifle balls would be sent whizzing through the aperture, cutting down every thing in the way; nor could the smallest portion of a person be exposed without receiving the same unwelcome salute. "You had better take care!" said Captain Helm to a man whom he saw trying to get a peep at the state of things without, through a crevice in one of the block-houses, "Clarke's men will shoot your eye out." There was no time to profit by the warning, for the words were scarcely uttered when both the prying organ and the brain behind it were knocked out by a nicely-aimed rifle bullet.

It was said by the English that Clarke's success in this attack was entirely owing to the awkward elevations of the platforms, which prevented the guns being sufficiently depressed to bear upon the assailants. This may be partially true, but it only shows the wisdom of Clarke in adopting a mode of attack never thought of by those who planned the defenses, and which was certainly the most effectual that could have been employed in the absence of a siege artillery; for could the besieged even have brought their guns to bear they might have occasioned us greater loss, and postponed the final result, but could scarcely have changed it, since cannon balls and even grape would have availed but little against riflemen fighting under cover and in the loosest order. This is one of the first instances of attacking fortified places in this manner, and a few years before would have been laughed to scorn as the project of a fool by the scientific martinets of Europe. But one of the

greatest improvements in the system of modern tactics grew out of the necessities of Indian warfare in North America, or rather was learned directly from the Indians themselves; we mean the employment of those light corps of rifle-armed sharpshooters, which, under various names, now form an indispensable portion of every perfect military establishment.

Toward three o'clock Hamilton, either on account of the uselessness of his cannon, or because he could no longer make his men face the deadly fusillade of the besieger, sent a flag with an offer to treat. The two leaders therefore met at the village church, the Englishman being accompanied by Captain Helm and a Major Hay. Clarke demanded an unconditional surrender, which Hamilton refused, and a violent scene ensued. Clarke arose to depart, informing the Governor that the firing would recommence in fifteen minutes. But the latter, who knew the discouragement of his men, and dreaded being taken by assault, or that the fort, which stood within thirty feet of the steep river-bank, might be undermined, called to his opponent, as he was retiring, and mildly inquired his reasons for insisting on such harsh terms. "Because," exclaimed Clarke, "I know the principal Indian partisans from Detroit are in the fort, and I want only an honorable opportunity of putting such instigators of Indian barbarities to death. So sacred do I consider this claim upon me that I would rather lose fifty of my men than not execute the vengeance demanded by so much innocent blood. If Governor Hamilton chooses to risk the destruction of his garrison for such miscreants he has it at his pleasure."

It may seem strange that Clarke should risk his own success on such a point. But in order to understand the importance he attached thereto it is only necessary to read the historical collections of that time, and learn something of the feelings with which those wretches called Indian agents or partisans were regarded. We do not mean the officers of the English army, who were sometimes compelled by the cruel policy of their masters to serve in conjunction with the Indians. These were generally as much disgusted at the barbarity of their red allies as civilized men would naturally be. And we remember Colonel Byrd's strange withdrawal from Kentucky after the capture of two stations, and when he might have swept the whole State, because he would not pluck laurels stained with the blood of women and children. But the men to whom Clarke had reference were a set of abandoned villains, many of them renegades from the colonies, who had domesticated themselves among the Indians, whose natural ferocity they were continually stimulating; planning for them expeditions into the settlements, which they not unfrequently led in person, and outdid the savages themselves in deeds of cruelty and blood. The bitter hatred borne by the early settlers of the West toward these men may be conceived from the detestation that is even yet excited in their descendants by the very names of Girty and M'Kee. Hence

Clarke felt that he could not render a greater service to his countrymen than by cutting off a number of these their worst enemies.

"And pray, Colonel Clarke," called out Major Hay, "whom do you mean by Indian partisans?"

"I consider Major Hay one of the principal ones," was the prompt, threatening reply.

The other turned pale and trembled when he thus unexpectedly heard himself especially designated as an object of that vengeance which had just been so fiercely denounced. So excessive was his agitation that his own commander blushed for his open exhibition of cowardice; and Clarke, who admired the dignified demeanor of the latter under misfortune as much as he despised that of his subordinate, relented in his heart toward the former, and told him that he "would reconsider the matter, and let him know the result by a flag of truce."

The American officers advised concession, and on the 24th of February, 1779, Fort Sackville was once more surrendered into the hands of our countrymen, the garrison being received as prisoners of war. This victory permanently secured the conquests of the country, and fixed the authority of Virginia on a firm basis; thenceforward it only remained for Clarke to defend that which he had so gallantly won.

At the age of twenty-seven Clarke had reached the goal when he himself thought he had only overcome the first difficulties of the ground, and with powers braced by the previous exertion, saw, or thought he saw, a still further and brighter career opening before him. He felt, indeed, that his plan was only half executed, and his work yet unfinished while Detroit and the other posts along the lakes remained in the hands of the enemy. And it may be, there had floated dimly through his mind the splendid dream of accomplishing the design in which Montgomery had failed, and of striking once more for the possession of the St. Lawrence upon the Plains of Abraham and under the walls of Quebec. And certainly no one of his contemporaries was more worthy of trying his fortune on that "battle-field of empire," where the great prize had twice already been lost and won, and where so many heroes had fallen amidst glorious victory or equally glorious defeat.

Of all the English posts which gave them a direct communication with the savage nations of the Northwest, that of Detroit alone remained to them, and to its capture Clarke's whole attention was now directed. "If I but had five hundred men when I first arrived in this country," he wrote to Mr. Jefferson, "or, when at Vincennes, could I only have secured my prisoners and had three hundred men available, I would have attempted it." But even with his small force of two hundred he was preparing to risk the attempt, when he received a letter from Governor Henry informing him that an additional battalion was to be raised to complete his regiment, and advising a postponement of farther offensive operations until it should join him.

About the same time he received another note, part of which we insert:

"Sir," writes Lieutenant-Governor Page, on the 4th of September, 1779, "I have the honor to inform you that by Captain Rogers I have sent the sword that was purchased by the Governor to be presented to you by order of the General Assembly, as a proof of their approbation of your great and good conduct and gallant behavior. I heartily wish a better could have been procured; but it was thought the best that could be purchased, and was bought of a gentleman who had used it but little, and judged it to be elegant and costly. I am," etc., etc.

We suspect one of our gallant officers of the present day would not feel much flattered by being presented with a second-hand sword, however "elegant and costly" the gentleman "who had used it but little" might judge it to be.

The sword duly arrived; but not so the promised battalion. A change had come over the councils of Virginia; and although at a later period an entire new regiment was formed and placed under Clarke's orders, it was only for purposes of defense, and he was forbidden any offensive operations against the remaining British posts, but ordered to take up his quarters at the falls of the Ohio, and with seven hundred men protect a frontier eight hundred miles in length, exposed at every point to savage incursions.

Here was the turning point in the history of Clarke. Restrained from the prosecution of those plans whereon his heart had from the first been fixed, and the immense utility of which he alone seems clearly to have understood, and compelled to watch the petty attacks of wandering parties of savages, which, though a source of unceasing annoyance, could add nothing to his fame; and reduced all at once to a position of comparative obscurity after having made himself an object of admiring observation to a whole nation by the most dashing and brilliant series of exploits performed during the war; and cut off from those personal adventures in which he had formerly delighted by the duties and proprieties of his position as Brigadier-General of the forces in the West: it is not to be wondered at if his spirits became depressed, or that he should be tempted to seek relief from the dreary monotony of a garrison life in the use of stimulants, as too many men of his ardent temperament have done before and since. It is always painful to speak of the weaknesses of a great man, or the sins of a good one; but truth compels the admission that, from about this time, Clarke began to yield himself more and more to the dominion of this pernicious habit. But the native vigor of his mind long upheld him, and for years he still maintained his high reputation, and even down to the last moment of his command he continued zealously and actively to discharge its onerous duties; and his zeal was always wise as his activity was always prompt and efficient.

His plan of defense included an armed galley that plied along the river monthly, from the Falls to the mouth of the Licking, together with a

strong and well-trained body of rangers, who secured both shores from the mouth of the Tennessee to that of the Sciota: whose duty it was to report every movement of the savages that fell under their notice at head-quarters, then fixed at Fort Nelson, which occupied the site of the present city of Louisville. This corps of scouts and spies—for they acted in both capacities—contained many of the choicest spirits of the frontier, among whom were such men as Simon Kenton and Bland Ballard: in connection with the latter of whom there is related a little incident, which also illustrates well the difference between those times and the present. Being out on a scout one foggy morning along the Kentucky shore of the river, a few miles below the Falls, he heard the voices of Indians evidently approaching from the other side. Concealing himself in the bushes he lay in wait for an adventure, and soon a canoe, containing three Indians, became visible through the fog, making directly for his point of ambush. When within range he fired and killed one in the bow, whereupon the others sprang overboard and tried to escape by swimming, but were both slain in the water before they could get out of reach from the hunter's rifle. Thinking that he had now done enough for one morning's work, he returned to the fort and reported his adventure to the General, who, as a reward for his gallant conduct, presented him with a *linen shirt*, which was the first garment of the kind the hardy borderer had worn for many years, except those made of buckskin.

In the year 1780 Congress had been so far influenced by the intrigues of the Spanish and French ministers, who desired to exclude the new State from the Mississippi, that they had actually instructed their envoys in Europe to be guided on this point by the advice of the French Government in any negotiations for peace, and not even to insist on the free navigation of that stream below latitude 30° north. Compliance with this short-sighted policy of concession would have made Kentucky a Spanish province. But fortunately America had some statesmen who looked beyond the passing moment, and who determined to strengthen their claim by taking actual possession of the whole of the disputed territory. Clarke therefore received orders in the spring of this year to move down with a part of his State regiment and construct a strong fort on the Mississippi below the mouth of the Ohio. This order he promptly executed, and called the new post Fort Jefferson, in honor of the Governor of Virginia, under whose orders it was built.

But the position of commander on the frontier was, in those times, one of ceaseless vigilance and constant activity, and Clarke had scarcely finished this labor when he heard of the irruption of Colonel Byrd into the country along the Licking. It was his settled policy never to let any attack of the enemy pass without immediate retaliation. As soon, therefore, as he heard the news of the capture of the two northern stations he resolved to set out for that region and arouse

the people to attempt an expedition into the Indian country beyond the Ohio. For greater safety he disguised himself and his two companions as red men, and struck boldly into the forest, traversed by scores of marauding bands; for the savages, after more than a year of comparative quiet, had this spring again broken out into hostilities with redoubled fury. The wisdom of Clarke's plan for the reduction of the English posts on the lakes was now made manifest, and bitter cause had the Kentuckians for the next four years to curse the short-sighted parsimony by which their execution had been thwarted. During those four years more than one thousand of their people were murdered or captured, besides their enormous losses in other respects. But Clarke was not one of those who, when they can not have their own way, sit down in sullen idleness to complain. Since he could not do what he thought best for the protection of the settlements, he resolved to do what was next best, to carry the war into the villages of the savages. With this purpose in view, he now set out on that perilous journey from Fort Jefferson to Harrodstown, then the largest town in the country.

On reaching the Tennessee River with his companions they found it in a state of flood, foaming from bank to bank; while, to add to the danger, they became aware that they were in the close neighborhood of a large band of Indians. Springing down the bank, they set vigorously to work upon a raft, whereon to transport their guns and baggage. Upon this they piled their arms, and, pushing it off, plunged into the roaring current. They had hardly made one-quarter of the passage when a party of painted warriors came leaping down to the shore they had just quitted, and in a few moments a similar band appeared on that which they were approaching. Here the disguise of the adventurers stood them in good stead, as it concealed their true character until the rapid current had whirled them beyond the effective range of their enemy's rifles. As they shot swiftly past the mouth of a large creek, their minds, practiced in all the arts and devices of forest warfare, instantly perceived in it the means of escape. Running their raft quickly ashore, they plunged into the dense forest at full speed, and thus, while their enemies were making a long detour to reach a ford, gained a start that rendered pursuit hopeless. Shortly after this, while passing through "the barrens," they met a band of forty emigrants, who, though scarcely ever out of sight of large herds of buffalo, were actually on the point of starvation from the inexpertness of their hunters. Clarke and his companions soon gave these unskillful hunters a practical lesson in this branch of business by killing for them fourteen out of the next herd that came in sight.

On arriving at Harrodstown he found it crowded with people from all parts of the country eager to enter land in the office just opened there by George May, surveyor of the newly-erected county of Jefferson. No speculative mania ever

raged more virulently than did the "land fever" at this time in Kentucky; and the Colonel knew how useless it would be to ask men to volunteer in defense of the very country of which all were so anxious to secure a portion as long as the office remained open. The mere speculator, who resided at a safe distance and relied on the bravery and industry of others to render his purchase valuable, would, of course, heed no appeal of the kind: on the other hand, he could not expect the real settlers, and those who intended becoming such, to leave the field clear for the former class to secure all the finest lands in the country while they themselves should be absent defending it. It was one of those cases when the good of the country made the violation, or rather suspension, of the laws a solemn duty—cases with which very great and very pure men only are competent to deal. The emergency was too pressing to allow of any communication with the superior authorities of the State at Williamsburg, four hundred miles distant; and Clarke determined to take upon himself the responsibility of closing the office "until"—as the notice to that effect stated—"the return of an expedition, about to be organized under the orders of Brigadier-General Clarke, against the Indian towns on the Great Miami." The success of the measure justified its adoption; for the popularity and high military standing of the leader at once commanded any number of volunteers as soon as the counter-incitement of avarice was removed, and in a very few days two regiments were raised, equipped, and on the march for the place of rendezvous, at the mouth of the Licking, opposite the present site of Cincinnati, while the State troops, with the artillery, moved up the Ohio to the same point: whence the whole army, one thousand strong, advanced into the country of the enemy about the middle of July.

There is no need to describe this expedition minutely, as it differed but little from the half dozen similar ones subsequently set on foot, except in its more complete success—which was indeed too complete to allow of any of those interesting adventures so common in Indian campaigns. Dashing forward with his characteristic celerity the General came upon the town of Pickaway almost by surprise, and after a sharp fight, in which seventeen on each side were killed, the savages were forced to fly, leaving every thing in the power of the spoilers; and were taught for the first time that the arm of the Big Knife could reach them even in their own wigwams, and that hereafter every incursion of their own was to be followed by a speedy and certain vengeance. Every town within reach was burned, the fruit trees girdled, and the standing crops destroyed. This may seem a barbarous method of warfare—and so it undoubtedly was, and so it was meant to be; but it was waged against the most savage and merciless people the world ever saw. To talk of conducting hostilities according to the practice of civilized nations against such a people is the height of sentimental folly.

Such war to them would be no worse, nay, would occasion less of suffering, than they are accustomed to in their ordinary state of peace. War is justifiable only because the dread of its horrors enforces and secures peace; and that to accomplish this the horror must be such as will be felt by those upon whom it is inflicted.

This unexpected blow relieved Kentucky for the remainder of the year from any repetition of such inroads as had just spread terror throughout her borders. The Shawanees—the most implacable and powerful of the hostile tribes—were employed in rebuilding their ruined habitations, and procuring the means of subsistence during the ensuing winter. Clarke therefore discharged the volunteers, and returned with his own troops to Fort Nelson, there to recommence his distasteful routine of garrison duties, and, it is to be feared, to sink still deeper into those habits that were undermining his powers and destroying his usefulness as a public officer. Not that any deficiency can at this distance of time be discovered either in judgment or vigor of his acts, for it takes dissipation a long time to produce a sensible effect on a mind so strong and well-balanced as his. On the contrary, he is seen for the next twelve or eighteen months watching every where his restless and stealthy foes, and ready to swoop at any moment, or upon any point, at which they ventured to make their appearance in force. During this year he removed with his command from the falls of the Ohio to Kaskaskia, in the now regularly organized county of Illinois, where the condition of things had become such as to require his presence.

In the summer of 1781 he was once more summoned to the far south by the pressing danger of his new fort on the Mississippi. It had been built without permission on the lands of the Chickasaws, who, offended at the encroachment, had broken out into hostility against the whites for the first, and, we believe, for the last time; and under the command of a Scotch gentleman named Colbert, laid siege to the place, and seemed resolved to carry in spite of every effort of the little garrison of thirty fever-stricken men. The assault had been urged with unfaltering valor for five days, notwithstanding the terrible slaughter committed in their ranks by the light guns of the fort, and they were apparently on the eve of success when the arrival of Clarke, with a small reinforcement, compelled them to retire. But the fort being only erected in order to strengthen by actual possession the title of the United States to the country on the Mississippi north of latitude thirty, and that object having been shortly afterward accomplished, the place was dismantled, and peaceful relations thus restored with the Chickasaws, the most civilized of all the North American tribes.

Again for almost a year General Clarke lay at Fort Nelson in comparative idleness until, in the summer of 1782, he was once more called forth to vigorous exertion by that terrible disaster—the defeat of the Lower Blue Licks. No event ever made so deep an impression on the

public mind of Kentucky, and none occupies a more conspicuous place in her early history. Every Kentucky boy is familiar with the events of that day, when men and officers seemed suddenly stricken with idiocy, and with open eyes rushed headlong into certain destruction. The narrative may not be so familiar to others, but there are few Kentuckians who have not heard how, at the call of the people of Bryant's Station, one hundred and eighty of the most gallant spirits of the land, under Boone, Todd, Trigg, Harland, M'Bride, and M'Gary, hastened to their aid, and finding Girty and his host of savages gone, resolved to follow upon their trail without waiting the arrival of Logan, who was hastening on with the men of Lincoln; and how, on coming in sight of a few stragglers who seemed to invite observation and pursuit, the veteran Boone at once saw that they were only left as a decoy, and told his friends that an ambush was prepared for them if they dared to cross the river, describing the situation of the ground exactly, and telling them the precise spot where the five hundred Indians were lying in wait for their approach; how, in the midst of the debate, the taunt of a hot-brained bravo seemed suddenly to sting the whole party into madness; how they all—men and leaders—plunged pell-mell into the river, without caution and without order, each intent only on proving that he was not a coward, and rushed confusedly onward, no one commanding and no one obeying, till all at once they found themselves huddled in a confused mass upon a bare and rocky ridge, and inclosed in a triangle of fire, without cover, with a deep and narrow ford behind them; how Todd and Trigg and Harland and M'Bride fell, and the survivors fought on until the enemy sprang forth from the ravines, rushed forward tomahawk in hand. The retreat, the route, the massacre in the river; the magnanimity of young Reynolds in dismounting in the midst of the butchery, and giving up his own swift horse to his wounded captain, who had sat down in despair to await the approach of the enemy; the cool conduct of the supposed cowardly Netherland, who wheeled his steed upon the bank, and gathering a few horsemen around him, drove back the savages, who were tomahawking the footmen in the water; the escape of Boone, who, having seen his son shot down at his side, dashed through the savage lines; and, last of all, the sickening appearance of the battle-field, two days afterward, when Logan found the mangled bodies of sixty Kentuckians blackening in the hot sun upon the rocks and in the river. All these are familiar to the ears of the present generation, and render the Lower Blue Licks a name to be shuddered at even to this day.

Upon our ancestors the blow fell like a clap of thunder. Sixty men killed! To us who count our populations by the million it seems an insignificant loss, but to them it had a terrible significance; for it meant one-fourth of the fighting men north of the Kentucky River, and that too, at a time when the Shawanees, Wy-

dots, Ottawas, and Delawares, supported by the English in Canada, had just formed an alliance for the extermination of these settlements, and this was but the first effort of their confederated power. Who could tell then what the end would be when the beginning was so disastrous? The early settlers of Kentucky were probably as brave a race as ever lived; but this defeat following close upon those of Holder, Estell, and Floyd, struck them with bewilderment and dismay, and for the first time they really quailed before the arms of the savages. Almost every family in the country had lost some member in one of those actions, and the gloom was therefore universal, and was increased by the fact that so many of the recognized leaders were among the fallen. Todd, Trigg, Estell, Holder, young Boone, Harland, M'Bride, and Floyd, to whom the people had been accustomed to look for encouragement and guidance, had been cut off in the short space of three months. But happily the greatest of them all still remained, ready and able as ever to meet the crisis.

Clarke was at the Falls when the tidings of the massacre of the Blue Licks reached him, and in pursuance of his plan of never permitting any invasion to pass unpunished, he at once called the superior officers of his brigade to consult on the best means of inflicting a prompt retaliation. The council recommended a draft of men to make up any deficiency of volunteers, and the impressment of horses and provisions, should it be found necessary. But the public spirit of the people precluded the necessity of any harsh measures, and men and horses and beeves poured in so rapidly, that in a remarkably short space of time two entire regiments were formed and on the march for the Ohio. Before the enemy, who had won the late battle, were safe in their own homes again the avengers of blood were upon their footsteps. On the last day of September Clarke assumed the command on the same spot from which he had set out on a similar enterprise the summer before. At the head of one thousand mounted riflemen—the most efficient of all troops for such service, and now first employed—he crossed the Ohio on the same day, and pushing forward with his wonted energy, arrived undiscovered at the nearest Indian town, and within half a mile of the camp of the triumphant victors of the Blue Lick. Here a straggler caught sight of the advancing whites, and at once gave the alarm. The savages instantly fled, bearing the alarm to the various towns in the valley, whose inhabitants, thus warned, succeeded in making their escape without serious loss of life, but leaving their homes to the vengeance of the white men. The effects of this expedition is not to be calculated by the amount of blood shed, but by its influence on the future conduct of the Indians. Tried by this test its success was nearly complete. "It put an end to the formidable invasions of Kentucky." The Indians had at last learned that every aggression would be sure to bring a desolating army into the midst of their own villages, and they became shy of offering the

provocation. They were also now made to realize for the first time the immense disproportion between their own numbers and those of the Big Knives, who immediately after receiving a blow that would have prostrated the power of the strongest among their own tribes for many years, were able to send so overwhelming a force to revenge that disaster. No considerable body ever afterward ventured across the Ohio, and the war thenceforward resumed the desultory form it had borne during the years 1775-'76.

Such were the beneficial consequences of this last act of George Rogers Clarke in defense of his adopted State; for here his career may be said to have ended, and had his life terminated at the same time he would have departed with a fame as full-orbed and splendid as any of the worthies of our revolutionary age. And that one dark spot, ominous of the approaching eclipse, would ere now have been forgotten or have passed unnoticed amidst the general radiance of his glory.

Clarke now returned to his post at the Falls as the most central point on the long frontier committed to his charge, and he applied his great mind to the petty but vexatious occupation of listening to the reports of spies and scouts, and repressing or chastising the incursions of fugitive bands of Indians bent more on plunder than war—duties befitting a superintendent of police rather than a commander of an army, and which must have been almost intolerable to a man of his ardent and enterprising temper. But he was soon to be deprived of even this poor resource against *ennui*. As long as the war lasted he had never ceased to hope that his darling project for the reduction of Detroit might meet with the approbation of his government, and that the career that had been checked in 1779 might yet be successfully resumed, and the work he had appropriated as his especial life-task completed. But the peace, which was about this time concluded, put an end at once and forever to all those long cherished hopes, and to his own public employment.

"The conclusion of the war," wrote Governor Harrison, of Virginia, on the 2d of July, 1783, "and the distressed condition of the finances of the State, call on us to adopt the most prudent economy. It is for this reason alone that I have come to the determination to give over for the present all thought of carrying on offensive war with the Indians, which, you will easily perceive, will render unnecessary the employment of a general officer in that quarter, and will therefore consider yourself as out of command. But before I take leave, I feel called upon in the most forcible manner to return you my thanks, and those of my Council, for the very great and singular services you have rendered to your country by wresting so great and extensive a country out of the hands of the British enemy, repelling the attacks of their savage allies, and carrying on a successful war in the very heart of their country. This tribute of thanks and praise, so justly your due, I am happy to communicate to you as the united voice of the Executive," etc.

With this, and a grant of a splendid tract of land lying in the present state of Indiana, opposite Louisville, George Rogers Clarke was finally dismissed from the service of his country.

But if Virginia no longer had need of such talents, the General Government was compelled for years to continue the war against the Northwestern tribes; and why the one man who had shown himself most consummately qualified for the situation, both by natural aptitude and long experience, should have been persistently neglected is hard to explain. Certainly the captor of Vincennes would have been more efficient than the timid and luxurious Wilkinson; and would not, like Harrison, have sacrificed in weak detachments the best portion of an army of twelve hundred men; or, like St. Clair, have exposed one of three thousand to utter route and destruction by an injudicious encampment. Had either of these armies been placed under the command of Clarke, the United States would have been saved the disgraceful experiences of that long and ill-managed war between 1785 and 1795, which rendered the power of the Confederacy contemptible in the eyes even of the savages, and delayed their submission until General Wayne took the field in the latter year. But Clarke's day of glory was over, and his career finished at an age when that of many has but just begun, and at thirty-one he was laid aside like a superannuated veteran. The very prime of that powerful and active genius was lost to his country, as well as to his own fame, and left to rust away in obscurity; or, sadder still, to destroy itself by seeking a forbidden relief from vain longing and repinings, while war was raging along the whole frontier from Lake Huron to the confines of Florida; and when at times it appeared as if the misdirected power of the whole continent combined would fail to hold that country which he, with a mere handful of men, had wrested from the hands of the English.

At last, so inefficient was the protection afforded by the regular army, and so audacious had the attacks of the savages on the Ohio become, that the Kentuckians thought it necessary once more to take their defense into their own hands. After three years of retirement Clarke was again called to take the command in an expedition against the tribes in Indiana. But he was no longer the leader who had waded the flooded Wabash to recapture Vincennes, and whose swift blows had so promptly avenged the fall of Ruddell's Station, or the defeat of the Blue Licks. The army, numbering about twelve hundred men, marched from the Falls in the summer of 1786 toward Vincennes, expecting to meet at that point their provisions, which had been placed on keel-boats to be transported up the Wabash. But it soon became evident that the General no longer possessed that absolute ascendancy over his soldiers which had rendered his former operations so marvelously rapid and energetic. A spirit of defiance among the superior officers, and of disaffection and insubordination among the men, quickly began to manifest

itself. This was increased to absolute mutiny, when it was discovered that the commander had sent a flag of truce to the enemy for the purpose of demanding whether they would have peace or war. This act, which at once destroyed all chance of effecting a surprise, would appear, at first sight, to indicate a state of mind bordering on fatuity. But it is all explained when we learn that the whole enterprise was unlawful, as Kentucky had no right to send, without the authority of the Federal Government, such an expedition against tribes living beyond her own borders; tribes, too, with whom Clarke himself had, as United States Commissioner, negotiated a treaty of peace only one year before; and he was naturally unwilling to make an unannounced attack upon people who had never been proved to have violated that treaty. His error was in accepting the command at all under these circumstances.

At Vincennes the army was compelled to wait many days for the boats, and when they at last came it was discovered that nearly all the provisions were spoiled. The spirit of mutiny now overcame all restraint, and Clarke seems no longer to have possessed the weight of character to deal with it successfully. Three days afterward, when within a few leagues of the Indian town, three hundred men deliberately turned their backs and took up the line of march for home. But the force was still sufficiently strong to accomplish the main object of the expedition, and the General advised a rapid dash forward. The disorganization was, however, now too complete, and the men clamorously and insolently demanded an abandonment of any further attempt. Here, for the first time, Clarke made a long speech, and strove by every means to soothe the discontented and encourage the desponding. But it was in vain: his passionate appeals were all received with coldness, until at last the stern warrior, overcome with mortification and grief, burst into a passion of tears. Even this produced no effect on the mutineers. At length the officers, many of whom had fomented the disaffection on account of personal enmity to their leader, advised a retreat, and he, feeling his utter helplessness and inability to avert the disgrace, reluctantly yielded; and the army from which so much had been expected fell back to Vincennes without striking a blow or having seen an enemy. Here it became entirely disorganized, and the men, breaking up into small squads, made the best of their way home, each "on his own hook."

This failure gave a blow to the reputation of Clarke from which it never recovered. Yet no vital error can be discovered in his conduct, and had his advice been followed success would have been certain. In vigor or generalship we can see no diminution: it was his ability to command obedience that was gone. If any useful lesson could be drawn from examples of this kind, what a moral might be painted here! For who even once would dare to call the fascinating demon to his assistance when all the strength and reso-

lution of such a man as Clarke could not enable him to tear away the iron grip with which it fastens on its victim? and if self-conceit were not the most pervading weakness of men, who could hope to be able to retain reputation and influence, when all the invaluable services, the lofty mind, and pure patriotism of such a man, could not shield him from the inevitable consequences of his fault? But let it not be forgotten that the primary causes of the failure of this expedition were not attributable to the leader himself, and that he only contributed to the disastrous result by having weakened powers which might have enabled him to surmount the difficulties thrown in his way by the malice and folly of others. Kentucky was at that time a hot-bed of intrigues and intriguers. We do not believe a country can be named whose history reveals such an amount of secret and underhand dealing. Her whole early history, between the year 1783 and the breaking out of the late war with England, consists, when closely examined, of one perplexing maze of secret machinations and treasonable and dishonorable intrigues. One of the most deeply implicated in many of these was that political and military Proteus, General James Wilkinson, whose character and career is even yet a mystery. Engaged in early life as aide-camp of Gates, in the campaign against Burgoyne, he aided his patron and his clique to sting Arnold into treason, and in the plot to supersede Washington as Commander-in-Chief. Moving to Kentucky at the close of the war, we find him shipping tobacco to New Orleans, as the accomplice in a corrupt partnership of the Spanish Governor, and soon afterward swearing allegiance to his Catholic Majesty, and engaged with Sebastian and others in the plot to separate Kentucky from the Union and incorporate it with the Province of Louisiana. A few years later, he appears in the capacity of General-in-Chief of the American army in the Southwest, yet corresponding with Aaron Burr in cipher, and receiving assurances that "Wilkinson shall be second only to Burr in the new empire" about to be formed, out of the dominions of the sovereign to whom he had a little while before sworn himself a subject; and his opinion asked to whether the conspirators should begin their operations by seizing on the principal post of the Province intrusted to his charge by the Government whose armies he at that moment commanded. The next year we behold him threatening to employ that army in a filibustering raid into the territory of his old master the King of Spain, for his own personal aggrandizement; while, twelve months afterward, we are edified by the spectacle of his betraying the whole scheme to the President, when there was no longer a possibility of its success—scattering the poor remnant of the expedition as it fled down the Mississippi, hunting his so lately acknowledged leader through the cypress swamps, and throwing one of his most prominent confederates into prison.

Wilkinson had made his home in Kentucky

after the close of the Revolutionary war, and at once undertook to raise himself to the lead in all her affairs. His qualifications as a demagogue were high: he was polished and insinuating in manner, and (according to Mr. Marshall) had made the discovery "that if the way to the hearts of women lay through their eyes, the most direct way to those of men was down their throats." His revolutionary fame was considerable, and connected with the most glorious portion of that struggle. He had acted as Gates's aid at Stillwater and Bemis's Heights, had borne the tidings of victory to Congress, and been lauded in the dispatches of his commander. But in Kentucky he found in George Rogers Clarke one whose fame was far superior to his own, and whose popularity had hitherto been unbounded, and he hated and quarreled with him, as he did with Wayne and every one else who was his own superior.

Besides, Wilkinson was then engaged in his plot to "precipitate"—that was the word—the Western people, not only into a violent separation from Virginia, but into secession from the Confederacy. With this view, he and his accomplices had done their best to magnify the delinquencies of the General Government, in not defending the frontier against the Indians; and persuaded the settlers to take the matter into their own hands, by organizing this unlawful expedition against tribes with whom the United States were at peace. This was done in the hope of embroiling the two governments in a dispute which would greatly favor the "precipitation," particularly if the proud-spirited Kentuckians were at the moment enraged and mortified by a defeat; for the General had been engaged in too many intrigues, and was too well acquainted with the perversities and weaknesses of human nature, not to know that men are easily led into rash and violent measures while laboring under the angry excitement of recent failure. With this end in view, and also in order to rid himself of a personal rival, Wilkinson, who was then residing, or rather tarrying, at Louisville during the assembling of the army there, had done all in his power to foster and extend the spirit of disaffection that had even then begun to manifest itself among the men. Scarcely was the disastrous result known at that point, when he wrote, exultingly, to a friend in Lexington, "The sun of General Clarke's military glory has set never more to rise!" "There was," says a contemporary historian, "a meaning in this sentence which those who had fathomed Wilkinson knew how to interpret and appreciate." But the malignant prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. Clarke's military reputation suffered an eclipse from which it never emerged; nor did he ever recover the personal popularity he had lost by this miserable affair, and henceforth lived neglected, not only by the nation to which he had rendered such inestimable services, but also by the State which may be said to have owed its very existence to him. For six years his acts

had constituted almost the whole history of Kentucky and the West. At the age of thirty-four he disappears so completely from that history that, during the thirty-two succeeding years of his life, his name is to be found only upon one obscure page thereof.

Of that one reappearance on the public stage it is both unnecessary and unpleasant to speak at length; for it was in a character entirely unworthy of his former renown, and is connected with a passage of our national history on which no true patriot can reflect without humiliation. When in 1794-'95, the insolent Frenchman, Genet—supported, it must be confessed, by some of our own statesmen high in station—attempted to establish a proconsulship in the United States, and to reduce our country to the rank of a mere satellite of the French Republic, George Rogers Clarke accepted at his hand a commission of Major-General in the armies of France, and Commander-in-Chief of an expedition to be organized in violation of the laws of his country, and in defiance of the proclamations of Washington, for the purpose of attacking the Spanish provinces in the South. A proclamation, which, it is to be hoped, was not Clarke's composition, was issued in his name, offering the plunder of an inoffensive people as a bribe to the reckless adventurers of the West to enlist under the tricolored flag. A counter-revolution in France, however, saved Clarke from the disgrace of carrying out this programme, and merging the character of a patriot-soldier in that of a filibustering adventurer. The party that had been raised to power in Paris by the revolution of Thermidor disavowed all the acts of Genet and his agents, and annulled the commissions granted by him; and Clarke again sank back into the obscurity from which he had thus been for a short time elevated.

Though still a comparatively young man, disease and premature decrepitude had already seized upon him. Rheumatism, that fell foe of the early pioneers, followed by partial paralysis, reduced him to a state of almost childish helplessness. But still he lived on until he had seen the country, whose bounds he himself had carried to the Mississippi, extended to the Pacific; and until he had seen another accomplish the designs which he himself had so ardently wished to attempt—the final annihilation of the British influence in the Northwest. The country whose struggle for existence he had witnessed and assisted in youth had become the undisputed mistress of the New World; and was just taking its place as one of the great powers of the earth when his own existence terminated.

He died of paralysis in February, 1818, at his residence near Louisville—the city which he himself had founded forty-eight years before. His remains lie interred at Locust Grove, where the stranger will in vain seek for a monument worthy of his fame; for none such marks the resting-place of the illustrious founder of Kentucky.

CHARTY SPANGLER.

I.

A QUAIN Cape cottage sitting low on the sand, the doors painted blue, the house rejoicing in a dull red coat that contrived some way to grow brilliant wherever the green vines of the morning glory lay against it. Hollyhocks budded by the door, swinging censers without perfume, but rich in color and dew-sparkles, healthy, straight-backed, and proud of their strength. A great cluster of lilac bushes, the hardy first-fruits of purple and white spring, threw odorous breaths in at the windows, but they were losing their bloom, preparing for their long sleep till the snow should come and melt again.

A narrow path, fringed on each side by gooseberry bushes, and low trailing vines, that flourished without fear of gardener's gleaming shears, led to the gray boulder that served for a threshold, and that was hoary with the tread of venerable men. On each side of this stone, beyond the slight, ornamental herbage, the grass grew undisturbed for some distance, till it was checked again by straggling bushes that seemed almost viciously to strike against and into the wide crevices of a mottled wall, built irregularly of rocks, and tasteful with tufts of many-colored mosses.

The Cape houses are by no means complicated in their interior arrangements. The one of which I speak was the residence of old Captain Spangler, a man long laid by from the occupation of his life by age and infirmities. Much misfortune had the Spanglers known. Of twelve children only one survived, and she had nearly brought the gray hairs of her parents with sorrow to the grave. They were famous as a hard-featured race, but little Charty Spangler, the last born, possessed a beauty as peculiar as it was eminent. There was no regularity about her face: it was all wavy lines and transient touches of fire and color, that on some occasions gave a splendor to the countenance beyond description. One gazed upon her as the traveler upon the blooms of the southern hemisphere—soul and eyes dilating with wonder and admiration, but dumb from very love, very reverence and worship.

"Where did Charty Spangler git her beauty from?" cried old man and matron, as they met her, gay in blue ribbons, walking through the sand on a sunny Sunday morning. And well they might ask, contrasting that sparkling face with the sallow visage of Captain Spangler, who hobbled along leaning on his cane, or the face with disjointed features, tortured with "rheumaty" belonging to the dear old dame, "Aunt Gerty Spang," as she was called by the whole town. After Charty's birth it was said it became the old man's ruling desire that she should live to grow up. All his prayers were colored by that solicitude. He wrestled with the Lord, that he would save one human prop for his old age. In the green church-yard, deformed by

many a gray cherub whose stony ugliness must have troubled the rest of an innocent babe below, eleven little mounds, linked mournfully together by shining chains of grass and flowers, told how his hopes had perished, one after the other, as the baby heads were lowered to their cold pillows of clay.

Neale Conrade, a stalwart, brown-eyed fellow, had been to sea before the mast, and now in his eighteenth year stood among the officers of the good ship *Clyde* first mate. Neale was not particularly handsome, but there was an element of power in his face—a repose, a grandeur of expression that atoned fully for the lack of conventional polish, the absence of symmetry. From the time he left New Town till he achieved at so youthful an age his proud position he had loved little Charty Spangler. For her sake he had deserved distinction—for her sake he had determined to make himself famous. She was only fifteen, but very mature. Having been the sole companion and confidante of her parents, their age and experience had grafted something of wisdom upon her few years, and Charty was a "little woman." Even the sunny curls, falling in masses of golden gleam upon her fair neck, veiling the eyes of such liquid blue, were not accounted so very girlish—Charty was "uncommon for her age."

On a sunny December morning there was a sad little scene in the parlor of the very red house of which I spoke at the commencement of my story. It was a long, low-ceiled room, boasting of a real "three ply," nondescript figures crawling over a crimson ground, and real stuffed chairs. The rocker stood primly in its corner, ornamented with an enormous tidy. Warm hues of red and yellow glorified the chimney-board, and at its feet sat, with the old dignity of ocean cleaving to them still, four enormous conch shells. The mahogany table was garnished with china asters and colored grasses falling from a blue vase; flowers of various hues grouped themselves at forlorn distances on the dingy wall-paper, and curtains of a bright pattern graced the narrow windows. The rocker was still vibrating, and its tidy had fallen in hopeless folds to the floor. Charty stood near the door, hiding her face in her handkerchief, and Neale Conrade, with one of her hands locked in his, stood like a young god triumphant, though the sorrow of parting dimmed his brown eyes.

"It takes away half the anguish, Charty, this knowledge that you do love me," he said, gazing tenderly down on the bright, bowed head. "Three years is a long time, to be sure, but then I may come home captain, you see, or be able to command a better ship than the *Clyde*. Oh, Charty, darling! with what dread have I looked forward to this hour: and I was a coward to the last, and acted like one, did I not? However, it's all right between us; and you are sure, very sure, you love me?"

"Oh, very sure," she said, softly, lifting her tearful eyes.

"You have seen so few young men, Charty,

only our Cape people, that sometimes I dread, if accident should throw you into the great, strange city, some one, brilliantly handsome and rich, Charty, may rob me of you. Darling, I love you so much that the mere thought is agony, and, I am sure, it would kill me."

"If you don't die before that happens you have a great many years before you," said the beautiful girl; thinking, as she spoke, that nowhere in the whole wide world could she find another whom she would deign to compare with the strong, great soul that looked lovingly from those brown eyes. A breeze at the open window put aside the rustling curtain, and broad masses of sunlight and shining green and flashing marigold-hues broke upon the vision. Neale turned quickly, the light was so strong. "Ah! I sha'n't look from that window again for one while," he said, softly.

"But how I shall watch for your return!" Charty whispered, bashfully—the color deepening on her cheek. *How* she should watch she little dreamed!

"Watch every night, if for a moment only, and say to yourself, 'Some day I shall see him coming up that little path,' and I shall be happy: for *I* shall remember, and think as I watch the light of the stars trailing along the ocean, Charty speaks of me; hopes to see me again."

"Three long years," murmured the young creature, her lips quivering.

"Yes, Charty, it is a great while; yet some way the time slips on almost before you know. You cease to count the months and the weeks; you begin instead to reckon the days and the hours. Oh, Charty, darling! after all, it won't be so very hard—if only you won't forget me."

It was not long after that old Captain Spangler stood on the door-step, shading his eyes as he looked after the retreating form of his favorite sailor-boy, and Charty had thrown herself in the rocker to have one last good cry that day.

"Charty, child, you know we've got them barberries to pick."

So said her mother, putting her honest old face in at the door—stepping farther into the room of shadows.

"Yes, mother, I'll come in a minute."

"She don't often say that, poor girl; but I know how it is: she needs occupation to keep her mind clear. Nothing like setting yourself about something—I've always found—and dear knows I've had need of it."

How the child-faces thronged in her vision!

In came Captain Gross. He lived where the surf sometimes beat against the ragged wall that bounded his little garden, and within sight of the strong iron light-house.

"Oh, Cap'n, walk in; Charty, git a chair for Cap'n Gross. Well, Sir, and how does things go daown your way?"

"Well, putty much same's ever, Cap'n Spangler—comin' an' goin', goin' and comin'. S'pose you knew the *Clyde* went aabout yesterdy; course you did, though," added the fat old Captain,

with a succession of energetic nods and winks in the direction he imagined Charty to be standing. She had gone out, however, swallowing a great sob that seemed as if it wanted to choke her.

"Sartin', Cap'n Gross. She's got as fine a fust officer, and fust mate, too, as ever handled lines aboard any ship. The Lord bring her back in safety! She's gone on a long cruise."

"So she has. Brother Dilway—Deacon Dilway, that is—he spoke of 'em last night in Conf'rence meetin'. You know the Cap'n's pious, and asked for prayers. He didn't forgit to send up our partitions; and I don't doubt but the Lord'll take her under His special protection—particularly as the Cap'n's pious—

"He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides atop the storm,"

you know the hymn says. It's a wonderful providence how so many ships comes back when you think of the dangers of the briny ocean. You and I know all about that, hey, Cap'n Spangler?"

"Ay! I've been on a lee-shore more'n once."

"So have I, Cap'n; I tell you, that lee-shore, them breakers, looking like hell's open mouth yawning to gulp down poor souls, is terrible places, Cap'n. Many's the time I've said in my heart, Well, Betsy, good-by. The Lord grant you're sleeping comfortable in your bed, while your poor husband is a staring death right in the face and eyes. There's nothing ashore eal to it, Cap'n; no man knows the meaning of them words, Death's jaws, till he sees the great jagged stones, like so many divel's teeth, standing up out o' the white foam, while the moving waters makes 'em look as if they was snapping and gnashing to git a grind at you. Well, Cap'n, we've done with them things, eh?"

Captain Spangler drew a long sigh—whether of regret or relief we shall never know, for at that moment a tall, gaunt sailor-man appeared, walking leisurely up to the door. In another moment he had entered.

"Hello! Abel Stevens, old chap!" shouted Captain Gross, seizing the long yellow hand of the skipper. "You must a hove in view in a mighty short space of time. I ain't been here half an hour yet, and there wa'n't a sight of you when I started."

"Jest this moment inshore," said the man, with a slow, heavy accent. "I've got to say that the *Three Marys* has brought a passenger; and I s'pose you've got a spar room for him, Cap'n Spangler?"

This he said making great bulges in his cheek as he rolled his quid from side to side, shaking Captain Spangler's hand as if it were the paw of a Newfoundland dog, and drawing up a heavy chair at one and the same time.

"Parsenger, eh?" cogitated Captain Spangler, who had eked out his slender resources from time to time by boarding visitors who came to the Cape. "Well, isn't it rather late in the season?"

"Rarther," spoke the skipper, broadly, "rarther; but this chap was sick when he came aboard

and thought only of the v'yge—was going back with us, d'ye see—takin' ship's fare—but a day or two ago he sprained his ankle, and it's gettin' wuss. He's got to have some tendin', ye know, Cap'n, and as he's a rich chap, why he'll pay accordin'."

"Who is he?" queried the Captain.

"Oh! fust-rate family—some of them Boston folks that live high, and no mistake. He's a pretty looking chap, too, only a little delikit for my notion. He's as white as a lily, but that's owing to the sprain. Well, what say, Cap'n Spangler? It'll be a nice little sum in your pocket, you know."

Whereupon Mrs. Spangler was summoned, and the conference ended by sending the skipper back with the encouraging news that Cap'n Spangler would give the invalid his best front chamber; and Mrs. Spangler, being famous for her knowledge of roots and herbs, would nurse him till he was able to walk.

In due time the invalid was brought to the door in a lumbering wagon and assisted immediately to his chamber, where Mrs. Spangler was in readiness to make him comfortable. Charty heard of his arrival with indifference; all her thoughts were given to poor Neale Conrade, who was by this time fairly out on the perilous ocean. She had less curiosity than most of her sex; so that she seldom asked any questions concerning the stranger, but went contentedly about her work.

"Charty," said her mother, one morning, "I do believe I shall have to lay by;" which "laying by" always meant with her confinement to her round of duties below stairs, and an unwilling removal to a little bedchamber opening out of the keeping-room, instead of her more spacious lodgings up stairs.

"Why, what's the matter, mother?" asked Charty.

"Oh, my rheumaty—it's gettin' into the knee-caps, and every step I take sometimes is like a knife running into 'em. If it wasn't for the gentleman up stairs, I wouldn't care. There ain't much I have to do, to be sure, since he's hired Melindy Perkins to come of mornings and do the dredgery; but his vittles must be carried up and his med'cine must be seen to."

"But, mother, why can't I do it for you?" queried Charty.

"Why, it don't somehow seem the right thing for a young gal to do; but then, you always was so womanly!"

"Is he an oldish man?" asked Charty, pausing a moment in her work.

"La! no, child; scarcely more'n a boy," was the quiet reply.

During this brief conversation the toast had taken on a spice color, and the small 'pat' of butter flecked the saucer of pure china like a bit of shining gold. Charty had been putting the coffee down to settle and cutting ham. Her arms were bare to the elbows. Of exquisite shape, they were only wanting in that softness of shade and brilliancy of polish that makes the more

delicate beauty of the city-bred. Her curls were tucked up so carelessly that here and there a stray ringlet fell like a spiral of thin flame, so intensely did it glitter in the sun as she moved to and fro. She had thrown a white handkerchief over her head, and tied it in a loose knot beneath her chin. A dress of neat blue calico, a white linen apron, and dainty shoes—for she was prouder of her foot than of her face—completed her attire.

"You'll have to go, Charty," said her mother, with a sigh. "You'll find the little table drawn up to the bed and the cloth handy. He's had a spell of fever, you see, and is jest gettin' over it. Tell him that I've got the rheumaty powerful bad, or I'd see to things myself."

So counseled, Charty took the small tea-tray with its toast and little delicacies, and throwing a snow-white towel over her arm she went slowly toward and up the stairs. Neither wonder nor pleasure, nor any other sensation stirred her breast—nothing filled it but thoughts of Neale and long stretches of gray-blue water, whose waves sent their curling crests up to the cabin-windows of the good ship *Clyde*. She saw only a brown and noble face wistfully turned homeward at every pause in duty; she thought what a slow weary waste of time it would be between the now and that future meeting—perhaps they might never see each other again.

The little chamber door opened upon white curtains and sunlight. All the simple finery of the house had been gathered in this east room; the vases on the mantle and window-ledge, the curiously braided mats, the choicest of tidies, the longest fringed valances. Charty's glance turned first to the high-posted old-fashioned bed. Two great blue eyes looked wistfully toward her from out a tangled mass of the lightest, brightest auburn curls, and a quick flush mounted to the cheeks below them. Charty had never seen any thing so purely beautiful in all her life. She felt like letting the tea-tray fall for a second, and snatching the handkerchief from her head, but she didn't. Her better sense led her with blushing cheeks straight up to the little round table, upon which she deposited the sick man's breakfast.

"Mother is not well, Sir," she said, modestly; "so I came in her stead."

"Thank you, Miss—what shall I call you?"

"My name is Charity, Sir;" she replied, blushing yet more deeply.

An almost imperceptible lifting of the thin, well-arched brows—a smile that few would have detected struggling along his lips at the sound of her homely cognomen. She saw it, however, bit her lip, and grew almost stately. In a moment her color was gone.

"Can I do any thing more for you, Sir?"

"Nothing more, I thank you;" he replied, in a changed voice, seeing the difference in her manner. "Give my regards to your kind mother; I'm very sorry she is ill, and hope it is not occasioned by her unwearied attentions to me."

"Oh no, Sir! it is the rheumatism; she has a spell every winter," said Charty, in her simple, quiet manner, and hurried from the room.

"Oh, charming rusticity!" murmured the invalid—"why, she's a perfect little beauty! an angel fledged in sand and red-brown shanties. Upon my word, I'm glad her mother is incapacitated. I shall have something to think of in this dull place, where the very sun looks blocky, and the color of the soil smutches every thing. To be sure the little goddess of this Cape Sahara turned statue-pale and cold when I laughed at her queer name—she's a quick-sighted little witch, and I must mind my P's, Q's, and all the other letters down to Zed, as she would say. Guy Sommers, it's for your advantage to be an interesting invalid as long as you can."

Down in the dingy kitchen, its low ceiling shutting in a clouded atmosphere of various steams, Charty flung herself, her lip quivering, her cheeks almost purple-red.

"Why, Charty, child, what is the matter?" Mrs. Spangler put down the horn-handled knife, also the bread with its heart of coarse, red wheat, and its surface of crisp crust, moving to the end of the table where Charty sat.

"I'm as good as he is, I guess;" and a short, sharp sob followed.

"Why, Charty, what did he say to you?"

"He laughed at me, mother—he sneered; I won't be laughed at, nor sneered at, no not by a king! I hate him; he's no gentleman."

"He shall leave the house, Charty, if he insulted you."

"Oh no, no, mother! Not that; I don't suppose he intended to wound my feelings, but he smiled in such a way at my name—my poor, homely name. I wish it had been any thing but Charity:" and a few tears followed.

"I say he sha'n't stay here if he acted in any way unbecoming. He was uncommon pleasant with me, though," added the good woman in a softened tone.

"I s'pose I'm foolish," half sobbed poor Charty, thinking again of the almost girlish face and the white hands—white, slender, and waxen—lying outside on the home-spun quilt. "Maybe he couldn't help it. Charity *does* sound strange, even to me—Charity is so much more natural."

"Well, I must try to hobble up myself, I s'pose; it won't do for you to feel this way every time you tend him," sighed Mrs. Spangler.

"No, mother, I must get over being so foolishly sensitive. He spoke so prettily of every thing—sent his regards to you—said he was sorry you were sick; but somehow I felt badly, you know, and every thing worried me—has for two or three days. I'll try and not be so ridiculous."

"I dar' say, Charty, he liked you very much, for every body does, if it's I that tell of it. He ain't used to country-folks, perhaps, and our good old-fashioned Bible-names sounds outlandish to him. There comes par; set the coffee on, Charty."

In hobbled the old Captain, his nose and cheeks bitten red by the frosty air. He hung his woolen

cap on its accustomed peg, asked after the sick man, drew up a chair blackened by age though not weakened through infirmity, and standing reverently at the head of his family, called for the blessing of God on his humble household, fare. As for Charty she at length summoned courage to mount the stairs again and get the breakfast-things; but this time the white kerchief was pinned about her fair neck, and the glossy curls hung in their rich abundance over the pretty temples. Guy had been studying his part. His manners were as courteous, as reverential as if she were the finest lady in the land. The languor of illness imparted a dreamy softness to his countenance, and the eyes seemed lazily floating like pearls with purple tints in a sea of liquid crystal. He was not even familiar as one might be with his nurse. In a melodious accent the homely name Charty fell from his lips: it was "Miss Charty, will you please favor—or may I trouble you—it is really asking too much—Oh, I thank you, I thank you!"—almost an excess of grateful enthusiasm.

At last she was rather happy when she thought of it. Like a sweet air that lingers and shapes itself in beauty out of every memory, the words dwelt in her mind. She was less in the kitchen, and began to study the shape of her fingers, the softness of her complexion, with unwonted assiduity. In her dreams the good ship *Clyde* melted away like a phantom, and the dark face of true and tender Neale Conrade grew as a shadow on her deck; she pictured it no longer gazing with loving eyes Capeward, dwelling with quick beating heart upon her fair words to him; she even grew impatient if she found the matter troubling her mind. Fair, fickle, false Charty Spangler! Her mother had given her much of the money devoted to the board of the stranger—"for the poor girl must grow foot-sore," she said to herself. "He seems to want so much more tending and fussing than he used ter," she added; "but that's always the way when folks are gittin' well—they're so partickler. It's enough to wear Charty clean out."

Charity looked as if she were wearing well, however. Never before was seen so fervid a sparkle in her bright eye; never so gentle a smile on her sweet lips. Love had brought all his graces and showered them upon her. Wrapped in his mantle, there was a softness about the outlines of her figure that was never visible before. ("Folks" thought it was because the girl had such beautiful new dresses.) Crowned with his golden tiara, her brown locks received a splendor that seemed at times to drop showers of amber and gleams of paler light. Her manner became strangely winning, so that her old father, her old mother, felt new joy in her presence, gloried in her more splendid beauty, and in their aged hearts knelt down and worshiped her. So the stranger of a day had stolen the bloom and freshness of a memory that had been for years growing in her soul—as if it were but the froth and sparkle of wine, he had blown it away.

One afternoon, when the spring sun, warmer and redder in its flush, as if it had come from a land of flowers, burst in at all the windows, it brightened up the pale, beautiful face of Guy Sommers. Guy had thrown himself back in the large lounging-chair, and for a moment a shadow that was born of some anguished thought darkened his brow.

"I am doing wrong—I know I am. I am a cursed coward, a scheming villain; and yet I know not how to stop. The weakness of an irresolute will was ever mine—and—oh! Charty, poor little wild-flower! how have I done by you! I dare not undeceive you; I can not lose you—Hark! it is her step!"

He did not lift the languid head—the soft curls grown during his illness lay like clouds of corn-silk clinging to the bright blue covering of the enormous chair. His whole face grew new with a strange fire, a passionate flame playing and quivering through every feature. Charty entered. She, too, came sailing through the intense yellow light, herself a sunbeam; and his breath grew shorter as she drew near him.

"Well, Charty, have you considered?"

A fond, proud smile it was that fell upon her as she nestled close to his feet.

"I want to look at those faces again."

He placed a small box in her hands. From it she drew out two jeweled cases and opened them. The one was the transcript of a haughty face, framed in curls of purple-black; the other that of an elegant woman, fair even in the dead ripeness of age, with eyes like Guy's own, and light, satiny hair. Rich lace hung over the brow and the neck in folds, and the brocaded silk wore a lustre as if the loom and not the artist had produced it.

"And these are your sister and your grandmother. How very proud they look!" said Charty, sorrowfully. "What would they think of a poor little country-girl like me?"

Again a spasm passed over the brow of Guy Sommers.

"Think? why, that you are a Cape jasmine," he said, playfully, her innocent, upward glance disturbing the phantoms that played, cloud-like, over his countenance—"a pretty flower springing up in the sand, and all the more to be prized for its rareness and beauty. They'll think of you as you deserve, my pet bird—my pink rose. Trust me when I tell you so."

"But Guy, dear Guy, it has made me so wretched to think how imperative it is, as you say, for me to leave my home clandestinely. I believe we can dwell upon a terrible thought till it loses half its horror, for when you first spoke to me of it I shuddered from head to foot, and it was not possible for me to consent. Now—God forgive me—oh! no—it's no use—I *can't* leave them—I must *not* be willing."

Guy saw that he had gained his point. He stroked the glistening hair, though the long white fingers trembled; he murmured in her ear—the phantom-ship had quite passed from the sea of her treacherous memory—the fine,

dark, sailor-face was now as a canvas cut from its frame and turned to the wall. The picture might be reversed some time.

II.

"I don't believe it! I won't believe it!" said Captain Gross, stoutly.

"It's true, father; Jerry came home with it last night."

"I tell you she was in Conf'rence meetin'; didn't I see her there myself?"

"Yes; but, father, that was just the way 'twas done. She slipped out somewhere about eight—hurried to the wharf—jumped into a boat—he was aboard—and off they went together. Old Miss Spangler, and Cap'n too, didn't know nothing about it till to-day. They thought she'd gone to set up with Miss Brown—she that's dying with consumption. I expect it's a house of mournin' at old Cap'n Spangler's to-day."

"The Lord have mercy!" cried Captain Gross, his great chest heaving with unrestrained sobs; "Cap'n's the dearest friend I've got; but I wouldn't see him now for a million. Oh, pity, pity!" and groaning with heart-felt sorrow, the old man leaned forward, burying his face in a huge bandana handkerchief. His daughter, meantime, tied a moon-faced baby in its straw chair and glanced with sad eyes toward her father, over whom great waves of sorrow seemed to surge, for he was certainly weeping.

The whole town was in trouble. Every fireplace was a convention, and young and old discussed the matter with pale faces and frightened eyes.

"Why, what has she done, suppose she has gone away?" asked a little sunny-haired lassie of fifteen.

"She has done such a terrible thing that if you were to meet her here to-morrow you should not so much as look at her," said her stern, Puritan mother. "You must never take her name on your lips. She has ruined herself, broken the hearts of her parents, and disgraced us all, for who did not love and care for Charty Spangler? Oh, Anne, may we see you in your grave rather than left to that terrible sin!—that's my prayer, the prayer of your mother."

The child shrank away in terror from those cold eyes and the lowering brow of the Deacon's wife; went by herself to muse and wonder what this sad thing might be.

Alas for the aged Captain and the old wife! A winter more piercing, more desolating than that which heaped snows about their dwelling lay within their home, about their hearts. At first, they would not believe the girl had gone. Their Charty—their beautiful, loving child—the only rose in their garden—maddening thought!—could she leave them for a stranger? No, no; it was a cruel mistake of the messenger—it was all a delusion—Charty would come back. She had gone to a neighbor's—had overslept herself; they should see her soon; and the old Captain took his walking-stick and hobbled to the door; out past the ghostly bushes, just gather-

ing a few shreds of raiment from the sun, that hung palely over the pastures, brightening not deepening the faint blue of the sky; down into the road, where, when a neighbor met him, the pitying look of the face, the quiet, measured shake of the hand, almost broke his heart.

Home again went the old bowed head, and "It's too true, mother, our child's left us!" burst from his lips prolonged in sob and groan, while she fell back ghastly and stiff.

Well, some neighbors came in because they must. The desolating storm swept every hope away, and left the old people wrecks upon the slow tide of life. They were bowed to the very earth. They could not bear the gaze of any living soul, they said; so their seat in the old Cape Meeting-house was never occupied. How many, as they glanced toward it, thought of the almost angel-face that used to look up over the rude moulding and smile at every thing in sight, even at the grim countenance of Elder Seekless, with the ghostly bands hanging under his heavy chin. They spoke of her now with contempt and loathing; they had no words of pity. To them she was a sinner above all others; an outcast from every good thing. Not so with the two poor souls who bowed themselves night and morning in prayer for the erring child, as two slow years went by.

"If she'd come back, John—if she'd only come back, we'd love her again, wouldn't we, John? She's our only child, you know; spared to us after so much tribulation, after so many sorrows. Oh! John, we'd welcome her; we'd take care of her, wouldn't we?"

"I wonder who else would?" the trembling voice responded, while heavy tears rolled down the hollows worn by years and grief. "Yes, I wonder who else would if we wouldn't?"

It was a cold night in December. The flame of the wood-fire painted uneasy shadows on the white walls—where the smoke had left a background for them—and a strange stillness, almost like the hush of death, reigned through the household. The little parlor closed upon darkness that held no ghost save that of memory. In the corner sat the rocker with the tidy hanging over the back. The chairs were left just as she arranged them for the last time, only a chill of winter air hung over all. It was touching to see the poor old couple sitting by the kitchen fire, hand in hand. She had been quite ill, and he, hobbling round as best he could, had tended her lovingly. That the poor Captain's heart was broken any one might perceive by one glance at his sorrowful face. It was literally a transcript of long-concealed agonies held down by a will of iron—the will of the quarter-deck.

It was not a shadow of the fire that glided grayly from a crouching posture in the corner, and with ghostly tread, save that it was weak and faltering, trembled to the space behind the chairs of the two old people. There it stood, tangible, yet solemnly and strangely unreal; long drapery falling from two outstretched arms—

outstretched as if eager to fold those gray, bowed heads; but it still seemed so wan, so spirit-like, that one could almost see the fire through it. Long it wavered there—the head drooping—the frame shivering—and then a great sob sounded—

"Father!—mother!"

And the shadowy figure sank down, down, as if life were leaving it throb by throb, until, the white hands resting one on each aged shoulder, poor Charty Spangler sank to the very ground.

Oh! the cry that went up, wild with anguish but human with love. It was their lost child, her garments crusted with the snow, her fair hair not curling now, but plastered straight to her forehead by the driving storm she had traveled through, and in her large eyes a look of dumb despair.

"Can't you speak, Charty? Can't you say a word, dear?" cried the old mother, her broken voice changed by shrill sobs. "The dear lamb! Help me to lift her, John. Don't turn away. She's ours—our own! God gave her, spared her. What is it, mother's blessed?" she murmured in words of endearment, as if in her heart she were fondling the babe that nineteen years ago lay a helpless, waxen thing over her strong heart. The white lips parted; language hovered over them as a scared bird, then fled afrighted. Presently one tremulous sound echoed along the pale mouth—once so rosy—and though it was like a moan, they shaped it into the word "Hunger!"

"Good Heavens, John, she's fainting—hunger! Go quick—get the milk, father—get—any thing—all the food you can find! Mother's blessing!" she fondly cried, tears and sobs almost choking her, while Captain Spangler hobbled away, in his bewilderment opening the cellar door, down which he would have fallen but for the quick cry of his wife.

There was no rest for the two poor old people till morning. Then, when the gray-white shadows of the coming dawn clouded the dim rays of the night-lamp, Charty told her sad story.

"And you wrote all those letters? We never got one—no, not one;" cried the old mother, distractedly.

"And you believed yourself married all this time till the day you started for home?" It was the old father's voice, trembling with love and anguish.

"Before Heaven I did, father!"

The old wife sought the eyes of her husband; tears, bitter tears, had brimmed them, and each time-worn cheek was channeled with the waters of their grief.

"Father, we never found her in a lie."

"No, Gerty, we never did." And overcome by this sweet proof of their child's honesty, they fell forward into each other's arms, gray hairs and tears and sobbing articulations mingling with the low cry that burst from Charty's lips—"Oh, thank God! they do believe me."

"Charty Spangler has come home!"

The news ran through the town like wild-fire.

Shades of blue, green, and yellow diversified the cold visages of the Cape women. They shook their heads; they clashed their knitting needles; they pursed up their prim mouths, and set their faces as flints Charty-ward. Do not judge them too severely. It was their strong love of virtue that made them over-just. They never reflected that through this humiliation, this crushing sorrow, a soul might be saved. They were like the shore on which they were born, girt in by strong religious prejudices, as they by brown, sand-ribbed rocks."

"I wonder if she expects any of us to visit her?"

"If she does she's mistaken;" answered the good, severe wife of Deacon Dilway, glancing uneasily at her daughter Anne, whose scarlet cheeks betrayed her more womanly knowledge, though averted eye and occupied manner made her seem unconscious. "Anne, child, you remember Charty Spangler?"

"Yes, indeed, I guess I do. How beautiful she was! I used to think she looked like an angel."

"But the angels fell once from their high estate and became devils." This her aunt said with not a little asperity, rocking to and fro, reeling white yarn from the high points of an old pilgrim chair.

"Human beings may repent, aunty," said gentle Anne.

"They *may*!" and bitter was the accent. "I sha'n't countenance her, though, till I know she's thorough. It's proof enough to me of her wickedness that she tries to make people believe that she thought she was married—a likely story. Why didn't she come like the prodigal son, confessing all? Then I'd a had some faith in her. Heaven save us from contamination with what she's likely been! And to think how poor old Cap'n Spangler used to pray the Lord for that girl!"

"Hurrah! *Clyde's* out in the stream!" shouted a tow-headed boy, flinging up his cap, displaying breadth and color that would have thrown a Flemish painter into ecstasies. The women looked at each other.

"He'll hear of it," whispered the Deacon's wife.

"The Lord pity him!" echoed her sister. "I wonder if the miserable creature knows it?"

The miserable creature was but too conscious. She was very weak and ill, and the good mother, strong in Christ, had made home seem as it did before the fall. Charty was placed in the capacious rocker—she had refused the bed-chair with strong shuddering—and drawn near the little window rich with sunlighted drops of crystal. The snow had not all gone. Like rounds of frosted sweets it lay here and there, its edges melting into dun and green. Afar off the blue horizon sparkled with cloud wreaths like silver, and faint suggestions of icy peaks outlined themselves on the far horizon. The blood had gone from Charty's wan cheeks—a colorless transparency as of death revived, yet touched with a certain lus-

tre, like that we see on the forehead of an innocent babe sometimes, made her face more than beautiful. She had confessed her whole transgression—a sinner not above all others, but terribly sinned against, and wearing the garments of penitence, as a saintly nun wears her shroud, that she may contemplate that which is beyond death. She did not know the *Clyde* was in—that its bright flag streamed from the straight mast—or that Neale had indeed fulfilled his prediction, and come home Captain Conrade.

So when she heard his stop on the path her heart stood still. "Help!" was the cry upon her lips. "Father, mother, I can not see him!" But the old Captain had gone out on his morning walk, and the old mother, singing,

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only thee;"

with high, wavering voice, sadly broken yet strangely rich through love and divine pity, rolled out paste for the Saturday's baking. Charty grew paler and colder as the step came on. One look through the window—before she had time to think, scarcely to breathe, he was at her side.

"Charty, my darling! I heard nothing of all this. How sick you have been! Thank God that I find you alive. Charty! no word of welcome for me?"

She had covered her face with the thin hands; she was quivering, gasping, dying, it seemed to her. How should she tell him? how gather her failing strength?

"Neale, oh don't; don't come any nearer to me. I have deceived—I am unworthy of you. When you know all, you will hate me. Go ask my mother: no, no; that will be killing her anew. Oh! God help me! what shall I do?"

He stood there in a mist of doubt and uncertainty that veiled him grayly. His florid cheeks had changed to the hue of ashes. His hand, still outstretched, grew rigid. What did she mean? Was that a posture his future wife should take? Charty—and—shame! he could not couple them together. She saw that in his look which humbled her more than the dread of confession—a beauty born of virtue and integrity—a nobility that brought back in wild, hot gushes the pure love of her other life—for she seemed to have endured two separate forms of existence.

Sternly he listened, his arms folded over his chest to keep down the laboring anguish.

"And is it for this I have cherished your image so sacredly!" he cried, in a tumult of passion. "Charty, I find that I am a proud man, very proud. I could not bear the humiliation—yes, *humiliation*—of a fate united to yours. If it kill me—for I *do* love you, Charty—God who has heard my prayers for you, who has seen my heart for three years, written all over with your name, knows that—if it kill me, I must live without you. Good-by, and Heaven forgive you, Charty Spangler—I can not."

Her mother came in five minutes after he had gone—came in still singing,

"The dearest idol I have known!"

stopped, drew her spectacles over her dim eyes—the poor girl lay across the chair as she had fallen—death could not have bleached her face whiter.

"The Lord has heard me—my idol is gone!" shrieked the poor woman.

Not yet. She lived to read, six months after, in the village paper, that the good ship *Clyde* was expected to sail for Europe, and Captain Conrade contemplated taking his young wife on the voyage with him. One sigh only told of the past—one spasm darkened the statue-like face.

"He could not have found a better wife or a sweeter than Anne Dilway," she murmured, crowding the tears back; "but oh! I wish he had forgiven me."

Pale and shining—for in her face was the peace of heaven, God had forgiven her!—Charity Spangler moved about her mother's dwelling an earth-bound angel. She it was who conquered their fear and softened their pride, leading them almost hand in hand back to the seat in the sanctuary. Intruding herself on no one's notice, she sat, and walked, wrapped in her cold serenity—fearless as unconscious, I was about to say, but she could not be unconscious of the virtuous scrutiny, the haughty forgetfulness, of those who had once spoken her name with pride. At home she moved quietly back and forth—taking the heaviest duties on her slender hands—lavishing all the now pure wealth of her love on the old parents, who spoke of her to each other as a saint, an angel, with reverent whispers. At last the world's great destroyer shook his heavy wings over the household, and the dews of death fell upon it. Then Charity strengthened the trembling hands—held upon her bosom the aged heads—whispered to them of pearly gates—clear rivers of crystal—golden streets and glory. How she seemed to lift the veil from the misty eyes, and point out the shining ones in flowing garments!

"The house is yours, Charity. God be with you, my own child. I've never been sorry I prayed for your life. Don't weep, dear; it—it won't be long, you know, and we—we'll watch over you."

"We," he said; for in another room the old wife's gray hairs glistened under her shroud-cap. A few neighbors were there, and they marveled at Charity's wonderful calm.

"Her heart is hardened, I'm afeared," muttered an old crone.

"Then Heaven grant that we may all have hard hearts," said the pastor, solemnly, who had stood by the dead, and they had not known it. "I tell you, sisters, before high Heaven, that young girl has redeemed herself. She has had no friend but God. You and I, Heaven forgive me! have turned unchristianly from her striving; and the fire of hell is cold to the fire of our persecution—our unkind unrelenting. From henceforth I am her friend, her father, and she shall

be my daughter. Yes, and I pity the man or the woman who can add the anguish-drop of even a cold word to her bitter sorrow."

They were very still after that; and there were two to watch till the grave-sod should be lifted.

Charity Spangler came back to the house where she was born, alone, after the funeral. She had been pressed by more than one near neighbor to go with them. Those who had looked upon her coldly came forward, took her passive hand, and, striving to speak, burst into tears. The contrition, the forgiveness, were complete—nothing was withheld. The old old men who had loved her father looked at the willowy figure, so shrouded in black, and tears streamed down their withered cheeks. They saw before them the innocent Christ-redeemed child of God; they remembered the sunny curls, the tender eyes, the prattling accents of the "old Cap'n's darlin'." So, though Charity went home alone, and, throwing herself upon her knees, cried out with uncontrollable anguish because she felt the sorrowful stillness, she bore with her the prayers, the love of many hearts, and imperceptibly they strengthened her.

She had accepted her lot. Only twenty-three—and the pulses of life throbbed strongly in all her veins. Her father had died at ninety—her mother at seventy; she had no reason to think the threads of her existence might be severed in an undue time, for hers was a long-lived race. Oh, what should she do? how wrap her mind in occupation that it might not beat with resistless longings for a future that might have been so wrapped in joy and beauty?

Looking over the paper one June morning, Charity suddenly sprang from her seat, while, involuntarily, her hand covered her heart.

The *Clyde* reported; the Captain bringing home the dead body of his young wife.

Oh, those heavy throbs! oh, the sickening desolation that fell over her like a pall!

Charity thought of the home soon to be shrouded in mourning. During the sad days that came after the first blow she kept the house, remained isolated and heart-wearied till the *Clyde* left for a foreign shore; and she had not once seen him, though she had heard of his quiet but deep sorrow. So he was gone again—gone a weary year, and Charity still remained in the little red Cape house. The sombre shadows of her dreary life were beginning to settle down upon her. There was no compensation in her lot save the love of Heaven. She had kept her beauty, but she no longer valued it—no longer gloried that her eyes were like stars, or her fingers slender and rosy-pointed. More than one good offer she had rejected—she thought to reject all.

One morning there came a letter whose superscription filled her with horror. She tore it open, ran a half-crazed glance over the contents. They softened her terrible resentment. He was dying—he the betrayer, the profligate, his fortune

gone, his mother and sister dead, his friends outraged, his humanity set at naught. He only wanted a line from her—would she forgive him? Oh! one word from her might allay the terrible flames of remorse that were burning in his soul.

It was pitiful. With trembling hand, and eyes glistening with such tears as she seldom shed now, she caught paper and pen, and traced the following:

"Go to God for mercy; I have forgiven you.

"CHARTY."

On that same night, while a strange fever sent throbbing heats along her veins, the village postman brought a second letter for Charty. Ah! that handwriting was as familiar to her as the other. She bowed her head upon it, and in her heart she prayed for strength; then opened it, her hands shaking, her eyes mist-covered. Thus it ran:

"ON BOARD THE 'CLYDE,' BOSTON HARBOR.

"DEAR CHARTY,—I went from you one day, five years ago, in anger. Instead of listening to the voice of my own conscience, my own judgment, I allowed myself, in the anguish of my heart, to be influenced by others, and I said I would never forgive you. With many of our town's people, I would not believe your story, although my very soul cried out against the unbelief. To-day I have seen a wretched sinner against God and you. My pride went out, my vengeance fell dead within me, as I witnessed the gloomy death-hour of the man who has cursed my life and yours. Charty, the man I saw to-day lying cold and rigid, the face made almost horrible by the shadows of remorse that the departing spirit threw over it as it fled from the body, was Guy Sommers. No hand ministered to him through love. He was like some poor wrecked ship, deserted to her fate. Oh, Charty, as I sit in my cabin, and hear the waters striking the sides of the vessel, each little wave seems to tell me that I have been a greater sinner than you. I will not enter into details. My wife, the innocent and beautiful girl whom her parents gave to my unhappy keeping is gone from me; she died far out at sea. Heaven knows that I did all for her that mortal man could do; it knows also into what depths of wretchedness my soul entered when I waked up to the truth that you were the only woman I ever loved. She was happy to the last—God be thanked! Her dying head was pillowed on my bosom; and since the time I saw the green grass cover her I have been an altered man. Now I come to you; I throw myself on your mercy. Charty Spangler, I can not live without you. In some mysterious way your presence haunts me—through the still night-watches—in the full glare of day. It was with me in the last storm, when death and destruction rode the waves together; and when I saw the hour in which I said, 'The next I shall be judged by the Eternal,' a pure white angel with your face, Charty Spangler, glided by on the raging waters. Charty, may I come back to you? As humble as before I was proud, I sue to you. Your answer will give me hope or despair. In ten days the *Clyde* sails. If I go in her without you, I take my final farewell of the land where I was born. Charty—blessed—blessed—may I come?"

NEALE CONRADE."

Ah! what happy tears fell on the paper, as with trembling hand she traced one word:

"Come.

"CHARTY."

Her soul was rich now, richer even than when laden with the wealth of hope and patience and sweet spiritual desires. Heaven was her only goal, and all anticipation of earthly happiness put away from mind and heart; for its joy had the one drop wanting that now brimmed it, shining with a jeweled splendor on the crystal cup

of her desire—the honest love of a true and noble man.

So the cabin of the good ship *Clyde* was from henceforth her throne.

WHAT IS BEST?

I.—WHICH IS PRELIMINARY.

I HOPE every body who sets out to read this story is familiar with the little child's game called "Simon." There is a kind of philosophy in all games, as there is in every thing else, if we could but see it; and this in particular always struck me as a very comical parody on that more mature game of "Follow my leader," which all the world delights to play at, whether the leader be Napoleon, or Mr. Genio C. Scott, who does the fashion-plates with so admirable a grace.

But I do not mean to drag the game of Simon in here on account of any philosophical principles which a crotchety man might pick out of it, as Jersey men pick pearls from decayed clams. The less as, like some stupid Jersey men, I should most likely cook my clam, and thus spoil my pearl. "Simon" comes appositely to me, because the man of whom I am about to write always seemed to me the veritable "old original" Simon—the ideal Simon, of whom all other five-year-old Simons are but the faint reflex; and because in this person's career I seem to detect certain progressive phases which are like nothing so much as the consecutive development of a well-played game of "Simon."

It is as well to own here, at the beginning, that the "hero" of this story is what we call in America a "literary man."

I have noticed that the American public is very fond of gossip about the private lives of great writers. When the beloved Irving died, there was scarce one of us poor devils but remembered or invented some pleasant little anecdote illustrative of his genial character; and even his family physician entered the lists with a pathetic and pathologic description of the disease to which the dear old gentleman succumbed; as though Providence had provided a special and entirely novel extinguisher to put out the lamp of so great a genius, leaving the vulgar rush-lights of common scribblers to be snuffed out in the usual way—with the fingers, so to speak. Now, it is of no use to kick against the pricks; and as it is so evidently the highest duty and business of a magazine writer to please his public, I have determined to communicate here some passages, hitherto unnoted, in the life of the only distinguished writer it has been my good fortune to know.

I met him first one evening at a party given by my good friend, Mr. Brown, in the Fifth Avenue (New York). I was listening to some of the brilliant sallies of the celebrated editor (and part proprietor) of the New York *Daily Golden Egg*, when he suddenly ceased speaking, and looking over my right shoulder toward a mid-

dle-aged, compactly-built, uncomfortable-looking man, dressed in a coat which made my hair stand on end by its frightful unfitness, said,

"Do you know who that is?"

"That?" said I; "no."

"That," said he, "is one of the great editorial lights of this country, and a most successful writer. It is the celebrated MacGurdigan."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed. "Do I see before me"—I had turned about, and was now facing the renowned personage—"do I see before me the great Stoffle MacGurdigan?"

Then, seized with an irresistible desire to know intimately one of the most remarkable men our country has produced, I said, catching the hand of my friend the editor,

"My dear Goose, do me a great favor: introduce me to a man whom I have heard so greatly admired."

Goose, who is as amiable socially as he is valorous editorially, at once complied with my wishes.

We were introduced to each other! I shook the hand which had penned lines whose matchless eloquence, stern patriotism, and great moral purpose have, in my humble opinion, never been excelled—no, not even by the immortal Tupper. The lustrous eyes of genius beamed a kindly look upon me. Need I add that I was happy?

It is the fate of greatness to be troubled by littleness. It is a misfortune that at our great parties undisturbed intellectual conversation, which is so delightful between friends, is almost impossible. (Mrs. Betsey, my wife, remarks here, parenthetically, that great parties are not given to promote precisely this object—but that is neither here nor there.) I was listening with rapt attention to the words of my distinguished friend, hoping to catch some sentence which I should treasure up hereafter (and perhaps publish at his death, in a little biographical sketch), when some intrusive and ill-mannered person touched him lightly on the arm, and, ere he could remonstrate, bore him off to a distant part of the room.

Thus concluded my first and only meeting with a man who is so often admired as among the chief of those few who have shed such a lustre upon our country's journalism.

And thus we complete this preliminary division of our history, and come, without farther delay, to the story itself—of which, however, I must first be permitted to say, that as the revelations I am about to make are necessarily sometimes unpleasant to the person spoken of—as are many revelations which the intelligent public buys and reads with the utmost avidity—and as I should grieve to have the revered MacGurdigan suspect me as the cause of any pain he may suffer in this case, I have requested the respectable editor of this Magazine to withhold my name from those emissaries of the goddess of Fame who, as I am informed, call upon him monthly to gain that knowledge which enables them to praise or damn impartially each article as it appears, and with-

out the preliminary trouble of reading it. For though, as a rule, I abhor the absurd anonymous system now in vogue in the Magazines—whereby one man becomes as good as another, and sometimes a great deal better—I own that in peculiar cases—as this—it has its conveniences.

And thus we come at last to the beginning of the game.

II.—IN WHICH "SIMON SAYS SHOW YOUR HANDS."

STOFFLE MACGURDIGAN, Esquire, was born in Peoria, a place which has furnished most of our country's great men. This fact is not a very important one; but it is the duty of a biographer, not only to be fully informed, but also to make evident this fullness to his readers; and moreover, the Peorians, among whom this Magazine has a great circulation, will feel flattered by the mention of their cherished home in its pages.

It was while he was at college that young Stoffle gave the first indications of genius. These preliminary sparks were drawn out by a young lady of the place, whom the boys used to call a flame of his. She was a pretty girl, Lucy Jones by name, who had been predestined by her parents to catch an undergraduate; and who made the best of her fate by wounding and capturing that one who seemed to her the finest fellow in the class, which was the *Senior*, when Cupid lent her his bow and arrows.

There were twenty-six *Seniors* to choose out of; and she chose Stoffle.

There were sixty-nine marriageable young ladies to choose from (leaving out of the account twenty-five who had already made up their minds, and one hundred and thirty-three who were yet in short dresses, and flirted with the *Juniors*, and made faces at the *Sophomores*). And Stoffle chose Lucy Jones.

Whose love was the greatest?

Young men dream dreams; and all the more and all the better when they have a young woman to help them. These two, you may be sure, went into the castle-building line very strongly.

They were poor. And surely there is no such architect as poverty.

They were deeply in love. And surely there is no such decorator as love.

They were young. And surely there is no such landscape gardener as youth.

What splendid castles they did build! What superb views! What magnificent distances! For in Spain, you must know, every castle is placed on top of a mountain; and though the view immediately below is somewhat obstructed by a kind of pleasant Indian-summery haze, if you look far enough away every thing at once becomes clear and bright, and as glorious—as glorious as you please to imagine it.

Meantime the Senior year was drawing to a close, and the question What to do? began to urge itself with an irritating pertinacity which interfered a good deal with the pleasures of architecture. When a young man has the world be-

fore him to choose from, and a pretty girl's happiness depending on his choice, it is not so easy to decide what is best. There were projects—and projects. Of course Stoffle was not going to be a shoemaker. They do not waste four years in college to fit themselves for shoemaking—I wish they did. And this being thus out of the question, there remained only the ministry—for which Stoffle did not feel a particular “call;” medicine—which involved three or four years farther study, and an indefinite postponement of connubial bliss; and the law: but think of the lawyers' shingles, thick as clap-boards in a Down-East village, which disfigure all our business streets! And then—

“Why then—of course! Why did not we think of it before? Was not Stoffle the best writer in his class? And was not there literature?”

To be sure—that was just it! It *is* such a comfort, just when you have stumbled upon a dreadful dilemma with three horns, each of which looks disagreeably sharp, to come suddenly upon a fourth horn which is two-pronged, and receives you in its soft arch without trouble or goring.

So there was literature—and Stoffle should be a literary man. That was settled at any rate. Then by-and-by he would write essays and books, which would give him reputation, and some day he would come back and lecture before the Lyceum in the old college-town—and would not that be fame? and would not that be happiness? thought dear Lucy Jones; who had a very beautiful castle built in a minute, on the very highest peak in all Spain, and standing on its roof looked all over the world at once, and saw only every where, covering the sky above and the trees below, large posters announcing in red letters that “Stoffle MacGurdigan, Esquire, the celebrated author and popular lecturer, would deliver the opening lecture of the course on” and so forth, and so forth.

Now there is a vagueness about this term “literary man,” which is exceedingly charming to almost every body. “What does so-and-so do?” “Oh, he is a literary man!” And then you have settled the matter. That includes fame, and money, and friends, and influence, and every other kind of happiness that the very robust imagination of full-blooded youth can think out.

As for bread and butter and new shoes for the baby—in Spain, it is well known, all the forests are full of bread-and-butter trees; and as for baby's shoes, why bless your dear soul, you must not look so very far ahead. Is it not known that every book makes the fortune of its author? Did not Cooper build a town? Did not Mrs. Stowe go to Europe in state? And are there not “Homes of American authors”? dear cozy places, with old-time traditions, and ivy, and flowers, and a lawn, and a carriage-house in the distance? And shall there be no more cottages on the Hudson?

Nevertheless, if you look into the matter a little, you will find that Professor Longfellow is a teacher; and Mr. Bryant is an editor; and

Mr. Hawthorne was very glad to exchange the “Old Manse” for Salem Custom-House, and that for the Liverpool Consulate; while I—if you must know it, Madame—I am a tailor. A fashionable tailor, of course; none of your vulgar snips. When you come down to Franklin Square, the Editor of this Magazine will be glad to hand you my business card; and if you meet him going to church on fine Sundays, you can see one of my most stylish coats—and please to call your husband's attention to the graceful swing of the tails. It is a new cut, invented for me by a poor devil in my establishment, and which I have patented.

So dear Stoffle should be a literary man. That was certainly best; and when it was settled a great weight of responsibility was taken off Lucy's mind. For, of course, she felt responsible for Stoffle's future; and this vexatious question of “What to do?” had given her some sleepless nights. And now it was settled so nicely!

For, after all, lawyers are notoriously selfish creatures, and often have to make wrong right, and right wrong; and physicians seem to grow callous to suffering, and besides never have a real spare hour, and may be called out at any time of night, which is not comfortable to look forward to. And as for preachers—to be sure that is to be great and good: but then preachers *are* a little stiff and all that; and society forbids them to dance and do other pleasant things which society does not deny itself. But a “literary man!” That was just the thing! There was leisure, and culture, and freedom. And what a noble field for doing good! thought dear sweet Lucy Jones.

(Of course the thing was out of the question, because I was only a beginner in business then, and had but a small shop in a poor street, and was not yet famous for my cut or for my occasional literary labors; and Lucy Jones and her people would have laughed in my face had they suspected it: but in those days, when Lucy's nice face went past my shop window, with a kind of sweet glory of humble happiness and sunny glad good-nature lining her bonnet, I used to wish that I too was a Senior in college; and my heart would go pitapat, and my needle *would* jag my fingers, in spite of myself. I was even ass enough once to trust her brother for a suit of my best broadcloth, and lost my bill, as I deserved. Of course I do not bear malice toward Lucy. But that is neither here nor there—as I tell Mrs. Betsey when she wants to interfere with the shop—as the best of women will sometimes.)

“What a noble field for doing good!” said she to Stoffle, as they talked over his future, which was now so pleasantly settled. So many wrongs in the world yet to put down with his brave and eloquent pen. So many brave thoughts, which should strengthen the weak and encourage the weary on the way of life. So wide a field! and then she felt, away down in her loving heart, a secret fear, by no means to be expressed lest it should discourage this puissant

young knight—a secret fear lest all the wrongs should be righted ere he could fairly buckle on his armor and make ready to charge with his goose-quill—lest the devil should die before this, her saint, got one good blow at him.

A few weeks before Commencement they called together one evening at the house of the President, the Reverend Doctor Wiseacre; and how Lucy's heart beat when the kind old gentleman—whom every young man and maiden in the town loved as a father—said, "Well, Stoffle, pretty soon now you'll leave us. Have you determined what career to make for yourself, my dear boy?"

Stoffle hesitated a little, as was natural; but finally brought out his determination to take to literature.

The old gentleman's face shone with pleasure. "That is a noble thought," said he. "I wish more of our young men would turn their attention to letters. Business is very well, and for the majority commerce or a lucrative profession is best. But I sorrow to see the best minds I train up go out to seek gold, as though California were the nearest cut to heaven, and eagles the only birds to carry men to Paradise."

"And what branch of letters or study do you intend to pursue?" asked the old Doctor, presently.

"That is what I would be glad to have your advice on, Sir," said Stoffle, blushing.

There was a little pause, while the Doctor bent his head down and gently rubbed his eyebrows with his outstretched fingers—his way of exciting ideality and the other intellectual organs which phrenologists assure us lie near those parts.

"Well, my boy," was the reply after this little pause, "you have your living to make while you build up for yourself that edifice of fame from whose summit you will one day look down on us all. I think I should, if I were in your place, seek a connection with the daily press. It is not difficult, I believe, for educated young men, of good moral character, and who come well recommended (as it will be my care to see that you are), to obtain the place of reporter on a daily journal."

Stoffle looked down in silence and evident disappointment.

"A reporter!" exclaimed Lucy, who, though listening to Mrs. Wiseacre, had not lost a word of the other conversation. "Oh, Doctor! a reporter! why, Stoffle is going to be a poet!"

"All in good time, my dear," was the reply; "all in good time. We must not begin at the top of the ladder, you know—else the first step would be the last, and we should lose all the pleasure and advantage of the ascent."

"But a reporter!" reiterated Lucy, with a pretty pout; "why, any body can be a reporter!"

"My dear child," said the Doctor, "draw your stool up here. There, sit down just here; I want to tell you something." And looking kindly into the young girl's upturned face, and smoothing her fair hair, as she sat at his feet, the Reverend Doctor Wiseacre said:

"The daily newspaper of our day, my dear, is the Iliad of our age—only written up journal-wise, and by fifty Homers instead of one. Before you say 'only a Reporter,' think for a moment what is the work of which this lowly worker is to do his share. Consider the mighty influence of this Daily press—which has been called the Fourth Estate in England, where the London *Times*, by its Jove-like omnipotence of sway, has earned itself the name of *Thunderer*. Note how daily it brings all the affairs of all the world before that little world of highest intelligence which shapes the destinies of a century. See how its private enterprise shames the tardiness of government expresses, and corrects the blunders of official mismanagement. Read how daily it makes public what rogues and fools vainly strive to conceal; and giving honest news to all the world, thereby prevents those cheating combinations and wicked monopolies in politics and trade by which selfish men are ever ready to war against society for their own advantage. See this *Times*, or one of our own great dailies, marching on in its course, steadfast and calm, unmoved by the eager pressure of party interests, undismayed by the awful front of sudden and unlooked-for calamities; and in times of trouble, when events seem to have broken loose, and the majority of men are looking on with bewildered minds, incapable of right thought or judicious action, see this great guide and helmsman of the State moving unflinchingly in his course, never heeding the clamors of demagogues or the pulings of cowards; blown about by no stray winds of doctrine; holding ever his grand faith, that a principle is of more value and of greater power than any multitude of interests: possessing his iron soul in patience; willing to wait; believing in God; knowing that men strive vainly against His laws, and that only truth is simple, only truth is useful, only truth can conquer. Let us thank God that this daily paper is indeed not only the guide and helmsman of our civilization, but truly its ruler; the general who leads the front of battle—or, better (for this is but a sorry comparison), the architect who guides, according to the immutable principles of the universe, the innumerable army of workmen who are ever adding stone after stone to the great temple of our modern Christian Democratic Civilization.

"What are kings and councilors to this *Times*, which makes public their secrets before they have themselves guessed them? What are Presidents and would-be Presidents, eagerly seeking to mislead the public will to their own short-sighted and perverse theories—misstating facts and falsifying history—to this faithful monitor, who from his calm eminence speaks daily truth to waiting millions; with his little pellet of fact blows to the winds the fine-spun theories of scheming politicians; with his Drummond-light of common sense clears the horizon, however darkened by clouds of lies. How impotent the power of the mightiest self-seeking against this simple engine, whose daily breath is that never-perishing voice of the people, which is so truly the voice of God!

What Neapolitan dungeon of the Inquisition does not open to its talismanic touch? What secret of tyranny is safe from its searching gaze? What perfidious treason can gain head so long as this thousand-eyed watchman sits faithful at his post?

"The people which possesses but one such free press, honest, incorruptible, and sensible, is safe against all the mysteries of tyranny and all the wicked devices of misplaced ambition. One such free press may work a Revolution—one such free press may inaugurate a Reformation. As indeed, to my mind, old Luther was himself the father of daily journalism—the man who first proved to the world the vast power of an honest word, spoken in season and out of season, repeated to-day, reiterated to-morrow, spread every where, educating every man, even the lowest peasant, to think for himself. The constantly recurring numberless pamphlets of Luther were the germ of which our daily paper is the full-grown fruit; and Brother Martin was himself a model editor—scorning no topic, if only it illustrated a truth; thinking no game too small, nor too large; awed by no threats of consequences, to himself or to the world; puzzled by no sophistries; keeping fast hold of his torch of truth, brandishing it unceasingly in the faces of her opponents, and never swerving a hair's-breadth—in whatever hideous and devilish uproar—from that grand and simple faith in right, and in God, the father and defender of right, which alone upheld him, against Popes and Emperors and Kings, and all the forces which Satan anxiously brought forward to put down the terrible monk!

"Thus does the office of editor seem to me, my dear, the highest and noblest which a man may nowadays aspire to. He is the wise and brave general of an army in which the reporter is, to be sure, but a humble private—but remember that here, as in Napoleon's legions, every private (besides his rations of frugal but sufficient bread and cheese) carries in his knapsack a marshal's baton. 'Only a reporter,' my dear? Think again, if it is not an office worthy and ennobling in itself—even if it were not the first step on the way to the potent editorial chair; which I am sure no one will reach more speedily, or fill more worthily, than our Stoffle."

"Dearie me, what a lecture, Doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiseacre. "I'm sure I thought you were scolding poor dear Lucy. Don't mind him, my dear. I don't believe you understood half he said."

But Lucy did comprehend and believe all she had just heard; and with a soft sigh of regret at the vanishing picture of Stoffle the poet, she turned with renewed hope to the just rising image of Stoffle the editor.

"I am content, dear Sir, if only Stoffle thinks it best," said she, in her sweet, humble way, asking nothing for herself, but only for her hero.

And he, now seeing for the first time a practical opening into that jealous oyster, the world, was no less content to be "only a reporter"—de-

termining in his secret heart, however, to give still some spare hours to the Muse.

Thus was brought about Stoffle MacGurdigan's connection with the daily press—but for which I should have lacked a hero for this story; and thus we come to Part

III.—IN WHICH "SIMON SAYS UP."

I am not sure but the good old President made himself a little ridiculous to the well-informed reader (if I should chance to have such), when he expressed a belief that educated young men, of good moral character, and coming well recommended, were especially eligible to reportorial places on the Daily Press. The fact is, in the country a New York *daily* looks like a very tremendous affair, with a very tremendous purpose, and conducted with prodigious and never hesitating wisdom in all its branches; and simple country people, like our President, reasoning with too much literalness from apparent effects to quite impossible causes, easily persuade themselves that the *Daily Golden Egg* really contains a healthy embryo chick. In which belief they are confirmed by the persistent cackle of the editor, who, remembering that the voices of his family once saved Rome, magnanimously cackles away, for dear life, resolved that if Republics can be saved by so slight a means as this, ours shall at least last out *his* lifetime.

To prevent disappointment, and to keep away from the city the armies of well-educated young men with good moral characters, who so greatly abound in the rural districts, I think it proper to give notice that the Reverend Doctor Wiseacre was misinformed; and that no opening of the kind promises itself to the precise characters specified—who will find their best opportunities in the whaling service, where their work will be healthier and a trifle more dangerous, but no dirtier.

A good character is of very little importance in the city. And this not because we do not regard such things, dear friends, but because here, in the metropolis, every body—even the Mayor—is eminently respectable; and there is such an abundance of this moral gold that it has long ago ceased to be a medium of exchange, and is scarce thought now to have even a commercial value. I may add that brass, which much resembles it, passes current far more readily; but this is a hint which will perhaps be needless to the country reader.

Thus when Stoffle came to New York to try his fortune, it was not his sheep-skin certificate of scholarship, nor his very numerous vouchers of good moral character that gained him his first opportunity, but the discovery that he was an adept in the crooked mysteries of short-hand, and could follow a rapid speaker with tolerable accuracy. And thus he entered upon that strange, and to most young men very pleasing life of daily journalism.

Pleasing, because it sets at defiance all the carefully-instilled rules of commonplace life; because here the young man lives, so to speak,

among his antipodes: sleeps when others wake, works when others rest, plays when others work; because his very labors have in them all the excitement and chance of a game; because his success, if he is successful, is at once declared—his failure quickly decided; because he makes his own opportunities, may give fullest rein to his enterprise, and has his ambition strung to its highest by the consciousness that each day will bring his reward for the shrewd and faithful service of yesterday. Better even than the sea is this life to an adventurous young man; for here is all the chance of the sailor's life, ten times its opportunities, and none of its monotony. He wakes, not knowing when or where he shall next sleep. He eats wherever hunger may seize him; smokes whenever the humor strikes; may go any where and every where; and has—last and best of all to the fresh tastes of youth—the delicious privilege of reversing that stupid proverb which speaks of “early to bed and early to rise:” for your reporter's maxim is, that nothing happens before half past eleven A.M., and he makes it a point to breakfast in bed at eleven.

To collect facts, in these days of Stoffle's novitiate, seemed to him the very noblest and most delightful employment for the human soul and body. It had all the odd charm of walking along the sea-beach finding shells; only here was not the tiresome uniformity of the shore. A reporter is a kind of roving detective on the search for stray information; a Bow Street officer in pursuit of runaway items; a *flibustier* diligently capturing the rich argosies of news which fall in his way. To gather facts: that is the great aim of his life. No matter what, no matter where, no matter how; for to a reporter a fact is a fact—and I am sorry to say that to some of the craft a fiction (if it only savor of blood and thunder) is also a fact. To him an Item is the one thing worth living for. He looks on the world only as a vast manufactory of Items; on men as the drudges who by painful labors produce Items for him; on the newspaper as the noble repository of the Items he collects. He regards events only from a historical point of view. A murder is an Item. A fire is an Item. A war is a vast and delicious collection of Items. Where the accident is there are the reporters; and when his train is smashed up, or his steamboat bursts her boiler, he emerges from the chaotic ruins pencil in hand, and hails the first passing wagon to bear an Item to “the office.”

It is not strange that a young man, fresh from a country college, with the constitution of a horse, the stomach of a jackass (quite capable of digesting the toughest thistles provided by dubious eating-houses), and a healthy love of adventure and variety, becomes an enthusiastic and therefore an expert reporter.

But there is a certain danger in this enthusiasm. A mere collector of facts is a melancholy object. For a fact is not only a stubborn thing; it is a stupid, dead, inanimate, worthless piece of carrion, which lies there, supine, till

some one comes and breathes a soul of meaning into it. Thus I might call a reporter a resurrectionist, prowling about for such corpse-like facts; and the danger is, that this enthusiastic body-snatcher shall by-and-by become a mere ghoul, subsisting contentedly on the dead carrion he resurrects. God does not permit men (nor nations) to stand still; and this man whom I have called detective, *flibustier*, resurrectionist, must either become an intelligent being, appreciating the value and significance of his facts, and thus prepared to infuse into them the breath of life and reason, or else he becomes a mere vampire, fattening on the gross carrion which he daily disentombs from the grave of events.

If we were all sensible men, with abundant leisure, we might perhaps dispense with the editor, and ourselves digest the crude food of news which makes up the staple of a daily paper. But life is short and dollars are scarce; and as we necessarily take our facts at second-hand from the reporter, so we are obliged, in most cases, to take their interpretation at second-hand also. For you and I, dear reader—I, who am puzzling my brains all day over my shears and my accounts, and you who perhaps have no brains to puzzle—have not time (not to speak of ability) to work out the problem which the news columns present to us every morning.

Here comes in the editor—the interpreter.

The reporter may be a Gradgrind, but the editor must be a prophet. The reporter need only be an intelligent machine; the editor must be an intelligent man. In fact, he *ought* to be the most able and the most honest man in the community. Perhaps he is.

Who reads the tedious columns of twaddle headed “Proceedings in Congress?” Surely no sensible man voluntarily stupefies himself with such stuff, which is not ordinarily fit even to put a man pleasantly to sleep. I know it is a great and glorious piece of enterprise to give three columns of it every morning; but I gladly pay two cents for the *Daily Golden Egg* because I know that my friend Goose will in three lines give me a full and correct summary of the three columns, while in a quarter of an hour I can know, from his editorial report, what is the sum and sense of all that has happened in the world for the last twenty-four hours—and am thus able to go to my daily duties in the shop, not only stuffed with news, but bristling with opinions.

This is the use of an editor; and as Stoffle is now to be advanced to this important post of manufacturer of opinions—of judge, in fact, of “what is best”—we come to the fourth division of this biography.

IV.—IN WHICH “SIMON SAYS WIGGLE-WAGGLE.”

Before a man can manufacture opinions he must have a few of his own; just as when my wife wants her hens to lay, she carefully supplies a few nest eggs of finest white chalk. Now whatever our young men get at college, they seldom get opinions. It might be thought that

institutions for the training of youth would naturally communicate something of this kind; but opinions, unfortunately, are thought mischievous, and "eminently to be avoided;" and by the time a man gets thoroughly imbued with the great truth that twice two makes four, he is commonly turned out on the world, labeled "graduate." You get (and forget) Latin, and Greek, and mathematics; and when you are done with that you get a sheep-skin; and being thrust out into the world, find that the only really useful part of your training is some such stray accomplishment as short-hand, which you have trifled with in your uncertain hours of ease.

Stoffle was some three years an enthusiastic collector of facts before he had a passable knowledge of their value. But when this came about he found himself one day disgusted with his profession.

Most men take to letters from a desire to make a figure in the world; and though the result is, in the majority of cases, only a conspicuous 0, out of every thousand who use the pen one or two also use their brains; and of these a few become able editors. Now when Stoffle's enthusiasm began to cool off—when the *Item* was beheld in its natural state, and ceased to be in apotheosis—he began to fear that his figure also was to be a small one; and therefore to bestir himself with a healthy discontent. Three years pass very quickly, especially to a man who works hard and likes his work. But at twenty-five the world looks differently than at twenty-two; and at twenty-five Stoffle, who had come to town a simple-hearted country-youth, with no particular hopes, except for a speedy wedding and a plain cottage in the country, beheld himself a man with a career before him—a man with possibilities. Now a dinner of herbs, with love, is very good; but a stalled ox has its temptations also, to people who are not confirmed vegetarians. And in that middle passage in life, when young men are vibrating between love and ambition, it occurs, not unreasonably, to many a one, why not "better a stalled ox with love?" And if not both, then which?

As Stoffle, now rid of reportorial cares, and writing himself Editor, began to see more and more of those splendid possibilities which men call a career, I am sorry to say the fervor of his affection for poor Lucy Jones declined. At first it was of course impossible to marry; and by the time it became barely possible, it was also become barely possible to Stoffle to put it off. As his life grew larger, and its scope broader, the passion which had absorbed him while at college, and which, like most other young men, he had regarded not only as the noblest, but as the only noble one, began to be overshadowed by others. Love and ambition are to each other as heat and cold.

When Stoffle's fairly roused ambition had once clearly opened his eyes, he saw that the world is only a foolish world, anxious to be ruled; and that it requires no vast wisdom or goodness to rule it, but only a certain strength

of will, a certain thickness of skin, a certain readiness of speech. For this foolish world, like children frightened in the dark, insists on being talked to, and is greatly more particular about the sound than the sense. It is not absolutely necessary that you see the road, to guide your fellows—if only you boldly say that you see it; and if you want to be a very great statesman or a very able editor, the most useful quality is the unscrupulous shrewdness of a special pleader. Now when Stoffle perceived all the splendid possibilities in the life of a man who has gained such an insight as this at twenty-five, I do not wonder that the stalled ox quite concealed from his view that dinner of herbs which is the ideal of undergraduate philosophers.

Meantime Lucy, who had unluckily no career open to her, sat at home, like a good, affectionate creature, glorying in the success of her lover, and prizing him the more highly as she became aware that he was like to prove himself a man among men. She, too, was content to wait—almost as content as Stoffle; for she, too, had her ambition—what right-minded woman has not? Only a woman's ambition contains in solution so very little of the acid of selfishness that it does not corrode her love.

The difference between reporter and editor is quite as great as that between a pickpocket and a highwayman, or between a resurrectionist and a professor of anatomy. The reporter is a Bohemian, a loungeur, a rough stick—tolerated but not recognized by society; admitted officially to write the bulletins of fashion, but ignored personally, or at best consigned to the doubtful company of the awkward squad. But the editor is a man of social and political standing. Lord Palmerston says he is glad to invite him to his house—not as editor, but as gentleman—the dear, blarneying old joker! and the Fifth Avenue, and every other avenue (if there are any others), is open to him, with us. With such a new life necessarily come in new wants, new hopes, new desires, new aims. A caterpillar feeds contentedly on its cabbage-leaf, happy if it has secured the sunny side of its limited world. But a butterfly! Think of a Prometheus glued to a cabbage-leaf!

It is not wonderful, then, that in this new sphere to which Stoffle was now translated he should desire to shape his life according to the new lights in which he walked; and that, among other changes, the thought of poor country-bred Lucy became presently somewhat distasteful to this enlightened young fellow. Why should a man marry? Was it necessary? Was it best? Especially a young man with a career opening to him? Not only this, but how would the world, his new world, look upon this country-girl? How fatally ill-matched would this rising young man of society be with a girl who probably could not cross a floor! This already-admired wit, with a wife who had no more conception of a sarcasm than a post! What would his friends say? Should he throw his best chances away? Single-handed, he felt it in him

to conquer this, his new world. Should he clog his arms and disable himself for a contest in which his whole soul was enlisted?

Oh weary questions, which men ask themselves when they have already decided! Oh foolish words, with which men seek to hide what they dare not face!

And yet, plead as you may, face it you must. And after all it is a question not so easy to decide—this one. What shall a man do, finding himself so placed, bound with such bonds, and hoping such hopes? Men grow; hopes, fears, and loves do change. As we advance the horizon widens, and that which but yesterday we thought the utmost boundary and very gate of heaven, seems now but a poor fleeting cloud; and beyond another heaven opens to our longing eyes.

And the cloud?

If you are a determined man, like Stoffle, you sail through it, looking neither to right nor left, but only straight forward. It was wisely written that once in every man's life he is taken into a high mountain, and there tempted. It was not altogether inexcusable in Stoffle, perhaps, if on this occasion he mistook his conscience to be the Devil, and looking the awful shape resolutely in the face, wrote to Miss Jones that "he could not reconcile it to his sense of right to marry without love; and therefore felt it a duty, no less to her than to himself, to own that his feelings toward her had for some time undergone a serious change. While the esteem he had for her character and her virtues was in nowise diminished, he was constrained to confess that his affections were no longer enlisted. He found himself so entirely swallowed up in his business life, and so constrained by its necessities, that involuntarily he had ceased to look forward to marriage with that happy anticipation and content which, in his opinion, every one should bring to this, the most important step in life. In fact, it seemed to him that men of his profession should, if possible, avoid marriage. In such a case he felt it would be doing Miss Jones the saddest wrong to ask her to become his wife; and though he felt bound to her by his plighted word, and held himself in readiness to fulfill that word, yet a desire for her happiness, much more than his own, convinced him of the propriety of dissolving those promises to the fulfillment of which he had once looked forward with such true pleasure. If Miss Jones should agree with his views he begged that she would signify it by returning him his letters; and he remained ever her most obedient servant."

And receiving his letters by return of mail, with only "Good-by" written on the little slip of white paper which wrapped them, Stoffle, feeling less elated than he had anticipated, shook himself, and was free.

Of course the angry reader will say he was a rascal. I do not intend to argue the point—though I have heard a good deal said on both sides. It is one of those disputed questions in which it is not easy to decide what is best, and

which therefore no Family Magazine ought to discuss.

Nevertheless, have patience, O angry reader! Do not judge too harshly. It is not given to every man to believe in God.

And then, consider: is it exactly fair for the young ladies of a college-town to take snap-judgment on the susceptible hearts of the collegians? what right have they to let themselves be courted and won by men who only think love the best thing because they have as yet no knowledge of any thing but love and Latin, between which 'tis easy enough to choose; who are ambitious to win love, because they know of nothing else they *can* win? How evidently unfair to take advantage of these inexperienced youth!

And again: The desire of reward is one of the noblest and most useful of human instincts. "What shall we do to be saved?" is the question of most import in the world; and even here the thought of reward vastly overshadows and almost annihilates any consideration of pleasure in the service. The laborer is worthy of his hire; and when a man, be he editor or stone-breaker, does a fair day's work, it is because he wants a fair day's wages. To be sure, the old Divines insisted that we should "cultivate a willingness to be damned." But the world has changed since then; and even the good Samaritan nowadays has a price for his oil, and slips his business card into the vest-pocket of the wounded traveler. Callow youth prates loudly of "disinterestedness" in public men; but I dare say his Excellency the President could tell another story—and, indeed, when you look into the Decalogue, surely the most charming commandments are those "with promise." If you say this is wrong, you make a serious blunder, for even God holds out every where a hope of reward, as where it is written "Honor thy father and mother, *that thy days may be long in the land.*" To be sure He did not add, be an able editor or ardent politician that thy fame may fill the land, and thy pockets empty the treasury. But yet, the greater the wages the better the service; and when you call a man rascal, because he hesitates to give up the only wages he values, and tie down his life to a narrow round of virtuous but prosaic duties, it only shows that you have not yourself had the option. It is only smart fishermen who are tempted to fish on Sundays. Your blockhead, who catches no fish at any time, does not grudge the tedious day which sees his craft anchored in Sabbath rest.

The question which presented itself to Stoffle in this crisis of his life, was whether, for a mere point of honor, he should spoil his career. Floating on that "tide, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," whether he should run into an obscure wayside bay and permanently beach his vessel. Peering into that future, which has such a glorious brightness at twenty-five, Stoffle saw—or thought he saw—himself standing at the junction of two roads—one leading to marriage, obscurity, and a life-long struggle for bread and butter; the other leading to fame,

power, position, and wealth. On one side was only a weary, never-ceasing strife between duty and inclination, in which duty must ever have the upper hand; on the other, the best opportunity for the fullest development of his noblest intellectual powers, and an adequate reward for labors which were a delight in themselves. What is best in such a case as this every man must settle for himself. Being the man he was, Stoffle decided that a scruple should not stand between him and his brightest future. Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

It is not given to every man to believe in God. It is not in vain that so many commandments are with promise; and perhaps he is wisest who takes God at his word. There is a divinely instituted "division of labor" which far-sighted people are apt to overlook. "Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase."

Now Stoffle intended to fulfill all these offices himself.

A man's career is like a ship under full sail: the wind drives her unceasingly, and it remains only for the helmsman to elect his course and trim his sails. When once Stoffle saw himself clear of that lee-shore on which he had feared to strand his dearest hopes, and with fair winds sailing on the broad sea of editorial life, he did not fail to carry on sail. He was willing to "pay labor" for power, as Dr. Johnson says of Sir Thomas Browne. Day and night he toiled to fit himself more and more for that position of able editor which seemed to him—as it seemed to the Reverend Doctor Wiseacre—the very highest to which a man might in these days aspire. An editor should be the most intelligent man in the community—and he would be that. And the most honest? Well—yes—but what is honesty? You say what you believe. But suppose you do not believe in any thing? The able editor should be the chiefest statesman of the State. But even statesmen are mortal. And when the question has once occurred to a mortal man, whether it is best to do right, something depends on the answer he gives it. One thing is certain—this question must be categorically answered. Simon may say wiggle waggle, but Fate says, in her sternest tones, "Yes or no, and stick to it." Now, when this able editor had said "No" to poor Lucy, whom he regarded just then as the inscrutable Fate, there was no return. He had burned his ships, and henceforth his course was onward.

It is a question which embarrasses men more the higher they stand, this one whether it is best to do right. There seems to me very little doubt that honesty is the best policy for my porter and clerks. But for me? Think of a tailor without cabbage! And a fashionable tailor too—that unfortunate who has to lose many a heavy bill to gain the countenance of the fine world; and who must somehow make it up, you know—for even a tailor must live (and if he is given to scribbling, as I am, so much the worse the chance).

Stoffle was no fool; but a man of large intel-

lect, of broad views, and growing culture. What knowledge bore on his part in life he diligently acquired. History, politics, finance, geography, commerce, were things so faithfully studied that no event could turn up but he had a precedent at his pen's point; no strange complication but he found its solution in a stranger of other days. But what avails all history, all knowledge, if it yet remains an open question, "What is best?" The life of an able editor is surely the greatest that is lived in these days. Queens, Emperors, and Presidents affect the destinies of nations; but this editor has his voice in every struggle that goes on in the world, and sets his pen to every question that agitates our planet. And must he, too, ask "What is best?" And vainly ask? That question which his traditional million of readers put to him every morning over their coffee, how has he struggled with it by gas-light in his dingy editorial box ten hours ago?

Of course *the right* is best, the simple-hearted Doctor Wiseacre would say. But the one lesson which Stoffle's life had hitherto taught him, was that in certain cases the right is not best.

And what then? Why, then comes in statesmanship. Given, that there is no God—given, that this "right" is an orphan going about the world tolerably helpless, and then you have a logical necessity for Statesmen, Diplomats, Napoleons, and Editors.

And every body knows that the right is not always best.

Whereby men have gained to themselves immortal fame as skillful tinkers, and being lucky, have died on some such lonely shelf as St. Helena, muttering querulous complaints about Grouchy, who did not come up in time.

As though Grouchy ever came up in time.

It is a secret which shrewd men soon learn in our metropolis, that the difference between prosperity and poverty is just the difference between employing and being employed. There came a day when Stoffle, being now an able editor, might exchange his liberal but stated salary, and become proprietor as well as editor. But to do this money was necessary; and for the present he had much fame, but little money. In this crisis of his affairs, when, for a second time, there appeared a serious obstacle in the way to his advancement on that career he had chosen for himself, there came to his aid one of the best and most ingenious inventions of a commercial age. Some enthusiastic writers have labored to prove that women rule in every society; but I aver on the contrary that they have been the sport of every stage of human progress, from barbarism to civilization. In Africa you buy your wife; in Middle-aged Europe you had to fight for her—whereby the number of bachelors was greatly increased; and now Stoffle bartered his reputation and social position for a certain fortune, and was lucky enough to get into the bargain a very pretty wife, whom, if the exigencies of his career had permitted it, he might in a short

time have grown to love sincerely and perhaps devotedly.

And now, Stoffle being fortunately married, which every one must acknowledge to be the best thing he could do under the circumstances, we come to another part of this history.

V.—IN WHICH "SIMON SAYS DOWN."

When a man has written about Europe and its affairs for some years, it is surely best that he should see with his own eyes some of the people and countries he has so long exercised his pen about. It might be best even, to see Europe before you begin to write about it; but the best thing is not always practicable, as every body knows; and one thing is certain—that if Stoffle had foolishly kept his faith with Lucy he might have deluded a credulous public with opinions about European affairs for half a century, and even then not seen with his eyes the nations he had judged. Thus it appears that Lucy was in reality sacrificed for the public benefit, which, if duly explained to her, would doubtless have greatly assuaged her grief. But Lucy was a sensible girl, who did not need this satisfaction to dry up her tears. I am afraid the angry reader will be angrier still when I tell him that while Stoffle MacGurdigan, Esquire, was traveling over Europe, getting new and improved views of "what is best," Lucy was being courted by a worthy professor of the college whence her former lover had set out on his career; and when Stoffle and his bride were on their homeward passage Lucy became the happy and honored wife of Professor White. It is a disagreeable thing to state, and calculated to destroy all one's preconceived and beautiful ideas of female fidelity and the power of true love, and all that—this marriage of Lucy's; but it is a fact which could not well be concealed by a faithful historian, and after all, I have known a number of other young ladies do just as Lucy did, and with—I must own—the happiest consequences. Men, of course, never do so; and if Mrs. Betsey had jilted me—a very unlikely thing, as I was thought a very good match even before I knew her—I am sure I should have been a happy bachelor to this day. But that is neither here nor there.

Stoffle came home from Europe—as most of us do—with a batch of new and improved ideas of "what is best." It is a curious fact that the only Americans who are troubled with serious doubts about the success of our great and glorious experiment of a government, are those who have "run through" Europe. These experienced men of the world, who set out on their travels with a large spread-eagle next to their hearts, almost invariably return with a poor opinion of Democratic Institutions, and tell you, confidentially, with a French shrug, and a countenance of dolorous certainty, that "it's of no use, you know; Republics may last for a generation or two—but your only steady wear is a good monarchy." And if you could see a little farther into this Jeremiah's thought, you would find behind the "good monarchy" a comfortable aris-

toocracy, to divide among them the large slices of fat which prosperous monarchies so abound in. You must not blame these drivellers and doubters too much. A run through Europe is not calculated to sharpen the intelligence of every man; and really, to men who live in a chronic hurry, the speedy ways of an Imperial Dictator can not fail to recommend themselves; while it is difficult to imagine a more disheartening spectacle to an ambitious man of intellect, who feels that his knowledge ought to be both power and wealth, than the shabby Swiss confederacy, surrounded as it is by such splendid kingdoms and empires. Stoffle had an uneasy feeling that such laborers as he were worthy of a greater hire than is provided for with us; and I admit freely that to a laborer who looks only to his hire our greatest prizes even must seem not only very little, but very hard to get at—which is precisely what the fox, had he been honest, would have said of the grapes.

Stoffle came back from Europe, convinced that there are many animals in the world more splendid to look upon, more useful, and perhaps longer lived, than that spread-eagle of which he had in his grass-days been a rather blind worshiper. Till you have seen a king or an emperor, it is not unnatural to think highly of the President. But when you have once been permitted to look at the ways, and thoughts, and means of European statesmen, our own politics look so petty, our best men seem so ridiculously—what shall I say, virtuous?—that a man who has the soul of a statesman and whose mind can comprehend and delight in the task of keeping the world balanced, can not help a little regret that he was born to no greater work than voting for (or being voted) Member of Congress—and being opposed perhaps by a hotel keeper, or a corner grocery man. Did you ever hear one of these returned Americans utter the word *canaille*? It is true, they do not often pronounce it any thing else than *canael*—but the *air* with which they mispronounce it is absolutely perfect. It shows that the heart is all right, though the tongue may halt.

Stoffle—who had as contemptuous an opinion of the American eagle as an enlightened traveler need have—was not, however, the man to quarrel with that beloved and somewhat vindictive bird. Like a wise man he made the best of his fate. He was now in the prime and strength of his powers. Long practice had given him a splendid facility in writing, by which his stores of facts were brought to bear upon the various questions of the day with an ability which was undeniable. He had wit; he had logic; he had knowledge; he had experience; he had tact. He was untiring, energetic, pertinacious, and ready. And he had one vast advantage over other men—his readers—that he did not believe in any thing but his career. Thus it is not matter for surprise that he was successful. When an able man sets all his powers to one object, he is not likely to be foiled—much less if that object is his own advancement.

Thus Stoffle was at last the ideal of able editors; and now honors crowded upon him, and riches; he was not only a public writer but also a public speaker; and at last the final tribute which Yankee curiosity pays to Yankee notoriety or fame, was rendered also to him: he was invited to lecture. Among other invitations came one from the students of his college, who, remembering that this eminent man had once studied within their walls, asked him to speak to them also the words of wisdom with which he was surcharged.

Great as Stoffle had come to be, you are to understand that he had yet a heart in his bosom; and the perusal of this note of invitation, "written by permission of the Reverend Doctor Wiseacre," and signed by the Faculty as well as the committee of students, drew his thoughts back to the dear simple old school-days which he had not very often remembered in these busy later years. For a little while he lived the old life over again, with all its hopes, and fears, and loves; which, looking back upon them now, from his proud eminence, seemed to him so curiously trivial. "Poor Lucy!" he sighed, as her soft voice resounded dimly over that dead past; and then remembered with a smile which was nearly a laugh, that amusing lecture on the Daily Press, which the old Doctor had delivered to Lucy and himself one evening—so many centuries ago.

"What a singular fossil a College President gets to be!" he smiled to himself, knocking the white ash from the end of a mild Cabaña. "He was right in his advice to me—by good luck—but how odd! How it would astonish the old cock to show him the reality of which he sees only the beautiful but impossible shadow! But he wouldn't believe me."

He prepared himself carefully for his appearance before the College audience. They had no votes for him, to be sure; but he felt more solicitous to gain honor here than almost aught elsewhere—here, where something told him he deserved it less. The lecture had for its subject the glories of free government; and in it he took occasion to speak gratefully of their venerable and honored President, to whose sound instruction and sage advice he owed it, he was pleased to say, that he, starting in life as a poor friendless youth, without any advantages which might not be obtained by any poor man's son, now stood before them what he was. Nothing touches an American audience so sensibly as this now tolerably stale twaddle about self-made men. They do not see that, in this country, to be born poor is to enter the race unencumbered, and that in truth it is far more difficult for a rich man's son to acquire useful knowledge, energy, and tact, than to crawl through the eye of a needle. Let us hope that some day this humbug of struggling poverty and work ending triumphantly in a brown-stone front on the Fifth Avenue will also be exploded; and that we will cease to count our victories by the dollar's worth.

Lucy was among the audience you may be sure. She could not but remember, and with a

slight pang from a wound long ago healed over, that this was an occasion to which she had once looked as one of especial pride to herself. And now—

The lecture being done, and properly applauded, the lecturer approached Mrs. Professor White, and congratulating her on her good looks, begged to be introduced to her husband.

Lucy was rather glad when Doctor Wiseacre bore her old-time lover off to his house. It was no small treat for the worthy President, living all his life in retirement, to meet a man fresh from the outer world, and living, so to speak, in the face of affairs. To rub himself against such a brilliant man of the world, was a cheering thing for the dear old foggy, who, though he thought Stoffle as a public man by no means in the right, and sometimes shuddered at what seemed to him very unscrupulous conduct, could not deny him splendid talents—nor himself the credit of having drawn them out.

Sitting cozily by the blazing fire, they rambled back to old times, and at last the President said: "Well, Stoffle, I scarce thought my prophecy about your career would have had so great a fulfilling. I suppose you would not exchange your present honors for the poet's wreath you once longed for?"

"No, indeed," replied Stoffle, emphatically; "that was one of the silly vagaries of my youth, of which I was soon cured when once I came in contact with practical life. Our time has not come yet for poetry, and I hope it never will. There never was a practical poet."

"Perhaps not; and, after all, the greatest poets could not do more than you gentlemen of the press are doing. I don't agree with your views altogether, you know—"

"Why, no; but I think that is because you mistake the whole scope of journalism," interrupted Stoffle, determined now to give this old foggy a shot. "You are not practical. I remember, as though it were yesterday, that fine speech of yours about the daily paper. But I assure you you are very much mistaken. It is an error to suppose that a daily journal has a mission any more than any other commercial enterprise. One man sells cotton, and another man sells papers, and it is the business of each to be successful—that is to say, to gain the best profit he can from his investment. Each alike brings to his undertaking a certain capital, and a certain amount of business talent, experience, and shrewdness. Every merchant has his public, whom he is obliged to please, or fail. A sensible merchant, who desires to keep out of the bankruptcy court, will, of course, strive to make his public as numerous as possible. At the same time no merchant's public is so exacting and capricious as ours, because none needs to be so large; and therefore to carry on a newspaper successfully requires perhaps—though I say it—more talent and tact and energy and shrewdness than any other business in the world.

"The first business of a daily journal is to give *news*—all the news—more news, if possi-

ble, than any other paper gives, and of a more attractive kind. This is the prime necessity, before which every thing else pales. Of course it must happen occasionally that I am forced to publish something which, could I afford it, I would not print; and, more frequently, I am obliged to magnify rumors to-day only to contradict them to-morrow; and these things are not pleasant to an editor who desires also to be a gentleman. But what is an unfortunate man to do? There must be newspapers, because the public needs them; and if I do not publish a certain statement some one else will, and my readers go off to another paper. Our public gives us no choice. It is our master. If I do not please it I lose it; if I do not keep up my circulation my advertising fails, and then I sink money, and presently come to a wind up—just as a dry-goods man would who should fail to keep such goods as his lady customers wish. You look sober, Sir; but are we to be less wise than A. T. Stewart?

“Then you spoke of *shaping* public opinion. You never were more mistaken. An able daily *appears* to shape public opinion, but it only leads it. The man who has the loudest lungs in a crowd can lead it if he will. But he can not lead it away from its purpose. He can only place himself skillfully at its head, and, knowing its aims, submit to be pushed on in advance. Now a party in the State is only a larger mob. There are always at least two parties; and it is the able editor's first business to ascertain which of the two is the most likely to win, and *to lead that*. For the biggest crowd is the majority, and the majority rules, and *it* the able daily is therefore bound to lead. How about *principle*, do you say? Don't you see that there is no principle involved in party warfare? Certain men want power—are ambitious to rule the nation. They set the people by the ears about an abstraction—persuade the nation that all depends upon the success of this or that man; and thus play the game of politics. Show me one man of them that has any real principle of action other than that very important one of you tickle me and I'll tickle you. There is no right or principle involved, and if there was it wouldn't matter; for, after all our squabbles, God overrules it all for the best.

“It is an editor's business to know what his public likes, and to give them that. It is a shrewd editor's business to foresee in what direction public opinion is next to turn, and to be the first to sound the advance in this new direction. And it is his first duty, when he has by unwise haste taken a wrong step, to take it back. Ignorant people cry down the *London Times* because, having yesterday blown hot, to-day it blows cold on the same subject. But therein lies the secret of its immense success. Yesterday it made a mistake. Before night that mistake was seen. This morning it comes out with an able article which *appears*, but *only* appears, to shape the public opinion. In fact, it only gives it voice; and this, so far as the editorial

department is concerned, is the true course of the daily—to furnish words for the ideas which rest dormant and inarticulate in the minds of its public.

“Conscience, do you say? But, my dear Sir, conscience has nothing to do with it. Don't you see that plainly enough? Of course we all want to do what is right. But a newspaper is not a moral agent. It is a commercial speculation, whose only duty is success. A dry-goods man would be thought insane who should insist on selling goods which only a few of the community want. And just in the same way a newspaper aims to get as large a public as possible. If that public is vacillating, if its moral sense is low, if it cares little for principle, and much for interest—that is a misfortune, to be sure; but the newspaper is not responsible for it. It has only to follow. It is useless to set yourself to impracticable things. In this world twice two makes four, and that is a principle we can't change. I do not say that an editor is not to have opinions of his own. God forbid! He can not help having them; and the abler he is the more unpractical and impracticable his private opinions are likely to be. Now it is his first duty to be practical. And if an editor is not successful, what is the use of him? can you tell me that, Sir? He had much better saw wood.

“You think the public sensible, and in the main right. The public is an ass, and can kick. You, simple-hearted and right-minded country gentleman, think I do not know what the public wants. But is not my paper successful? and is not that the only criterion? You object to scandal; but I—who do not like it either—know that the paper which gives the most will sell best. You think an editor should be governed by high moral principle. He ought not to be such an ass as to let any body else *use* him—that I grant you. But the public does not care for principle. It is a pig—and likes to have its ribs tickled. Let the news be exciting, and it cares not if it be also true. Let the article be slashing, and it matters little whom it slashes. Let the story be strong enough, and you will see that every man has read it, by the fierceness with which every man abuses the paper that gives it.”

There was a long silence when Stoffle was done. Each sat gazing into the fire, and busy with his own thoughts. The old president looked grieved and a good deal surprised at the doctrine which his scholar had just laid down to him. Stoffle was so plausible that even a president and doctor of divinity may be excused for asking himself if this was indeed the truth of the matter.

At last the Reverend Doctor Wiseacre looked up into Stoffle's flushed face, and said, “I am sorry I advised you to go to New York.”

“And I,” said the editor, bowing gracefully, “shall never cease to be grateful for your sound counsel.”

“Some day you will think differently. Aaron

was not the last high-priest who set up a golden calf for his people to worship, crying, 'These be your gods, O Israel!' But Aaron repented—and so I trust will you. 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is in vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep.'"

"That is all very true," replied Stoffle; "but don't you see you are not practical, my dear Sir; you are not practical."

Saying which he rose to retire; and here I propose to leave him. The historian should be judge and not advocate. It is his to state the case fairly and trust the verdict to the jury of readers, each of whom must at last settle this question for himself, of "What is best?"

A CLERGYMAN'S ADVENTURE.

I HAD not been long settled over my first charge, when one Tuesday afternoon a stranger was ushered into my study. He entered with a low bow, shook me long and cordially by the hand, placed his bran-new hat upon the sofa, took his seat beside it, and proceeded to explain the object of his visit. He was a very tall man—so tall that I at once set him down as a Pole. His face was so slashed and scarred, that I was at once reminded of Smolensko and Borodino. He wore a suit of fresh black cloth, with a shiny satin vest, with an alarming display of breast-pins, chains, and rings. His dress was altogether out of keeping with his face, hands, and figure, all of which told of hard daily toil.

To this day I am ignorant of the nation to which my visitor belonged. But of one thing I am sure: it was to a nation whose language is peculiarly complicated. He talked with the utmost volubility; but I could not understand a word. I only wondered how it was possible that any meaning at all could be conveyed by a torrent of sounds that seemed to me as senseless as the noise of a stream of gravel pouring down a cliff. I would no more try to master that language than I would attempt to learn the language of birds or insects. I was unwilling to hurt his feelings, and for a while suffered him to talk on, without intimating that I did understand him in the least.

At last it occurred to me that there might be something important for me to know in what he was saying; and so at, or rather before the first pause, I told him politely that I could not understand. He only seemed to take it as confirmation of the fact that I *did* understand, and went on all the more confidently.

"There may be some person sick," I said to myself, and shook my head in token of *not* understanding. To my dismay he only seemed to take it as a negation to some request he was making. Looking at me a moment with surprise, not to say virtuous indignation, he resumed his line of remark, increased, as I could

now fancy, into argument. I became really uneasy.

"He may be a father wishing me to bury his dead child," I said to myself. "Perhaps a husband who has hurried from the side of a dying wife!"

I rose on the instant, assured him with deepest emphasis that I had not the faintest idea of his meaning, and closed by shaking my head in violent negative. He gazed upon me in painful astonishment. I read his thoughts in his eyes.

"And can it be possible," he thought, as he stood before me, "that here, in this Christian land, there can be a man calling himself a Christian minister who deliberately refuses such a request as this I have now made!"

I fairly perspired. How could I understand him or get him to understand me! Here were we two in arm's-length of each other, and yet leagues apart. And so we stood looking at each other over the gulf that yawned impassable between. Suddenly an idea smote me.

"It is impossible," I reasoned with myself, "that he can be upon an errand which evidently interests him so, and a woman not be in some way involved therein. Men never are very deeply interested in any thing, unless it involves a woman in *some way*." Now "*Frau*" I regarded as a Slavonic, a sort of root-word of all languages, to signify *woman*.

"*Frau*?" I tried, interrogatively.

He clutched this rope's end I had thrown him convulsively, and resumed his torrent of explanation. I only waited calmly until the gust had blown itself out.

"*Frau*!" I said, as a point of departure, and then placed my hand in a feeble manner upon head and side, and with a suffering countenance and groans of deep distress endeavored to convey to him my idea of the precarious state of his wife's health. At the same time I took up my hat and cane, and made motions toward the door as if to accompany him.

That he perfectly understood me I saw plainly; but instead of starting to go with me to his afflicted wife he shook his head in violent refusal, took up his own hat to put it down carefully, and then took a seat on the sofa again, crossed his leg over his knee, keeping his eye in mine all the time, to let me gather the direct reverse.

I saw it all at once! Poor man, his wife had been sick, but it was too late for me to accompany him to his home now. It was desolated, she was dead; he was alone in the world. He wished me to attend, at the proper hour, her funeral. How stupid in me not to see it all before! how greatly I must have lacerated his bleeding bosom! Yes, I understood now. And I hastened to let him know it. Still standing before him I began again—certain this time.

"*Frau*?" I asked. He eagerly assented.

Immediately I assumed a mournful aspect as befits one beside the dead. With pantomimic motions of my hands I described—while he watched me with quick and even painful atten-

tion—his beloved wife lying before me shrouded for the grave. I went so far as to place her in the coffin, to gaze upon her face with a last look, to screw down the lid, to accompany her cold remains, with slow and dejected gait, to the grave. To avoid any possibility of mistake this time, I even lowered the coffined body of her he loved most on earth into its grave, held Burial Service over her with book in hand, filled up the grave, heaped up the earth thereupon, and turned sadly away. I even had some thought of erecting a monument before I had done, when I was arrested in my pantomime by my friend, the afflicted husband. He understood me perfectly. In fact, it would have been impossible for him not to have understood my meaning unless he had been stone-blind. I saw, soon after the funeral of his beloved wife began, that some emotion was kindled in his soul. "Very natural," I thought, "under the circumstances of his melancholy case; only, let me go on so that there can be no longer any possible lack of understanding between us."

When I had completed my delineation he slowly rose from the sofa and stood up before me, very tall, immensely broad-chested, exceedingly angry! In the pallor of his countenance the scars thereupon were very distinct. Yes, his eyes told me, without any need of words, that he was exasperated to the last degree. I thought of Smolensko and Borodino, and trembled in my boots. But I was unconscious of any intention of offending, and looked at him fearlessly and innocently as a child. For a moment he stood looking at me with steady, fiery eye, working at his bristling mustache with a nervous hand, as if on the point of striking me. I never faced a man so terribly angry as he was in my life; it was like having the hot breath of a lion on one's very cheek! When I came to understand matters afterward, my only wonder was that he had not actually struck me. My being a minister, probably, went far to shield me.

When the certainty that I could mean nothing offensive to him slowly broke upon him, the muscles of his set lips relaxed, his eye softened, he sank back upon the sofa, first with a smile, then began laughing, then fairly rolled and rocked with purple laughter until the sofa creaked under him. Now his booted feet would fly up into the air as he fell back almost fainting with laughter, and then they would come down again with a stamp on the floor as he rose to the surface again almost suffocated. Then he would stamp yet again on the floor, and shake himself, and draw his face together and attempt an explanation, but again the ludicrous idea would come upon him, and over he would roll again in agonies of laughter.

It was now my turn to be offended. After gazing upon him for a while I quietly turned away, sat down at my desk, drew my paper and ink toward me, and composed myself to write. This served to sober his amusement somewhat. At last he arose, and in a very respectful man-

ner began an elaborate apology in his unknown tongue, but suddenly checked himself.

"*Frau?*" he asked.

I nodded my head, and waited *his* success at pantomime. But at the word the ludicrous idea, whatever it was, came upon him afresh, and over he went again on the sofa in convulsions of mirth, which were probably only aggravated by my dignified solemnity. With what vivid freshness the whole scene comes to my mind as I now write! It is as if it had occurred only an hour ago. Things make a deeper impression occurring early in life, I suppose.

My friend obtained enough mastery of himself at last to get up from the sofa and stand somewhat composed beside me. The afternoon sun was shining full into my study through a western window. He pointed to it, and looked at me interrogatively. I nodded in assent. He then slowly traced with his extended finger its downward course. When he had got it below the horizon, he again asked me with his eyes if I understood? Certainly. He wished me to go somewhere, or do something, when the sun was down. Yes, I understood that! He then, with my pen—which he most politely borrowed—wrote an address on the back of my next Sabbath's sermon. Calling my earnest attention to it, he found I understood from my repeated nods, took up his hat, began another apology in his unknown tongue, but checked himself, shook me cordially by the hand, and left. I heard a kind of strangled cough from him as he descended my steps, and looking out of the window I saw him walking away, bowed with laughter as he went.

Young ministers are specially jealous of their dignity. I felt that mine had been seriously compromised. At one time I had determined not to notice the matter any more, tear up the address, and forget all about it. But no. I had given a kind of dumb promise. Besides, I was really curious to know what my cabalistic visitor wanted with me.

There was no one at home but myself. So, after a solitary cup of tea that night, I sallied out to keep my appointment. It was a clear, moonlight night. I remember it well, for when I had arrived on the street indicated in the address, I stopped and read that address again by the moonlight with ease. Yes, there I was, obedient to the direction, as far as I could make it out. What next? I walked up the street on one side, and down on the other, in vain. I had almost determined to abandon the whole matter in disgust, and return home. At this instant I observed a group of persons enjoying the beautiful night upon their front piazza near by. Crossing over, it occurred to me, as I went, that this might be the very house I was in search of, and these individuals were now watching for my arrival. And so, arrived at the gate and attracting the attention of the party, I said,

"I believe I am expected here—am I not?"

I remember as distinctly as if it occurred this morning the profound silence in which my ques-

tion was received. There were several young ladies on the piazza, and therefore the silence soon broke into a general titter by way of reply. Being young, I was greatly embarrassed. If I only knew any clew by which to indicate the person or the house of which I was in search, I could have asked and received assistance.

"Pardon me, I have got lost," I explained. "Do you know of any one in this neighborhood who is very ill, or who is to be buried?"—although that was preposterous at such an hour.

No, they knew of none such. I remember there was a young lady with particularly merry black eyes, in a pert little apron trimmed with red, who acted as spokeswoman for the party. They all caught the spirit of my situation—seemed deeply interested.

"Do you know, then," I asked as a desperate chance, "of any one to be married here or any where in this neighborhood to-night?"

My question was received with shouts of laughter—they were just in that temper. As to the black-eyed miss in the coquettish apron, she assured me, with tears of fun in her eyes, that she was sure no one was to be married in *their* house that night; she "only wished there was!" I thought it was due them—I certainly had nothing else to do, for I did not know where to go—so I leaned upon the gate and recounted in brief the visit I had received, the quandary I was now in. It is always the best plan to be perfectly straightforward and frank in all of one's dealings. It is by far the most direct as well as surest and smoothest road through any difficulty however brambly. I found it so in this case. And I will only say that, from this singular beginning, an acquaintance sprang up between myself and this family on their piazza which by no means ceased that night. Becoming acquainted with me in this odd manner, the entire family came to my church on the ensuing Sabbath for the first time in their lives. And so matters went on until they became first habitual attendants, and finally substantial and working members. By the blessing of God, human nature has a thousand various handles if we are only gentle enough and expert enough to grasp them.

I had hardly finished my narration to the party on the piazza, when I observed a tall gentleman hurrying up the street on the other side. The same person had hurried down it a few moments before, and it occurred to me it might be my friend in search of me. With a hurried adieu I hastened across and found it even so. He seemed greatly pleased to see me. Greatly relieved in mind myself, I willingly accompanied him. Conversation we did not attempt; we knew it to be but a mockery.

A few hundred yards and we reached a neat residence. I have learned since how to detect the residence of a foreigner to a certainty by what I saw in this and other like cases. It would seem that foreigners of the poorer class have, in their own country, no homes of their own. They reside rather in rented buildings—

mere tenants. As soon as arrived in this country, such a foreigner becomes possessed of a home of his own, and for the first time in his life. It is to him his own!—a kind of pet, a large toy, a joy and a pride. He is apt to put on altogether too much piazza, and balcony, and cornice, and balustrade. He is too prone to clap a gilt weather-cock, perhaps a small cupola, on top of it. He paints it in hues too many and too warm. He fills his yard energetically with enormous pigeon-houses and hen-coops. There is so much winding gravel walk no grass is left. The garden is taken up with arbors and summer-houses, dials and vases. It is all innocent, laudable—yet one can not help smiling as one rides by. It is like playing baby-house.

But my business lay inside my friend's residence. It was filled with guests—every man, woman, and child evidently a foreigner. After a little silence at my entrance all resumed their conversation, and not a syllable could I catch. I even attempted an easy conversation with a prim lady of about fifty, dressed in a black silk, with a wreath of artificial flowers in her hair, by whose side I was placed; but it was in vain; she only seemed terrified that the attention of the company should be drawn to her, and shook her head in token of being unable to understand; and nothing was left but to look around and wait. There was an excess of paintings upon the wall and ornaments upon the mantle—an overcrowding of musical instruments and furniture generally about the room.

But what was I there to do? There was the company to be sure—but for what purpose? There was a long array of drinking-glasses upon the side-board, but each held a little stack of cigars. Extending along one side of the room was a long table, but whatever was on it was carefully covered with a snowy table-cloth. My friends around me were all waiting painfully for something. The lady in the flowers by my side was in nervous suspense. I noticed her thin, long hands actually tremble as they lay in strong contrast upon the lap of her black silk. My only acquaintance present was my visitor. He sat a short distance from me, awkward and uneasy in his fine clothes, anxious for something to begin. He looked at me wistfully. I returned his gaze with the serene calmness of profound ignorance. He looked at me imploringly as the moments rolled by. I became intent in my gaze upon a battle-scene—a vast amount of cannon-smoke, bayonets, and butchery compassed in a little frame upon the wall opposite. I knew nothing on earth to do but wait—and I waited heroically.

Suddenly my host arose. Not in vain had he been at Smolensko and Borodino. A deed was to be done. No man there besides would lead the van. He would. At one stride he stood before me, drawing up the lady in the black silk and artificial wreath to his side as he did so. As they stood before me, side by side, with waiting eyes, it all flashed upon me. The instant before I was absolutely ignorant what I was want-

ed for—I was so young, I suppose. The next instant I was on my feet, not in the least degree surprised, taking it all as exactly what I had expected and was waiting for.

It is a matter I flatter myself upon. I dare say it is the culmination of all culture never to be surprised under any possible circumstances. It is an evil, a defect, a weakness to be surprised. It throws you off your balance—it exposes you to blunder and mortification—it gives your foe an advantage over you. No possible good ever results from being taken by surprise. What is the use, then, of being surprised? Next to escaping altogether from the emotion itself, is the power of entirely concealing that emotion when it does arise. A distinguished clergyman once told me he had as completely lost the faculty of being surprised or astonished as one loses a pocket handkerchief. At least, never let it be seen that you are painfully taken unaware.

Without more than a decent pause, allowing all the rest of the company to rise, I proceeded to marry the couple before me. I was perfectly aware that not an individual in the house understood a syllable I said. I was perfectly aware that neither of the two before me understood a syllable of what I said. I hesitated not for that. Gravely and seriously I proceeded—what else could I do?—precisely as if they *did* understand. True, when I asked the groom if *he* knew any reason why he should not then be married to that woman, he recognized it as some question, and replied, with emphasis, in the affirmative. She in her turn did the same. I had no disposition even to smile. Did I not know their real meaning? The attention they gave my every word was gratifying. It seems absurd now, but there was a ceremony to be gone through with. I went through with it. I exhorted him upon the duties of his new life; I warned him of its perils. And she had *her* important obligations. I detailed them to her. My remarks were impressive in tone at least. They seemed deeply impressed. And so I closed the ceremony with a benediction, which they received with bowed heads.

It was an immense relief to all of us. Cheerfulness resumed its sway. Rosy and bustling females removed the cloth from the table, and displayed it literally crowded and loaded with all delicacies. The bridegroom was an old soldier; he had faced a difficulty, he had stormed a position, he was hilarious with victory. In a few moments I was placed at the head of the table, the bride on one side, the groom on the other; half the company seated up and down the table, the other half eager and active to wait upon them. I, too, felt reassured, elate. I was master of the event. No sooner was the company settled at the table than I rapped smartly upon it with the handle of my knife, and proceeded to ask a blessing. What person there but thoroughly understood all I meant thereby?

I wondered now that I had found my ignorance of the language spoken in the house an obstacle. Every body was talking and laughing,

and I enjoyed it all as much as any. I had no need to ask for any thing. Before I could ask every thing on the table in turn was handed to me. In the course of the feast there was but one skeleton there, and this was a particularly thin-bodied, long-necked bottle placed before my plate, clustered about with wine-glasses. I had a vague idea that it was my duty—an official duty—to pledge the married couple from this special wine, which I presumed to be of some rare vintage. But there were difficulties in my way. I did not know when to do it. I did not know how to do it. I had joined a dozen Temperance societies up to that date—was a high officer of three at that instant—solemnly pledged to taste nothing that could intoxicate.

In this dilemma I only followed the masterly policy I had so far—I simply waited. And the bridegroom was true to *his* policy. In the middle of the meal he waited for me no longer. He seized the bottle, smote off its neck like a soldier, filled his bride's glass, mine, his own. His bride and himself arose—I also. As the glasses of the twain clinked against each other across the board my glass made a third thereto. I too bowed to her, to him, wished them long life and every blessing, not the less sincerely because only with my eyes, held the foaming glass to my lips, not a drop passing in, however, and with them sat down. I had violated two-thirds of my pledge—“*Touch not, taste not, handle not*”—but had held the other and most important third unscathed.

One last difficulty lay in my path. I was very thirsty when I first arrived after my walk. As the feast progressed I naturally grew even thirstier. Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, I was acquainted with. Most gladly would I now have given up my knowledge of any fifty words of either of these languages to know, for the instant, the word for water in the tongue which all around me were so copiously wasting. At last I *must* have water—there is a point beyond which one can not do without it. I caught the eye of the happy groom, flying hither and thither in repelling the incessant musketry of jokes from his jovial guests. I laid my finger upon my wine-glass and shook my head with a smile. He became instantly serious, deeply interested. I repeated the sign. He rose with alacrity, hastened to the side-board, returned with a bottle of another wine, and placed it before me. What could I do but shake my head? He paused, reflectively; he rubbed his forehead with his finger—not in vain; the fact struck him! Gone but for a moment, he returned, placed a huge goblet beside my plate with one hand, while with his other he filled it to the brim with brandy from a stone jug!

I arose. It was time. A profound bow to the company, which they all arose to receive, a cordial shake of the hand with the bridegroom, and I had left them to the full enjoyment of their own language. When out in the night-air I found it to be a good deal colder than I had

imagined when within the heated room. My wife has charged me a hundred times to tie my handkerchief around my throat on such occasions. It is to prevent bronchitis—a disease which no minister can legitimately have unless recently wedded to an heiress or the legatee of a fortune.

So I stopped under the half-raised windows, searched one pocket, then another, then my bosom for my handkerchief. As I did so I could hear the bridegroom narrating something within in a commanding voice. As I searched he proceeded. I heeded it not until suddenly I heard him say, in his recital, in a tone of sharp inquiry, "*Frau?*" I listened with an intuition. There came a peal of laughter which drowned his narration. Again I heard him exclaim, in tones of mimic inquiry, "*Frau?*" then a few more rapid words of narration, and the shouts of laughter and the stamping actually shook the house. If they had not made such a noise they might have heard me also. I understood the joke. But my throat was now enveloped, and I walked rapidly away. Yet squares off I could hear the prolonged laughter. He being a bridegroom, and they being guests, doubtless he enjoyed the joke when he was at my study; and they, when at his table, better than would otherwise have been the case.

But it was not all against me—the joke—at least, as I afterward learned. It was to his sixth wife I had that night married him. Had it been his thirty-sixth wife instead, I know of no statute against it, or of any excuse I could have plead, had I known it, for not performing my office in the case. No wonder, however, that he had looked with suspicious eye upon my pantomimic attendance at the bedside of his dying companion. No wonder his suspicions had risen almost to exasperated certainty when I performed before him, in dumb show, the familiar spectacle of a wife's funeral. I am glad it all passed off as smoothly as it did! Why he should have got *me* to perform the ceremony I never learned. Perhaps the minister of his own language was sick or absent, or had become worn out in the duty of marrying him to his previous wives. I am sure *I* do not know.

"I am certain I would not *wish* a fee under such circumstances as these!" I said, a little indignantly, to the prompt question of my wife that night. After asking me whether I had duly tied up my throat or not, it was the first thing she had inquired about. "Minister as I am, just between us, you know, my dear, the fun of the thing was fee enough."

It was while I was absent next day that a youth of a foreign tongue rang at my front door. He evidently was a peddler. The huge pasteboard box he carried was proof of that. The servant who answered the bell repelled him with scorn. He would not be repelled, and rang again, continued to ring until my wife herself laid aside her sewing and went to the door. During her earnest and repeated declarations to him that she was not in want of any of his

wares, he coolly laid the box at her feet and walked off. There was nothing to do but to open it. My wife showed me the contents before I had laid aside my cane on my return home. There was a handsomely worked smoking-cap, several beautiful pipes, which, to this hour, adorn my mantle—I have no other use for them, and a quantity of cigars in gilt papers. My clerk smokes—I gave them to him—he says he never before knew such exquisite tobacco could be grown. But the gem of the box was a cake. I fear to say how large that cake was—twice the size of any I had ever before seen; richly frosted, heavily freighted with fruit. Upon the top was a circle of raised letters. They could not have been made more distinct; yet what they meant we never knew. The cake itself we understood and appreciated perfectly. Nor had we any doubt as to the source and cause of the gift. Upon the cake lay two cards, linked together with white satin ribbon. On one of these was written "*Herr,*" on the other the word "*Frau!*" and strongly italicized!

If my friend proceeds in the same course as before, I do not see why he may not call upon me at any hour to marry him yet again. The next time I will understand better how to proceed.

MY WHISTLING NEIGHBOR.

WE had moved into a new house, situated about the centre in a row of ten, all run up together in hurried, mushroom fashion, and divided from each other by partitions of brick so thin that sound was only a little deadened in passing through. For the first three or four nights I was unable to sleep, except in snatches, for so many noises came to my ears, originating, apparently, in my own domicile, that anxiety in regard to burglars was constantly excited. Both on the first and second nights I made a journey through the house in the small hours, but found no intruders on my premises. The sounds that disturbed me came from some of my neighbors, who kept later vigils than suited my habits.

"There it is again!" said I, looking up from my paper, as I sat reading on the second day after taking possession of my new home. "That fellow is a nuisance."

"What fellow?" asked my wife, whose countenance showed surprise at the remark. She was either unconscious or unaffected by the circumstance that annoyed my sensitive ears.

"Don't you hear it?" said I.

"Hear what?"

"That everlasting whistle."

"Oh!" A smile played over my wife's face. "Does it annoy you?"

"I can't say that I am particularly annoyed by it yet; but I shall be if it's to go on incessantly. A man whistles for want of thought, and this very fact will—"

"I'm not so sure of that," remarked my wife, interrupting me, "the poet notwithstanding. I

would say that he whistles from exuberant feelings. Our neighbor has a sunny temper, no doubt; what, I am afraid, can not be said of our neighbor on the other side. I've never heard him whistle; but his scolding abilities are good, and, judging from two days' observation, he is not likely to permit them to grow feeble for want of use."

I did not answer, but went on with my reading, silenced, if not reconciled to my whistling neighbor.

Business matters annoyed me through the day, and I felt moody and depressed as I took my course homeward at nightfall. I was not leaving my cares behind me. Before shutting my account-books, and locking my fire-proof, I had made up a bundle of troubles to carry away with me, and my shoulders stooped beneath the burden.

I did not bring sunlight into my dwelling as I crossed, with dull, deliberate steps, its threshold. The flying feet that sprung along the hall, and the eager voices that filled, suddenly, the air in a sweet tumult of sound as I entered, were quiet and hushed in a little while. I did not repel my precious ones, for they were very dear to my heart; but birds do not sing joyously except in the sunshine, and my presence had cast a shadow. The songs of my home birds died into fitful chirpings—they sat quiet among the branches. I saw this, and understood the reason. I condemned myself; I reasoned against the folly of bringing worldly cares into the home sanctuary; I endeavored to rise out of my gloomy state. But neither philosophy nor a self-compelling effort was of any avail.

I was sitting, with my hand partly shading my face from the light, still in conflict with myself, when I became conscious of a lifting of the shadows that were around me, and of a freer respiration. The change was slight, but still very perceptible. I was beginning to question as to its cause, when my thought recognized an agency which had been operative through the sense of hearing, though not before externally perceived in consequence of my abstracted state. My neighbor was whistling "Begone, Dull Care!"

Now, in my younger days, I had whistled and sung the air and words of this cheerful old song hundreds of times, and every line was familiar to memory. I listened, with pleased interest, for a little while, and then, as my changing state gave power to resolutions quick born of better reason, I said, in my thought, emphatically, as if remanding an evil spirit,

"Begone, dull care!" And the fiend left me.

Then I spoke cheerfully, and in a tone of interest to quiet little May, who had walked round me three or four times, wondering in her little heart, no doubt, what held her at a distance from her papa, and who was now seated by her mother, leaning her flaxen head, fluted all over with glossy curls, against her knee. She sprung at my voice, and was in my lap at a bound. What a thrill of pleasure the tight clasp of her

arms sent to my heart! Oh love, thou art full of blessing!

From that moment I felt kinder toward my neighbor. He had done me good—had played before me as David played before Saul, exorcising the evil spirit of discontent. There was no longer a repellent sphere, and soon all my little ones were close around me, and happy as in other times with their father.

After they were all in bed, and I sat alone with my wife, the cares that "infest the day" made a new assault upon me, and vigorously strove to regain their lost empire in my mind. I felt their approaches, and the gradual receding of cheerful thoughts with every advancing step they made. In my struggle to maintain that tranquillity which so strengthens the soul for work and duty I arose and walked the floor. My wife looked up to me with inquiry on her face. Then she let her eyes fall upon her needlework, and as I glanced toward her at every turn in my walk, I saw an expression of tender concern on her lips. She understood that I was not at ease in my mind, and the knowledge troubled her.

"How wrong in me," I said, in self-rebuke, "thus to let idle brooding over mere outside things, which such brooding can in no way effect, trouble the peace of home;" and I made a new effort to rise again into a sunnier region. But the fiend had me in his clutches again, and I could not release myself. Now it was that my David came anew to my relief. Suddenly his clear notes rang out in the air, "Away with Melancholy."

I can not tell which worked the instant revolution of feeling that came—the cheerful air, the words of the song which were called to remembrance by the air, or the associations of by-gone years that were revived. But the spell was potent and complete. I was myself again.

During the evening the voice of my wife broke out several times into snatches of song—a thing quite unusual of late, for life's sober realities had taken the music from her as well as from her husband. We were growing graver every day. It was pleasant to hear her flute-tones again, very pleasant, and my ear hearkened lovingly. The cause of this fitful warbling I recognized each time as the notes died away. They were responsive to our neighbor.

I did not then remark upon the circumstance. One reason of this lay in the fact that I had spoken lightly of our neighbor's whistling propensity, which struck me in the beginning as vulgar; and I did not care to acknowledge myself so largely his debtor as I really was.

We were in our bedroom, and about retiring for the night, when loud voices, as if in strife, came discordantly through the thin party walls, from our neighbors on the other side. Something had gone wrong there, and angry passions were in the ascendant.

"How very disagreeable!" I remarked.

"The man's a brute!" said my wife, emphatically. "He does nothing, it seems to me, but

wrangle in his family. Pity that he hadn't something of the pleasant temper of our neighbor on the other side."

"That is a more agreeable sound, I must confess," was my answer as the notes of "What Fairy like Music steals over the Sea" rose sweetly on the air.

"Far more agreeable," returned my wife.

"He plays well on his instrument," I said, smiling. My ear was following the notes in pleased recognition. We stood listening until our neighbor passed to another air, set to Mrs. Hemans's beautiful words "Come to the Sunset Tree." To a slow, soft, tender measure the notes fell, yet still we heard them with singular distinctness through the intervening wall, just a little muffled, but sweeter for the obstruction.

"The Day is past and gone,
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done."

My wife recalled these lines from her memory, repeating them in a subdued, tranquilizing tone. The air was still sounding in our ears, but we no longer recognized its impression on the external senses. It had done its work of recalling the beautiful Evening Hymn of the Switzer, and we repeated to each other verse after verse.

"Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The loved one at the door."

To which I added:

"But rest, more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet;
And we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies—
To the Sabbath of our God."

All was now still on both sides. The harsh discord of our scolding neighbor had ceased, and our whistling neighbor had warbled his good-night melody, which, like a pleasant flower growing near an unsightly object, and interposing a veil of beauty, had removed it from our consciousness.

It was a long time since I had felt so peaceful on retiring as when my head went down upon its pillow—thanks to my light-hearted neighbor, at whose whistling propensities I was inclined in the beginning to be annoyed. But for him I should have gone to rest with the harsh discord of my scolding neighbor's voice in my ears, and been ill at ease with myself and the world. On what seeming trifles hang our states of mind! A word, a look, a tone of music, a discordant jar, will bring light or shadow, smiles or tears.

On the next morning, while dressing myself, thought reached forward over the day's anxie-

ties, and care began drawing her sombre curtains around me. My neighbor was stirring also, and, like the awaking bird, tuneful in sweet matins. "Day on the Mountains" rang out cheerily, followed by "Dear Summer Morn;" winding off with "Begone, Dull Care!" and the merry laughter of a happy child which had sprung into his arms, and was being smothered with kisses.

The cloud that was gathering on my brow passed away, and I met my wife and children at the breakfast-table with pleasant smiles.

In a few days I ceased to notice the whistling of my neighbor. It continued as usual; but had grown to be such a thing of course as not to be an object of thought. But the effect remained, showing itself in a gradual restoration of that cheerfulness which care, and work, and brooding anxiety about worldly things are so apt to produce. The "voice of music," which had been almost dumb in my wife for a long period, was gradually restored. Old familiar ditties would break suddenly from her throat as she sat sewing, and I would often hear her singing again, from room to room, as in the sunnier days of our spring-time. As for myself, scarcely an evening passed in which I was not betrayed into beating time with my foot to "Auld Lang Syne," "Happy Land," "Comin' through the Rye," or "Hail Columbia," in response to my neighbor's cheery whistle. Our children also caught the infection, and would commence singing on the instant our neighbor tuned his pipes. Verily he was our benefactor—the harping David to our Saul!

"You live at Number 510, I think," said a gentleman whose face was familiar, though I was not able to call his name. We were sitting side by side in the cars.

I answered in the affirmative:

"So I thought," he replied. "I live at 514—second door east."

"Mr. Gordon."

"Yes, Sir; that is my name. Pleasant houses, but mere shells," said he. Then, with a look of disgust on his face, "Doesn't that whistling fellow between us annoy you terribly? I've got so out of all patience that I shall either move or silence him. Whistle, whistle, whistle, from morning till night. Pah! I always detested whistling. It's a sign of no brains. I've written him a note twice, but failed to send either time; it isn't well to quarrel with a neighbor if you can help it."

"It doesn't annoy me at all," I answered. "Indeed, I rather like it."

"You do? Well, that is singular! Just what my wife says."

"First-rate for the blue devils, I find. I'm indebted to our whistling friend for sundry favors in this direction."

My new acquaintance looked at me curiously.

"You're not in earnest," said he, a half-amused smile breaking through the unamiable expression which his face had assumed.

"Altogether in earnest; and I beg of you not to send him that note. So your wife is not annoyed?"

"Not she."

"Is she musical?" I inquired.

"She was; but of late years life has been rather a serious matter with us, and her singing birds have died, or lost the heart for music."

"The history of many other lives," said I.

The man sighed faintly.

"Has there been any recent change?" I ventured to inquire.

"In what respect?" he asked.

"Has there been no voice from the singing birds?"

A new expression came suddenly into the man's face.

"Why, yes," he answered, "now that I think of it. There has been some low, fitful warblings. Only last evening the voice of my wife stole out, as if half afraid, and trembled a little while on the words of an old song."

"The air of which our neighbor was whistling at the time," said I.

"Right, as I live!" was my companion's exclamation, after a pause, slapping his hand on his knee. I could hardly help smiling at the look of wonder, amusement, and conviction that blended on his face.

"I wouldn't send that note," said I, meaningly.

"No, hang me if I do! I must study this

case. I'm something of a philosopher, you must know. If our neighbor can awaken the singing birds in the heart of my wife, he may whistle till the crack of doom without hinderance from me. I'm obliged to you for the suggestion."

A week afterward I met him again.

"What about the singing birds?" I asked, smiling.

"All alive again, thank God!" He answered with a heartiness of manner that caused me to look narrowly into his face. It wore a better expression than when I observed it last.

"Then you didn't send that note?"

"No, Sir. Why, since I saw you I've actually taken to whistling and humming old tunes again, and you can't tell how much better it makes me feel. And the children are becoming as merry and musical as crickets. Our friend's whistle sets them all agoing, like the first signal-warble of a bird at day-dawn that awakens the woods to melody."

We were on our way homeward, and parted at my own door. As I entered "Home, Sweet Home" was pulsing in tender harmonies on the air. I stood still and listened until tears fell over my cheeks. The singing birds were alive again in the heart of my wife also, and I said "Thank God!" as warmly as my neighbor had uttered the words a little while before.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH PHILIP IS VERY ILL-TEMPERED.

PHILIP had long divined a part of his dear little friend's history. An uneducated young girl had been found, cajoled, deserted by a gentleman of the world. And poor Caroline was the

victim, and Philip's own father the seducer! He easily guessed as much as this of the sad little story. Dr. Firmin's part in it was enough to shock his son with a thrill of disgust, and to increase the mistrust, doubt, alienation with which the father had long inspired the son. What would Philip feel when all the pages of that dark book were opened to him, and he came to hear of a false marriage, and a ruined and out-cast woman, deserted for years by the man to whom he himself was most bound? In a word, Philip had considered this as a mere case of early libertinism, and no more; and it was as such, in the very few words which he may have uttered to me respecting this matter, that he had chosen to regard it. I knew no more than my friend had told me of the story as yet; it was only by degrees that I learned it, and as events, now subsequent, served to develop and explain it.

The elder Firmin, when questioned by his old acquaintance, and, as it appeared, accomplice of former days, regarding the end of a certain intrigue at Margate, which had occurred some four or five and twenty years back, and when Firmin, having reason to avoid his college creditors, chose to live away and bear a false name, had told the clergyman a number of falsehoods, which appeared to satisfy him. What had become of that poor little thing about whom he had made such a fool of himself? Oh, she was

dead, dead ever so many years before. He had pensioned her off. She had married, and died in Canada—yes, in Canada. Poor little thing! Yes she was a good little thing, and, at one time, he had been very soft about her. I am sorry to have to state of a respectable gentleman that he told lies, and told lies habitually and easily. But, you see, if you commit a crime, and break a seventh commandment let us say, or an eighth, or choose any number you will—you will probably have to back the lie of action by the lie of the tongue, and so you are fairly warned, and I have no help for you. If I murder a man, and the policeman inquires, “Pray, Sir, did you cut this here gentleman’s throat?” I must bear false witness, you see, out of self-defense, though I may be naturally a most reliable truth-telling man. And so with regard to many crimes which gentlemen commit—it is painful to have to say respecting gentlemen, but they become neither more nor less than habitual liars, and have to go lying on through life to you, to me, to the servants, to their wives, to their children, to — O awful name! I bow and humble myself. May we kneel, may we kneel, nor strive to speak our falsehoods before Thee!

And so, my dear Sir, seeing that after committing any infraction of the moral laws, you must tell lies in order to back yourself out of your scrape, let me ask you, as a man of honor and a gentleman, whether you had not better forego the crime, so as to avoid the unavoidable, and unpleasant, and daily recurring necessity of the subsequent perjury? A poor young girl of the lower orders, cajoled, or ruined, more or less, is of course no great matter. The little baggage is turned out of doors—worse luck for her—or she gets a place, or she marries one of her own class, who has not the exquisite delicacy belonging to “gentle blood”—and there is an end of her. But if you marry her privately and irregularly yourself, and then throw her off, and then marry somebody else, you are brought to book in all sorts of unpleasant ways. I am writing of quite an old story, be pleased to remember. The first part of the history I myself printed some twenty years ago; and if you fancy I allude to any more modern period, Madam, you are entirely out in your conjecture.

It must have been a most unpleasant duty for a man of fashion, honor, and good family, to lie to a poor tipsy, disreputable bankrupt merchant’s daughter, such as Caroline Gann; but George Brand Firmin, Esq., M.D., had no other choice: and when he lied—as in severe cases, when he administered calomel—he thought it best to give the drug freely. Thus he lied to Hunt, saying that Mrs. Brandon was long since dead in Canada; and he lied to Caroline, prescribing for her the very same pill, as it were, and saying that Hunt was long since dead in Canada too. And I can fancy few more painful and humiliating positions for a man of rank, and fashion, and reputation, than to have to demean himself so far as to tell lies to a little low-bred person, who

gets her bread as a nurse of the sick, and has not the proper use of her *h*’s.

“Oh yes, Hunt!” Firmin had said to the Little Sister, in one of those sad little colloquies which sometimes took place between him and his victim, his wife of old days; a wild, bad man, Hunt was—in days when I own I was little better! I have deeply repented since, Caroline; of nothing more than of my conduct to you; for you were worthy of a better fate, and you loved me truly—madly.”

“Yes,” says Caroline.

“I was wild, then! I was desperate! I had ruined my fortunes, estranged my father from me, was hiding from my creditors under an assumed name—that under which I saw you. Ah, why did I ever come to your house, my poor child? The mark of the demon was upon me. I did not dare to speak of marriage before my father. You have yours, and tend him with your ever constant goodness. Do you know that my father would not see me when he died? Oh, it’s a cruel thing to think of!” And the suffering creature slaps his tall forehead with his trembling hand; and some of his grief about his own father, I dare say, is sincere, for he feels the shame and remorse of being alienated from his own son.

As for the marriage—that it was a most wicked and unjustifiable deceit, he owned; but he was wild when it took place, wild with debt and with despair at his father’s estrangement from him—but the fact was it was no marriage.

“I am glad of that!” sighed the poor Little Sister.

“Why?” asked the other, eagerly. His love was dead, but his vanity was still hale and well. “Did you care for somebody else, Caroline? Did you forget your George, whom you used to—”

“No!” said the little woman, bravely. “But I couldn’t live with a man who behaved to any woman so dishonest as you behaved to me. I liked you because I thought you was a gentleman. My poor painter was, whom you used to despise and trample to hearth—and my dear, dear Philip is, Mr. Firmin. But gentlemen tell the truth! Gentlemen don’t deceive poor innocent girls, and desert ’em without a penny!”

“Caroline! I was driven by my creditors. I—”

“Never mind. It’s over now. I bear you no malice, Mr. Firmin, but I wouldn’t marry you, no, not to be doctor’s wife to the queen!”

This had been the Little Sister’s language when there was no thought of the existence of Hunt, the clergyman who had celebrated their marriage; and I don’t know whether Firmin was most piqued or pleased at the divorce which the little woman pronounced of her own decree. But when the ill-omened Hunt made his appearance, doubts and terrors filled the physician’s mind. Hunt was needy, greedy, treacherous, unscrupulous, desperate. He could hold this marriage over the doctor. He could threaten, extort, expose, perhaps invalidate Philip’s legiti-

macy. The first marriage, almost certainly, was null, but the scandal would be fatal to Firmin's reputation and practice. And the quarrel with his son entailed consequences not pleasant to think of. You see George Firmin, Esq., M.D., was a man with a great development of the back head; when he willed a thing, he willed it so fiercely that he *must* have it, never mind the consequences. And so he had willed to make himself master of poor little Caroline: and so he had willed, as a young man, to have horses, splendid entertainments, roulette, and écarté, and so forth; and the bill came at its natural season, and George Firmin, Esq., did not always like to pay. But for a grand, prosperous, highly-bred gentleman in the best society—with a polished forehead and manners, and universally looked up to—to have to tell lies to a poor, little, timid, uncomplaining, sick-room nurse, it *was* humiliating, wasn't it? And I can feel for Firmin.

To have to lie to Hunt was disgusting; but somehow not so exquisitely mean and degrading as to have to cheat a little, trusting, humble, houseless creature, over the bloom of whose gentle, young life his accursed foot had already trampled. But then this Hunt was such a cad and ruffian that there need be no scruple about humbugging *him*; and if Firmin had had any humor he might have had a grim sort of pleasure in leading the dirty clergyman a dance thoro' bush thoro' brier. So, perhaps (of course I have no means of ascertaining the fact), the doctor did not altogether dislike the duty which now devolved on him of hood-winking his old acquaintance and accomplice. I don't like to use such a vulgar phrase regarding a man in Doctor Firmin's high social position, as to say of him and the jail-chaplain that it was "Thief catch thief;" but at any rate Hunt is such a low, graceless, friendless vagabond, that if he comes in for a few kicks, or is mystified, we need not be very sorry. When Mr. Thurtell is hung we don't put on mourning. His is a painful position for the moment; but, after all, he has murdered Mr. William Weare.

Firmin was a bold and courageous man, hot in pursuit, fierce in desire, but cool in danger, and rapid in action. Some of his great successes as a physician arose from his daring and successful practice in sudden emergency. While Hunt was only lurching about the town an aimless miscreant, living from dirty hand to dirty mouth, and as long as he could get drink, cards, and shelter, tolerably content, or at least pretty easily appeased by a guinea-dose or two—Firmin could adopt the palliative system; soothe his patient with an occasional bounty; set him to sleep with a composing draught of claret or brandy; and let the day take care of itself. He might die; he might have a fancy to go abroad again; he might be transported for forgery or some other rascaldom, Dr. Firmin would console himself; and he trusted to the chapter of accidents to get rid of his friend. But Hunt, aware that the woman was alive whom he had actually, though

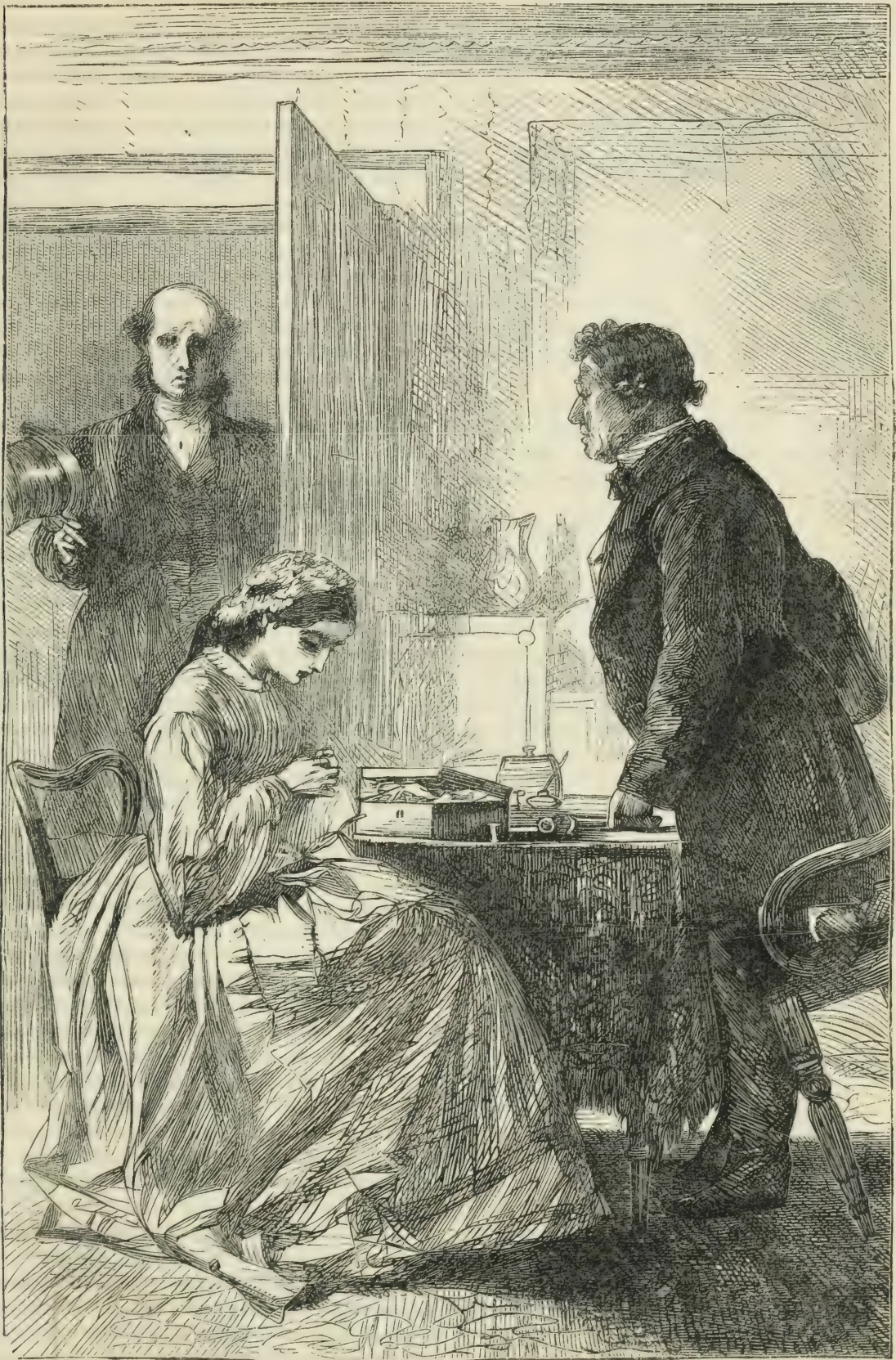
unlawfully married to Firmin, became an enemy when it was necessary to subdue, to cajole, or to bribe, and the sooner the doctor put himself on his defense the better. What should the defense be? Perhaps the most effectual was a fierce attack on the enemy; perhaps it would be better to bribe him. The course to be taken would be best ascertained after a little previous reconnoitring.

"He will try and inflame Caroline," the doctor thought, "by representing her wrongs and her rights to her. He will show her that, as my wife, she has a right to my name and a share of my income. A less mercenary woman never lived than this poor little creature. She disdains money, and, except for her father's sake, would have taken none of mine. But to punish me for certainly rather shabby behavior; to claim and take her own right and position in the world as an honest woman, may she not be induced to declare war against me, and stand by her marriage? After she left home, her two Irish half-sisters deserted her and spat upon her; and when she would have returned, the heartless women drove her from the door. Oh, the vixens! And now to drive by them in her carriage, to claim a maintenance from me, and to have a right to my honorable name, would she not have her dearest revenge over her sisters by so declaring her marriage?"

Firmin's noble mind misgave him very considerably on this point. He knew women, and how those had treated their Little Sister. Was it in human nature not to be revenged? These thoughts rose straightway in Firmin's mind, when he heard that the much-dreaded meeting between Caroline and the chaplain had come to pass.

As he ate his dinner with his guest, his enemy, opposite to him, he was determining on his plan of action. The screen was up, and he was laying his guns behind it, so to speak. Of course he was as civil to Hunt as the tenant to his landlord when he comes with no rent. So the doctor laughed, joked, bragged, talked his best, and was thinking the while what was to be done against the danger.

He had a plan which might succeed. He must see Caroline immediately. He knew the weak point of her heart, and where she was most likely to be vulnerable. And he would act against her as barbarians of old acted against their enemies when they brought the captive wives and children in front of the battle, and bade the foe strike through them. He knew how Caroline loved his boy. It was through that love he would work upon her. As he washes his pretty hands for dinner, and bathes his noble brow, he arranges his little plan. He orders himself to be sent for soon after the second bottle of claret—and it appears the doctor's servants were accustomed to the delivery of these messages from their master to himself. The plan arranged, now let us take our dinner and our wine, and make ourselves comfortable until the moment of action. In his wild-oats days,



NURSE AND DOCTOR.

when traveling abroad with wild and noble companions, Firmin had fought a duel or two, and was always remarkable for his gayety of conversation and the fine appetite which he showed at breakfast before going on to the field. So, perhaps, Hunt, had he not been stupefied by previous drink, might have taken the alarm by remarking Firmin's extra courtesy and gayety as they dined together. It was *nunc vinum, cras æquor*.

When the second bottle of claret was engaged Dr. Firmin starts. He has an advance of half an hour at least on his adversary, or on the man who may be his adversary. If the Little Sister is at home, he will see her—he will lay bare his candid heart to her, and make a clean breast of it. The Little Sister was at home.

"I want to speak to you very particularly about that case of poor Lady Humandhaw," says he, dropping his voice.

"I will step out, my dear, and take a little fresh air," says Captain Gann: meaning that he will be off to the "Admiral Byng;" and the two are together.

"I have had something on my conscience. I have deceived you, Caroline," says the doctor, with the beautiful shining forehead and hat.

"Ah, Mr. Firmin," says she, bending over her work, "you've used me to that."

"A man whom you knew once, and who tempted me for his own selfish ends to do a very wrong thing by you—a man whom I thought dead is alive. Tufton Hunt, who performed that—that illegal ceremony at Margate, of which so often and often on my knees I have repented, Caroline!"

The beautiful hands are clasped; the beautiful, deep voice thrills lowly through the room; and if a tear or two can be squeezed out of the beautiful eyes, I dare say the doctor will not be sorry.

"He has been here to-day. Him and Mr. Philip was here and quarreled. Philip has told you, I suppose, Sir?"

"Before Heaven, 'on the word of a gentleman,' when I said he was dead, Caroline, I thought he was dead! Yes, I declare, at our college, Maxwell—Dr. Maxwell—who had been at Cambridge with us, told me that our old friend Hunt had died in Canada." (This, my beloved friends and readers, may not have been the precise long bow which George Firmin, Esq., M.D., pulled; but that he twanged a famous lie out, whenever there was occasion for the weapon, I assure you is an undoubted fact.) "Yes, Dr. Maxwell told me our old friend was dead—our old friend? My worst enemy and yours! But let that pass. It was he, Caroline, who led me into crimes which I have never ceased to deplore."

"Ah, Mr. Firmin," sighs the Little Sister, "since I've known you, you was big enough to take care of yourself in that way."

"I have not come to excuse myself, Caroline," says the deep sweet voice. "I have done you enough wrong, and I feel it here—at this heart. I have not come to speak about myself, but of some one I love the best of all the world—the only being I *do* love—some one you love, you good and generous soul—about Philip."

"What is it about Philip?" asks Mrs. Brandon, very quickly.

"Do you want harm to happen to him?"

"Oh, my darling boy, no!" cries the Little Sister, clasping her little hands.

"Would you keep him from harm?"

"Ah, Sir, you know I would. When he had the scarlet fever didn't I pour the drink down his poor throat, and nurse him, and tend him, as if, as if—as a mother would her own child?"

"You did, you did, you noble, noble woman; and Heaven bless you for it! A father does. I am not all heartless, Caroline, as you deem me, perhaps."

"I don't think it's much merit your loving him," says Caroline, resuming her sewing. And perhaps she thinks within herself, "What is he

a coming to?" You see she was a shrewd little person, when her passions and partialities did not overcome her reason; and she had come to the conclusion that this elegant Dr. Firmin, whom she had admired so once, was a—not altogether veracious gentleman. In fact, I heard her myself say afterward, "La! he used to talk so fine, and slap his hand on his heart, you know; but I usedn't to believe him, no more than a man in a play." "It's not much merit your loving that boy," says Caroline, then. "But what about him, Sir?"

Then Firmin explained. This man Hunt was capable of any crime for money or revenge. Seeing Caroline was alive.....

"I s'pose you told him I was dead too, Sir," says she, looking up from the work.

"Spare me, spare me! Years ago, perhaps, when I had lost sight of you, I may, perhaps, have thought—"

"And it's not to you, George Brandon—it's not to you," cries Caroline, starting up, and speaking with her sweet, innocent, ringing voice; "it's to kind, dear friends—it's to my good God that I owe my life, which you had flung it away. And I paid you back by guarding your boy's dear life, I did, under—under Him who giveth and taketh. And bless His name!" And she clasps her hands, and thanks.

"You are a good woman, and I am a bad, sinful man, Caroline," says the other. "You saved my Philip's—our Philip's life, at the risk of your own. Now I tell you that another immense danger menaces him, and may come upon him any day as long as yonder scoundrel is alive. Suppose his character is assailed; suppose, thinking you dead, I married another."

"Ah, George, you never thought me dead; though, perhaps, you wished it, Sir. And many would have died," added the poor Little Sister.

"Look, Caroline! If I was married to you, my wife—Philip's mother—was not my wife, and he is her natural son. The property he inherits does not belong to him. The children of his grandfather's other daughter claim it, and Philip is a beggar. Philip, bred as he has been—Philip, the heir to a mother's large fortune."

"And—and his father's, too?" asks Caroline, anxiously.

"I daren't tell you—though, no, by Heavens! I can trust you with every thing. My own great gains have been swallowed up in speculations which have been almost all fatal. There has been a fate hanging over me, Caroline—a righteous punishment for having deserted you. I sleep with a sword over my head, which may fall and destroy me. I walk with a volcano under my feet, which may burst any day and annihilate me. And people speak of the famous Dr. Firmin, the rich Dr. Firmin, the prosperous Dr. Firmin! I shall have a title soon, I believe. I am believed to be happy, and I am alone, and the wretchedest man alive."

"Alone, are you?" said Caroline. "There was a woman once would have kept by you, only you—you flung her away. Look here, George

Brandon. It's over with us. Years and years ago it lies where a little cherub was buried. But I love my Philip; and I won't hurt him—no, never, never, never!"

And as the doctor turned to go away, Caroline followed him wistfully into the hall, and it was there that Philip found them.

Caroline's tender "never, never," rang in Philip's memory as he sat at Ridley's party, amidst the artists and authors there assembled. Phil was thoughtful and silent. He did not laugh very loud. He did not praise or abuse any body outrageously, as was the wont of that most emphatic young gentleman. He scarcely contradicted a single person; and perhaps, when Larkins said Scumble's last picture was beautiful, or Bunch, the critic of the *Connoisseur*, praised Bowman's last novel, contented himself with a scornful "Ho!" and a pull at his whiskers, by way of protest and denial. Had he been in his usual fine spirits, and enjoying his ordinary flow of talk, he would have informed Larkins and the assembled company not only that Scumble was an impostor, but that he, Larkins, was an idiot for admiring him. He would have informed Bunch that he was infatuated about that jackass Bowman, that cockney, that wretched ignoramus, who didn't know his own or any other language. He would have taken down one of Bowman's stories from the shelf, and proved the folly, imbecility, and crass ignorance of that author. (Ridley has a simple little stock of novels and poems in an old cabinet in his studio, and reads them still with much artless wonder and respect.) Or, to be sure, Phil would have asserted propositions the exact contrary of those here maintained, and declared that Bowman was a genius, and Scumble a most accomplished artist. But then, you know, somebody else must have commenced by taking the other side. Certainly a more paradoxical, and provoking, and obstinate, and contradictory disputant than Mr. Phil I never knew. I never met Dr. Johnson, who died before I came up to town; but I do believe Phil Firmin would have stood up and argued even with him.

At these Thursday divans the host provided the modest and kindly refreshment, and Betsy the maid, or Virgilio the model, traveled to and fro with glasses and water. Each guest brought his own smoke, and I promise you there were such liberal contributions of the article that the studio was full of it; and new-comers used to be saluted by a roar of laughter as you heard, rather than saw, them entering, and choking in the fog. It was, "Holloa, Prodgers! is that you, old boy?" and the beard of Prodgers (that famous sculptor) would presently loom through the cloud. It was, "Newcome, how goes?" and Mr. Clive Newcome (a mediocre artist, I must own, but a famous good fellow, with an uncommonly pretty villa and pretty and rich wife at Wimbledon) would make his appearance, and be warmly greeted by our little host. It was, "Is that you, F. B.? would you like a link, old boy, to see you through the fog?" And the

deep voice of Frederick Bayham, Esquire (the eminent critic on Art), would boom out of the tobacco-mist, and would exclaim, "A link? I would like a drink." Ah, ghosts of youth, again ye draw near! Old figures glimmer through the cloud. Old songs echo out of the distance. What were you saying anon about Dr. Johnson, boys? I am sure some of us must remember him. As for me, I am so old that I might have been at Edial school—the other pupil along with little Davy Garrick and his brother.

We had a bachelor's supper in the Temple so lately that I think we must pay but a very brief visit to a smoking party in Thornhaugh Street, or the ladies will say that we are too fond of bachelor habits, and keep our friends away from their charming and amiable society. A novel must not smell of cigars much, nor should its refined and genteel page be stained with too frequent brandy-and-water. Please to imagine, then, the prattle of the artists, authors, and amateurs assembled at Ridley's divan. Fancy Jarman, the miniature painter, drinking more liquor than any man present, asking his neighbor (*sub voce*) why Ridley does not give his father (the old butler) five shillings to wait; suggesting that perhaps the old man is gone out, and is getting seven-and-sixpence elsewhere; praising Ridley's picture aloud, and sneering at it in an undertone; and when a man of rank happens to enter the room, shambling up to him, and fawning on him, and cringing to him with fulsome praise and flattery. When the gentleman's back is turned, Jarman can spit epigrams at it. I hope he will never forgive Ridley, and always continue to hate him: for hate him Jarman will, as long as he is prosperous, and curse him as long as the world esteems him. Look at Pym, the incumbent of Saint Bronze hard by, coming in to join the literary and artistic assembly, and choking in his white neckcloth to the diversion of all the company who can see him! Sixteen, eighteen, twenty men are assembled. Open the windows, or sure they will all be stifled with the smoke! Why, it fills the whole house so that the Little Sister has to open her parlor window on the ground-floor, and gasp for fresh air.

Phil's head and cigar are thrust out from a window above, and he lolls there, musing about his own affairs, as his smoke ascends to the skies. Young Mr. Philip Firmin is known to be wealthy, and his father gives very good parties in Old Parr Street, so Jarman sidles up to Phil and wants a little fresh air too. He enters into conversation by abusing Ridley's picture that is on the easel.

"Every body is praising it; what do *you* think of it, Mr. Firmin? Very queer drawing about those eyes, isn't there?"

"Is there?" growls Phil.

"Very loud color."

"Oh!" says Phil.

"The composition is so clearly priggish from Raphael."

"Indeed!"

"I beg your pardon. I don't think you know who I am," continues the other, with a simper.

"Yes, I do," says Phil, glaring at him. "You're a painter, and your name is Mr. Envy."

"Sir!" shrieks the painter; but he is addressing himself to the tails of Phil's coat, the superior half of Mr. Firmin's body is stretching out of the window. Now, you may speak of a man behind his back, but not to him. So Mr. Jarman withdraws, and addresses himself, face to face, to somebody else in the company. I dare say he abuses that upstart, impudent, bumptious young doctor's son. Have I not owned that Philip was often very rude? and to-night he is in a specially bad humor.

As he continues to stare into the street, who is that who has just reeled up to the railings below, and is talking in at Mrs. Brandon's window? Whose blackguard voice and laugh are those which Phil recognizes with a shudder? It is the voice and laugh of our friend Mr. Hunt, whom Philip left, not very long since, near his father's house in Old Parr Street; and both of those familiar sounds are more vinous, more odious, more impudent than they were even two hours ago.

"Holloa! I say!" he calls out with a laugh and a curse. "Pst! Mrs. Whatdyoucallem! Hang it! don't shut the window. Let a fellow in!" and as he looks toward the upper window, where Philip's head and bust appear dark before the light, Hunt cries out, "Holloa! what game's up now, I wonder? Supper and ball. Shouldn't be surprised." And he hiccups a waltz tune, and clatters time to it with his dirty boots.

"Mrs. Whatdyoucall! Mrs. B—!" the sot then recommences to shriek out. "Must see you—most particular business. Private and confidential. Hear of something to your advantage." And rap, rap, rap, he is now thundering at the door. In the clatter of twenty voices few hear Hunt's noise except Philip; or, if they do, only imagine that another of Ridley's guests is arriving.

At the hall door there is talk and altercation, and the high shriek of a well-known odious voice. Philip moves quickly from his window, shoulders friend Jarman at the studio door, and hustling past him obtains, no doubt, more good wishes from that ingenious artist. Philip is so rude and overbearing that I really have a mind to depose him from his place of hero—only, you see, we are committed. His name is on the page overhead, and we can't take it down and put up another. The Little Sister is standing in her hall by the just opened door, and remonstrating with Mr. Hunt, who appears to wish to force his way in.

"Pooh! shtuff, my dear! If he's here I musht see him—particular business—get out of that!" and he reels forward and against little Caroline's shoulder.

"Get away, you brute, you!" cries the little lady. "Go home, Mr. Hunt; you are worse than you were this morning." She is a resolute

little woman, and puts out a firm little arm against this odious invader. She has seen patients in hospital raging in fever: she is not frightened by a tipsy man. "La! is it you, Mr. Philip? Who ever will take this horrid man? He ain't fit to go up stairs among the gentlemen; indeed he ain't."

"You said Firmin was here—and it isn't the father. It's the cub! I want the doctor. Where's the doctor?" hiccups the chaplain, lurching against the wall; and then he looks at Philip with bloodshot eyes, that twinkle hate. "Who wantsh you, I shlike to know? Had enough of you already to-day. Conceited brute. Don't look at *me* in that sortaway! I ain't afraid of you—ain't afraid any body. Time was when I was a young man fight you as soon as look at you. I say, Philip!"

"Go home, now. Do go home, there's a good man," says the landlady.

"I say! Look here—hic—hi! Philip! On your word as a gentleman, your father's not here? He's a sly old boots, Brummeli Firmin is—Trinity man—I'm not a Trinity man—Corpus man. I say, Philip, give us your hand. Bear no malice. Look here—something very particular. After dinner—went into Air Street—you know—*rouge gagne, et couleur*—cleaned out. Cleaned out, on the honor of a gentleman and master of arts of the University of Cambridge. So was your father—no, he went out in medicine. I say, Philip, hand us out five sovereigns, and let's try the luck again! What, you won't? It's mean, I say. Don't be mean."

"Oh, here's five shillings! Go and have a cab. Fetch a cab for him, Virgilio, do!" cries the mistress of the house.

"That's not enough, my dear!" cries the chaplain, advancing toward Mrs. Brandon with such a leer and air that Philip, half choked with passion, runs forward, grips Hunt by the collar, and crying out, "You filthy scoundrel! as this is not my house, I may kick you out of it!"—in another instant has run Hunt through the passage, hurled him down the steps, and sent him sprawling into the kennel.

"Row down below," says Rosebury, placidly, looking from above. "Personal conflict. Intoxicated individual—in gutter. Our impetuous friend has floored him."

Hunt, after a moment, sits up and glares at Philip. He is not hurt. Perhaps the shock has sobered him. He thinks, perhaps, Philip is going to strike again. "Hands off, BASTARD!" shrieks out the prostrate wretch.

"Oh, Philip, Philip! He's mad, he's tipsy!" cries out the Little Sister, running into the street. She puts her arms round Philip. "Don't mind him, dear—he's mad! Policeman! The gentleman has had too much. Come in, Philip; come in!"

She took him into her little room. She was pleased with the gallantry of the boy. She liked to see him just now, standing over her enemy, courageous, victorious, her champion. "La! how savage he did look; and how brave and

strong you are! But the little wretch ain't fit to stand before such as you!" And she passed her little hand down his arm, of which the muscles were all in a quiver from the recent skirmish.

"What did the scoundrel mean by calling me bastard?" said Philip, the wild blue eyes glaring round about with more than ordinary fierceness.

"Nonsense, dear! Who minds any thing he says, that beast? His language is always horrid; he's not a gentleman. He had had too much this morning when he was here. What matters what he says? He won't know any thing about it to-morrow. But it was kind of my Philip to rescue his poor little nurse, wasn't it? Like a novel. Come in, and let me make you some tea. Don't go to no more smoking: you have had enough. Come in and talk to me."

And as a mother, with sweet, pious face, yearns to her little children from her seat, she fondles him, she watches him; she fills her teapot from her singing kettle. She talks—talks in her homely way, and on this subject and that. It is a wonder how she prattles on, who is generally rather silent. She won't see Phil's eyes, which are following her about very strangely and fiercely. And when again he mutters, "What did he mean by....." "La, my dear, how cross you are!" she breaks out. "It's always so; you won't be happy without your cigar. Here's a cheroot, a beauty! Pa brought it home from the club. A China captain gave him some. You must light it at the little end. There!" And if I could draw the picture which my mind sees of her lighting Phil's cheroot for him, and smiling the while, the little innocent Delilah coaxing and wheedling this young Samson, I know it would be a pretty picture. I wish Ridley would sketch it for me.

CHAPTER XII.

DAMOCLES.

ON the next morning, at an hour so early that Old Parr Street was scarce awake, and even the maids who wash the broad steps of the houses of the tailors and medical gentlemen who inhabit that region had not yet gone down on their knees before their respective doors, a ring was heard at Dr. Firmin's night bell, and when the door was opened by the yawning attendant, a little person in a gray gown and a black bonnet made her appearance, handed a note to the servant, and said the case was most urgent and the doctor must come at once. Was not Lady Humandhaw the noble person whom we last mentioned, as the invalid about whom the doctor and the nurse had spoken a few words on the previous evening? The Little Sister, for it was she, used the very same name to the servant, who retired grumbling to waken up his master and deliver the note.

Nurse Brandon sate a while in the great gaunt



dining-room where hung the portrait of the doctor in his splendid black collar and cuffs, and contemplated this master-piece until an invasion of housemaids drove her from the apartment, when she took refuge in that other little room to which Mrs. Firmin's portrait had been consigned.

"That's like him ever so many years and years ago," she thinks. "It is a little handsomer; but it has his wicked look that I used to think so killing, and so did my sisters both of them—they were ready to tear out each other's eyes for jealousy. And that's Mrs. Firmin's! Well, I suppose the painter haven't flattered her. If he have she could have been no great things, Mrs. F. couldn't." And the doctor, entering softly by the opened door and over the thick Turkey carpet, comes up to her noiseless, and finds the Little Sister gazing at the portrait of the departed lady.

"Oh! it's you, is it? I wonder whether you treated her no better than you treated me, Dr. F. I've a notion she's not the only one. She don't look happy, poor thing!" says the little lady.

"What is it, Caroline?" asks the deep-voiced doctor; "and what brings you so early?"

The Little Sister then explains to him. "Last night after he went away Hunt came sure enough. He had been drinking. He was very rude, and Philip wouldn't bear it. Philip had a good courage of his own and a hot blood. And Philip thought Hunt was insulting her, the Little Sister. So he up with his hand and down goes Mr. Hunt on the pavement. Well, when he was down he was in a dreadful way, and he called Philip a dreadful name."

"A name? what name?" Then Caroline told the doctor the name Mr. Hunt had used; and if Firmin's face usually looked wicked, I dare say it did not seem very angelical when he heard

how this odious name had been applied to his son. "Can he do Philip a mischief?" Caroline continued. "I thought I was bound to tell his father. Look here, Dr. F., I don't want to do my dear boy a harm. But suppose what you told me last night isn't true—as I don't think you much mind—mind—saying things as are incorrect, you know, when us women are in the case. But suppose when you played the villian, thinking only to take in a poor innocent girl of sixteen, it was you who were took in, and that I was your real wife after all? There would be a punishment!"

"I should have an honest and good wife, Caroline," said the doctor, with a groan.

"This would be a punishment, not for you, but for my poor Philip," the woman goes on. "What has he done that his honest name should be took from him—and his fortune perhaps? I have been lying broad awake all night thinking of him. Ah, George Brandon! Why, why did you come to my poor old father's house, and bring this misery down on me, and on your child unborn?"

"On myself the worst of all," says the doctor.

"You deserve it. But it's us innocent that has had, or will have, to suffer most. Oh, George Brandon! Think of a poor child, flung away, and left to starve and die, without even so much as knowing your real name! Think of your boy, perhaps brought to shame and poverty through your fault!"

"Do you suppose I don't often think of my wrong?" says the doctor. "That it does not cause me sleepless nights, and hours of anguish? Ah! Caroline!" and he looks in the glass; "I am not shaved, and it's very unbecoming," he thinks; that is, if I may dare to read his thoughts, as I do to report his unheard words.

"You think of your wrong now it may be found out, I dare say!" says Caroline. "Suppose this Hunt turns against you? He is desperate; mad for drink and money; has been in jail—as he said this very night to me and my papa. He'll do or say anything. If you treat him hard, and Philip *have* treated him hard—not harder than served him right though—he'll pull the house down and himself under it; but he'll be revenged. Perhaps he drank so much last night that he may have forgot. But I fear he means mischief, and I came here to say so, and hoping that you might be kep on your guard, Doctor F., and if you have to quarrel with him, I don't know what you ever will do, I am sure—no more than if you had to fight a chimney-sweep in the street. I have been awake all night thinking, and as soon as ever as I saw the daylight I determined I would run and tell you."

"When he called Philip that name did the boy seem much disturbed?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; he referred to it again and again—though I tried to coax him out of it. But it was on his mind last night, and I am sure he will think of it the first thing this morning. Ah yes, doctor! conscience will sometimes let a

gentleman doze; but after discovery has come, and opened your curtains, and said, 'You desired to be called early!' there's little use in trying to sleep much. You look very much frightened, Doctor F.," the nurse continues. "You haven't such a courage as Philip has; or as you had when you were a young man, and came a leading poor girls astray. You used to be afraid of nothing then. Do you remember that fellow on board the steamboat in Scotland in our wedding-trip, and, la, I thought you was going to kill him. That poor little Lord Cinqbars told me ever so many stories then about your courage and shooting people. It wasn't very courageous, leaving a poor girl without even a name, and scarce a guinea, was it? But I ain't come to call up old stories—only to warn you. Even in old times, when he married us, and I thought he was doing a kindness, I never could abide this horrible man. In Scotland, when you was away shooting with your poor little lord, the things Hunt used to say and *look* was dreadful. I wonder how ever you, who were gentlemen, could put up with such a fellow! Ah, that was a sad honey-moon of ours! I wonder why I'm a thinking of it now? I suppose it's from having seen the picture of the other one—poor lady!"

"I have told you, Caroline, that I was so wild and desperate at that unhappy time, I was scarcely accountable for my actions. If I left you, it was because I had no other resource but flight. I was a ruined, penniless man but for my marriage with Ellen Ringwood. You don't suppose the marriage was happy? Happy! when have I ever been happy? My lot is to be wretched, and bring wretchedness down on those I love! On you, on my father, on my wife, on my boy—I am a doomed man. Ah that the innocent should suffer for me!" And our friend looks askance in the glass at the blue chin and hollow eyes which make his guilt look the more haggard.

"I never had my lines," the Little Sister continued, "I never knew there were papers, or writings, or any thing but a ring and a clergyman, when you married me. But I've heard tell that people in Scotland don't want a clergyman at all; and if they call themselves man and wife, they are man and wife. Now, Sir, Mr. and Mrs. Brandon certainly did travel together in Scotland—witness that man whom you were going to throw into the lake for being rude to your wife—and.....La! Don't fly out so! It wasn't me, a poor girl of sixteen, who did wrong. It was you, a man of the world, who was years and years older."

When Brandon carried off his poor little victim and wife, there had been a journey to Scotland, where Lord Cinqbars, then alive, had sporting quarters. His lordship's chaplain, Mr. Hunt, had been of the party, which fate very soon afterward separated. Death seized on Cinqbars at Naples. Debt caused Firmin—Brandon, as he called himself then—to fly the country. The chaplain wandered from jail to jail. And as

for poor little Caroline Brandon, I suppose the husband who had married her under a false name thought that to escape her, leave her, and disown her altogether was an easier and less dangerous plan than to continue relations with her. So one day, four months after their marriage, the young couple being then at Dover, Caroline's husband happened to go out for a walk. But he sent away a portmanteau by the back door when he went out for the walk, and as Caroline was waiting for her little dinner some hours after, the porter who carried the luggage came with a little note from her dearest G. B.; and it was full of little fond expressions of regard and affection, such as gentlemen put into little notes; but dearest G. B. said the bailiffs were upon him, and one of them had arrived that morning, and he must fly: and he took half the money he had, and left half for his little Carry. And he would be back soon and arrange matters, or tell her where to write and follow him. And she was to take care of her little health, and to write a great deal to her Georgy. And she did not know how to write very well then; but she did her best, and improved a great deal; for, indeed, she wrote a great deal, poor thing. Sheets and sheets of paper she blotted with ink and tears. And then the money was spent; and the next money; and no more came, and no more letters. And she was alone at sea, sinking, sinking, when it pleased Heaven to send that friend who rescued her. It is such a sad, sad, little story, that in fact I don't like dwelling on it; not caring to look upon poor, innocent, trusting creatures in pain.

.....Well, then, when Caroline exclaimed, "La! don't fly out so, Dr. Firmin!" I suppose the doctor had been crying out, and swearing fiercely, at the recollections of his friend Mr. Brandon, and at the danger which possibly hung over that gentleman. Marriage ceremonies are dangerous risks in jest or in earnest. You can't pretend to marry even a poor old bankrupt lodging-house keeper's daughter without some risk of being brought subsequently to book. If you have a vulgar wife alive, and afterward choose to leave her and marry an earl's niece, you will come to trouble, however well connected you are and highly placed in society. If you have had thirty thousand pounds with wife No. 2, and have to pay it back on a sudden, the payment may be inconvenient. You may be tried for bigamy, and sentenced, goodness knows to what punishment. At any rate, if the matter is made public, and you are a most respectable man, moving in the highest scientific and social circles, those circles may be disposed to request you to walk out of their circumference. A novelist, I know, ought to have no likes, dislikes, pity, partiality for his characters; but I declare I can not help feeling a respectful compassion for a gentleman, who, in consequence of a youthful, and, I am sure, sincerely regretted folly, may be liable to lose his fortune, his place in society, and his considerable practice. Punishment hasn't a

right to come with such a *pede claudo*. There ought to be limitations, and it is shabby and revengeful of Justice to present her little bill when it has been more than twenty years owing..... Having had his talk out with the Little Sister, having a long past crime suddenly taken down from the shelf; having a remorse, long since supposed to be dead and buried, suddenly starting up in the most blustering, boisterous, inconvenient manner; having a rage and terror tearing him within; I can fancy this most respectable physician going about his day's work, and most sincerely sympathize with him. Who is to heal the physician? Is he not more sick at heart than most of his patients that day? He has to listen to Lady Megrim cackling for half an hour at least, and describing her little ailments. He has to listen, and never once to dare to say, "Confound you, old chatter-box! What are you prating about your ailments to me, who am suffering real torture while I am smirking in your face?" He has to wear the inspiriting smile, to breathe the gentle joke, to console, to whisper hope, to administer remedy; and all day, perhaps, he sees no one so utterly sick, so sad, so despairing, as himself.

The first person on whom he had to practice hypocrisy that day was his own son, who chose to come to breakfast—a meal of which son and father seldom now partook in company. "What does he know, and what does he suspect?" are the father's thoughts; but a lowering gloom is on Philip's face, and the father's eyes look into the son's, but can not penetrate their darkness.

"Did you stay late last night, Philip?" says papa.

"Yes, Sir, rather late," answers the son.

"Pleasant party?"

"No, Sir, stupid. Your friend Mr. Hunt wanted to come in. He was drunk, and rude to Mrs. Brandon, and I was obliged to put him out of the door. He was dreadfully violent and abusive."

"Swore a good deal, I suppose?"

"Fiercely, Sir, and called names."

I dare say Philip's heart beat so when he said these last words that they were inaudible: at all events, Philip's father did not appear to pay much attention to the words, for he was busy reading the *Morning Post*, and behind that sheet of fashionable news hid whatever expression of agony there might be on his face. Philip afterward told his present biographer of this breakfast meeting and dreary *tête-à-tête*. "I burned to ask what was the meaning of that scoundrel's words of the past night," Philip said to his biographer; "but I did not dare, somehow. You see, Pendennis, it is not pleasant to say point-blank to your father, 'Sir, are you a confirmed scoundrel, or are you not? Is it possible that you have made a double marriage, as yonder other rascal hinted; and that my own legitimacy and my mother's fair fame, as well as poor, harmless Caroline's honor and happiness have been destroyed by your crime?' But I had lain

awake all night thinking about that scoundrel Hunt's words, and whether there was any meaning beyond drunken malice in what he said." So we find that three people had passed a bad night in consequence of Mr. Firmin's evil behavior of five-and-twenty years back, which surely was a most unreasonable punishment for a sin of such old date. I wish, dearly beloved brother sinners, we could take all the punishment for our individual crimes on our individual shoulders: but we drag them all down with us—that is the fact; and when Macheath is condemned to hang, it is Polly and Lucy who have to weep and suffer and wear piteous mourning in their hearts long after the dare-devil rogue has jumped off the Tyburn ladder.

"Well, Sir, he did not say a word," said Philip, recounting the meeting to his friend; "not a word, at least, regarding the matter both of us had on our hearts. But about fashion, parties, politics, he discoursed much more freely than was usual with him. He said I might have had Lord Ringwood's seat for Whipham but for my unfortunate politics. What made a Radical of me, he asked, who was naturally one of the most haughty of men (and that, I think, perhaps I am, says Phil, and a good many liberal fellows are)? I should calm down, he was sure—I should calm down, and be of the politics *des hommes du monde*."

Philip could not say to his father, "Sir, it is seeing you cringe before great ones that has set my own back up." There were countless points about which father and son could not speak; and an invisible, unexpressed, perfectly unintelligible mistrust, always was present when those two were *tête-à-tête*.

Their meal was scarce ended when entered to them Mr. Hunt, with his hat on. I was not present at the time, and can not speak as a certainty; but I should think at his ominous appearance Philip may have turned red and his father pale. "Now is the time," both, I dare say, thought; and the doctor remembered his stormy young days of foreign gambling, intrigue, and duel, when he was put on his ground before his adversary, and bidden, at a given signal, to fire. One, two, three! Each man's hand was armed with malice and murder. Philip had plenty of pluck for his part, but I should think on such an occasion might be a little nervous and fluttered, whereas his father's eye was keen, and his aim rapid and steady.

"You and Philip had a difference last night, Philip tells me," said the doctor.

"Yes, and I promised he should pay me," said the clergyman.

"And I said I should desire no better," says Mr. Phil.

"He struck his senior, his father's friend—a sick man, a clergyman," gasped Hunt.

"Were you to repeat what you did last night, I should repeat what I did," said Phil. "You insulted a good woman."

"It's a lie, Sir!" cries the other.

"You insulted a good woman, a lady in her

own house, and I turned you out of it," said Phil.

"I say, again, it is a lie, Sir!" screams Hunt, with a stamp on the table.

"That you should give me the lie, or otherwise, is perfectly immaterial to me. But whenever you insult Mrs. Brandon, or any harmless woman in my presence, I shall do my best to chastise you," cries Philip of the red mustaches, curling them with much dignity.

"You hear him, Firmin?" says the parson.

"Faith, I do, Hunt!" says the physician; "and I think he means what he says, too."

"Oh! *you* take that line, do you?" cries Hunt of the dirty hands, the dirty teeth, the dirty neckcloth.

"I take what you call that line; and whenever a rudeness is offered to that admirable woman in my son's hearing, I shall be astonished if he does not resent it," says the doctor. "Thank you, Philip!"

The father's resolute speech and behavior gave Philip great momentary comfort. Hunt's words of the night before had been occupying the young man's thoughts. Had Firmin been criminal he could not be so bold.

"You talk this way in presence of your son? You have been talking over the matter together before?" asks Hunt.

"We have been talking over the matter before—yes. We were engaged on it when you came into breakfast," said the doctor. "Shall we go on with the conversation where we left it off?"

"Well, do—that is, if you dare," said the clergyman, somewhat astonished.

"Philip, my dear, it is ill for a man to hide his head before his own son; but if I am to speak—and speak I must one day or the other—why not now?"

"Why at all, Firmin?" asks the clergyman, astonished at the other's rather sudden resolve.

"Why? Because I am sick and tired of you, Mr. Tufton Hunt," cries the physician, in his most lofty manner, "of you and your presence in my house; your blackguard behavior and your rascal extortions—because you will force me to speak one day or the other—and now, Philip, if you like, shall be the day."

"Hang it, I say! Stop a bit!" cries the clergyman.

"I understand you want some more money from me."

"I did promise Jacobs I would pay him to-day, and that was what made me so sulky last night; and perhaps I took a little too much. You see my mind was out of order; and what's the use of telling a story that is no good to any one, Firmin—least of all to you?" cries the parson, darkly.

"Because, you ruffian, I'll bear with you no more," cries the doctor, the veins of his forehead swelling as he looks fiercely at his dirty adversary. "In the last nine months, Philip, this man has had nine hundred pounds from me."

"The luck has been so very bad, so bad, upon my honor, now," grumbles the parson.

"To-morrow he will want more; and the next day more; and the next day more; and, in fine, I won't live with this accursed Man of the Sea round my neck. You shall have the story; and Mr. Hunt shall sit by and witness against his own crime and mine. I had been very wild at Cambridge when I was a young man. I had quarreled with my father, lived with a dissipated set, and beyond my means; and had had my debts paid so often by your grandfather that I was afraid to ask for more. He was stern to me; I was not dutiful to him. I own my fault. Mr. Hunt can bear witness to what I say."

"I was in hiding at Margate, under a false name. You know the name."

"Yes, Sir, I think I know the name," Philip said, thinking he liked his father better now than he had ever liked him in his life, and sighing, "Ah, if he had always been frank and true with me!"

"I took humble lodgings with an obscure family. [If Dr. Firmin had a prodigious idea of his own grandeur and importance, you see I can not help it—and he was long held to be such a respectable man.] And there I found a young girl—one of the most innocent beings that ever a man played with and betrayed. Betrayed, I own it, Heaven forgive me! The crime has been the shame of my life, and darkened my whole career with misery. I got a man worse than myself, if that could be. I got Hunt for a few pounds, which he owed me, to make a sham marriage between me and poor Caroline. My money was soon gone. My creditors were after me. I fled the country, and I left her."

"A sham marriage! a sham marriage!" cries the clergyman. "Didn't you make me perform it by holding a pistol to my throat? A fellow won't risk transportation for nothing. But I owed him money for cards, and he had my bill, and he said he would let me off, and that's why I helped him. Never mind. I am out of the business now, Mr. Brummell Firmin, and you are in it. I have read the Act, Sir. The clergyman who performs the marriage is liable to punishment, if informed against within three years, and it's twenty years or more. But you, Mr. Brummell Firmin—your case is different, and you, my young gentleman, with the fiery whiskers, who strike down old men of a night—you may find some of us know how to revenge ourselves, though we are down." And with this, Hunt rushed to his greasy hat, and quitted the house, discharging imprecations at his hosts as he passed through the hall.

Son and father sate a while silent after the departure of their common enemy. At last the father spoke.

"This is the sword that has always been hanging over my head, and is now falling, Philip."

"What can the man do? Is the first marriage a good marriage?" asked Philip, with alarmed face.

"It is no marriage. It is void to all intents and purposes. You may suppose I have taken care to learn the law about that. Your legitimacy is safe, sure enough. But that man can ruin me, or nearly so. He will try to-morrow, if not to-day. As long as you or I can give him a guinea he will take it to the gambling-house. I had the mania on me myself once. My poor father quarreled with me in consequence, and died without seeing me. I married your mother—Heaven help her, poor soul! and forgive me for being but a harsh husband to her—with a view of mending my shattered fortunes. I wished she had been more happy, poor thing. But do not blame me utterly, Philip. I was desperate, and she wished for the marriage so much! I had good looks and high spirits in those days. People said so. [And here he glances obliquely at his own handsome portrait.] Now I am a wreck, a wreck!"

"I conceive, Sir, that this will annoy you; but how can it ruin you?" asked Philip.

"What becomes of my practice as a family physician? The practice is not now what it was, between ourselves, Philip, and the expenses greater than you imagine. I have made unlucky speculations. If you count upon much increase of wealth from me, my boy, you will be disappointed; though you were never mercenary, no, never. But the story bruited about by this rascal, of a physician of eminence engaged in two marriages, do you suppose my rivals won't hear it, and take advantage of it—my patients hear it, and avoid me?"

"Make terms with the man at once, then, Sir, and silence him."

"To make terms with a gambler is impossible. My purse is always there open for him to thrust his hand into when he loses. No man can withstand such a temptation. I am glad you have never fallen into it. I have quarreled with you sometimes for living with people below your rank: perhaps you were right, and I was wrong. I have liked, always did, I don't disguise it, to live with persons of station. And these, when I was at the University, taught me play and extravagance; and in the world haven't helped me much. Who would? Who would?" and the doctor relapsed into meditation.

A little catastrophe presently occurred, after which Mr. Philip Firmin told me the substance of this story. He described his father's long acquiescence in Hunt's demands, and sudden resistance to them, and was at a loss to account for the change. I did not tell my friend in express terms, but I fancied I could account for the change of behavior. Dr. Firmin, in his interviews with Caroline, had had his mind set at rest about one part of his danger. The doctor need no longer fear the charge of a double marriage. The Little Sister resigned her claims past, present, future.

If a gentleman is sentenced to be hung, I wonder is it a matter of comfort to him or not to know beforehand the day of the operation? Hunt would take his revenge. When and how?

Dr. Firmin asked himself. Nay, possibly, you will have to learn that this eminent practitioner walked about with more than danger hanging imminent over him. Perhaps it was a rope: perhaps it was a sword: some weapon of execution, at any rate, as we frequently may see. A day passes: no assassin darts at the doctor as he threads the dim opera-colonnade passage on his way to his club. A week goes by: no stiletto is plunged into his well-wadded breast as he steps from his carriage at some noble patient's door. Philip says he never knew his father more pleasant, easy, good-humored, and affable than during this period, when he must have felt that a danger was hanging over him of which his son at this time had no idea. I dined in Old Parr Street once in this memorable period (memorable it seemed to me from immediately subsequent events). Never was the dinner better served: the wine more excellent: the guests and conversation more gravely respectable than at this entertainment: and my neighbor remarked with pleasure how the father and son seemed to be on much better terms than ordinary. The doctor addressed Philip pointedly once or twice; alluded to his foreign travels; spoke of his mother's family—it was most gratifying to see the pair together. Day after day passes so. The enemy has disappeared. At least, the lining of his dirty hat is no longer visible on the broad marble table of Dr. Firmin's hall.

But one day—it may be ten days after the quarrel—a little messenger comes to Philip, and says, "Philip, dear, I am sure there is something wrong; that horrible Hunt has been here with a very quiet, soft-spoken old gentleman, and they have been going on with my poor pa about my wrongs and his—his, indeed!—and they have worked him up to believe that somebody has cheated his daughter out of a great fortune; and who can that somebody be but your father? And whenever they see me coming, papa and that horrid Hunt go off to the 'Admiral Byng:' and one night when pa came home he said, 'Bless you, bless you, my poor, innocent, injured child; and blessed you *will* be: mark a fond father's words!' They are scheming something against Philip and Philip's father. Mr. Bond the soft-spoken old gentleman's name is: and twice there has been a Mr. Walls to inquire if Mr. Hunt was at our house."

"Mr. Bond?—Mr. Walls?—A gentleman of the name of Bond was Uncle Twysden's attorney. An old gentleman, with a bald head, and one eye bigger than the other?"

"Well, this old man has one smaller than the other, I do think," says Caroline. "First man who came was Mr. Walls—a rattling young fashionable chap, always laughing, talking about theatres, operas, every thing—came home from the 'Byng' along with pa and his new friend—oh! I do hate him, that man, that Hunt!—then he brought the old man, this Mr. Bond. What are they scheming against you, Philip? I tell you this matter is all about you and your father."

Years and years ago, in the poor mother's lifetime, Philip remembered an outbreak of wrath on his father's part, who called Uncle Twysden a swindling miser, and this very Mr. Bond a scoundrel who deserved to be hung, for interfering in some way in the management of a part of the property which Mrs. Twysden and her sister inherited from their own mother. That quarrel had been made up, as such quarrels are. The brothers-in-law had continued to mistrust each other; but there was no reason why the feud should descend to the children; and Philip and his aunt, and one of her daughters at least, were on good terms together. Philip's uncle's lawyers engaged with his father's debtor and enemy against Dr. Firmin: the alliance boded no good.

"I won't tell you what I think, Philip," said the father. "You are fond of your cousin?"

"Oh! for ev—"

"Forever, of course! At least until we change our mind, or one of us grows tired, or finds a better mate."

"Ah, Sir!" cries Philip, but suddenly stops in his remonstrance.

"What were you going to say, Philip, and why do you pause?"

"I was going to say, father, if I might without offending, that I think you judge hardly of women. I know two who have been very faithful to you."

"And I a traitor to both of them. Yes; and my remorse, Philip, my remorse!" says his father, in his deepest tragedy voice, clutching his hand over a heart that I believed beat very coolly. But, pshaw! why am I, Philip's biographer, going out of the way to abuse Philip's papa? Is not the threat of bigamy and exposure enough to disturb any man's equanimity? I say again, suppose there is another sword—a rope if you will so call it—hanging over the head of our Damocles of Old Parr Street?..... Howbeit, the father and the son met and parted in these days with unusual gentleness and cordiality. And these were the last days in which they were to meet together. Nor could Philip recall without satisfaction, afterward, that the hand which he took was pressed and given with a real kindness and cordiality.

Why were these the last days son and father were to pass together? Dr. Firmin is still alive. Philip is a very tolerably prosperous gentleman. He and his father parted good friends, and it is the biographer's business to narrate how and wherefore. When Philip told his father that Messrs. Bond and Walls, his uncle Twysden's attorneys, were suddenly interested about Mr. Brandon and his affairs, the father instantly guessed, though the son was too simple as yet to understand how it was that these gentlemen interfered. If Mr. Brandon-Firmin's marriage with Miss Ringwood was null, her son was illegitimate, and her fortune went to her sister. Painful as such a duty might be to such tender-hearted people as our Twysden acquaintances to deprive a dear nephew of his fortune, yet, after

all, duty is duty, and a parent must sacrifice every thing for justice and his own children. "Had I been in such a case," Talbot Twysden subsequently and repeatedly declared, "I should never have been easy a moment if I thought I possessed wrongfully a beloved nephew's property. I could not have slept in peace; I could not have shown my face at my own club, or to my own conscience, had I the weight of such an injustice on my mind." In a word, when he found that there was a chance of annexing Philip's share of the property to his own, Twysden saw clearly that his duty was to stand by his own wife and children.

The information upon which Talbot Twysden, Esq., acted was brought to him at his office by a gentleman in dingy black, who, after a long interview with him, accompanied him to his lawyer, Mr. Bond, before mentioned. Here, in South Square, Gray's Inn, the three gentlemen held a consultation, of which the results began quickly to show themselves. Messrs. Bond and Selby had an exceedingly lively, cheerful, jovial, and intelligent confidential clerk, who combined business and pleasure with the utmost affability, and was acquainted with a thousand queer things, and queer histories about queer people in this town; who lent money; who wanted money; who was in debt; and who was outrunning the constable; whose diamonds were in pawn; whose estates were over-mortgaged; who was over-building himself; who was casting eyes of longing at what pretty opera dancer—about races, fights, bill-brokers, *quicquid agunt homines*. This Tom Walls had a deal of information, and imparted it so as to make you die of laughing.

The Reverend Tufton Hunt brought this jolly fellow first to the "Admiral Byng," where his amiability won all hearts at the club. At the Byngs it was not very difficult to gain Captain Gann's easy confidence. And this old man was in the course of a very trifling consumption of rum and water, brought to see that his daughter had been the object of a wicked conspiracy, and was the rightful and most injured wife of a man who ought to declare her fair fame before the world and put her in possession of a portion of his great fortune.

A great fortune? How great a fortune? Was it three hundred thousand, say? Those doctors, many of them, had fifteen thousand a year. Mr. Walls (who perhaps knew better) was not at liberty to say what the fortune was: but it was a shame that Mrs. Brandon was kept out of her rights, that was clear.

Old Gann's excitement, when this matter was first broached to him (under vows of profound secrecy), was so intense that his old reason tottered on its rickety old throne. He well-nigh burst with longing to speak upon this mystery. Mr. and Mrs. Oves, the esteemed landlord and lady of the "Byng," never saw him so excited. He had a great opinion of the judgment of his friend, Mr. Ridley; in fact, he must have gone to Bedlam unless he had talked to somebody on this most nefarious transaction,

which might make the blood of every Briton curdle with horror—as he was free to say.

Old Mr. Ridley was of a much cooler temperament, and altogether a more cautious person. The doctor rich? He wished to tell no secrets, nor to meddle in no gentleman's affairs: but he have heard very different statements regarding Dr. Firmin's affairs.

When dark hints about treason, wicked desertion, rights denied, "and a great fortune which you are kep out of, my poor Caroline, by a rascally wolf in sheep's clothing, you are; and I always mistrusted him, from the moment I saw him, and said to your mother, 'Emily, that Brandon is a bad fellow, Brandon is; and bitterly, bitterly I've rued ever receiving him under my roof.'" When speeches of this nature were made to Mrs. Caroline, strange to say, the little lady made light of them. "Oh, nonsense, pa! Don't be bringing that sad, old story up again. I have suffered enough from it already. If Mr. F. left me, he wasn't the only one who flung me away; and I have been able to live, thank mercy, through it all."

This was a hard hit, and not to be parried. The truth is, that when poor Caroline, deserted by her husband, had come back, in wretchedness, to her father's door, the man, and the wife who then ruled him, had thought fit to thrust her away. And she had forgiven them: and had been enabled to heap a rare quantity of coals on that old gentleman's head.

When the captain remarked his daughter's indifference and unwillingness to reopen this painful question of her sham marriage with Firmin, his wrath was moved, and his suspicion excited. "Ha!" says he, "have this man been a tampering with you again?"

"Nonsense, pa!" once more says Caroline. "I tell you it is this fine-talking lawyer's clerk has been tampering with *you*. You're made a tool of, pa! and you've been made a tool of all your life!"

"Well, now, upon my honor, my good Madam!" interposes Mr. Walls.

"Don't talk to me, Sir! I don't want any lawyers' clerks to meddle in my business!" cries Mrs. Brandon, very briskly. "I don't know what you're come about. I don't want to know, and I'm most certain it is for no good."

I suppose it was the ill success of his ambassador that brought Mr. Bond himself to Thornhaugh Street; and a more kind, fatherly little man never looked than Mr. Bond, although he may have had one eye smaller than the other. "What is this, my dear Madam, I hear from my confidential clerk, Mr. Walls?" he asked of the Little Sister. "You refuse to give him your confidence because he is only a clerk? I wonder whether you will accord it to me, as a principal?"

"She may, Sir, she may—every confidence!" says the captain, laying his hand on that snuffy satin waistcoat which all his friends so long admired on him. "She *might* have spoken to Mr. Walls."

"Mr. Walls is not a family man. I am. I have children at home, Mrs. Brandon, as old as you are," says the benevolent Bond. "I would have justice done them, and for you too."

"You're very good to take so much trouble about me all of a sudden, to be sure," says Mrs. Brandon, demurely. "I suppose you don't do it for nothing."

"I should not require much fee to help a good woman to her rights; and a lady I don't think needs much persuasion to be helped to her advantage," remarks Mr. Bond.

"That depends who the helper is."

"Well, if I can do you no harm, and help you possibly to a name, to a fortune, to a high place in the world, I don't think you need be frightened. I don't look very wicked or very artful, do I?"

"Many is that don't look so. I've learned as much as that about you gentlemen," remarks Mrs. Brandon.

"You have been wronged by one man, and doubt all."

"Not all. Some, Sir!"

"Doubt about me if I can by any possibility injure you. But how and why should I? Your good father knows what has brought me here. I have no secret from him. Have I, Mr. Gann, or Captain Gann, as I have heard you addressed?"

"Mr., Sir—plain Mr.—No, Sir; your conduct have been most open, honorable, and like a gentleman. Neither would you, Sir, do aught to disparage Mrs. Brandon; neither would I, her father. No ways, I think, would a parent do harm to his own child. May I offer you any refreshment, Sir?" and a shaky, a dingy, but a hospitable hand, is laid upon the glossy cupboard, in which Mrs. Brandon keeps her modest little store of strong waters.

"Not one drop, thank you! You trust me I think more than Mrs. Firm—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Brandon is disposed to do."

At the utterance of that monosyllable *Firm* Caroline became so white, and trembled so, that her interlocutor stopped, rather alarmed at the effect of his word—his word!—his syllable of a word.

The old lawyer recovered himself with much grace.

"Pardon me, Madam," he said; "I know your wrongs; I know your most melancholy history; I know your name, and was going to use it, but it seemed to renew painful recollections to you, which I would not needlessly recall.

Captain Gann took out a snuffy pocket-handkerchief, wiped two red eyes and a shirt-front, and winked at the attorney, and gasped in a pathetic manner.

"You know my story and name, Sir, who are a stranger to me. Have you told this old gentleman all about me and my affairs, pa?" asks Caroline, with some asperity. "Have you told him that my ma never gave me a word of kindness—that I toiled for you and her like a servant—and when I came back to you, after

being deceived and deserted, that you and ma shut the door in my face? You did! you did! I forgive you; but a hundred thousand billion years can't mend that injury, father, while you broke a poor child's heart with it that day! My pa has told you all this, Mr. What's-your-name? I'm s'prised he didn't find something pleasanter to talk about, I'm sure!"

"My love!" interposed the captain.

"Pretty love! to go and tell a stranger in a public house, and ever so many there besides, I suppose, your daughter's misfortunes, pa. Pretty love! That's what I've had from you!"

"Not a soul, on the honor of a gentleman, except me and Mr. Walls."

"Then what do you come to talk about me at all for? and what scheme on *hearth* are you driving at? and what brings this old man here?" cries the landlady of Thornhaugh Street, stamping her foot.

"Shall I tell you frankly, my good lady? I called you Mrs. Firmin now because, on my honor and word, I believe such to be your rightful name—because you are the lawful wife of George Brand Firmin. If such be your lawful name, others bear it who have no right to bear it—and inherit property to which they can lay no just claim. In the year 1827 you, Caroline Gann, a child of sixteen, were married by a clergyman whom you know, to George Brand Firmin, calling himself George Brandon. He was guilty of deceiving you; but you were guilty of no deceit. He was a hardened and wily man; but you were an innocent child out of a school-room. And though he thought the marriage was not binding upon him, binding it is by Act of Parliament and judges' decision; and you are as assuredly George Firmin's wife, Madam, as Mrs. Bond is mine!"

"You have been cruelly injured, Caroline," says the captain, wagging his old nose over his handkerchief.

Caroline seemed to be very well versed in the law of the transaction. "You mean, Sir," she said, slowly, "that if me and Mr. Brandon was married to each other, he knowing that he was only playing at marriage, and me believing that it was all for good, we are really married?"

"Undoubtedly you are, Madam—my client has—that is, I have had advice on the point."

"But if we both knew that it was—was only a sort of a marriage—an irregular marriage, you know?"

"Then the Act says that to all intents and purposes the marriage is null and void."

"But you didn't know, my poor innocent child!" cries Mr. Gann. "How should you? How old was you? She was a child in the nursery, Mr. Bond, when the villain inveigled her away from her poor old father. *She* knew nothing of irregular marriages."

"Of course she didn't, the poor creature!" cries the old gentleman, rubbing his hands together with perfect good-humor. "Poor young thing, poor young thing!"

As he was speaking, Caroline, very pale and

still, was sitting looking at Ridley's sketch of Philip, which hung in her little room. Presently she turned round on the attorney, folding her little hands over her work.

"Mr. Bond," she said, "girls, though they may be ever so young, know more than some folks fancy. I was more than sixteen when that—that business happened. I wasn't happy at home, and eager to get away. I knew that a gentleman of his rank wouldn't be likely really to marry a poor Cinderella out of a lodging-house, like me. If the truth must be told, I—I knew it was no marriage—never thought it was a marriage—not for good, you know."

And she folds her little hands together as she utters the words, and I dare say once more looks at Philip's portrait.

"Gracious goodness, Madam, you must be under some error!" cries the attorney. "How should a child like you know that the marriage was irregular?"

"Because I had no lines!" cries Caroline, quickly. "Never asked for none! And our maid we had then said to me, 'Miss Carry, where's your lines?' And it's no good without. And I knew it wasn't! And I'm ready to go before the Lord Chancellor to-morrow and say so!" cries Caroline, to the bewilderment of her father and her cross-examinant.

"Pause, pause! my good Madam!" exclaims the meek old gentleman, rising from his chair.

"Go and tell this to them as sent you, Sir!" cries Caroline, very imperiously, leaving the lawyer amazed, and her father's face in a bewilderment, over which he will fling his snuffy old pocket-handkerchief.

"If such is unfortunately the case—if you actually mean to abide by this astonishing confession, which deprives you of a high place in society—and—and casts down the hope we had formed of redressing your injured reputation—I have nothing for it! I take my leave, Madam. Good-morning, Mr. Hum—Mr. Gann!" And the old lawyer walks out of the Little Sister's room.

"She won't own to the marriage! She is fond of some one else—the little suicide!" thinks the old lawyer, as he clatters down the street to a neighboring house, where his anxious principal was in waiting. "She's fond of some one else!"

Yes. But the some one else whom Caroline loved was Brand Firmin's son; and it was to save Philip from ruin that the poor Little Sister chose to forget her marriage to his father.

CAPTAIN ALICANT.

ONE of the habitués of the Hominy House in the village of Hopskotch, New Jersey, was a short, thick-set, nubbly old gentleman, who had once followed the sea, and was in consequence called Captain Alicant. He inhabited a snug little cottage in the environs of Hopskotch, and spent a portion of each day in the bar-room of the Hominy House. I have described the Hominy and its landlord ere this in *Harper's Monthly*.

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That majestic General Dubbley, with the green hair and the painfully imposing manner; that melancholy establishment, with an old revolutionary matron in a back-room always making tea, and who might on occasion be caught smoking a clay pipe.

There was nothing very prepossessing in either Hopskotch or its hotel to draw me there so often, but the scenery in the neighborhood was fresh and pleasant. Not far from the village the Passaic, as yet a tiny stream, wandered through wooded valleys and formed large calm pools, where the laughing country boys bathed in the hot summer days. The land was broken into green swelling slopes which were crowned by rich crests of wood, where one might hear high up amidst the trees the whirr of the wood-pigeons' wings as they fled before intrusion. A few stray woodcocks were to be found in the summer, feeding on the succulent margins of the little river; and there was a tradition of rattlesnakes having an abiding place on a certain stony hill not far from the village. So you see Hopskotch was not without its attractions. I liked the place well enough. It was calm and stolid, and old General Dubbley did not talk enough to bore one. But if I was tired of the General's description of the way in which he received Lafayette, or the reminiscences of the revolutionary matron in the back parlor, who was continually recording the fact of her having put a gun into the hand of her youngest son to go to Lexington with, I wandered off among the peach orchards with which the neighborhood abounded, and watched the orioles and the blackbirds, or superintended the drunken revels of large blue-bottles as they boozed upon the juice of the fallen and fermenting fruit.

Captain Alicant, as I said before, was a regular visitor at the Hominy House. He was a hard, weather-beaten old fellow, with such bad sight that he had to be led to the house by a boy and led back home again. But he never would acknowledge that he was blind. He used to sit in the window and gravely comment on the aspect of the outer landscape which he never saw, and criticise the appearance of neighbors of whose presence he was aware only by their voices.

The Captain was always accompanied by Punch. Not that I mean he carried a supply of the seductive but stimulating beverage of that name continually about with him, but his invariable companion was a Skye terrier similarly christened; a sort of animated muff on legs; a quaint bundle of hair with large pleading eyes, affectionate heart, and a tendency to get continually into disgrace. Punch, I regret to say, got into more disgrace on my account than on any other. I think I must have been his first love, for the day he met me he formed an attachment for me that was a source of unceasing annoyance to the Captain. He from that moment forward became a vagabond dog. He would not sleep home of nights, but would trot down at unearthly hours to the hotel, and sit whining and scratching at the door until I got up and let

him in, when he would creep guiltily under my bed and sleep happy and contented until morning. The Captain was wounded at this display of affection for a stranger; and although he was too polite a man to mention the matter to me, his vows of vengeance on poor Punch for his derelictions were frightful. He had been, when at sea, seized off Tangier, and sold into slavery once himself; and I could gather from hints he let drop that he often meditated inflicting some such punishment on the traitor terrier; discovering some cruel and piratical dog-merchant, and consigning the unhappy Punch to all the horrors of servitude and starvation.

The ostensible object of Captain Alicant's daily visits to the Hominy House was the purchase of a certain piece of land which the General was very anxious to dispose of, and on the verge of which purpose the Captain had hovered for the last ten years. Every day the General, in a magnificently indifferent manner, brought the matter up, and every day the Captain graciously entertained the scheme and indicated a final answer on the morrow. Then followed a scheme for a villa to be built—for Alicant was rich, and old Dubbley was in consequence deferential to him—improvements to be made, drains to be cut, vistas to be opened, shrubs to be planted: all of which visionary schemes were gravely discussed and the pair parted. One satisfied that the land was as good as sold, and the other that he had bought it.

There was one other subject on which the Captain invariably entered—always abusing himself for his weakness while he did so, but dwelling upon it in so fond and prolonged a manner that I could see his heart was in it.

Captain Alicant had an only son, who, at the age of nineteen, had committed a grave error; and, to avoid facing the ill-nature and scandal-mongering of that wretched village, he ran away from home, and had never been heard from since. I had never seen him, but report described him as a tall, rosy-cheeked, lithe-limbed young fellow, full of spirits and good-nature, and a general favorite with all the girls of the neighborhood. After he had slipped up, a number of persons were to be found who had always thought that there was something bad in his eye. His mouth and its expression were discovered to be indicative of criminality; and what had long passed for a fresh, attractive joyousness of manner, was now proven to be the first symptoms of the showy recklessness of bearing which invariably accompanies abandoned criminality.

To all appearance, Arthur Alicant had no more deadly enemy than his father. The old gentleman was furious that his honest name, preserved as it had been by the salt of every sea on the globe, should be given as a sport to the world.

"The scoundrel!" he would say, savagely, when talking about it at the Hominy House, "I hope he's dead. As long as he lives I'm not safe. He'll turn up in some place or other as a thief or a murderer, and then we'll have an Ali-

cant hung. That will be a pretty morsel for the papers, won't it? The son of Captain Alicant, with a full genealogy of the family, and the victim's dying speech, in which he alludes to his father—curse him!"

"There was no excuse for him, Captain—none whatever," solemnly exclaims General Dubbley, the brute, who would have burned his mother alive, I verily believe, to serve his own interests. "If a young man can't see his own interests, why, let him go—that's what I say. Honesty is the best policy, Captain, in the long-run; and you remember what I say."

And the General concluded with a puff, as if an abscess of original thought had just then burst in his brain, and he felt all the better for having it off of his mind.

"Give me another glass of that apple-jack, General," continues old Alicant, oblivious of the other's obsequious morality, "and don't put much water in it. I can't think what spell that villain can have thrown over Rose that she thinks so much of him. She always defends him. In my very teeth, Sir! She says that his fault was only a piece of youthful folly; that I ought to search for him, and bring him back. What do you think of that, Dubbley?"

"Miss Rose is a foolish young girl, Captain. She don't know what she's after."

"She's not foolish, Sir!" cries the Captain, instantly firing up. "She's one of the cleverest girls, Sir, that I ever cast eyes on. There's not her match in the parish, Sir. But," he continues, moderating his tone, for he occasionally perceives his inconsistencies, "she's in love with him, General. That's it. There's no accounting for women. But I'd rather see her dead and buried than married to such a scamp as that."

"He mayn't be alive, Captain. You ha'n't heard from him for four years," says the old heartless humbug, who is so blind as not to know that a father's heart is never dead to hope.

"That's true, Dubbley, that's true," answers Alicant, in a queer throaty kind of voice. "He's dead mayhap. Well, with all his faults he was a handsome fellow, wasn't he, Dubbley? Damn that dog! where is he? Punch, here, Punch! I'll hang him when I catch him; if I don't may I be ——! Dubbley, give me another glass of that apple-jack; and mind, don't put much water in it."

The Captain drinks his toddy in a stormy manner; but I, who am standing close to him, can swear that I see tears falling into the tumbler.

The following winter I had occasion to go to Hopskotch on business. It was one of the hardest seasons that we had had for many years. All landmarks were blotted out. Little more could be seen of the smaller farm-houses than their chimneys. Boys and girls rode in their rough sleighs across country, merrily dashing over the buried fences and fields. Apple-trees in the orchards were just able to thrust a few bare struggling top branches over the great white

sea in which they were submerged, like a drowning swimmer who, in his last agony, throws up his hands before he goes down. Snow-birds were flittering along the edges of the barn-yards, pursued by boys with inefficient guns, which it required ten minutes to load, five minutes to cock, one minute to pull, and half a minute to go off—which, as you may imagine, was all the better for the snow-birds.

At his usual hour, of course, I beheld Captain Alicant drive up in his sleigh to the door of the Hominy House, in order, doubtless, to complete the purchase of the land for which he had been in negotiation so long. I should, perhaps, have said that the Captain was driven, because the reins of the sleigh were held by a pair of tiny hands nestled into large fur driving-gloves, like birds creeping into moss warmed by the sun; and the hands belonged to a sweet, innocent face, with merry blue eyes, to which long black eyelashes just gave a dash of sadness; and face and hands and eyes, to say nothing of a little mouth that was absurdly small and beautiful, all belonged to Miss Rose Alicant, the grand-niece of the old rover of the seas, who would not buy Dubbley's land, and who would drink his apple-jack.

I had heard of Rose before. She was a sort of good fairy to the neighborhood. She used to drive about to poor people's houses, and always had something in her pony-wagon to give them that made them feel better. A piece of beef for Christmas, or a turkey that she had raised herself. I don't mean that these things were given as charities. Oh no! She gave them as delicately as you, reader, would send a specimen pair of capons from your farm to a friend. To be sure she might have got a greater reputation if she had gone about giving tracts instead of turkeys; but, somehow, she did not run to tracts—and yet she taught Sunday-school assiduously, and was the pet of the clergyman.

As soon as her grandfather was safely housed under the protecting roof of the gorgeous Dubbley, Miss Rose gave a flourish of her whip over the black pony, and off she glided on some one of her good-natured missions, with Punch seated on the cushion, barking recklessly, and entering into the rollicksomeness of sleighing with an almost human enjoyment.

The sky all day was dull and lowering. As it wore on those thick, heavy, determined flakes of snow began to fall that are so eloquent of a coming storm. The wind rose too, and drove them before it like so many white pigeons blown through the sky in time of Equinox; and by the time that Miss Rose again appeared in her sleigh to drive the old Captain home—the very moment, too, when he thought that he was just about completing his purchase—the air was thick with snow, and the wind howled and tore round corners, and rooted up every thing in its way, as if the demoniac swine of the Bible had been again let loose and were galloping about the world.

The night came on, and it was awful! The

weird noises of limbs cracking from the trees filled the air with terror. The snow was driven here and there and every where by the storm, and was so buffeted that it oozed in through the cracks in the window-sashes, and when once inside melted and died. It seemed as if there came down the hills of heaven innumerable and gigantic coursers, wild as the horses of Scythia, with a mad rush, and tramping, and snorting, and shrieks that split the night. I think old Dubbley was frightened; for I heard him get out of bed and go down to the bar-room, and I feel positive that his mission was to get some apple-jack to keep his courage up. But down at the old Captain's another scene was acting. I heard all about it a few days after.

He and Rose had gone to bed. The storm still howled, and they could not sleep. Their rooms adjoined, and presently the Captain heard Rose's voice calling at his bedroom door.

"Well, child!" growled out the old Triton, "you're frightened, are you? Oh, go to bed; there's no fear!"

"No, grandpa, I'm not frightened; only poor Punch is howling outside the hall-door, and you have the key, and I want to let him in."

"Let him stay there, hang him, and freeze!" swore the Captain. "He's always going down to the Hominy House after that New Yorker there—that Massy. Let him stay where he is. I won't let him in!"

"Oh, grandpa, you will! The poor doggy! so affectionate, so fond of you and me! And he was so fond of poor Arthur! Oh, do give me the key, grandpa!"

"What's Arthur got to do with it? You're always talking about that scamp and bringing him in on every occasion. If Arthur himself was there I wouldn't open the door."

"But, grandpa, you must!" She knew her influence, and used it when necessary. "If you don't, I'll—I'll—" Here Rose did not exactly see any alternative; but before she could hit upon one the Captain, who always kept the house-key under his pillow, threw it toward the door, saying,

"There!—you always have your way. Let the varmint in; but mind, don't let him come, all wet and draggled, into my room. If you do, I'll hang him in the morning."

Rose vanished with the key. In less than a minute she was back breathless, panting, almost convulsed in her eagerness to speak.

"Grandpa, grandpa! For God's sake get up. There's a man lost in the snow. Oh! do get up."

"Why, child, you are going crazy. What man? What's it all about?"

"Look, grandpa, look at this! Punch brought this neckhandkerchief in his mouth to the door, and he won't come in, but keeps running backward and forward and moaning like any thing, and I know that there's some one lost in the snow."

"By Jove, it looks like it!" cried the Captain, now thoroughly aroused. "Rose, call the boy,

and tell him to get a lantern. I'll go and look myself."

"Oh! don't pa; you know your sight isn't good, and—"

"My sight not good. Bosh! It's as good as it ever was. I tell you I'll go myself with Tom."

"And me also, dear grandpa."

In a few minutes all was ready. Tom, the stable-servant, appeared with his lantern, and the Captain, when he descended, found Punch at the door in a state of frenzied delight at seeing the preparations for departure. He barked, and jumped, and ran a little way into the snow, and then returned, looking like a combination of bear-skin and ermine, he was so snowy and so shaggy; and when at last the exploration party set out he sobered down somewhat, and ran a few paces ahead, looking back now and again to see that he was followed. It was hard walking that night, I tell you; but, fortunately, Punch's field of discovery was not far distant. Not a hundred yards from the cottage the light of the lantern fell on a black object lying in the snow, and Punch barking round it like mad.

It was a young man, ragged and pale and quite insensible. Rose, thoughtful as women always are, had brought along some of the Captain's choice old Jamaica, and poured it down the poor fellow's throat. By this means they managed to revive and stagger him along to the cottage. A fire was lit in the parlor. Plenty of hot bottles, and hot toddies, and all sort of hot things were provided by the cook and Rose, and at last the poor frozen wretch opened his eyes and gasped some inarticulate syllables. Rose, in order to hear what he said, stooped down with the candle in her hand, and put her ear close to his lips. Then she turned and looked at him for a moment. Then gave a wild shriek and fainted.

Here was a mess. The poor old Captain was bewildered. The cook and Tom ran and came and brought salad-oil for smelling salts, and generally misconducted themselves. The Captain, distracted with two patients, knelt down by Rose and chafed her temples. While doing so he felt a touch on his shoulder. A tall, gaunt, white-faced young man was standing over him. His voice was feeble and broken, but still the Captain heard him say,

"Father, let me try and revive her. I know she will come to if I touch her hand."

"Arthur!"

"It is I, father; will you—will—you—?"

There was no answer to the timid question, but with one long sob of joy the father clasped the son in his arms, and in that moment all was forgiven.

The ensuing summer I went down again to Hopskotch with a valise containing my nobbiest dress suit. I was to wear it on the occasion of Arthur's wedding with Rose, to which I had a special invitation. The bridegroom, in spite of his many hardships and pilgrimages—and he had suffered to starvation—was looking as joyous as

a bobolink; and as to Rose, she was maddeningly bewitching. After the wedding I created a great sensation by solemnly decorating Punch with a collar made specially for the purpose, and bearing—as an allusion to his intelligence and affection in discovering the poor vagrant in the snow—the inscription, "Il attend toujours."

General Dubbley was highly indignant at not being asked to the wedding; but I confess I never thought so much of Captain Alicant's sense as on that occasion.

AUDIENCE OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

IN the month of December, 1854, I was sent from Paris to Madrid to deliver to Mr. Soulé a copy of Mr. Marcy's reply to the celebrated Ostend dispatch.

The journey so far as Bayonne is a very easy one, being at present performed entirely by rail. At that time there was a short interruption toward its southern extremity, where you were compelled to take the diligence for a few hours. From Bayonne to the Spanish capital I traveled by the *Malle Poste*—a miserable, dilapidated, rickety carriage, with accommodations for only two passengers. We were some seventy-six hours on the road, and esteemed ourselves fortunate that we reached our destination at all without serious accident. We were not robbed, nor even attacked, although we met at Vittoria the passengers of a diligence who had had a serious encounter with banditti. It is true that we upset twice, both times at night; but as no one suffered any thing more than slight contusions, we felt that, considering the condition of the road, we had every reason to be thankful. The cold was intense, and we had the full benefit of it, as there was not a window in our crazy vehicle which could be securely closed. I had a good provision of shawls and wrappers, which proved, however, so insufficient that one evening, while we stopped at a post-house to change horses, I ran into a small *posada* attached to it and bought the blankets off one of the beds.

I found Mr. Soulé quite alone at Madrid, all his family being absent in the south of France. My original intention was to limit my stay to three days; circumstances prolonged it to as many weeks. At the end of that time I returned with Mr. Soulé's resignation of his mission in my pocket.

I can never sufficiently acknowledge the cordiality and kindness with which I was received by that accomplished gentleman. It would be out of place here to enter into any discussion of his political principles or his diplomatic career. But I can not refrain from saying, that a more delightful companion, or a more thorough-bred man of the world, it has never been my fortune to meet. I was always made welcome as a guest at his table, and his carriage was at my disposal all the time of my stay. The life he led at that time was a singularly quiet and domestic one; he seldom left his house unless called out by

public business. His relations with the Court were, as they always had been, most friendly and intimate; and if he was not liked by the aristocracy and the press, at all events they respected his courage. While he was away from Spain the previous summer the newspapers assailed him, day after day, with the bitterest abuse and with the most violent threats, in case he should ever dare show himself again in Madrid. As soon as he returned they became as silent as the grave, and up to the time of his final departure he was never again annoyed one instant, either by word or act.

One afternoon I drove with him over the Toledo Bridge to the ground of his famous duel with M. Turgot, the particulars of which he explained to me upon the spot. A perfect reconciliation never took place between the combatants. It will be recollected that M. Turgot was severely wounded in the thigh, and rendered a cripple for life. For a long time he was confined to his bed, and when I saw him he moved about painfully on crutches. Many months after the occurrence Mr. Soulé had occasion to call upon Señor Luzuriaga, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Minister happened to be occupied at the moment, and Mr. Soulé was conducted to the ante-chamber to wait until he should be disengaged. There he found, in solitary possession, his old adversary, M. Turgot, whom he had not met since they left the battle-field. No recognition took place between them, and the meeting must have been awkward and embarrassing to both parties.

A very intelligent American gentleman, who has resided a number of years in Madrid, explained to me his theory of the origin of the difficulty, which struck me as extremely plausible. It was as follows: That considerable unpopularity had preceded Mr. Soulé to Spain in consequence of his supposed views in reference to the island of Cuba. That he came there a Frenchman of humble birth, who had left his country at an early age on account of his extreme political opinions, to represent a republic of which he had become an adopted citizen. That he found there, as ambassador from Imperial France, a nobleman of ancient lineage, whose family had for centuries been identified with the elder Bourbons, and who had himself but recently left the legitimist ranks. The result was what perhaps might have been naturally expected. From the moment that they came together M. Turgot exhibited a prejudice which he seemed to be unable to control or conceal. If Mr. Soulé had been an American instead of a Frenchman, this prejudice would probably not have existed at all, or if it had it would have been very much less decided. As it was, it manifested itself in a continuous series of petty slights, each too insignificant to be formally taken notice of, but in the aggregate galling in the extreme. Nor did the annoyance stop here. Others took their cue from the ambassador of France, so that the American Minister's social position soon became a very uncomfortable one. Mr. Soulé was not

the man to brook this sort of thing long. And when he fought M. Turgot, his object was probably as much to right himself generally with society, and earn its respect and fear, if not its love, as to resent the particular insult which brought about the issue. I do not state the above to be positively the case, but it is the surmise of a keen observer of the circumstances at the time.

Some ten days after my arrival Mr. Soulé had occasion to request an audience of the Queen for the purpose of presenting an autograph letter from the President of the United States condoling with her Majesty upon the loss of some relative. He was good enough to say that he desired me to accompany him upon the occasion. I objected that I had no uniform, which I presumed to be an insuperable difficulty in the way of my admission to the royal presence. But he assured me that I need not concern myself on that account; that he would undertake to overcome all such impediments.

It happened that some time intervened before an official note of reply fixing an appointment came from the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The excuse was, that the Queen had been indisposed for some days. On calling at Mr. Soulé's residence one morning he informed me that he was to go to the Palace that evening at seven o'clock, and notified me to be in readiness half an hour previously. I accordingly returned to my hotel, and at the proper hour equipped myself in evening costume, white cravat and black gloves, the Court being still in mourning. Mr. Soulé had an engagement to dine that evening with Lord Howden, the British Ambassador. He wrote a note of excuse, stating that he had received her Majesty's commands to present himself at the Palace. His lordship replied that he should *not* excuse him, but wait dinner until midnight if he did not come sooner.

At a quarter before seven o'clock we entered the carriage and drove to the Palace, which, as is generally known, is situated at one extremity of the city, and directly over the Manzanares. Mr. Soulé wore the costume which has been so frequently described, and which became him exceedingly well. The Madrid palace is a very elegant structure, but only one-eighth of the size of the plan originally projected. I have seen most of the royal residences of Europe, and I do not think that any of them contain a finer apartment than the throne-room at Madrid.

On arriving at the Palace we entered a large vestibule paved with marble, flush with the carriage-way in front. Here we found an imposing array of military on guard—there seemed to be at least half a regiment. I never saw any thing like the numbers at any other Court. As we passed them we uncovered, and they saluted us with a clang of their muskets, which might have been heard a quarter of a mile off. Turning to the right we commenced ascending, hat in hand, a noble staircase. When we reached the first landing a body of halberdiers stationed there rang their halberds upon the stone tiles

with deafening emphasis. Bowing slightly, we proceeded up the return flight. Here we found more halberdiers, who did precisely as their companions had done below. We then entered a door on the left hand, and found ourselves in a spacious ante-chamber filled with officials in uniform, but without side-arms, thereby indicating the inferiority of their rank. These personages bowed to us in the most deferential manner; but I could not avoid observing that my plain black coat was attracting attention, and I began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. Maintaining our dignity by rather haughty and condescending salutations, we moved on into another room, very like the previous one, except that it was crowded with officers of superior rank *with* side-arms. It was evident that matters were arranged upon the principle of a theatrical climax. Hence we emerged into the so-called "Embassador's Waiting Room," which far excelled in size all the apartments through which we had reached it. It is here that the corps diplomatique are summoned when a royal heir or heiress is expected to make its appearance. Tedious hours are sometimes spent there on such occasions. As soon as the baby is born it is brought in and exhibited to the assembled Ministers, who thereupon give their attestation to the birth with due formality.

We moved up slowly to the farther extremity of the room, and stationed ourselves to the right of a closed door. Opposite to us stood about a dozen of the highest grandes of Spain, headed by the diminutive Duke of Medina Celi, all in gorgeous array, blazing with stars and orders. They had just come from an audience with the Queen. A moment afterward the little nobleman above named crossed over with solemn deliberation, and facing Mr. Soulé, bowed to the very ground with a gravity I never saw equaled even on the stage. He then turned to me, and saluted me with considerable less formality. All the others in turn went through the same performance one at a time. I would have given any thing to be able to give vent to the laughter which was convulsing me internally. Presently there advanced toward us a brisk, fidgety personage with gray hairs. He proved to be the "Introducer of Embassadors," or, as he would be elsewhere called, the Chambellan. Tapping a gold snuff-box, he opened the lid and presented a pinch to my chief, behind whom I was standing at the distance of a step or two. "I am glad to see you well, Mr. Soulé," he commenced, presenting his hand. "Your audience is, I think, at seven o'clock, and I believe her Majesty is ready to receive you."

During these remarks his eyes kept wandering upon me and scanning me from head to foot.

"But, Mr. Soulé," he resumed with a little hesitation, "you assuredly do not expect this gentleman to accompany you."

"I beg your pardon, I certainly do," interrupted Mr. Soulé; "this gentleman is Secretary of Legation at Paris [I was so *ad interim*]; he has come to me with very important dis-

patches, and for the present is attached to my Legation. There are very peculiar reasons why I am anxious that he should have the opportunity of seeing her Majesty."

"It is quite impossible, my dear Sir, quite impossible. There are two insuperable objections. In the first place, no audience has been requested for him; and, in the next place, he is not in uniform. It is only the other day that the French Embassador wished to present a gentleman connected with the diplomacy of his country who was in uniform, but for whom an audience had not been asked, and he was not allowed to do so."

"Nothing," answered Mr. Soule, "would be further from my wish than to intentionally violate the etiquette of Her Majesty's Court. This gentleman is only not in uniform because he left Paris in great haste and brought none with him. He returns there in a day or two. As I have already said, I have special motives for wishing him to see the Queen, and under the circumstances I must request you to take her Majesty's personal commands upon the subject."

There was no answering this, so the unfortunate Chambellan bowed with a rueful countenance, and went to refer the matter to the tribunal of last resort.

As soon as the door closed upon him Mr. Soulé took my arm, and he slowly paced up and down the room. "It is all right now," he whispered to me; "the Queen is the best-natured person in the world, and I am sure that she will not turn you away."

His prophecy proved correct, for presently the "Introducer of Embassadors" returned, and with an expression of face as if some dire misfortune had befallen the Spanish monarchy, said that Her Majesty consented to receive us both.

Thereupon he preceded us through a passage-way to the open door of a moderately-sized drawing-room, upon the threshold of which he bowed profoundly and then backed himself out of sight.

As we entered by this door Isabella II. entered by another door from the diagonal corner. The movement seemed to be a simultaneous one. I was a little behind Mr. Soulé on the right. The instant he perceived the Queen he bowed to the floor, and I followed suit. At the same moment down came Her Majesty in the way that school girls call making a cheese. One step with each foot, and the ceremony was repeated on both sides. And so on some six or seven times until we met at a marble table in the centre of the room. Mr. Soulé then, holding the President's letter in his hand, commenced in a low tone a very fluent and elegant little speech in French, at the conclusion of which he laid the letter upon the table. While this was going on, the Queen stood with her right hand resting upon the table with a look which indicated plainly that she considered such business a bore. I had an ample opportunity for taking mental notes of her appearance. Now if my impression was not a flattering one it was at least unprejudiced, and I must sacrifice gallantry to truth.

"The Innocent Isabel," as she was styled in her youth, is considerably above the average stature of her sex, and is of ample dimensions every way. Her forehead is low, and her nose and chin unmistakably Bourbon. She wore a black dress very *décolletée*, but not more so than is common among fashionable ladies, and the charms which it partly concealed were evidently of ponderous proportions. Upon her hands, which are very large and which looked swollen, she wore lace mitts, not gloves, leaving the fingers bare. Her whole skin was red, and had the appearance of being affected with some cutaneous disorder, which I have understood is the case. I certainly did not fall in love with Her Majesty at first sight. I have heard others declare her handsome; but there is nothing as to which there is a greater difference of opinion than female beauty.

At the conclusion of Mr. Soulé's address she replied at less length in remarkably good French, but with a decidedly Spanish accent. When she had finished she drew a little sigh and paused a moment, and then abruptly asked in a much louder voice, and with a total change of manner,

"Well, Mr. Soulé, and how is Madame Soulé?"

"She was very well, your Majesty, when I last heard from her. She is in the French Pyrenees."

"I thought she could not be in Madrid, for I have missed her for some time. When you next write to her remember me to her. Ah! Mr. Soulé, neither I nor my mother will ever forget your kindness during those horrible days of June."

I can not say here that the Queen's eyes were literally suffused with tears, but both her face and countenance indicated considerable emotion. Her manner during the above dialogue had been as familiar as that of any well-bred person in society. In her last remark she alluded to the revolution of the previous June, when Christina's life was in danger, and when Mr. Soulé alone of the corps diplomatique offered her the protection of his house and flag.

Before any thing further was said Mr. Soulé very kindly turned to me and called me to her attention, apologizing for having brought me with him in so unceremonious a manner, but explaining that as I might not very improbably see the President before very long, he was desirous that her Majesty might avail herself of the opportunity to send to him any verbal message she might desire. She smiled, and gave me a commission which I will not here repeat, but which was full of kind and friendly feeling. She then asked me how much longer I expected to remain in Madrid. I answered not more than three days, as I had already overstaid my time. "Oh," she replied, "you must certainly stay for the ball next Wednesday. Do you know, Mr. Soulé, it is the first really gala ball I have had since I have been on the throne?"

"I should be most happy to stay, your Majesty, but in the first place I have no uniform."

"Oh, Mr. Soulé will arrange that, will you not, Mr. Soulé?"

"Certainly, your Majesty."

"But then there is another difficulty. I am for the moment in the public service, and my instructions were to return to Paris the moment my business was accomplished."

"Now," she continued, with a smile, "if you were a subject of mine I would *command* you to stay. But you American gentlemen are a self-willed and independent race. Still I presume that if you will not obey *my* orders, you will Mr. Soulé's. Mr. Soulé, please *order* him to stay."

"I order you, Sir, to obey her Majesty's commands."

I bowed and said I would—but I didn't.

After this *badinage* there followed a pause of sufficient length to indicate that the audience was at an end. Perceiving this Mr. Soulé backed a step and bowed as he had done on entering. I ditto. Majesty ditto. And so we kept it up facing each other all the time, until at last both parties disappeared at the same moment through their respective doors.

When we again found ourselves in the ambassador's waiting-room, there was the old Chambellan, who evidently belonged to that genus of fossils who believe that a breach of etiquette is sufficient to make the firmament fall. Coming up to me, he affectionately put his arm round my neck and said:

"Do you know, Sir, that an exception has this evening been made in your favor, which I venture to say has never been made before in the history of the Spanish Monarchy! I am confident that no person was ever presented before to a Spanish Sovereign without being dressed in uniform."

I put on an air of offended dignity, as if piqued at the impediments he had originally thrown in my way, and replied: "I acknowledge that the compliment was a great one, but I can appropriate no portion of it to myself. It all belongs to my minister. I counted for nothing in Her Majesty's condescension. She did not even know my name."

"Well," he replied, "it was a compliment to both;" but I stuck to my original proposition, in which, of course, I was entirely right.

"Do you know," he resumed, "that we are going to have a grand ball at the Palace on Wednesday, when the Court goes out of mourning? You must stay for it."

"I am much obliged to you," I answered, "but I have already received an invitation from the highest source—from Her Majesty herself. If any thing could induce me to remain for the *fête*, it would be her gracious request that I would do so."

Thereupon the old gentleman had nothing further to say, except that he hoped he should see me there.

We shook hands with him and commenced our egress, which was accomplished in the same manner as our entrance had been. When we got outside the abode of royalty Mr. Soulé went to his dinner-party and I went home.

ON BEING FOUND OUT.

WHEN I was a boy at a small private and preparatory school for young gentlemen, I remember the wiseacre of a master ordering us all, one night, to march into a little garden at the back of the house, and thence to proceed, one by one, into a tool or hen house (I was but a tender little thing just put into short clothes, and can't exactly say whether the house was for tools or hens), and in that house to put our hands into a sack which stood on a bench, a candle burning beside it. I put my hand into the sack. My hand came out quite black. I went and joined the other boys in the school-room; and all their hands were black too.

By reason of my tender age I could not understand what was the meaning of this night-excursion—this candle, this tool-house, this bag of soot. I think we little boys were taken out of our sleep to be brought to the ordeal. We came, then, and showed our little hands to the master; washed them or not—most probably, I should say, not—and so went bewildered back to bed.

Something had been stolen in the school that day; and Mr. Wiseacre having read in a book of an ingenious method of finding out a thief by making him put his hand into a sack (which, if guilty, the rogue would shirk from doing), all we boys were subjected to the trial. Goodness knows what the lost object was, or who stole it. We all had black hands to show to the master. And the thief, whoever he was, was not Found Out that time.

I wonder if the rascal is alive—an elderly scoundrel he must be by this time; and a hoary old hypocrite, to whom an old school-fellow presents his kindest regards—parenthetically remarking what a dreadful place that private school was; cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and caning awful! Are you alive still, I say, you nameless villain, who escaped discovery on that day of crime? I hope you have escaped often since, old sinner. Ah, what a lucky thing it is, for you and me, my man, that we are *not* found out in all our peccadilloes; and that our backs can slip away from the master and the cane!

Just consider what life would be, if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo*! What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealy-mouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? and saying so, do you believe or disbelieve it? If you are a M. S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off? I say again, what a blessed thing it is that we are not all found out!

Just picture to yourself every body who does wrong being found out, and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the school being whipped, and then the assistants, and then the

master. Fancy the provost-marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole army. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for their faulty exercises, fancy a Doctor of Divinity being taken up for certain faults in his sermon. After the clergyman has cried his peccavi, suppose we hoist up a bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops powerless, appalled at the quantity of birch which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again; and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our deserts.

To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honor to move. Is it not a mercy that a many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs. Longbow, who is forever practicing, and who shoots poisoned arrows too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done and is doing? There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman, and a model in society. There is no use in saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little, haughty prude it is! and yet *we* know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best, for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box, who is so handsome, and whom they admire so? Ah me, what would life be if we were all found out, and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanence; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?

They talk of murderers being pretty certainly found out. Pshaw! I have heard an authority awfully competent vow and declare that scores and hundreds of murders are committed, and nobody is the wiser. That terrible man mentioned one or two ways of committing murder, which he maintained were quite common, and were scarcely ever found out. A man, for instance, comes home to his wife, and—— But I pause—I know that this Magazine has a very large circulation. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands—why not say a million of people at once?—well, say a million, read it. And among these countless readers I might be teaching some monster how to make away with his wife without being found out, some fiend of a woman how to destroy her dear husband. I will *not* then tell this easy and simple way of murder, as communicated to me by a most respectable party in the confidence of private intercourse. Suppose some gentle reader were to try this most simple and easy recipe—it seems to me almost infallible—and come to grief in consequence, and be found out and hanged? Should I ever pardon myself for having been the means of doing injury to a single one of our esteemed subscribers? The prescription whereof I speak—that is to say, whereof I *don't* speak—shall be buried in this

bosom. No, I am a humane man. I am not one of your Bluebeards to go and say to my wife, "My dear! I am going away for a few days. Here are all the keys of the house. You may open every door and closet, except the one at the end of the oak-room opposite the fire-place, with the little bronze Shakspeare on the mantle-piece (or what not)." I don't say this to a woman—unless, to be sure, I want to get rid of her—because, after such a caution, I know she'll peep into the closet. I say nothing about the closet at all. I keep the key in my pocket, and a being whom I love, but who, as I know, has many weaknesses, out of harm's way. You toss up your head, dear angel, drub on the ground with your lovely little feet, on the table with your sweet rosy fingers, and cry, "O sneerer! You don't know the depth of woman's feeling, the lofty scorn of all deceit, the entire absence of mean curiosity in the sex, or never, never would you libel us so!" "Ah, Delia! dear, dear Delia! It is because I fancy I *do* know something about you (not all, mind—no, no; no man knows that). Ah, my Bride, my Ring-dove, my Rose, my Poppet—choose, in fact, whatever name you like—Bulbul of my grove, Fountain of my desert, Sunshine of my darkling life, and Joy of my dungeoned existence! It is because I *do* know a little about you, that I conclude to say nothing of that private closet, and keep my key in my pocket. You take away that closet-key then, and the house-key. You lock Delia in. You keep her out of harm's way and gadding, and so she never *can* be found out.

And yet by little strange accidents and coincidents how we are being found out every day! You remember that old story of the Abbé Caquatois, who told the company at supper one night how the first confession he ever received was from a murderer, let us say. Presently enters to supper the Marquis de Croquemitaine. "Palsambleu, Abbé!" says the brilliant Marquis, taking a pinch of snuff, "are you here? Gentlemen and ladies! I was the Abbé's first penitent, and I made him a confession which I promise you astonished him."

And yet to be found out, I know from my own experience, must be painful and odious, and cruelly mortifying to the inward vanity. Suppose I am a poltroon, let us say. With fierce mustache, loud talk, plentiful oaths, and an immense stick, I keep up nevertheless a character for courage. I swear fearfully at cabmen and women; brandish my bludgeon, and perhaps knock down a little man or two with it; brag of the images which I break at the shooting-gallery, and pass among my friends for a whiskery fire-eater, afraid of neither man nor dragon. Ah, me! Suppose some brisk little chap steps up and gives me a caning in the street, with all the heads of my friends looking out of all the club windows? My reputation is gone. I frighten no man more. My nose is pulled by whipper-snappers, who jump up on a chair to reach it. I am found out. And in the days of my triumphs, when people were yet afraid of me, and

were taken in by my swagger, I always knew that I was a lily-liver, and expected that I should be found out some day.

That certainty of being found out must haunt and depress many a bold braggadocio spirit. Let us say it is a clergyman, who can pump copious floods of tears out of his own eyes and those of his audience. He thinks to himself, "I am but a poor swindling, chattering rogue. My bills are unpaid. I have jilted several women whom I have promised to marry. I don't know whether I believe what I preach, and I know I have stolen the very sermon over which I have been sniveling. Have they found me out?" says he, as his head drops down on the cushion.

Then your writer, poet, historian, novelist, or what not. The *Beacon* says that "Jones's work is one of the first order." The *Lamp* declares that "Jones's tragedy surpasses every work since the days of Him of Avon." The *Comet* asserts that "J.'s 'Life of Goody Twoshoes' is a *κῆρυμα ἐς αἰῶν*, a noble and enduring monument to the fame of that admirable English woman," and so forth. But then Jones knows that he has lent the critic of the *Beacon* five pounds; that his publisher has a half share in the *Lamp*; and that the *Comet* comes repeatedly to dine with him. It is all very well. Jones is immortal until he is found out; and then down comes the extinguisher, and the immortal is dead and buried. The idea (*dies iræ*!) of discovery must haunt many a man, and make him uneasy, as the trumpets are puffing in his triumph. Brown, who has a higher place than he deserves, cowers before Smith, who has found him out. What is a chorus of critics shouting "Bravo?"—a public clapping hands and flinging garlands? Brown knows that Smith has found him out. Puff, trumpets! Wave, banners! Huzzay, boys, for the immortal Brown! "This is all very well," B. thinks (bowing the while, smiling, laying his hand to his heart); "but there stands Smith at the window: *he* has measured me; and some day the others will find me out too." It is a very curious sensation to sit by a man who has found you out, and who, as you know, has found you out, or, *vice versa*, to sit with a man whom *you* have found out. His talent? Bah! His virtue? We know a little story or two about his virtue, and he knows we know it. We are thinking over friend Robinson's antecedents, as we grin, bow, and talk; and we are both humbugs together. Robinson a good fellow, is he? You know how he behaved to Hicks? A good-natured man, is he? Pray, do you remember that little story of Mrs. Robinson's black eye? How men have to work, to talk, to smile, to go to bed, and try and sleep, with this dread of being found out on their consciences! Bardolph, who has robbed a church, and Nym, who has taken a purse, go to their usual haunts, and smoke their pipes with their companions. Mr. Detective Bullseye appears, and says, "Oh, Bardolph! I want you about that there pyx business!" Mr. Bardolph knocks the ashes out of his pipe, puts out his hands to the little steel

cuffs, and walks away quite meekly. He is found out. He must go. "Good-by, Doll Tearsheet! Good-by, Mrs. Quickly, Ma'am!" The other gentlemen and ladies *de la société* look on and exchange mute adieux with the departing friends. And are assured time will come when the other gentlemen and ladies will be found out too.

What a wonderful and beautiful provision of nature it has been that, for the most part, our womankind are not endowed with the faculty of finding us out! *They* don't doubt, and probe, and weigh, and take your measure. Lay down this paper, my benevolent friend and reader, go into your drawing-room now, and utter a joke ever so old, and I wager sixpence the ladies there will all begin to laugh. Go to Brown's house, and tell Mrs. Brown and the young ladies what you think of him, and see what a welcome you will get! In like manner, let him come to your house, and tell *your* good lady his candid opinion of you, and fancy how she will receive him! Would you have your wife and children know you exactly for what you are, and esteem you precisely at your worth? If so, my friend, you will live in a dreary house, and you will have but a chilly fireside. Do you suppose the people round it don't see your homely face as under a glamour, and, as it were, with a halo of love round it? You don't fancy you *are*, as you seem to them? No such thing, my man. Put away that monstrous conceit, and be thankful that *they* have not found you out.

GRACE AND I.

WE were getting on the downhill of life, and beginning to be—a little sadly—conscious of the fact. Are people ever thoroughly reconciled to growing old, I wonder? Or do they feel, at best, only a kind of forced resignation? In my young days I supposed, as a matter of course, that the spirit and the body matured and declined together, and that all the middle-aged and elderly people around me had minds perfectly attuned to their time of life; they looked forty, fifty, and sixty, and felt just so. I had not heard then of the poor old lady who, beholding in the glass her wrinkled face, exclaimed, "It's none o' me! It's none o' me!" And if I had, should have regarded her as a very weak sort of individual. I have learned to sympathize with her in later years.

Grace and I had not gone quite so far; wrinkles and gray hairs were not very evident with us as yet, though they might be soon. An aunt, who had recently visited at our house, informed us that we were now "in the vigor of middle life," and we had felt considerably insulted by the statement, and asked each other, in a private "indignation meeting" on the subject, in what remote corner of second childhood the good lady put herself. "Middle life" indeed! Why it seemed no more than yesterday that we were children, and quite too young to "go with the big girls." The remark set us thinking, how-

ever, and we found we were further along than we had imagined; not so old, to be sure, as Socrates when he learned to dance, or even as Cowper when he began to write poetry, but no longer very youthful. Not to make any foolish mystery about it, I was twenty-nine, and Grace just two years less experienced.

Heretofore we had felt ourselves young as any body; had thought and spoken of ourselves as "girls" without the least suspicion that the term could be considered misapplied. But, as I said, Aunt Mercy's remark set us thinking, and I realized that next year I should be thirty! An unmarried female of thirty! I shivered as I remembered the vernacular for such a person. Not that there was any disgrace in being an "old maid;" I had long looked calmly forward to the probability of such a destiny. But to find that I had actually got there—and without knowing it!

After this for several days I kept a keen lookout for signs of age and failure.

"How hard my hands are growing!" I said, one morning. "Do you think, Grace, that it can be because I am so thin lately?"

"Very likely," she answered. "You could not reasonably expect good healthy bone to be soft. Console yourself, though, Jen, for mine are in the same state. At *our age* we can't hope to retain the tender palm of youth."

"Nonsense—your hands are soft as ever they were. But do you see any sign of a 'silver dawn' in my hair? Or traces of the crow's-foot round my eyes? Mind you tell me truly the first symptom that appears. Maria Theresa wished to meet her death awake; and I want to meet my age and its disfigurements with a full consciousness of them, and not go on flattering myself that I am 'quite young' or 'young enough' to the very verge of my threescore and ten." Grace promised faithfully to keep me posted.

There was one person who still considered us as in the "dew of our youth"—it was mother. Though we had gradually superseded her in every department of household labor, she regarded us as novices, liable to blunder at every step, and needing a world of directions about the simplest matter. Personal supervision she had renounced; but from her rocking-chair by the fireside, where she sewed or knitted or read the long day through, issued frequent commands and admonitions. "Time to put on the potatoes, Grace—and be sure that they're washed *clean*." "Don't forget the emptins when you mix up those biscuit." "And did you beat the eggs, Janet, before you put them in the cake? I ought to stand over you every thing you do, you're such heedless children!" Grace and I laughed, and agreed with each other that it was pleasant to seem young to somebody.

Mother was a widow, and we were poor. By that I don't mean wretchedly poor, but that we lived with great plainness, and were just able by so doing to make both ends meet. Father's health had failed, and he was not able to do

much for some years before he died. He had made out to keep the place for us unincumbered, but that was all. There were fifty acres and a tolerably-sized house, two or three cows, a pig, and so on. You would think we could have got along nicely, but somehow we didn't; perhaps we did not manage well, but I'm sure we were never extravagant. A neighbor took our land on shares, but he wanted so much allowance made for his team and the seed he furnished that it cut terribly into our profits. Then we must keep up the fences and pay for every improvement; and if he only turned his hand over to accommodate us it was put in the bill. Then we must board a boy to do "the chores," and our fuel must be cut and drawn and split; Grace and I could not go out in the woods and fell timber, however much we might desire to. Every body seemed to think, too, that we were so wonderfully well off, and charged us full price and a little over for what they did for us. We found that it took nearly all our ready money to pay necessary expenses.

We managed in every way that we could think of. Sold our ashes and bought groceries and calico; saved all the hen-feathers and bits of rag and bought our tin therewith; used the smallest possible quantity of butter, milk, and eggs, and sold the rest: one winter we even did entirely without apples, and made sale of the whole produce of our orchard. All this helped, of course, but it did not make matters straight. Then the house needed paint, and the roof leaked, and a hundred little matters called for repair; while within, though we were careful as could be, the wood-work grew shabby and the wall-paper smoky and faded.

"We have tried what *saving* money will do," I said; "now we must set at work and make some."

But how? was the question. There was very little demand for plain sewing, and people who made it their business complained that they had not half enough to do. Grace might have been Female Principal at the Academy—she knew twice as much as a good many that *did* fill that position; but she was born and bred in Arlington, and a prophet, you know, never has honor in his own country. People would not have thought that Grace Maltby, whom they had known from her cradle, and who had never been at a boarding-school in her life, could possibly teach their children "the higher branches." But there was the common school, and she got one in our neighborhood: they paid twenty shillings a week and board, or four dollars and let her board herself. She chose the latter, of course, and walked the three miles a day very contentedly, looking to her golden gains. The money was paid at the end of the season, and it certainly came in as a great convenience; but, dear me! it did not do half that it seemed we *must* have done. The place, somehow, swallowed up all that we could get outside of it.

We thought of buying a number of cows and trying a large dairy, since butter and cheese were

then selling at a high price; but mother would not hear a word of it. There was no capital for the outlay, and she had a mortal horror of debt. As for raising the money by a mortgage on our place, she would as soon have engaged to suffer from cancer for a term of years. We were a good deal disappointed, but perhaps it was best after all: we should have been obliged to pay so much for indispensable assistance that our profits might have been lost in our expenses.

It was about this time that we began to realize, and, as I said, sadly realize, that we were getting oldish, and had lived our best days. Before this I had always been hopeful, though without any particular reason for being so; had thought that somehow it would all come right in the end. Now I discerned the true state of matters—that we had passed our prime, and that, pecuniarily, things must grow worse with us from year to year. Mother never would incur expense unless she had the means of meeting it at once: the land would yield us less and less return as it became poorer from want of care; we must live closer and closer, our property depreciating all the time, and end up—how? The prospect was not a cheerful one; we had practiced a pinching economy for a long time, and it was hard to think that no improvement was possible; that all the change must be the other way.

I did not mind it so much for myself. I should have liked as well as any body to have a light, pretty paper on our sitting-room; to take a Magazine, and have plenty of books; to use Java or Mocha coffee instead of Rio, and white sugar in place of brown. I liked to see napkins on a table, and preferred silver forks to steel. But it was not for my own sake half as much as Grace's that I minded these things. You may think it strange that I do not speak of mother's comfort; but if you had known her, you would have understood it all. She had a supreme contempt for dainties; I believe she would have lived the year round on "Johnny-cake" and milk, and liked the fare. As for dress, her simplicity was Spartan. She took the old gowns which we had worn to the last verge of endurance and made over for herself; three breadths or four in a calico dress—it was all the same to her. Several good suits of clothing she indeed possessed, but these she obstinately refused to wear except on state occasions—Thanksgiving dinners, or a visit to some neighbor. Yet such is the force of native comeliness, that she was as nice-looking an old lady as you will often see, spite of her scant attire. I don't know what ample means could have done for mother since, like the Apostle, she "had all things and abounded" as it was. Our furniture she considered as more than good enough; our mode of life as comprising not only comfort but luxury; and as for the three-breadth calicoes, she never made them over without some remark on our extravagance in throwing away such serviceable garments.

At eighteen Grace was the prettiest girl, it seems to me, that my eyes ever encountered;

and she had not lost much at the time of which I write. Such a sweet smile, such a clear bloom, such delicate and graceful features; small hands and feet, and a throat white as swan's-down. I had always fancied that she would marry well; some stranger—for no one in the place was good enough for her. Some tall, dark, handsome man, who would carry her away and give her all the luxuries and lady-like belongings that were so suited to her. Meanwhile mother and I would live on just as we were, and Grace and the children come to visit us every summer.

She was very different from me. I was a pretty good scholar in my day; but Grace went far ahead of me in every thing, and she was always learning something, even now. For my part, when work was done, I could find things to do that pleased me better than plodding over German, or vexing my soul with problems in trigonometry. I liked to read pretty well novels and poetry or the newspapers, but she delighted in Shelley and Keats and such writers, whom it would kill me to read a page of, and went into scientific works and history and metaphysics. I admired it all very much in her, though I could never have done it myself. Then she had such a pretty taste in dress, and always looked nice, though her clothes cost almost nothing. She loved flowers, and had a perfect passion for books and pictures. It was no wonder that I was always hoping the future would arrange itself so that she would have means to indulge her tastes, and lead altogether a more refined and congenial life than had yet been possible to her.

You may think that being so pretty and intelligent she would have plenty of eligible offers. Well, there were not many young men left in our place: most of them had gone to seek their fortune in the West, or in distant cities; and Grace was very quiet and reserved. Two or three opportunities of marriage she had and had refused, though one of the suitors, Lawyer Graves, was very well-to-do and a rising man. Mother was rather disappointed that Grace did not listen to him more kindly; and prophesied, as elderly people are apt to do on such occasions, that she would go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last. But even this fearful prospect did not move her to reconsider the decision.

"Why wouldn't you have him, child?" I said, one day when we were alone. "He is tolerably good-looking, tolerably gentlemanly, and would have made you very comfortable."

"I shall not marry any one on those grounds," she answered.

"They may be very good grounds for all that. I wonder what you demand in a husband."

"In the first place," said she, "I demand that I shall love him so much that I should be miserable without him."

"Why, Grace, I had no idea you were so sentimental."

"I intend to be always sentimental enough for that," she maintained. "Don't be impatient,

Jenny; I am not. Wait 'for the hour and the man?'"

"But suppose they never come?" I asked, a little ruefully.

"Why, then, I make no doubt that we shall get along very comfortably without them," she answered, laughing. And with this I was obliged to be content.

It was now the spring of the year—early spring—the last of March. The cattle lowed their welcome to the season, and jubilant crows sounded from the barn-yard where the fowls paraded. Patches of snow yet lingered in the fields and by the roadside, but in our door-yard there was a visible greenness springing up among the brown *débris* of last year's grass; bluebirds and robins sang now and then their prophecies of summer; the air was mild, and the brook, freed from its icy slumbers, made itself heard all day in soft delicious murmurs. I don't know if such weather affects other people as it does me; I feel—not exactly discontented—but such a longing after something. It seems as if freedom, change, travel—seeing new scenes and new faces—would be so delightful. However, there was no use in thinking of that. The most exciting event we had to look forward to was house-cleaning—and that brought up afresh our lack of means. Grace and I went to the barn to hunt for eggs, peered into every corner of the mangers, climbed all sorts of steep places at the risk of our necks, but found nothing. So we sat down on a hay-mow and fell into conversation about our affairs.

"We really ought to paint and paper the house this spring," said I.

"Yes—if we could."

"And the sitting-room carpet is too shabby for any thing. I'll never buy a cheap article of that sort again; there's not a bit of economy in it."

"Well, you know it was a choice between that or nothing. We had not the money for a good one. It looked much better than a bare floor."

"I suppose it did. Then the wall must be mended if we can ever get the mason to spare us an hour—and oh, that roof, it leaks so badly!"

"It can't be helped, Janet; we haven't the money to repair it. You know Mr. Brown said it would be quite an expensive job, if done thoroughly."

"But when shall we have any more? I'm tired of hoping for better crops or better prices; they never come. And the outside of the house is getting so bad; it looks more like a brown building than a white one. It ought to be painted, if only as a matter of economy. The longer we wait the more it will take to do it."

"Yes, if we could," said Grace, again.

"The fact is," I continued, "that we want two hundred dollars this very minute to do what really needs to be done—not what we would like, but what we want, to be respectable. Two hundred dollars, and we haven't two hundred cents! And there's no way of getting them that I can

see, now or ever. The amount of it is, Grace, that I shall go distracted!"

"Don't," said she, by way of cheering me up. "That would only be making fresh expense."

"Oh no. They have a ward in the poor-house for lunatics of a harmless sort, and I don't think I shall be violent."

"But mother and I would miss you so."

"You may console yourselves with thoughts of following soon. You can regard me as 'not lost, but gone before.'"

Grace smiled. "It is rather wicked for us to talk so, even in jest," she said. "Things haven't come to quite that pass with us yet. But I do wish we could think of something to brighten up the scene a little." And forthwith we resolved ourselves most vigorously into a committee of ways and means, but with very small result.

"Grace," said I, "suppose you take to authorship. I dare say you could do as well as a great many of them."

"Thank you," she replied; "but I fear I haven't the competent and critical knowledge of cookery and mantua-making necessary to success in that line."

"You mightn't do books, but you could be a 'Maude Meeke,' or something of that sort in the sensation papers."

"I haven't sufficient 'intellect,' Jenny. You know the heroes and heroines of those stories are always of the loftiest stamp. You remember what our little cousin used to say, 'Brag is a good dog, but Do is a better.' I am afraid that when I had proclaimed my hero, for instance, as possessing a mind of the highest order, and then had to furnish him out of my own brain with thoughts and remarks in unison with his exalted genius, the contrast between 'Brag' and 'Do' would be rather overpowering. Can't do it, my dear; haven't the first requisite."

A clever thought struck me. "Grace," said I, "let us prevail on mother to sell the farm!"

"Sell the farm!" cried she, in amazement; "what *are* you thinking of? Mother would no more do it than—" She paused for want of a strong enough comparison.

"But listen," I continued, earnestly. "Nearly all the money we raise from it goes back on the land again in the shape of seed, labor, and 'improvements' generally. Now if we sold the place we should have—" And I paused to do a sum in mental arithmetic. So many acres at such a sum per acre. "Dear me!" I exclaimed, "how little it is, after all."

"And think of parting with our home—the place we were born in, and where we have always lived? Why, Jenny, you don't know what it would be. Every corner of the house is dear to us, and every tree in the orchard has some association."

I felt all this, too; but the substantial benefits to be realized attracted me. The farm—say so much; then the "stock" would sell for something: we should have a little money in hand

to help ourselves with. I expounded my views to Grace till she began to acknowledge the feasibility of the plan, and to build castles with me. Our "en Espagne" were not at all of a luxurious character; we did not expect idleness or amusement, but good, solid work, and such advantages as might accrue from it. We would rent a house in the village—Grace should teach, if she could obtain the necessary pupils; while I would raise our income to a comfortable standard by taking boarders. In our little town such a proceeding would involve no loss of "caste;" I was an adept in every sort of household labor, and could "set an excellent table," as the phrase is, if I only had things to set it with. There was no manner of doubt that I should do well. "Of course we shall have to keep busy," I said; "but that we are used to, and shall not mind. It will give us a great deal more to spend; and what is better, we shall know what we have. It won't go for things that make no return."

Once started, we went on as rapidly as the girl with the milk-pail. New carpets and chairs, and various other desirable acquisitions, shone upon us from the future. By-and-by, perhaps, if we did well, we might try some larger village; keep a boarding-school on a limited scale, Grace doing the head-work and I the hand. Our projects were wonderful, and we saw ourselves "laying up for old age," besides enjoying a great many comforts as we went along.

There was one terrible hindrance to the fulfillment of our desires—the getting mother to consent. Whenever we came to consider that branch of the subject we were brought up standing. It was like proposing a constitutional monarchy to an absolute sovereign, or informing a venerable president that the interests of the college require him to resign. It would be better for her as well as us could she only be brought to see it; but who should broach the matter?—who argue and convince her? We talked it over many a time, and got our courage *almost* to the point, as timid people with the toothache ponder the *only* remedy that can avail them, and wish so much they *could*, yet never quite accomplish it. Like them we deferred the dreaded moment.

One day mother had gone to take tea with a neighbor. Grace and I, as we turned and trimmed, and generally revamped those "best dresses" that we might have been known by any time during the last eight years, discussed our project for the thousandth time. A noise in the yard presently attracted my attention, and, looking out, I exclaimed, "Why, here's Dr. Olmsted!"

Dr. Olmsted was our Dr. Kittredge. Not that he owned two or three fine horses—his only steed was a very square-built sorrel pony, with a stumpy little tail that was no sort of defense against the flies; and in summer-time he used to go by decorated with so many green boughs that he might have passed for Birnam wood on its way to Dunsinane. Nor did our worthy Doctor dive into psychological causes and effects, as

did that kindly philosopher. He was a member, in "good and regular standing," of the Baptist Church; and if he did not consider immersion as exactly needful to salvation, regarded it as the only proper "door," and thought that people who did not go in thereat had got into the fold in a very unauthorized manner. I call him our Dr. Kittredge, because he was the oracle for all that section of country in every thing pertaining to medicine. His devotees were as absolute, if not quite as numerous, as those of Buddh or Brahma. If people died any where about it was their own fault, in that "they didn't have Olmsted;" and supposing him to have been infinitely divisible, so that every clime and country could have had him, there was no good reason why the present generation should not endure forever. To be sure, once in a great while patients *did* die under his care; but that was because their time had come, when of course no skill could save them.

For the rest, he was the kindest, best-hearted person living, and a great favorite with Grace and me, who had known him all our lives. His wife, now some four or five years dead, had been our dearest friend; one of those women on whose steadfast regard, chary of profession but prompt in deed, you could implicitly rely. The Doctor was now perhaps fifty-one or two, but very well preserved. As he dismounted from his sulky, which appeared to be a "cast," only done in mud instead of plaster, there was no one we could have been better pleased to see.

"Good-afternoon, young women," he said, glancing in at us. "I hear your mother has some oats to sell. Can I look at them?"

"Certainly, Doctor. You'll find them in the carriage-house." He went his way, and presently returned, bidding us tell mother that he "would take the lot." Then disembarassing himself of a very rough and shabby overcoat, he announced his intention of spending half an hour with us.

"Can't you stay to tea, Doctor?" said Grace.

"Have you any thing very nice to tempt me?" he inquired.

"Nothing more than warm biscuit and maple sirup. Have you had any sugar yet?"

"Not an ounce have I seen; the season has been very unfavorable. Well, if you'll give me an early tea I will stay for it." And we talked a while of neighborhood matters.

"Have I any thing of a purse-proud look?" he asked, after a time. "For I have received a heavy fee to-day."

"A consultation?" said I, for we knew he was often sent for from a distance.

"No; a case *de lunatico inquirendo*; a father taking out a commission to manage the affairs of his son, who is insane. I gave my testimony and was about to leave, when the man's lawyer reminded him that I must have my fee. He tendered me this coin, inquiring if it would satisfy me; and I informed him that it would, perfectly." So saying, he displayed—a dime!

"And he actually had the face to offer you that!" I exclaimed.

"My dear, he was perfectly honest about it; he no doubt considered that it was an ample remuneration for my time and trouble."

"It takes all sorts of people to make a world," I remarked, with truth if not originality.

"And a doctor gets acquainted with most of the varieties. Speaking of consultations, I had a case last week that was a little too much for flesh and blood. A man over beyond the Guernsey had hurt his leg very badly"—(if you imagine, oh reader, that the Doctor said "limb" in compliment to ladies' society you are very much mistaken)—"and they sent for me. I went as soon as I could, and found quite an array of the brethren; three—four—physicians, they called themselves. We looked at the man and looked at each other, as wisely as we knew how, and then retired into a room by ourselves to consult. The youngest, as in duty bound, gave his opinion first—to save the life the limb must be amputated; the next one followed suit—I could hardly believe my ears; and so on till they came to me. 'Gentlemen,' said I, politely, 'I shall be glad to have you tell me *which* of his legs you propose to amputate!' Pack of ignoramuses! disgrace to the profession! The man will be around again in a month; and they would have sent him hobbling about on cork for the rest of his days!" And the Doctor's pleasant face glowed with indignation.

"Very fortunate for him," said my sister, "that he had such an accomplished surgeon to interfere in his behalf."

"No satire, if you please, Miss Grace. I don't profess to be Keate or Brodie, but I do claim to have a modicum of common sense." Which claim very few would incline to dispute.

Tea was ready by this time, and while the Doctor sipped his Hyson—very strong and sweet, with plenty of cream—he informed us that he was presently to have a partner in his business, on whom he expected to put all the long, hard rides and heavy work, while he enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate* in his office. The young man was quite a prodigy of good looks and talent, according to his account, and it was prophesied that Grace would lose her heart to him at sight. In return for this news we confided our own plans to him, and requested his advice concerning them. He thought the notion a very good one, and volunteered to say as much to mother, if we liked. This took such a load from our minds, and the whole thing seemed so much more feasible when a business-man like Dr. Olmsted had approved it.

"I'll mention it day after to-morrow, when I come for the oats," he said, at parting. "Ah, girls! how comfortable you make a man. I should have had one of you in my own house long ago, if I could only have made up my mind which to take."

"Which of us would take *you*, you mean!" I answered, laughing.

"Nonsense! you would either of you jump at the chance of such a handsome young husband," he said, as he drove away.

I shut the door and we talked about him; how merry and kind he was, and how like a father to us! We speculated a little—not much—on the coming physician; whether he were really as “nice” as Dr. Olmsted boasted; whether we should consider him worth knowing or not.

“For that matter,” observed my sister, “we shall not probably be called on to decide. Such an Adonis will hardly trouble himself to make the acquaintance of ‘single ladies of a certain age.’”

Now if ever a speech sounded absurd it was this of Grace’s, when you looked at her fair, sweet face and girlish figure. I told her so; and then we talked of what lay a great deal nearer our hearts than any doctor, young or old. Our plans seemed almost realized now that we had ventured to confide them to a third party, and we awaited, with mingled hope and anxiety, the Doctor’s decisive visit.

He came as was agreed, and gently and skillfully worked the conversation round to the desired point. How nervously we listened to him! and made errands out of the room every now and then to escape the first burst of mother’s surprise and wrath. For amazed and horrified she truly was. What! we had grown too genteel to live on a farm, hey? Wanted to move into the village and set up for ladies! Sell the farm, indeed, and leave herself without a home! The thing was too preposterous to be thought of for a moment.

The Doctor waited for her indignation to expend itself a little, and then proceeded to set before her all the proposed advantages. She fought every inch of the ground; but men have always a way, somehow, of domineering us about every thing of a business nature—putting us right down as ignorant or incapable where we differ from them. • The Doctor so clearly proved to mother her utter unfitness to take charge of the farm—so set before her that she was the lawful prey and spoil of any one who had to deal with her—that in the end she promised to think about the matter. So we considered the victory as almost gained, and at once, in imagination, selected our house, engaged our boarders, and were in the full tide of successful operations.

But a sudden period was put to all our plans—Grace fell sick. Whether she had taken cold in house-cleaning, or got her feet wet in some of our long spring walks, we could not tell; but one day she complained of fever and a headache, and was soon prostrate with a severe and dangerous illness.

Oh how little, how worthless every ambition we had felt looked to me as I sat by her bedside in those long nights, watching her uneasy slumbers, and oppressed by the dread that she never would recover! Nothing was of any consequence except to see her well again; or if that could not be, to rest assured that she had passed

into a happier state. We had a long time of suspense, for when the first violence of the disease was over the Doctor dreaded a decline, and for weeks we watched and waited; but at last there came a day when he had nothing but good news for us, and thenceforth she recovered rapidly. How happy we were! and what a miracle of skill we thought the Doctor!

While Grace was at the worst our old friend trusted her case to no one but himself. As she grew better he occasionally sent up his partner, or “pardner,” as he was more commonly denominated. Nothing but an angel direct from heaven could possibly have looked sweeter than she did in her convalescence, and I could not wonder that his visits were continued long after they ceased to be strictly necessary.

“‘Single females of a certain age,’” I remarked to Grace one day, “do not seem to frighten Dr. Morris as much as you apprehended.”

She blushed a very guilty crimson. “I have no doubt,” she said, “that he thinks us a couple of very nice old maids.”

“Us!” I did not consider such barefaced hypocrisy worthy of a single comment.

It is a good thing that people in real life are not obliged to linger along, and have quarrels, and be miserable, as they are in novels, in order to “make out the story.” Grace’s true love contradicted the proverb and ran entirely smooth. Summer passed and autumn waned, and in the drear days of December we had a quiet wedding. It realized my every ambition for this darling sister. Dr. Morris was all that our old friend had claimed for him: handsome, gentlemanly, with mind and cultivation that more than satisfied her best ideal. Not wanting, either, in worldly prosperity, and, best of all, fitted to aid her progress in that path which, since her illness, she had most earnestly desired to tread.

In the course of the winter mother sold her farm, and we removed to the village; but we do not rely upon boarders for subsistence. It was very lonely without Grace, and Dr. Olmsted used to come in frequently to cheer us. Whether it is true, as he says, that he “had had thoughts of me for a long time,” or that now, when only one was left he found it easier to make up his mind as to which of us he really wanted, I can not say. But he managed to persuade me that thirty and fifty-two are not such very different ages, and that looking on a man as a father for a good portion of your life is the best possible preparation for regarding him as a husband during the remainder of it.

Mother divides her time between the two houses, and is alternately “ridden over” by the youngsters of each, who conceive that grandma has no business in life but to make herself useful and agreeable to them. As for my own—But, as I live, there is the Doctor’s sulky, and I must put away my writing and hurry Ann about the dinner, for he will be so hungry after his ride.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record embraces the important events of the month, closing with the 6th of May.—Early in April it became apparent that the Administration had decided upon its policy. The Southern Commissioners, on the 9th, were informed that the Government declined to acknowledge them in their official capacity. Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, said, in his final reply, that he saw in the events which have recently occurred, not a rightful and accomplished revolution and an independent nation with an established government, but rather a perversion of a temporary and partisan excitement to the purpose of an unjustifiable and unconstitutional aggression upon the authority of the Federal Government. The remedy for these evils was not to be found in irregular negotiations, but in the action of the people of the United States, through Congress and such Conventions as are authorized by the Constitution.—A Commission appointed by the Virginia Convention to ask of the President information as to the policy which the Federal Executive intended to pursue toward the Confederate States, was received by the President on the 13th. Mr. Lincoln replied that he intended to pursue the course marked out in his Inaugural Address. The power confided in him would be used to hold, occupy, and possess property and places belonging to the Government. By “property and places” he then meant chiefly military posts and property which were in the possession of the Government when it came into his hands; but if, as now appeared, an assault had been made upon Fort Sumter, he should hold himself at liberty to repossess it, if he could, and also all like places which had been seized before the Government was devolved upon him; and in any event, he should to the best of his ability repel force by force; he might also cause the United States mails to be withdrawn from all the States which claim to have seceded. He should not attempt to collect duties by armed invasion of any part of the country, though he might deem it necessary to relieve forts upon the borders of the country. He concluded by reaffirming every part of his Inaugural Address, unless what he now said of the mails might be regarded as a modification.

In the mean while increased activity had been noted in the navy-yards and forts at the North. Vessels were equipped and manned as rapidly as possible. About the 8th a fleet, having on board nearly 2000 men and a large quantity of stores, was dispatched Southward. It soon transpired that its object was to reinforce Fort Pickens, and if possible to throw provisions into Fort Sumter, the supplies of which were known to be nearly exhausted. On the 8th General Beauregard, the Commander of the Confederate forces at Charleston, was formally notified that an attempt would be made to provision Fort Sumter. After communicating with his Government, he was directed to reduce the Fort. On the 11th Major Anderson was summoned to evacuate the Fort. He refused to comply; and on the morning of the following day fire was opened upon Fort Sumter from Fort Moultrie and the Confederate batteries. This was returned by Major Anderson with as much vigor as was possible with the small force under his command. The bombardment continued with scarcely an intermission for 34 hours. The wood-work within the Fort was set on fire by hot shot, the quarters were entirely consumed, the main gate burned, the gorge wall seriously injured, the

magazine enveloped in flames, and the door closed from the heat, so that only four barrels of powder and a few cartridges were available. The garrison, which numbered only about 100 men, including laborers, were exhausted by fatigue and hunger, the only remaining provisions consisting of salt pork: opposed to them were 7000 men and powerful batteries. Further resistance being impossible, and the vessels not being able to afford any assistance to the Fort, Major Anderson accepted the terms which had been offered before the commencement of hostilities, evacuating the Fort, marching out with flying colors, saluting his flag with fifty guns. The men on both sides were so completely protected by the works that no loss of life occurred during the bombardment; but in saluting the flag a gun burst, by which several of the defenders of the Fort were injured, one being killed. The evacuation of Fort Sumter took place on the afternoon of Sunday, the 14th of April, Major Anderson and his men embarking on board a steamer for New York, where he was welcomed with distinguished honor. The Secretary of War subsequently addressed a note to him, expressing perfect satisfaction with the manner in which he had defended the post under his command.

Hostilities against the United States having thus been commenced by the Confederate States, President Lincoln, on the 15th of April, issued a proclamation stating that the laws of the United States had been and are opposed in several States, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings; he therefore called for 75,000 troops from the several States. The first service assigned to this force would probably be to repossess the forts and other places and property which had been seized from the Union. An extra session of Congress was also summoned, to meet on the Fourth of July.

Dispatches from the Secretary of War, addressed to the Governors of the several States, designated the quotas assigned to each State, under this proclamation. The Executives of the slaveholding States, with the exception of Maryland and Delaware, peremptorily refused to comply with this requisition. Governor Ellis, of *North Carolina*, replied, “I regard the levy of troops made by the Administration for the purpose of subjugating the States of the South as in violation of the Constitution, and a usurpation of power. I can be no party to this wicked violation of the laws of the country, and to this war upon the rights of a free people. You can get no troops from North Carolina.”—Governor Jackson, of *Missouri*, answered, “There can be, I apprehend, no doubt but these men are intended to form part of the President’s army to make war upon the people of the seceding States. Your requisition, in my judgment, is illegal, unconstitutional, and revolutionary in its objects, altogether inhuman and diabolical, and can not be complied with. Not one man will the State of Missouri furnish to carry on such an unholy crusade.”—Governor Magoffin, of *Kentucky*, replied, “In answer, I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States.”—Governor Letcher, of *Virginia*, answered, “I have only to say that the militia of Virginia will not be furnished to the powers at Washington for any such use or purpose as they have in view. Your object is to subjugate the Southern States, and a requisition made upon me for such an object—an object, in

my judgment, not within the purview of the Constitution or the Act of 1795—will not be complied with. You have chosen to inaugurate civil war, and having done so, we will meet it in a spirit as determined as the Administration has exhibited toward the South.”—Governor Harris, of *Tennessee*, refused in terms equally explicit to comply with the requisition of the Government. In his Message to the Legislature, dated April 25, he takes strong ground against the action of the Administration, which he says is designed for the subjugation of the Southern States. He recommends the immediate passage of an Act of Secession, and an Act for the union of Tennessee with the Southern Confederacy, both to be submitted separately to the people at an early day. He also recommends an appropriation for arming the State, and the creation of a large military fund, to be placed under the direction of a special Board.

The position of *Virginia* is of the greatest importance. At the breaking out of hostilities the State Convention was in session. As noted in our last Record, a resolution was passed expressing an earnest desire for the re-establishment of the Union in its former integrity; an amendment declaring that Virginia ought not to accept a form of adjustment which would not be acceptable to the seceding States was rejected. Commissioners were appointed to wait upon the President and ascertain the policy which he intended to pursue. An amendment denying the right of the Federal Government to deal with the question of secession was rejected. A resolution was adopted expressing a willingness that the independence of the seceding States should be acknowledged. An amendment declaring that Virginia would secede in case the proposed amendments to the Constitution were rejected by the non-slaveholding States, was lost. And resolutions were adopted opposing any action on the part of the Federal Government for retaining or retaking forts in the seceding States, and affirming that any measures of the Government tending to produce hostilities with the Confederate States would leave Virginia free to determine her own future policy. When the proclamation of the President calling for troops was issued the Convention went into secret session, and on the 17th of April passed the following:

AN ORDINANCE TO REPEAL THE RATIFICATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, AND TO RESUME ALL THE RIGHTS AND POWERS GRANTED UNDER SAID CONSTITUTION.

The people of Virginia, in their ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America, adopted by them in Convention on the twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, having declared that the powers granted under the said Constitution were derived from the people of the United States, and might be resumed whenever the same should be perverted to their injury and oppression; and the Federal Government, having perverted said powers, not only to the injury of the people of Virginia, but to the oppression of the Southern Slaveholding States.

Now, therefore, we, the people of Virginia, do declare and ordain that the ordinance adopted by the people of this State in Convention, on the twenty-fifth day of June, eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and all acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying or adopting amendments to said Constitution, are hereby repealed and abrogated; that the Union between the State of Virginia and the other States under the Constitution aforesaid, is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Virginia is in the full possession and exercise of all the rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State. And they do further declare that the said Constitution of the United States of America is no longer binding on any of the citizens of this State.

This ordinance shall take effect and be an act of this day when ratified by a majority of the votes of the people of this State, cast at a poll to be taken thereon on the fourth Thursday in May next, in pursuance of a schedule to be hereafter enacted.

The “schedule” appoints the time and manner of holding the election. Polls will be opened in each military camp, in addition to the regular election precincts, and all volunteers will be entitled to vote. The election for members of the United States Congress, which was to take place on the same day, is prohibited, unless otherwise ordered by the Convention. The proceedings of the Convention were held in secret session; but the passage of the ordinance of secession was telegraphed to the South. Mr. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, at once set out for Virginia upon a special mission, the result of which was a convention between Virginia and the Confederate States, upon the following terms: Virginia adopts and ratifies the Constitution of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States, adopted on the 8th of February, unless the people, at the election to be held in May, reject the ordinance of secession. But until the union between Virginia and the Confederacy is perfected, the whole military force, and the military operations of the Commonwealth, are to be under the control of the President of the Confederate States, on the same footing as if Virginia were a member of the Confederacy. If the State becomes a member of the Confederacy, she is to turn over to it all the property and stores acquired from the United States. Any expenditure of money made by the State in the interval is to be met by the Confederate States. This Convention is signed by Alexander H. Stephens as “Commissioner for the Confederate States,” and John Tyler, William Ballard Preston, S. M. D. Moore, James P. Holcomb, James C. Bruce, and Lewis E. Harvie, “Commissioners for Virginia.” This convention bears date the 24th of April.—In the mean time the people and authorities of the State did not wait action of the Convention. The United States Armory at Harper’s Ferry contained some 15,000 stands of arms. It was guarded by only 40 men under the command of Lieutenant Jones. On the 18th of April the commander was apprised that two or three thousand Virginia militia were advancing to take possession of the armory and arms. The position being untenable by the small force under his command in the face of so large a body, Lieutenant Jones destroyed the greater portion of the arms, set fire to the Armory building, and withdrew with his command. They were fired upon by the inhabitants, and two of the troops were killed. The remainder made their way through Maryland and escaped.—At the Navy-yard near Norfolk were stored an immense amount of artillery and munitions of war. Here also lay the ship of the line *Pennsylvania* of 120 guns, used as a receiving-vessel; the ships of the line *Columbus*, *Delaware*, and *New York*, of 80 guns, useless for naval purposes; the frigates *United States*, *Columbia*, and *Raritan*, greatly out of order; the sloops of war *Plymouth* and *German-town*, of 22 guns; the steam-frigate *Merimac*, under repair; the corvette *Germantown*, 22 guns, nearly ready for sea; and the brig *Dolphin*, of 4 guns: in all of a capacity 21,000 tons, with 606 guns, though with a few exceptions practically useless. Besides these was the ship *Cumberland*, the only one of the vessels in commission. Preparations were made to capture the Navy-yard, and vessels were sunk in the channel to prevent the passage of the *Cumberland*; but the steam-tug *Yankee* from Charleston arrived

opportunistically, took the *Cumberland* in tow, forced her over the sunken vessels, and towed her off. In the mean time the other eleven vessels were scuttled and set on fire, and the buildings at the Navy-yard were also set on fire, after as much of the public property as possible had been destroyed to prevent its becoming of use to the enemy. It seems, however, that the destruction was incomplete, and that a large amount of artillery and munitions of war fell into the hands of the Virginians in a condition to be made available.

When the proclamation of President Lincoln calling out the militia was received at Montgomery, President Davis issued a proclamation, dated on the 17th of April, inviting all persons to apply for letters of marque and reprisal, to be issued under the seal of the Confederate States. Those applying for these letters are to make a written statement, giving the name and a suitable description of the character, force, and tonnage of the vessel, with the names and residences of the owners, and the intended number of the crew. All applicants, before receiving their commissions, must give bonds to the amount of \$5000, or \$10,000 if the vessel is to have more than 150 men, that the laws of the Confederate States shall be observed, and all damages done contrary to those laws shall be satisfied, and that the commission shall be surrendered when revoked by the President.—President Lincoln thereupon, on the 19th, issued a proclamation, announcing the blockade of all the ports of the seceding States, and that a competent force would be stationed to prevent the entrance and exit of vessels at these ports. Any vessel attempting to enter or leave these ports is to be warned by the commander of a blockading vessel, the warning to be indorsed on her register; and if the vessel again attempts to enter or leave, she is to be captured and sent to the nearest convenient port. On the 27th the President issued a proclamation extending the blockade to the ports of North Carolina and Virginia. It is announced that the blockade will be maintained by at least fifty vessels of war, accompanied by a fleet of steam transports capable of conveying an army of 20,000 men.—On the 3d of May the President issued another proclamation, calling into service 42,000 volunteers to serve for a period of three years, unless sooner discharged; ordering that the regular army should be increased by 22,714 men; and directing the enlistment for the naval force of the United States of 18,000 seamen, for a period of not less than one or more than three years.

The Congress of the Confederate States met at Montgomery on the 29th of April. The Message of President Davis announced that the Permanent Constitution had been ratified by a sufficient number of States to render it valid, and that it only remained to elect officers under its provisions. The Message of President Lincoln calling for volunteers is characterized as a declaration of war, which will render it necessary to adopt measures to replenish the treasury of the Confederation, and provide for the defense of the country. Proposals had been issued, inviting subscriptions for a loan of five millions; more than eight millions were bid for, none under par. The whole amount had been ordered to be accepted; and it was now necessary to raise a much larger sum. The Confederate States had in the field, at Charleston, Pensacola, and different forts, 19,000 men, and 16,000 were *en route* for Virginia. It was proposed to organize and hold in readiness an army of 100,000 men. "We seek no conquest," says Mr.

Davis, "no aggrandizement, no concession from the Free States. All that we ask is to be let alone; that none shall attempt our subjugation by arms. This we will and must resist to the direst extremity. The moment this pretension is abandoned the sword will drop from our grasp, and we shall be ready to enter into treaties of amity and commerce mutually beneficial."—In the mean while warlike and aggressive measures have been pushed forward with all possible activity. The forces besieging Fort Pickens have been augmented, and new batteries have been constructed against it. Vessels belonging to the Government and to individuals have been seized. Among these is the steamer *Star of the West*, which had been dispatched to Indianola, Texas, to bring away the United States troops collected at that port. The vessel was lying at anchor, awaiting the arrival of the troops. At midnight of the 19th of April the steamer *Rusk* approached, and the captain of the *Star of the West* was informed that she had on board 320 United States troops, which were to be embarked. Every assistance was given for the reception of the supposed soldiers, who, however, proved to be Texan troops. As soon as they were on board they took possession of the steamer, which was taken to New Orleans, the crew being detained as prisoners of war. Shortly after, 450 of the United States troops attempted to make their escape from Indianola on board of two sailing vessels. They were pursued by two armed steamers, manned by the Texans, overtaken, and made prisoners.

The attack upon Fort Sumter aroused an intense feeling throughout the Free States. All the Governors responded promptly to the demand of the President for troops, promising to raise not only the number required, but as many more as might be needed. The Legislature of New York appropriated three millions of dollars for arming and equipping troops; Connecticut appropriated two millions, Vermont one million, New Jersey two millions, and other States in proportion. The Common Council of the city of New York appropriated one million. Besides the public appropriations, in every considerable town and city private subscriptions have been made for the same purposes, and to support the families of volunteers. The aggregate of the sums thus furnished is estimated at 25 millions. Public meetings have been held every where; and all men, without distinction of party, express the determination that the Government must be sustained at all hazards, and at any cost of life and money.

It being supposed that an attack upon Washington was meditated, the first care of the Government was to provide troops for its defense. The usual route to Washington from the North and East lies through the city of Baltimore. The first troops which reached this point were a regiment from Pennsylvania, and one from Massachusetts. Upon their arrival, on the 19th of April, they found the railroad track through the city obstructed, and their passage was opposed by a mob. The Pennsylvania regiment, being unarmed, was driven back. The greater part of the Massachusetts regiment passed on to the station without interruption. Two cars in the rear were detained a few moments. The troops left the cars and attempted to march through the city. They were assailed by missiles and firearms, three of them were killed. They then fired upon the mob, killing and wounding several; and then forced their way through, and proceeded to Washington. This was on the 19th of April, the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington.

For some days Baltimore was completely under the control of the Secessionists. The railroad track upon each side was torn up and bridges burned, so that direct communication between the North and Washington was suspended. Regiments which set out from New York on the 19th were therefore stopped at Philadelphia. They were finally sent by steamers to Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, which is also connected by railroad with Washington. Other regiments gathered at New York were forwarded to the same point. The troops here were placed under the command of General Butler, of Massachusetts. Rails had been removed, bridges destroyed, and engines rendered useless on the road to Washington. The Massachusetts and New York troops, who were the first at Annapolis, were on the 24th of April sent on toward Washington, repairing the track and rebuilding the bridges as they advanced. The New York 7th reached the capital on the 26th of April, having opened the route, which was taken in possession by the Government. They were speedily followed by other troops from New York and New England, until at the close of the month the capital was considered secure from any force that could be brought against it from the South.

The position of *Maryland* is especially critical. Governor Hicks had throughout opposed the secession movement, and refused to summon an extra meeting of the Legislature. Upon the receipt of the requisition for the Maryland quota of troops, he wrote to the Secretary of War, asking if these troops were to be used solely within the limits of the State and for the protection of the National Capital. He said that he wished for an assurance to this effect, that "in responding to the lawful demands of the United States Government he might be able to give effective and reliable aid for the support and defense of the Union." He was informed that it was not intended to remove the troops from the State except for the defense of the District. On the 18th of April he was notified by the Secretary of War that information had been received that the United States troops would be obstructed in their passage through the State, and a hope was expressed that this obstruction would be prevented by the State authorities. On the 20th he wrote that he had endeavored, with little success, to preserve peace and order; the rebellious element had the control of things; they had the principal part of the military force with them, and had taken possession of the armories, arms, and ammunition. He therefore "thought it prudent to decline for the present the requisition by President Lincoln for four regiments of infantry." He urged that no more troops should be sent through Maryland. He was informed by the Government that, for a time, no more troops would be sent through Baltimore, provided that they could march around the city. On the 22d the Governor wrote again—although he had previously admitted that he had no right to demand it—advising that no more troops should be sent through Maryland, and suggesting that the British Minister, Lord Lyons, "should be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties of our country." To this Mr. Seward replied, affirming the right and necessity of sending troops through Maryland, and declining to ask for foreign mediation. In the mean time the Governor repeatedly protested against the landing of the troops at Annapolis and the military occupation of the Railroad thence to Washington, assigning as a reason for the latter protest that he had summoned the Legislature to meet at the Capital,

and the occupancy of the road would prevent some members from reaching the city. General Butler, the United States officer in command at Annapolis, replied that his troops were in Maryland to maintain the laws and preserve the peace against all disorderly persons whatever; that he had taken possession of the road, because threats had been made to destroy it in case the troops passed over it; if the Government of the State had taken possession he should have waited long before he entered upon it; that he was endeavoring to obtain means of transportation so that he might vacate Annapolis before the meeting of the Legislature; and that he could not understand how, if the road was rendered impassable one way, the members of the Legislature could pass over it the other way. He also understood that apprehensions were entertained of negro insurrection, and offered his command to suppress it. The Governor thanked him for the offer, but said that the citizens were fully able to quell any insurrection among the slaves.—Annapolis and the railway remaining in possession of the Federal troops, the Maryland Legislature met at Frederick on the 27th of April. The Governor, in his message, admits the right of the United States to transport their troops through Maryland; counsels the State not now to take sides against the General Government, but to maintain a neutral position, so that in the event of war it may not take place on her soil. The first action of the Legislature rendered it doubtful whether that body would sanction even this recommendation of neutrality. A bill passed the Senate vesting the entire military power of the State in a Board of Public Safety, a majority of which were in favor of secession; this bill was subsequently re-committed, apparently on account of the strong feeling existing in a large portion of the State against any attempt to urge measures for secession. A Committee of the Legislature, appointed to meet the President, admitted the right of the Government to transport troops through the State, and expressed their belief that no immediate attempt would be made to resist the Federal authority.

The position of affairs at the close of the first week in May is this: The Government of the United States is resolved to maintain its authority throughout the entire country, and has called for forces amounting in all to 180,000 men, and is on the point of beginning offensive operations; forts Monroe, M'Henry, and Pickens have been reinforced; the blockade of Southern ports has been commenced. The Southern Confederacy, probably strengthened by the addition of Arkansas, Virginia, and Tennessee, are determined to resist, at all hazards, and are sending troops to the Border States. The position of Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri is undetermined; but a few days must decide it. The only clew yet given to the action of the European Powers is the reply of M. Thouvenel, the French Foreign Minister, to Mr. Faulkner, our late Minister at Paris. It is to the effect that no application had been as yet made for the recognition of the Confederate States; that the French Government was not wont to act hastily upon such questions; that he believed the maintenance of the integrity of the Federal Union was for the benefit of France; but the principle was firmly established that all *de facto* governments had a right to be recognized as such.—Our new Minister to France, Mr. Dayton, is instructed to say emphatically that "the thought of a dissolution of this Union, peaceably or by force, has never entered into the mind of any candid statesman here.

Editor's Table.

POPULAR SENTIMENT.—We are fond of talking of the mysterious things in nature—of earthquakes, volcanoes, whirlwinds, pestilences, and other marvels of the material world; yet these do not begin to compare in strangeness and importance with the developments of the human heart as shown in the storms, and tides, and epidemics of popular feeling. The great questions of our future history do not turn upon marvelous phenomena in the heavens or under the earth, but upon the play of human passions; and while science is approaching toward a statement of the positive laws of the material world, human society is comparatively unknown, and what are called its laws are subject to great uncertainties and interruptions. During the last hundred years the historic races of our globe have not been troubled to any great extent by disturbances of what is regarded as the order of nature; and the crises in affairs have not turned upon famines, inundations, or pestilences. Short crops, indeed, will always tell upon public opinion, and there will be commotion wherever there is little bread. But the nature of the commotion will depend very much on the previous temper of the people.

The difference, for example, between Great Britain during the Irish famine and France during the distresses of the reign of Louis XVI. came less from physical than from social and political causes. The British suffered want with patience and relieved starvation with humanity, and the affliction was regarded less as the fault of the Government than as the visitation of Providence; while the French people felt that they had been trodden under foot by their rulers, and used the frenzy of misery to exasperate the madness of revolution. Thoughtful men foresaw trouble, and some remarkable predictions of the great convulsion of the eighteenth century are to be found in the pages of philosophers and theologians; yet the whole issue of affairs took the world by surprise, and the scientific world were quite as much in the dark as the multitude upon whom they looked with contempt. The great question to be settled was not What will the writers of the Encyclopedia or the idealists of the Gironde, but What will the people say and do; and the question was much mystified by the fact that the people themselves were more in the dark about their own movements than their superiors. For this is a memorable fact in all great popular outbreaks, that the chief parties in them are generally quite unconscious of their coming; and the populace can no more predict the storm that is to convulse its elements, than the skies over which angry clouds are flitting can of themselves predict the coming tempest. The reason of this ignorance comes from the very origin of popular commotion. The movement of the people does not generally begin in a deliberate theory or a settled purpose, but in a great emotion, a master passion. All the theories of human rights started by Rousseau and his school might be held, and have been held, by men of the most conservative position; and it is a noted fact that the infidelity of Voltaire prevailed most among the aristocratic wits and courtiers of his day. It was only when the populace felt that they had been trodden down by tyrants, and were set on fire with revenge, that radical opinions armed themselves with such terrors, and speculations that have been harmless in many coteries of *doctrinaires* or blue stockings, were

found brandishing the sword or presiding at the guillotine.

Of course we do not deny that theoretic opinions have great power, yet of themselves they do not inflame the people; and their significance, even as opinions, is not felt until they are connected with some startling event or personage, or some inflaming appeal or symbol. We do not doubt that Rousseau's "Contrat Social" had a great deal to do with forming the mind of St. Just, Robespierre, and the theoretic radicals of the Terrorist school; yet such speculations could of themselves amount to little, and so far as motive revolutionary force was concerned, the Marseillaise Hymn was worth more than all the tracts ever published. The people are not philosophers, and they rarely accept a political or philosophical idea unless it is so embodied as to touch their sympathies and move their passions.

To illustrate the same truth by our own affairs, may we not say that, much as we may admire the arguments of our great conservative statesmen in behalf of our Constitution and our laws, no Union speech of Webster or Clay ever had half the power with the people that is exercised whenever the American flag is unfurled before the multitude and the "Star Spangled Banner" is sung?

There are, undoubtedly, laws to popular feeling; but it is not easy to define them, or even to apprehend them: and how little we are able to state them in cold blood or in our closet meditation, becomes quite clear the moment we make the issue practical, and try the experiment upon ourselves by going into the contagion of popular excitement. Of much of our nature, indeed, we can become cognizant without the help of the multitude. We do not need to learn of the thousand when to be hungry, or thirsty, or sleepy, or cold; and our leading physical instincts and appetites, although much modified by the influence of numbers, inhere in our own private constitution, and would command us in very much the same way if we lived alone like Robinson Crusoe, or were one of the great army of Xerxes. A man may, indeed, have his appetite a little sharpened by seeing others eat; but he need not wait long for this social sauce, and the passage of a few hours brings the ascetic scholar as well as the burly beef-eater to the table; and under the pinch of hunger the knightly Quixote and his voracious squire feel the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

There are also imperious intellectual instincts that are as independent of the force of sympathy as the physical appetites; and the mathematician does not hold his principles in the least at the mercy of social excitement or public opinion. Newton pursues his Calculus as calmly as if the earth were as passionless as the heavens, and men were as voiceless as the stars. The votaries of all the higher abstract philosophy, like Kant and Hegel, have something of the same exemption from popular commotion. Yet the interest which attaches even to such exact sciences depends much upon social feeling; and while the conclusions of the Calculus are wholly independent of popular favor, the zeal with which the study is pursued may be much enhanced by the smiles of princes or the applause of nations. The mathematician is human in whatever he thinks and does; he must be a man as well as a calculator. The moment he enters society he feels the social estimate that is put upon his labors, and as soon as

he begins to apply his science to practice he finds himself in full contact with the world, and subject to all the interests and emotions of the world. As soon as he erects observatories, or builds ships, or constructs aqueducts or fortifications, he mingles with the crowd, and is moved by the ambition, fears, and hopes incident to all active life.

Some of our feelings that are most intense in the nearer social relations, lose their power when presented to the public. Thus lovers are very interesting to themselves, but little so to spectators, and their endearments appear ridiculous to the multitude of lookers-on. Even the parental affections are comparatively private, and we do not care to see children fondled in public. The parental feeling becomes interesting to the public only when it rises above merely private life into a universal meaning, and touches the common heart—as when Virginius slew his daughter with his own hand, and called on the people to avenge their wrongs and his own upon the ravisher's head; or when a mother offers her only son to her country, and gives him her blessing as he goes to the wars of liberty. We are all, indeed, compelled to respect the domestic affections in their own sphere; but they do not of themselves kindle great popular emotions. Sometimes, indeed, they become pathetic, and even inflaming, from their connection with public calamities; and no picture can be more touching than that of the soldier returning from the wars, all wounded and broken, to find a welcome from his desolate wife and child. The universal chord is here touched, and private feeling rises into the highest humanity. Whatever appeals to the parental instinct of the many has irresistible sweep; but this appeal must be something more than an exhibition of private affection, and must connect home affections with the general heart.

It may be affirmed, in general, that the people are most deeply moved by whatever comes home to their feelings; and of course nothing can come home deeply to their feelings without touching the affections which they have in common. Whatever is purely individual in taste or opinion or purpose can not act upon the masses; and all those niceties of culture or accomplishment that require rare acumen or exceptional training or gifts to be appreciated, can not be expected to kindle popular enthusiasm. If an assembly of fifty thousand men were gathered together from the people at large, just as they happen to come, in some enormous inclosure like the Coliseum, it would be a very curious study to ascertain the range and character of their sensibility. No reasonable man would expect to interest them in subtle metaphysics, or in exquisite disquisitions, or in the most refined poetry and art. If their ear even for music were to be tested, a stirring martial strain would at once kindle their enthusiasm, while they would hardly listen to the choicest airs from Mozart or Beethoven. If their sense of poetry were to be proved, some vivid narrative or startling drama would move them more than the polished sonnet or the most learned and sagacious didactic verse. They might be ready to weep at a thrilling tragedy, but they would be far more ready to laugh at a broad comedy. If eloquence were to be tried upon them, that would be found most effective that brings the largest range of motives to bear upon some contested point; and of all speeches that is the most telling that calls the people to some battle with a definite and positive foe, whether it be a campaign against a nation, a crusade against the heathen, or the marshaling of a militant Church against an infidel world.

The appeal of the orator to the mass avails little until he brings out the enthusiasm for what they all love into union with their animosity against what they all hate. The great popular commotions arise when the people rally for a common cause against a common enemy. Of course the cause and the enemy are more sure to be common when they are connected with common interests and passions of our nature, both higher and lower. That is the best cause to plead with the people which rests upon obvious grounds of common interest, and rises from that basis into universal principles; as, for example, the cause of a country whose soil gives the people their bread and home, and whose institutions are identified with their friendships, loves, and religion. The higher range of motives have greatest power when they are awakened; yet the lower are more obvious, and when a man is not thinking of his conscience or his religion, he can not help thinking of the land before his face, and the very thought of losing this sends the blood coursing through his veins, and rouses in time all the better convictions of his mind.

All popular commotions, therefore, must have a positive material basis, and even religious excitements of the revolutionary kind are sure to turn upon some tangible prize, upon some land of promise, whether Jewish, Mohammedan, Anabaptist, or Mormon. If we were called to name the three leading causes of popular agitation we might place them thus: the land and estate, the distribution of power and honor, partisan and sectarian opinion; and if we are asked to class these in the order of their influence it must be in the inverse order of their dignity; and we firmly believe that while moral and religious principle is the noblest motive, yet it needs to be connected with positive material interests to make it popular, and that the mass are most habitually acted upon by motives directly connected with the soil and their material welfare. They are capable, indeed, of an immense degree of enthusiasm for honor and religion; but they do not live long in the upper air of idealities, and all wars for ascendancy or faith settle down upon some solid ground of antagonism. The two extremes of civilization—the Mormon and the Roman Catholic—while professing to be under direct divine guidance, bring their zealots to a material test, and Salt Lake and the Tiber are the seats of their temporal thrones.

As the mass of men tend to rest upon a material basis in their ideas, there is a similar trait in their modes of action. The masses—as such, and unless animated and commanded by wise or heroic leaders—do not gain mind by gaining bulk, but rather become more heavy and unwieldy. Ten thousand men meeting together without organization, have not by any means ten times the mind of one thousand men, and one thousand men have not ten times the mind of one hundred men, nor one hundred men ten times the mind of ten men. A great multitude is a mob instead of a fellowship, and is as dangerous to itself as to its sworn enemies, trampling upon its own people, and, when driving every obstacle away before its irresistible sweep, wielding a power that is weak even in its might, bound even in its lawlessness, like the rush of the waters when the flood-gates are swept away, which roll on because they can not stop; and what is called their force is but the fearful necessity of their destiny. A mob is a great tide of people, and the individuals that compose it are no more masters of its movement than particles of water are masters of the drift of the tide upon the rapids that pour over Niagara. The whole

mass must move on together according to the tendency that happens to prevail, and the minority is compelled to fall in with the majority, without giving the few opportunity to make their expostulations and influence tell with the many. The mass, indeed, readily accept a leader, but more from the fatality of a contagious enthusiasm than from the freedom of a sagacious choice; and hence their leader is more apt to be the most exciting name than the most desirable character. Hence great multitudes are not suitable deliberative bodies, and whatever is left to them to decide is generally badly decided. A mass meeting is very effective for popular agitation, but bad for executive, or judicial, or legislative action. The many, as such, are more under the sway of passion or emotion than of argument or forethought; and whatever appeals to the most obvious prejudices or immediate interests is likely to carry the day. Hence the danger of submitting great practical questions to the decision of mass meetings. We are not, indeed, despisers of the many, but, on the contrary, we are champions of the rights of the people; and precisely because we vindicate the liberty of every good citizen at the ballot-box, we oppose every effort to give the hue and cry of the mob sway over private opinion. We are sure that the citizen is much safer in small assemblies, that can be reasoned with and brought under the influence of sober thinkers in the quiet of fair deliberation, than in monstrous masses that are sure to be overpowered by some popular agitator.

We are not, indeed, prepared to say that the many are of necessity unprincipled or unwise; but we do say that they are not so much masters of themselves in great masses as in moderate assemblies, and the wisdom of our civil fathers was in nothing shown more emphatically than in their desire to avoid great assemblies of the people by a due division of the land into States and districts. An *ochlocracy*, or direct government by the whole population in mass, would be the most monstrous and dangerous form of society, and almost any tyranny that the earth has ever seen would be more tolerable than the sway of such a mob. It is not well that we are tending, in some respects, to such a method, and that our system of nominating our highest officers at great conventions or caucuses, is such as to make the decision sometimes dependent upon the most vehement agitator and the most brazen lungs. In fact, all great masses of men tend to a certain despotism, that merges individual judgment in the sweep of the popular tide under the popular leader. So true is it that as men multiply in numbers they diminish in independence, and in order to give even proper physical power to a great multitude of men it becomes necessary to divide them into small companies. What would an army be if the hundred thousand men who make it up were a mere mass upon a great plain, following their leader as a drove of buffaloes follow theirs? The larger the host the weaker it would be; and while it might trample down the enemy, it would be sure to trample down its own ranks. Popular sentiment needs division and subdivision for its proper direction and efficiency as much as military power, and great harm comes to a republic whenever this principle is forgotten, and the dead-weight of mere numbers is allowed to overpower individual influence and local independence and jurisdiction.

We have but touched upon a great subject, and hereafter we may treat more at length of the tendencies of popular sentiment in America.

Our Foreign Bazaar.

IT was just on this flowery month (when we write), nearly a score of years ago, when our eyes caught the first sight of the domes and towers and trees of the central city of France. It seems only yesterday when that blaze of newness and splendor along the Paris streets gave its first wonderment. The sky calm and bright; the Tuileries garden laden with its great spikes of chestnut bloom; the parterres gorgeous with hyacinths; the lilacs fragrant; the dingy tricolor drifting lazily over the central pavilion of the palace; here and there a lumbering diligence thundering down the side streets; a great eddy of clumsy houses filling the magnificent court which Napoleon I. had planned, and standing there all awry, and stained, and populous, as a kind of bourgeois protest against the vanity of Imperial promises; rough, harsh pavements along the completed half of the Rue Rivoli, which jolted you fearfully as you rode over them toward St. Cloud, and suggested the barricades they had made and might make; a seedy, mouldy look along all the houses of St. Honoré, as if the glory and splendor of the capital city had enjoyed its largest development, and you were only listening to the echoes of a greatness that had passed.

There was history all around you. Here passed the tumbrils that led to the guillotine; there passed the car which bore the Goddess of Reason; in yonder house lived Robespierre; the rubicund Philippe *Egalité* lived in the fine palace you passed in the morning; Napoleon made his great breach in Revolution there by the steps of St. Roque; a merchant king, who owns houses and shops in New York, has succeeded. Louis Philippe is not a romantic sovereign; his children play at battledore, and Marie takes lessons in drawing.

It seemed altogether a peace age; the deputies had their quarrels; the sub-lieutenants had their little duels in the Bois de Boulogne. There was intrigue about certain Spanish marriages, and sharp letters with England; sharp letters, too, with General Jackson about old liabilities. But the King, with his gray hair bundled to a point, like the comb of some old-time lady or of some sedate farm-yard rooster, was the Napoleon of peace and of trade. France had lived out its splendid days—fading all the way from the days of Turenne and the Maintenon—and would now float along in commercial quietude, indulging in ambitious recollections, perhaps, but keeping in the wake of our young Republic, which was now to lead the world in civilization, in wealth, in peace, and in content.

And when the break came, and when Guizot—who had hung a portrait of Alexander Hamilton on his library-wall—was compelled to flee, and the great king of the gray top-knot to flee with him, it seemed to hopeful American eyes, jubilant in their own successes, only a little swifter disintegration of the old world powers, which had lived out their time of growth and must crumble.

How we watched that Revolution! How we pitied sane men who debated with swords and barricades! How we wished they were as wise as we! It was strange that merchants should so peril trade, and priests forget peace-making, and philanthropists forget progress. But philanthropists did not forget progress: only such as Blanqui and Barbés conceived of a rational progress through gutters that ran blood. Civilization seemed trembling in the

balance, when Lamartine lent his poet's tongue to steal away the fierce lightning from that wrathful cloud that gathered around the Hôtel de Ville, and that muttered death. Poor France! how lost she seemed to all rational estimate of her own need and welfare! If she had only been educated to liberty as we; if she had only her boast of elective judiciary, and free-schools, and a four years' monarch only, she might march on without a jostle or an unwelcome stir. But France had lived through the choicest vintage of her life; the promise, and the security, and the hope were all gone Westward. It seemed only a poor sign when a General Cavaignac was summoned to power, and suspended the press and proclaimed martial law. It seemed to us that men educated as Republicans would never need this—would never tolerate it even; but with a free people a man's thought put into keen words is stronger than his presence; and if martial law says, "Keep yourself in-doors," may there not be stronger reason to say, "Keep your thought in-doors?"

Well, we watched with hope and fear changing places as the French play went on. Great calm and unflinching resolution in the midst of terrible danger or of slaughter always challenges hope, and makes a nucleus where the timid may rally: the dead-wagons roll by dripping blood. France is paying a heavy price for something; what is worth most always costs heavily (a pleasant sophism, which in dreary times we try to graft our faith upon).

And after all, it is only "Louis Napoleon, President," that the blood pays for. *Punch* fires at him a broadside of inextinguishable fun. All those hopeful ones, such as Barrot, and Lamartine, and Thiers, who had begun the labor of overthrowing the old monarchy, are disappointed utterly: all the earnest men of the middle stage, who had caught the Revolution at mid-flood to conjure freedom, such as Hugo, and Marrast, and Pagés, and Arago, are utterly discomfited.

At first it is only the energy and earnest action of Louis Napoleon that rallies the hopes of those at the great trade centres of France. No class of men shift their political sentiments so easily as merchants; and as Louis Napoleon develops power to control the destinies of France, and a determination to use it, the old monarchism and the later jubilant republicanism of the traders tumbles into judicious and easy acquiescence.

Could ever any free-born men, said we, complacently, come to such swift turn of opinion into the ways of interest?

It seemed the seal of the national decay: Victor Hugo, in Jersey or Belgium, writes a scathing lampoon, which romanticists thought must put an end to the moral influence of Napoleon. But it did not: the factories of Rouen buzzed, and the shuttles of Lyons flew swift through the silken meshes. A great brocaded glory was laid, piece by piece, on France, until it culminated in the gorgeous color of Solferino. A stalwart despotism, that so many earnest thinkers had chafed under, had after all wrought out some of the grandest accomplishments of modern civilization—giving a free banner to Italy, and swift punishment to Ottoman barbarity in the wilds of the Lebanon.

Well, while the linden-trees of the Tuileries garden whisper sweet concord overhead, and while we recall that crumbling together of the merchant monarchy of Louis Philippe (congratulating ourselves that we had a General Jackson who did not crumble)—while we recall that phantasmagoric change,

through silent shops, of rash republicanism into the dictatorship of Cavaignac (when we rejoiced that no American Cavaignac would ever suspend *habeas corpus*)—while we recall that cool, quiet outgrowth of Napoleonic despotism, which stifled men of thought and set factories at work (blessing God that thought, and industries, and all the humanities were guaranteed by a paper Constitution in America)—while we recall all this, under the linden-trees here in flowery May, we are appalled by the doubtful, if not broken promise of our American institutions. Where we had hoped for only growth and fullness, we see now over seas the inauguration of a more barbarous war than the world has known since the days of Cromwell and of Naseby. Our complacency and over-arrogance is humbled. With you, across the ocean, who now feel all the bitterness of a war actually begun, it may be consoling to reflect that all the forbearance and the justice may have been on one side, and all the intemperance and rashness upon the other; but over the vista of the water we who linger see a disrupted republic, and feel that after all no written Constitution, no common inheritance, no brotherly share in past victories, is proof against an alienation that wreaks its passion in slaughter, and that builds with hospitals and tombs so many testimonials of the truth, that the best of human governments is, after all, but an experiment.

That God with truth and justice will ultimately reign nobody doubts. But who and where are the infallible interpreters?

Are the sneers of Victor Hugo at the Emperor just? Is the harsh banishment of the poet just?

BUT our eagerness of outlook and apprehensions of war are not drawn wholly across the Atlantic. The European observer has nearer indications of storm. You have already been informed of the revolutionary spirit in Poland, kindled, without doubt, by the successful issue of the Italian uprising. Our present look is upon the streets of Warsaw, as far back as the eighth of April. There are angry crowds gathering on the Square before the Castle. The Prince Lieutenant orders the troops to mass themselves in a defensive position, and summons the crowd to disperse. But the Polish crowd answers the summons with sneers and hisses—all the more since a rumor is current that the Prince Lieutenant has received orders from St. Petersburg not to fire upon the crowd. The summons to disperse is again and again repeated, but is utterly unheeded. The cavalry are then ordered to make a charge; and, finally, the infantry fire by platoons. The killed and wounded are withdrawn within the Castle, so that there may be no more demonstrative funeral ceremonies; and so, before night, the streets are cleared. The streets are cleared, and Warsaw is still; but we have news yet to come.

It is dreary and saddening, this retrograde movement in a corner of the great empire which, under the auspices of the liberal Alexander, seemed just now lifting toward a newer and more Christian civilization: it reminds of the quick and earnest hopes which came in with Pio Nono, and which went out with the first gunshot. The Count Zamoyski is one of the heroes just now of Polish reverence; and the next news may make him the leader of a revolution or the tenant of some Siberian prison.

And the Pope—how shall we forget him in his strait? All the less, that he fainted the other day in his canonicals. There have been times in the history of Europe when the fainting fit of a Pope

would have made the staple for an interesting period. And see how tamely it reads now: Contrary to his habit, his Holiness left his apartments (on the 2d April) with his head covered, and wrapped in his scarlet cloak. There were vague stories how the recognition of the new title of "Emanuel, King of Italy," by England and Switzerland harassed the old gentlemen. Who knows? However this may be, certain it is that so soon as Monseigneur Ricci chanted *l'Evangile* at the foot of the throne, his Holiness found himself growing worse. Yet he strove to stand, with a cardinal on either side of him. At the close of the chant the kind cardinals placed him in his seat, his head hanging on his breast. He had fainted even as they reseated him.

There was a rush for something that might revive the old gentleman; no physician being at hand, nothing more than incense in the sacristy, the cardinals sustaining meantime the poor drooping head with what grace they could! He, the master, all stiff in those cumbrous robes and heavy golden embroidery, seeming dead. But he was not; for when they brought the sal ammonia, or what not, and the sedan-chair, in which on occasions he takes great rides on the shoulders of men, he revived, and was borne back to his chambers—to bed. The next day, it is rumored, he chatted—only chatted—about negotiations with Victor Emanuel for a quiet settlement of their questions of difference.

The week after his fainting fit—just a week to a day—and the Holy Father might have read in the reported speech of Cavour before the Parliament of Turin such sentiments as these (we translate largely, but carry the intent): "It is easy to demonstrate that Italy, of all the nations in the world, is the one wherein exists least antagonism between the religious sentiment and the sentiment of liberty. All our grand thinkers of this age have applied themselves to the reconciliation of Christian loyalty with a spirit of liberty. The leading literary mind of Italy, the man who is counted among the first poets of Europe, and whom we are proud to count among ourselves (Manzoni?)—has throughout his triumphs striven to reconcile these two orders of ideas—ideas of loyalty to the Church and of individual liberty. Our philosophers—such honored men as Gioberti and Rosmini—have wrought toward the same goal.

"I believe," he says, "to speak frankly, that if Rome would accept our just proposals to-day, the party of the Church would be in a majority every where in our free country. For myself, I would submit, and close my career on the benches of the opposition.

"I am so far convinced of the profit and wisdom of what I propose, both to Italy and to the Church, that I can not imagine how a majority of you before me should not reach the same conclusion. It is a wonder to me—it must be a wonder to the world—to find that the representatives of free Italy manifest such calm, such moderation, such respect toward the Church of Rome.

"And the world shall know full soon that what we propose is the only means of securing to the Church its legitimate influence in Italy and throughout the world; and not long hence, I trust, and from the bosom of the whole Catholic people of Europe, a voice shall come to the Pope, saying, 'Accept loyally what the free Italy proffers; for it gives back liberty to the Church and lustre to the Papal throne. Accept her terms, and Italy, in achieving her freedom, will remain most loyal of all to the true spirit of her ancient religion.'"

Why not, on the faith of this, dismiss Louis Napoleon, and make such terms as can be made with Victor Emanuel?

MEANTIME, and only two days before the triumphal speech of Cavour, a great reactionary conspiracy was on the point of breaking into a war that would have involved half of the Neapolitan kingdom. The night was the sixth of April; the Committee of enrollment was known; its quarters known; the Duke of Cajaniello was chief; the Ex-Jesuit Trotta one of its arch-managers; numerous bishops had been bought over; 12,000 men, it was thought, could be relied upon; even the prison-keepers had been tampered with, and the gates were to be thrown open to the *détenus*. But the vigor of the administration thwarted the plot; twelve officers of the old army were arrested, pickets of soldiers posted over the prisons, and the languid Neapolitans rejoice at their escape from a new battle. M. Nigra, of whom we had occasion to speak in a recent paper, has thoroughly proven the wisdom of M. Cavour in naming to this important post, and has won the good opinions of all.

The only delicacy of the Sardinian situation is not, however, confined to the Papal question or to the reaction of Naples. Garibaldi, in obedience to what he believes to be the wishes of his old army of liberation, is insistent upon a reorganization and immediate preparation for battle. Cavour, advised and influenced by the Western powers, quietly but vigorously combats this hasty action. Austria, under her present stress, is understood to be eager for an opening of hostilities with the Court of Turin under conditions (like that of the success of the Garibaldian policy) which would alienate France. In this event she would hope to march at once to Turin and conquer such a peace as would restore Italy to its old status. The Dalmatian ports are represented to be in a thorough state of defense, and the Austrian navy rapidly increasing in efficiency.

As for Hungary, it still holds an attitude of defiance, although it has been honored with such Imperial favors—we had almost said humiliations—as would have never ripened into negotiation even in the days of Metternich. Just now there rises a curious complication of the Hungarian difficulties, by reason of certain Transylvanian rights which are for the first time brought in question. Yet again, if the Russian Emperor is to assume the kingship of Russian Poland, and restore the old nationality, what shall become of Galicia, that is even more hopelessly bereft of privilege than Warsaw? Must not Posen and Galicia both be snatched from their Prussian and Austrian masters, and together reintegrate the partitioned State?

In short, it is not easy to see how harmony can grow out of the present discord of the purely European questions: and besides these, among which we count the Holstein troubles, there remains that startling bugbear of the Syrian occupation. To match this partially, it is understood that England has increased her garrison at Malta from three to eight thousand troops, with stores and war material in proportion. Gibraltar is furnished for any possible eventuality, and the authorities of the Ionian Islands are preparing for possible trouble. These Ionians are not insensible to the recent movements toward the reinstatement of the old nationalities; their Greek sympathies are becoming more noisy than ever; and at the recent convocation of the Legislative Assembly a Zanteote member had the hardihood

to propose that the question of the annexation of the Ionian Isles to Greece be submitted to a vote of the people. A debate followed in such temper, and of such subversive tendency, that the Lord High Commissioner, representing the English crown, was compelled to prorogue the Assembly.

As for the provinces of European Turkey, the embroilments are now so complicated that we despair of giving, in the brief space at our command, any intelligible account of them. Discontent and agitation are prevailing throughout: bloody insurrections have broken out here and there, and seem to promise a general uprising against the cruelties and weakness of the Ottoman master. The Montenegrins are ready for revolt, and with them will be the people of the Herzegovine, of Bosnia and Bulgaria, and even Servia. A long and indignant manifest of this latter people is copied into the journals of the West.

ABOUT Paris there is much small news afloat, but very little of large news. Thus, in the way of gossip, we hear that Mademoiselle Augustine Brohan, the favorite actress at the Français, is eager to retire for private reasons, but finds her right denied by the *Société*. A suit is promised to come of it. M. About has a play accepted, called "Gaetana," and under rehearsal. He proposes to withdraw it, and is refused. Another suit, we are promised, is to come of this. George Sand and M. Henri Martin are rival candidates for the 20,000 franc prize of the French Academy. The successor of M. Scribe is being talked of, but is not named with confidence. A short piece, of indifferent success, from the pen of M. Charles Hugo, son of the poet, is just now represented at one of the lesser theatres.

Lamartine relieves his other literary labors by certain gossipy sketches (more interesting than dignified) of the distinguished personages with whom his checkered life has thrown him in contact. Here is a specimen:

"A few years later, his (Hugo's) renown had grown with his years and with his works. He was married, and had already several cradles about his hearth. I was spending a diplomatic holiday by the valley of Saint Point, in my native mountains. I saw approach, along the paths opposite my window, through the chestnut-trees, a caravan of travelers—men, women, and children—some on foot, others on 'mules of thoughtful footstep,' as the poet says. The caravan soon reached the sandy foot of the mountains, crossed the stream and the meadows, and climbed the ledge, to the château. It was Victor Hugo and Charles Nodier, followed by their charming wives and fine children. They had come to beg my hospitality for a few days, on their way to Switzerland. Charles Nodier was the boon friend of every thing glorious. It was his business to love the grand. He felt himself on level ground only at the summits. His indolence prevented him from producing finished works; but he was equal to all he admired. He was content to sport with his genius and his sensibility—like a child with its mother's jewel-case. He threw away precious stones like sand. This carelessness about his wealth made him the Diderot—but the Diderot without noise or charlatanism—of our time. We loved one another for our hearts, not for our talents. He was a chimney-corner man—a familiar genius—a general confidant—the loss of whom does not appear so great as that of a lofty reputation. But the loss deepens incessantly; for it is in the heart. The poetic caravan continued its route toward the Alps. I saw it dis-

appear behind the mountain. Since that halt of his (Hugo's) we have remained friends in spite of systems, of opinions, of revolutions, of different political creeds. For these are of the hour, and change with the hour; but poetry and friendship are in the dominion of eternal things—they are of the city of God. We shake off the dust of terrestrial cities as we enter."

This mention of Lamartine calls to mind a story of an old Florentine duel of his which just now finds the light in a "*Histoire anecdotique du duel dans tous les temps*," which may possibly tempt an American translator and publisher. It is compiled by Emile Colombey and published by M. Lévy. The Lamartine episode is derived from a letter written by Gabriele Pepé, dated Florence, March, 1826, and addressed to his brother Carlo Pepé, a writer of some distinction. Lamartine it seems, in his *Dernier chant* of Childe Harold, had indulged in expressions no way complimentary to the Italian character. Shortly after, he came to Florence in the capacity of Secretary of Legation to the French Embassy. He was received coldly, and Gabriele Pepé, who published in that time a little Dantean *brochure*, slipped into his book this aggravating mention: "This French rhymist of the *Dernier chant* of Childe Harold, who supplies his want of poetic fervor and of noble ideas by a facetiousness directed against the Italian character—a facetiousness that would amount to an injury, if the rhymist's assault were vigorous enough to do harm," etc., etc.

Of course the young Secretary of Legation chafed at this: he wrote to M. Pepé, a Neapolitan exile, for an apology—M. Pepé declined to grant it. Lamartine then called personally for an explanation—M. Pepé still declined.

Upon this Lamartine urged an instant meeting *les armes à la main*. "I replied," says M. Pepé, "that I would be always ready to afford him that gratification; but as he was slightly lame (having fallen from his horse the day before) I begged him to take time for his complete recovery, when the affair could be arranged. To this he consented. But a new difficulty now arose: the Tuscan laws were so severe against dueling that I, an exile, could ask no friend to stand by me without inadvertently giving a hint to the authorities. I proposed, therefore, to M. Lamartine to meet him in the presence of his second alone. To this he refused consent; and my only resource was to beg of him to name another of his countrymen who should represent my aid. This was arranged, and I found myself upon the morning of the meeting in the presence of three strangers—all fellow-countrymen. Of the two swords to be made use of, one was slightly longer than the other, and it was proposed to draw lots for the choice. But I objected, and at once took the shorter one, and the fight commenced. I found myself by far the better swordsman of the two; and having drawn a little blood from his right arm, he expressed himself, in answer to my demand, perfectly satisfied, and so the affair ended. I bound up his wound with my own hands, and we returned to the city in company. The police, however, had meantime been informed of the occurrence, and on our return I was arrested. Through the influence however of M. Lamartine and other friends I was presently set at liberty. Lamartine gave a grand dinner, at which I had the honor of being present; and not long after he published a frank avowal of his error in regard to the Italian character."

From the same book of M. Colombey we translate

another excerpt: Two lads, educated together from their infancy, loving each other like brothers, part at length upon the threshold of life in anger. They had come from a country village up to Rio for a completion of their education together; they went away separate, and determined never to meet again. A woman the cause, who was loved by both. But unfortunately they did meet, and in such temper as forbade utterly any resort, except the last one, to a duel. At the first fire one fell, to all appearances mortally wounded. The other looked on with composure for a moment, then swooned, and on his recovery from the swoon, prattled like a child. His mind had given way under the shock, and he had relapsed into idiocy.

The wound of his friend, however, did not prove fatal; and after recovery he devoted himself assiduously to his unfortunate rival. Every resource of the medical art was tried in vain; his physical health was strong, but his mind refused to recover from the shock which had come from the murder of his dearest friend. Finally it was suggested that, since his fancy clung to the dead figure of his rival, it might be possible to restore him to himself by representing the corpse of his friend gradually coming to life again. So they arranged a bier in the room below that of the patient, and stretched his friend in grave-clothes. They brought him down, and placing him by it begged him to watch the corpse.

So he watched alone with the recumbent figure. After long hours there was a stir of the pall—the dead sleeper was waking.

"Be quiet!" says the idiotic man. But the ghost gains strength and stirs again. The maniac slips quietly out into the garden, and bringing in a mattock with him stealthily, again orders the sleeper to be quiet. But he stirs, and throws off the grave-clothes. In an instant the maniac beats him down and brains him with the mattock. The watchers rush in only to find the victim dead. But the maniac is calm, and says only, "Twice I told him to be still."

It gives a bad color to dueling. And wars are only great duels. And civil wars are only great duels between old friends.

Two men who lived at Rio, and loved the same fair face, and blundered into duel, and died for it—one smeared with blood and the other smeared with idiocy—are, after all, only two dead men who lived at Rio.

Of course it could not be helped: honor forbade.

What if the story were of two halves of a nation, of common blood, and speech, and ancestry; and the weltering victims counted by tens of thousands?

What if it could not be helped? And of course it could not.

Honor forbade.

Ah, the crimes that go to the account of such froth as human honor!

Editor's Drawer.

REV. DOCTOR SPRAGUE, of Albany, has made a magnificent volume of Methodist Ministers, nearly two hundred of them in a book of near a thousand pages. If any body thinks there is no "Drawer matter" in a houseful or a bookful of Methodist ministers he is greatly mistaken. Catch two or three of them together at the right time and place, and you will find they know how to enjoy "the

good the gods provide" as well as the next man. These noble fellows who figure in this portrait-gallery were the great men of their day—fathers and leaders in the Church, pioneer preachers when Methodist was a new name in this country, and the sort of men that heroes and martyrs are made of.

Valentine Cook was one of them. During the frightful convulsions of nature that occurred in the vicinity of New Madrid, on the Mississippi River, in the winter of 1811-'12, the whole country was thrown into commotion. Mr. Cook, being at that time at home, was suddenly aroused from his slumbers at midnight, and, finding his bed and house rocking and staggering, and supposing the end of all things had come, sprang from his bed and made for the door. Mrs. Cook, in great agitation, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Cook, wait for me, wait for me!" "No, my dear," he answered; "when the Lord comes I'll wait for nobody!"

GEORGE GRAY got a good bit of advice that is worth remembering. George was a boy when he became a preacher: "Within a few days of the time that he was fifteen years and a half old his name was on the records of an Annual Conference as a traveling preacher—the youngest candidate ever received in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was sent to the Barre circuit, in Vermont. As he mounted his horse to set out for his field of labor—a journey of some two hundred miles—his uncle, who was a Methodist, and withal a man of more than common shrewdness, addressed to him some words of advice which he never forgot. 'Never,' said he, 'pretend that you know much, George; for if you do so pretend, the people will soon find out that you are sadly mistaken; neither tell them how little you know, for this they will find out soon enough.'"

DAVID YOUNG was one of the pioneers of Western Methodism. "No individual, however weak or obscure, coming to him as an honest inquirer after truth, ever failed to profit by his ample instruction; but woe to the captious fault-finder, who rudely attacked him or his creed. With such a man he did not stop to argue, but demolished him with one withering sarcasm, and passed on. On one occasion, a weak but conceited man attacked him unceremoniously on the subject of 'perseverance,' saying, 'So, Mr. Young, you believe in falling from grace, do you?' He replied, promptly, 'I believe in getting it first.'"

ONE of the lights of the Church rejoiced in the name of Billy Hibbard. "Once, when the roll-call of the Conference gave his name as *William*, he arose and objected to answering to that name, insisting that his name was *Billy*. 'Why, Brother Hibbard,' said Bishop Asbury, 'Billy is a little boy's name.' 'Yes, Bishop,' he replied, 'and I was a little boy when my father gave it to me.' His eccentricity discovered itself in all circumstances and on all occasions; and he would often say things which would well-nigh convulse his audience, when it was evident that he had not only had no design to produce such an effect, but could not understand how the effect had been produced. In other cases, however, it would seem as if his drollery found vent when he could not but have been aware that it must at least disturb the risibles of his audience. In the early part of his ministry, as he was preaching on the Golden Calf, after describing the process of its formation, he said, 'When it came out of the fire, it

came out a great calf—bah! He was particularly shrewd in meeting and warding off the attack of an adversary. About the time the new Constitution was formed in this State he attended a camp-meeting at Granby, in which he dwelt with great earnestness on the position that 'a law-established religion is wicked.' He said, 'it was wicked as it existed under Pharaoh; it was wicked as it existed under Nebuchadnezzar; it was always wicked; but when Daniel came out the *toleration ticket* prevailed.' In a conversation with the Rev. Dr. M——, a Congregational minister of this State, the Doctor stated that he felt that sin mingled with every thing that he did—that there was sin in his very prayers. My old friend did not hesitate to say that he had no relish for the doctrine that we must live in sin, and set people to serve the devil and dance. 'But,' said Dr. M——, 'I regard dancing as a very civil and innocent recreation.' 'Then,' replied Billy, 'if there is sin in praying, and no sin in dancing, the sooner you stop your prayers and begin to dance the better.'"

These are some of the lighter things in the book. It is full of the deeds and words of the noble men who have served the Church and rested from their labors: serious, godly, great men, like whom we shall all wish to be when the day comes for which all other days are made. And so with this little sermon we dismiss Dr. Sprague and his Methodist Ministers.

BUT we are reminded of the flight of time. This Number begins the twenty-third volume of the *Monthly*. Eleven years we have opened and shut this Drawer for the amusement of mankind and the ladies, who are among the best of our readers and contributors. The publishers are always pleased when the new year opens with new lists of subscribers, to whom they offer great inducements on the cover, and the Drawer offers still greater inducements within. Now is the time for clubs, and the more we hear from the better for us and for you.

A GENTLEMAN of rare accomplishments, writing from Ohio, says:

"Like your correspondent who 'used the glass kept for the niggers,' and who relates the joke at his own expense so pleasantly in the Drawer for April, I am a constant traveler. On one occasion I was journeying from Paris, Kentucky, to Maysville by stage. The night was delightful, and having the stage entirely to myself, I was in the full enjoyment of my third cigar when the stage drew up in front of the hotel at the Blue Lick Springs. After supper I resumed my seat, and was just settling myself for a comfortable smoke and dream when the stage-door opened, and a clear, musical voice asked if there was room inside. Of course I answered yes, and took her hand in mine to assist her into the stage. Offering her the back-seat, I sat down by her side and attempted to open a conversation. The weather, the season at the Springs, the water, all were tried. It was no go. She evidently regarded me as impertinent, and was determined to impress me with her dignity. On we rattled over the smooth road, and soon I fell asleep, and slept I know not how long, but was at last awakened by my companion leaning heavily against me. Moving back slightly, I allowed her head to sink gradually upon my lap. Ah! thought I, you were caught napping that time. Some belle of the season, possibly, sleeping here as quietly on my lap as a child

sleeping on its mother's breast. No sleep for me any more. It was the first time any woman's head had ever rested there, and might be the last; the precious moments must not be lost in sleep.

"Soon after midnight the stage rolled up to the Lee House, and old Renz Connell came out with a light, precisely as he has done every night for twenty years; and I sat still—I wanted him to see my triumph. The light shining in her face awakened us both—her from sleep, and me to the fact that I had staid awake three mortal hours to hold a nigger's head!"

"My little niece, coming in from play the other day, was loud in her complaints against one of her playmates. Her mother sat by the window sewing, and my niece took her little chair and sat down by her side, when the following conversation ensued:

"NIECE. 'Ma, who makes little girls?'

"MAMMA. 'God makes them. Don't you know God makes every body?'

"NIECE. 'Well, if I had been God I would never have made Susie Lampkins!'"

WE are not yet done with the humors of the election. Here we have a story from Nebraska:

Graves has a slight impediment in his speech, but for all that he is an active worker among the "Irish element" whenever there is a Democratic caucus or an election to be held; and it is sometimes an object to know how Graves will go, for when he *promises* to support a man he'll do it in spite of every thing, and generally takes the Irish with him.

When the party nominations for members of the Legislature were about being made last fall, S—— was a prominent candidate, backed by Hanse (his right bower), who, to make a sure thing of the nomination for S——, sought out Graves to secure his co-operation.

After the caucus was over and the votes all counted, S—— was found to have been beaten by about three to one; and as Hanse could count up the names of many more persons who had *promised* to vote for S—— than he had received votes, concluded that Graves had "failed to connect." When they again met the following conversation was held:

HANSE (*looking disappointed*). "I say, Graves, why didn't you support S——, as you agreed to?"

GRAVES. "Never pr-pr-promised to."

HANSE (*emphatic*). "Yes you did."

GRAVES. "Where d-did I?"

HANSE. "Why, down at Mac's office."

GRAVES. "Th-th-think not; told you I *g-g-guess*ed I would; but I'm the poorest *g-g-guesser* you ever see—hardly ever *g-g-guess* right."

"WE have here several flourishing 'mission-schools,' and among the teachers is a Mr. R——, who is an especial favorite with the decidedly 'miscellaneous assortment' of scholars, not only for his singing, in which they delight, but because of his power in interesting them in Bible stories.

"A few Sundays ago Mr. R—— was telling them the story of Esther, stopping occasionally, according to custom, to ask a few questions, thereby insuring their attention and interest.

"After enlarging upon Haman's hatred, and endeavors to get rid of Mordecai, and their result, he asked, 'And how do you suppose Haman felt now, when the King had commanded that not only Mordecai but every one belonging to the Jewish nation should be destroyed?' 'Bully!' replied a little rag-

amuffin on the front seat, with an emphasis and earnestness that upset the gravity both of teachers and scholars.

"OUR Charlie, three and a half years old, is a great admirer of military men, and of Generals in particular—always listening with the greatest delight to such stories as relate to the exploits of Washington, Taylor, and Scott. He is uncommonly observant of the conversation carried on before him, often fitting the words of his elders to his own ideas in a very funny fashion.

"Not long since papa and mamma were discussing our national difficulties over their evening papers, quite unmindful of Charley, who, in full regimentals of paper hat and wooden sword, was busied in creating, with the help of a chair and half a dozen music-books, a suitable war charger for so distinguished a person to bestride. After attaining his perch with the utmost difficulty, he called out triumphantly, 'Look, mamma, look! I'm General Gov'ment!' As he was in imminent danger of a downfall, nobody disputed the resemblance."

"THE following anecdotes were related to me many years ago by Lord Stowell's valet. I do not know if they have ever appeared in print. I venture to forward them as a contribution to the Editor's Drawer connected with your excellent *New Monthly Magazine* :

"The late Lord Stowell, better known to the legal fraternity of this country as Sir William Scott, was fond of telling a good joke in his convivial moments, and Mr. R——, the rector of the village in which his lordship's country-seat was situated, always came in for a pretty fair sprinkling. The following anecdote Lord S. would relate, giving it a gusto which it somewhat loses in a recital. A few years before, when Mr. R—— was appointed to the living, he found the church choir very old and very self-willed. Among other peculiarities they always sang the same psalm to the same tune from one year's end to another, in the quaint old style then in vogue, commencing thus :

"All people that on earth do dwell,
To God their cheerful voices raise,' etc.

"Mr. R—— bore this for some time. At length he resolved to have a change, and mentioned the subject to the clerk. 'Amen' solemnly shook his head. 'It will be no use, your Honor; they'll break down.' 'Well,' says the worthy man, by way of compromise, 'they can sing the tune to another psalm of the same metre.' But on the following Sunday the old clerk arose, and with the usual nasal twang again commenced, 'Let us sing unto the praise and glory of God the —— psalm : All people that on earth do dwell.' This was a little more than the reverend gentleman's temper could brook, and stooping down from his reading-desk, exclaimed, in a voice that was intended for a whisper, but loud enough for half the congregation to hear, '—— all people that on earth do dwell! give out something new.'

"His LORDSHIP did not always escape scot-free. On one occasion, at the dinner-table, the servants had placed a fat goose in front of the clergyman. 'I have frequently noticed,' says Lord S., addressing the company, 'that if a fat goose be brought to the table, it is placed before a parson, if there is one present; how is that, Mr. R——?' 'Why, really, my lord, I can not say, nor did I know it was the cus-

tom; but there is something so odd in the remark that I am sure I shall never see a goose again, as long as I live, without thinking of your lordship.'"

MILTON speaks of the "darkness of excessive light." The perfection of the artistic poem following is that its faults culminate in positive virtues: it is so outrageously bad as to be actually a curiosity in its way—a real good. Such a talent for the invention of words that are not words, such a power of expression without the use of language hitherto known to books, is rarely if ever bestowed on men. Surely poetry is a divine art: *poeta nascitur non fit*.

JANIE IN HEAVEN.

Flown, Janie, flown from gleams of sordid earthness,
'Scaped through brief fate unto thy joyful station—
Sweet prelude calm to sparkling seraph birthness,
Where thy young morning pays her first oblation.
Fled from the joys which give but barren dearthness
To richest peace in woless congregation,
From childish glee to loud ecstatic mirthness
Amid the lyres of heaven's enraptured nation.

In strong, and vast, and piercing contemplation,
Designed in bliss to break no circling hearthness,
Nor given again to fleshly degradation.
Amid thy queening mates all thrilling joyful,
Thou reign'st in Jesus' blaze, forever there employful.

No more a child, we yield thee up a goddess;
We yield thee now an ardent dazzling flamer,
Of His tall worth a glad and vigorous laudess;
Through all His realms Christ's own impassioned
namer,

'Mid his delights a ranger-wide-abroadess,
Loud with thy mates to be His glory's famer.
Ye of His banners each the standard-rodness—
His justice, mercy, wisdom, love, proclaimer.
Thou not of Him—while yet within thy sodness—
Thou not of Him for mortal sufferings blamer:
No thought of this, thou freshly-loosed goddess,
Shall ever prove of ringing shouts a tamer.
No: memories bring but spirit's quickened motion!
In young disbolied hearts they spring increased devotion!

A Godhead born, mild virgin princess queenly!
Fair sovereign empress, in thy sway thou glowest
In radiant courts, thyself superior sheeny;
Nor infant fancy more in guess bestowest:
Of those pure climes no longer now beweeny,
But thy wrapped thought their darksome mysteries
knowest.

On marge reclined against fresh sylvan leany,
Or towers of heights thereon thy subjects showest:
Zionic summits spread their prospects sceny,
Adown whose floods thou oft thy barges flowest.
Full oft the bloomings of the dells are gleany,
Oft skim'st the oceans, oft on lakelets rowest:
And oft, explorer, from the sides of mountains,
Glidest down their spouting shafts unto the depths of
fountains.

Ye through the sunbeams wander ever, heeding
To every vibrant, every prospect sightly,
Or ride the cloudlets, through the fleeces speeding,
And glance from folds, and flash above them sprightly;
Lodging with birds, where blossoms ever seeding
Fling down strange wreaths from distance far aheight-
ly.

And deep withdrawn when star-faint curtains breeding,
The gathered viers cheer the saint-ones brightly
Amid the globes, exhaustless liquors feeding,
Ye, sacred gay, move round your sportings nightly,
Within their glare your dancings treading, leading
Wild brisky chases, thrilly, blessed, delightly,
And join your tones, when bursts in invocation,
'Mongst every voice in heaven, the Minstrel of Creation.

A NEW BEDFORD dealer in "notions" says he was done for in this way :

"Dealing in almost every thing, from a fine tooth-comb to a mowing machine, we sometimes sell skates; and buying a lot at auction last fall, we thought to monopolize all the small-boy trade by posting a flaming placard announcing that *we* sold skates at twenty cents a pair. This attracted all the boys in the street, and great was the inquiry to see our twenty-cent skates; so one frosty morning in comes the hero of our story, and looking over the counter I saw a little fellow, hardly tall enough to reach the top by standing tip-toe. In answer to my inquiry, 'Do for you, my lad?' he asked if we 'had skates for nineteen cents?' I told him our price was twenty, but we would try to accommodate him. 'Well,' says the boy, straightening up to his full length, '*I've got all but eighteen cents*, and when I get the rest I guess I'll buy a pair;' and turning on his heel he walked off with as much importance as would one of our oil nabobs about closing a purchase of a cargo of sperm."

"My friend A—— has a bright boy, a little over three years old, and his father and mother are not the only ones who think him ahead of most boys. Let me tell you one or two of his sayings:

"Not long ago his father and mother commenced taking French lessons, and Freddy was sometimes present when they were 'driving at' those peculiar nasal and guttural sounds which every beginner in that study has to master. One day Freddy and his older sister were out riding with me, and we passed a field where some cattle were bellowing as if on a wager. He looked up very serious and earnest, saying, '*H——, be those cows studying French!*'"

"Ever after that, when we were on 'Lesson Third,' visions of 'the cattle on a thousand hills' came before me."

SOME twenty or twenty-five years ago, when the good village of Amsterdam, on the Mohawk, boasted a new stone school-house, a new teacher "from Down East," and a new school library (Harper and Brothers' series), the school, or the teacher, or the library, or all of them, were visited by a young lady too far advanced to be a scholar—a kind of Miss Slimmens in literature and love matters—who, after saying the smart things she had fixed for the occasion, and giving her blandest smile to the school (the teacher included), made known her business, which was to get a book for her own reading from the new library. The library was thrown open, and the school went on till, after a long and seemingly difficult search, she made her selection. The teacher took his place at the desk "to record according to law," and inquired the title of the book she had taken. In her prettiest voice she told him she had selected *Harper and Brothers*. You should have heard, at intermission, the school speculate on the "object of her choice:" one claiming that she expected music from the Harper; another that it was the Brothers she was after; while another, a Miss of sixteen, thought her knowledge of letters would be improved by reading *all* the books of that title, but roguishly hinted that she ought to have commenced *earlier* in life.

"I HAVE noticed, once or twice, anecdotes in the Drawer of good old Dr. J——, of Newburgh. The Doctor was very easily affected, and invariably wept while preaching. One Sunday he alluded to an old lady who had died during the week. Having largely expatiated on her worth as a Christian, he alluded

to her prayerful habits, and closed his remarks by *trying* to repeat that beautiful hymn,

"'I love to steal a while away.'"

The Doctor had got thus far without weeping. The congregation were very much affected, but judge of the change when the Doctor said,

"'She loved to steal—'

Here he broke down, and wept for some seconds. Again he tried to repeat the hymn. But when he got as far as

"'She loved to steal—'

he broke down again. For the third time he commenced it, and a third time failed.

"I do not suppose the Doctor intended to imply that this was one of her Christian graces; but the excellent man—for he was one of the best men that ever lived—certainly set us to thinking how a good woman could love to steal any thing."

ONE of the many learned contributors to the Drawer, a perfect Dr. Parr indeed, writes:

"Audax sum, Friend Drawer—but then I belong to a race whom the poet characterizes as '*Audax omnia perpeti*,' which, freely translated, means '*Bold enough to perpetrate any thing*;' and so I claim forgiveness for being so much exercised over two lines from Plato that I send them:

"'Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστήρ ἐμός·
Εἶθε γενόιμην
Οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν
Εἶς δε βλέπω.'"

Of course I must send you a version of them—and more than one, so that you may choose the best. Will this do?

"'My star—the heavens look love on thee;
Thou gazest at the sky:
Ah! would that I those heavens could be,
And every star an eye.'"

Or this?

"'My star each night looks up at starry skies;
Would I were they,
To gaze on her with heaven's myriad eyes
Till morning gray!'"

Or will you permit me to depart a little from the original, and give you what it suggested to me in the following:

"'Each kindly star of holy night
That gazes on my fair,
To me beams now its eye of light,
And shows her mirror'd there.'"

"There, Sir, I've done my share, now let some other reader of the Drawer render homage to Plato's love epigrams, and oblige S. H."

"PERCY'S CREEK, WILKINSON CO., MISS.,
February 1, 1861.

"IN the extreme southern section of this State, in the County of F——, dwells as tall and gaunt a specimen as is seldom met with, answering to the name of Ham (whether a descendant of that worthy character of old, history saith not). Both minister and lawyer, he might be said to worship God and the—people. In the capacity of the former some said he possessed a pretty fair reputation; but it is in the latter that he displayed much zeal—some thought he was *too* zealous, and were impious enough to give vent to the expression of fear they entertained for 'Brother Ham,' of his having to pray *mighty hard* sometimes. But to the case in point.

"It so happened that he had an 'appointment' to fill in the church of M—— on the Sunday previous to the regular May term of the Circuit Court in

F—— County. He chose for his text Revelation xxi. 8, expatiating long, learnedly, and eloquently thereupon, showing forth the evil effects of sinful practices in general, and that of lying in particular. His words seemed to fall upon attentive ears, and upon none more so than old Sister B——'s, who resolved to *practice* what her minister *preached*. Now it so happened that on the following week this reverend gentleman of the cloth had quite an important and extremely knotty case to argue in the 'halls of Justice,' in which Sister B—— figured as quite an important witness for the opposite side. The testimony had all been given in with the exception of herself, and Brother Ham had not established a single point; consequently he began to feel as though it were going to prove an unimportant case to him at least, for his was a contingent fee. Matters were growing desperate; the testimony so far had all been against him. Sister B—— was now called to the stand, and after the opposite counsel was through, Brother Ham proceeded to cross-question her. After asking several questions which were in accordance with her testimony already given, he ventured to propound one or two which evidently had a tendency to cause her to contradict herself. This 'insult,' as she styled it afterward, was too great to be borne; and, utterly regardless of time or place, she gave vent to her indignation and astonishment in the following words: 'Wa'al now, Brother Ham, it was only last Sunday that you was a preaching up to me not to *tell* a lie, and now here you are trying to make me *swear* to one!' It is needless to say the gravity of the Court was overcome, and that Brother Ham had no more questions to ask old Sister B——."

Was there ever more Irish in a story than in this that a clever correspondent sends to the Drawer?

"After the City of Mexico had surrendered to General Scott, it is well known that the troops were obliged to win their way from house to house and street to street, until they finally expelled the remnant of the Mexican army, which disputed every inch of ground from the gates of the city to the palace. The 2d Regiment United States Infantry (to which the writer belonged), under command of that sterling veteran soldier and honest man, Colonel (afterward General) Bennet Riley, were gaining ground step by step, under a hot fire from house-tops and church-steeple, when Pat Mullony, a private in Company F, made a dash and intrenched himself in a door-way (the door-ways are large, with heavy projecting jams), a full half square in advance of his company, and commenced a spirited fire. When he had fired five shots he was joined by a comrade just as he was preparing for the sixth round, who asked him what he was firing at, and desired a 'chance in.' 'Hist!' says Pat; 'wait till I fetch another of the bla'guards. I have done the business for five of 'em, and there is another waiting to be served the same sauce.' Bang! went his sixth shot, when his comrade, together with two others who had now joined them, exploded with laughter. 'What in the devil's name be ye laughing at, at all, at all?' says Pat. 'Sure didn't I fix his flint nice enough? and, be the powers! there is another spalpeen just stepped in his place, and waiting for a dose,' ramming his cartridge home with energy.

"'Stop, Pat,' said his comrade, 'don't you see you are firing at the Apostles?'

"'And is it the Apostles, is it? Now may the howly St. Pether forgive me!' says Pat, his eyes opening like two saucers as he made the discovery

that he had been firing on two life-size statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, which stood on each side of a church-door, about musket-shot down the street. Pat had hit St. Peter six times. It was a standing joke against him, and he never heard the last of it as long as he remained in the regiment."

AND the next is as Irish as the other, and a Yankee is the hero:

"The market in the City of Mexico is in a large square near the Grand Plaza, surrounded by a wall. A soldier who hailed from an Eastern State, and who had become somewhat wild with excitement and *aguardiente*, gained a position under the walls of the market, and commenced firing, as fast as he could load and aim, over the wall. An officer approached him, and ordered him to point out who and what he was firing at.

"'Wait till I get another shot, Sir. I never missed at that range before, and I am sure this must bring him down;' and he let go again.

"'You big fool!' said the officer, 'you are firing at that statue in the market-place!' Which was the fact—he had been firing at an equestrian statue of Santa Anna!"

AFTER Orleans County, in the State of New York, had been erected from Genesee County into a separate organization, there arose the same old difficulty in reference to locating county buildings, which is the bone of contention, the subject of much dispute, and is often attended with as much difficulty as the creation of a new State. Matters were thus: Albion, in the town of B——, was the most central, being situated upon the Erie Canal, was thought to possess the greatest advantages, both natural and artificial, for the centre of business, the capital of the county. Gaines, the next town north, almost as central, contended that the village of Gaines was most suitable, and was so sanguine of success in the contention that they commenced to erect county buildings, at least a court-house. Being unable to agree, the Legislature appointed General Swift, Victory Birds-eye, and General Hathaway to settle the vexed question. The Commissioners arrived by appointment, and viewed the advantages of location in the village and town of Gaines. They were fêted and treated in as good style as the times would admit of, and next proceeded to visit Albion, and canvass the merits of that village. The merits of the location were discussed, and the advantages of the canal were considered. Next they were invited to visit the *extensive hydraulic power* near the old cemetery. Now it happened that Mr. Bumpus, familiarly called Old Bump, had the rental or owned a small grist-mill in the woods above the cemetery, out of sight. From this point it was agreed that the Commissioners should view the water-power. Bump had shut the gate by agreement, and a large pond had accumulated (*for it was a time of low-water*), and just before the Commissioners arrived had raised the gate, and a powerful stream was the result, which at once convinced the Commissioners, whom they took good care not to detain until the pond drained off. This settled the question, and Albion became the county town.

THE rector of a parish in Chenango County, New York, is the happy father of a bright-eyed little girl about two years of age. The father received a call one morning from a gentleman who is the possessor of a most ponderous and prominent nasal protuber-

ance. Little "Ange" (Angeline), who was sitting on her grandmother's lap, at once noticed the extensive appendage, and doubtless struck with the thought that where one person had such a huge amount of gristle others must either be totally deficient or but stintedly supplied, raised her hand to her own face, and on making sure that she had a like organ, slipped from her grandmother's lap, and toddling up to the visitor, still clinging to her nose, exclaimed, with delight, "I've got a nose too!"

The gentleman had the good taste, seemingly, to enjoy the joke hugely, and indulged in a most hearty laugh, in which grandma and father were forced (unwillingly, no doubt) to join.

"Our little Charlie has the faculty of saying the very thing which he should not when in company. He was one day to visit a friend of the family, familiarly known as Aunt Peggy, whose forte it is to tell funny stories. As Charlie was leaving he extended the hospitalities of the family as follows:

"Aunt Peggy, do come up to see us soon; we always like to see you, *you talk so foolish!*"

"GRACIE B——, our little four-year old, was lately making excursions into Biblical literature, under the guidance of a maiden aunt. She was told of the ravens that brought food to the prophet Elijah, in his solitary exile, night and morning.

"What good ravens!" said Gracie; "but, Aunt Libby, where did Elijah get his dinner from?"

"Aunt Libby" hesitated a moment to frame a proper reply; when Gracie hurriedly exclaimed, as if she feared her aunt might get out the information first:

"Oh, I know! *down town—just as papa does!*"

"Oh, these children! Elijah dining at Brown's or Delmonico's, and riding up town in a car, holding on by a strap!"

"I HAVE a little friend who is about six years old. The other day he was taken with a fever, and was about to be put to bed. As he did not feel very sick, he insisted on remaining up. While his mother was coaxing and trying to get him to submit to be put into his crib, his aunt—an unmarried lady, of about fifty years—came in the room. Seeing his mad capers she scolded him a little, and said to his mother, 'Why do you let that child carry on so? If he was my child he should have a good flogging, and go to bed.'

"Georgy looked up into his aunt's face, and said, with the most serious countenance in the world: 'I guess when you get a husband you'll have to haul in your horns!'"

"Mrs. C—— was endeavoring to compose her little boy to sleep by singing the familiar nursery-song,

"Jack and Jill went up the hill,

To draw a pail of water;

Jack fell down and broke his crown,' etc.

"Supposing the little fellow was well off into dream-land, she was surprised to hear him 'open very heavy on the yell.' Asking him what was the matter, she was answered, '*I want Jill to help Jack up!*'"

ONE of our Boston correspondents writes:

"During the visit of the Prince of Wales to this city I overheard, at a street corner, a conversation between two newsboys, which I think may amuse

your readers; it certainly did me. The oldest, a bright little fellow with plenty of rags on his back, having finished counting a handful of coppers, suddenly broke out,

"I say, Teddy! I have a jolly good thing! We can make lots of money out of these Englishers."

"Go ahead," said Teddy, pricking up his ears.

"You see, then, Teddy, that as the procession passes, you shall play the desperate ruffian, and rush upon the Prince with a very sharp dagger, determined to kill him. Every body will cry murder, and nobody will do nothing. You have just grasped the Prince by the throat, and are about to bury the dagger in his heart, when I rush from the crowd, and boldly seize your arm. You fight like a good feller, and holler Blood! blood! all the time. But I am too much for you. I drag you away, and save the Prince. The perlice nab you and hustle you off, while I, wounded and faint, am carried to the Revere House (that's where the fellers stop) and put to bed. I get along very slowly, for I had a narrow escape, you see. I'm a hobject of interest. The Prince and all the other old cocks inquire for me every hour. The papers give the particulars, with big headings, and the fellers cry it around the streets. When the Prince goes off he leaves me a big pile of money, a gold watch, and a seal ring with his picter in it, and begs I will come and see him as soon as I can. Teddy, I shall become a big gun then.' And Mike, in his enthusiasm, gave Teddy a slap that sent him reeling to the nearest wall.

"Teddy looked puzzled. He spoke slowly and doubtfully: 'But, Mike, what will become of me?'

"Oh, you," said Mike, slightly dashed—"you'll be taken to the Perlice Court, where you must play crazy, and they'll let you off easy—two or three years perhaps. And, Teddy," he added, persuasively, "when you come out I'll make your fortin'."

"Teddy rubbed his head and brightened up. 'I say, Mike, it's a jolly good 'un—but s'pose you play the desperate ruffian, and get hustled by the perlice, and all that sort of thing, and I the hobject of interest?'"

"A FEW years since, sitting quietly in my office, a heavy rap at my door introduced a rough, hard-looking man, with wild, hard eyes, and grizzly hair and beard, tolerably well clad, but altogether a pretty hard-looking customer, and, as I soon discovered, with a wooden leg.

"Good-morning, your honor! will yer honor plase to help a poor fellow on toward Boston, where he can get a new leg that'll walk just like this same?" pointing to the sound leg: 'I've got twenty-seven dollars, and if I can make it up to forty, I'll be just the happiest man in the world!'

"Feeling in rather a liberal mood myself, and somewhat struck with the peculiar wild Irish phiz of the man, I asked him how he lost his leg, and whether he had any thing to show that he was 'all right.' 'God bless yer honor! jist read all thim papers,' and forthwith began to fumble in his pockets for documents. Satisfied that he was a 'proper case,' and feeling disposed to make him 'happy,' I handed him five dollars (evidently more than he expected), accompanied with the injunction that if I should ever lose a leg and apply to him he must help me in return.

"The poor fellow seemed overcome with gratitude, and exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'Oh, yer honor, never doubt Mike O'Conner! God bless yer honor! Oh, I wish yer honor could just now

lose a leg, or an arm, or the like, just to see how quick I'd hand ye back these same!" and then, as if fearful that he had said something to possibly forfeit his five dollars, which he clutched in his brawny hand, he added: "But, God bless yer honor, ye'll never come to that—no, no!" and shuffling out as fast as possible, with his eyes fixed on his money, he put his wild face back in the door, exclaiming, "No, yer honor, ye shall never come to that; but if you do—if you do—God bless yer honor, jist inquire for one Michael O'Conner with the wooden leg!" thus showing a very warm and grateful heart under a very rough exterior."

"EVERY one in Western Illinois knows 'Nigger Brown,' and his taste for playing poker; and I am sorry to say there are some white men willing to give a practical demonstration of 'nigger equality' by playing with him. Some years ago Brown was playing his favorite game with old B—— H——. When each had bet his pile H—— called, and Brown threw down four aces on the table, when H—— coolly threw down five aces. 'Nine aces in twenty-card poker!' exclaimed the astonished son of Africa. 'Take de money, Mr. H——; take de money; dat beat de oldest man in de world!' And, to crown all, a by-stander picked up the cards, and found three aces remaining in the deck!"

"The following return was made by a constable in one of the counties of Illinois:

"Served the within summons on the wrong man."

"MR. DRAWER,—My wife is a very dear, loving, little woman, and an excellent housekeeper. For instance: On her birthday she moved her low rocking-chair close to my side. I was reading the Drawer. She placed her dear little hand lovingly on my arm, and moved it along softly toward my coat-collar. I felt nice all over! I certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature!—an angel! She moved her hand up and down my coat-sleeve:

"'Husband,' says she.

"'What, my dear?'"

"'I was just thinking—'"

"'Was you, my love?'"

"'I was just thinking how nicely *this suit of clothes you have on would work into a rag-carpet!*'"

"Not long ago the colored congregation in our village was scandalized by the 'Mormon proclivities' of one of their worthy members. Walking down street one day, Brother A, their preacher, took Brother B, the offending member, 'to task.' Brother B listened silently to Brother A's long lecture on the wickedness of the course he was pursuing. After he had concluded, Brother B replied, very emphatically,

"'Brudder A, did you know Brudder H, what libbed down to Mount Pleasant?'"

"'Oh yes,' says Brother A, 'I knew him well.'"

"'Well,' says Brother B, 'he had two wives, and when he die, *he die triumphant!*'"

"An anecdote is told by some of the lawyers of Central Illinois as having happened in the early history of Piatt County which will bear a more extended hearing:

"Soon after the county was organized, and before a jail for the confinement of prisoners was constructed, as the circuit Judge was holding one of their first courts, one Jake A—— caused much disturbance in

court one day by loud talking, etc. The Judge, after calling him to order once or twice without effect, ordered the sheriff to take him out of the room, there being no jail where such contempts could be punished by confinement. After being liberated by the sheriff on the outside, Jake, who was just drunk enough to have no sense, went around to a window opposite the Judge's stand, and stripping off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and in the most contemptuous manner, with boisterous and profane language challenged his Honor to come out and fight him. Without taking other notice of the gross contempt than to order the sheriff to remove the nuisance, the Judge, from inability to inflict any proper punishment, allowed the incident to pass.

"The next morning, at the coming together of the court, the Judge, after consulting with the attorneys, ordered Jake brought before him for the purpose of giving him a mild reprimand, hoping, as he was now duly sober, he would manifest due penitence for his misbehavior on the day previous. Jake, upon the invitation of the sheriff, walked into court as if conscious of no conduct but that of the most elevated and ennobling character. 'Mr. A——,' said the Judge, 'you acted very disorderly yesterday, in the presence of the Court, for which it is my duty to punish you; but as you were much intoxicated at the time, it is thought best to allow you an opportunity for explanation. What have you to say in exculpation of yourself?'"

"During this brief but pointed reprimand, Jake eyed his Honor closely, the while conscious of his safety both from punishment by imprisonment and fine; for on one hand there was no jail, and on the other Jake was as poor as poverty itself; and at the conclusion he stretched himself up and said,

"'Well, Judge, I know I was rather boisterous yesterday; but, Judge, you was a *leetle too fast yourself!*'"

"This ended the reprimand; for seeing him wholly incorrigible, the helpless Judge ordered him away, and went on with the business."

THE following official document, cut from an Illinois newspaper, deserves embalming in the Drawer:

PROCLAMATION.

Issued by the Mayor of Dallas City. March 5th, 1861.

THAT it is reported by good authority that we had a MAD DOG to visit our city, a few nights since, a few nights ago he was seen in the evening just above town, laying by the bridge, and the next day was KILLED at Pontcosuc, after BITING several dogs in that place. We think he must have traveled through this place in the night, and we know not how soon some of the dogs here, may be taken with HYDROPHOBIA and perchance do considerable damage. I therefore, notify, the MARSHALL of this City, that he notifies all those persons within the City, that have a dog or dogs running at large through the City, to CHAIN him or them up, and on their refusing or neglecting to do so, the Marshall is hereby authorised to kill or have killed, such dogs as may find belonging to this town, not chained or running at large.

JAMES GASAWAY. MAYOR.

AN afflicted mother says: "A few days ago my little boy, five years old, was confined to the house in consequence of bad weather. As is usual in such cases, he was extremely troublesome and fidgety, and, in consequence, received a number of scoldings in the course of the morning. At last he looked up at me with a face full of indignation, and exclaimed, 'Mother, if all the bears in the world were one bear, and that bear had a sore head, it wouldn't be any crosser than you are!'"



GEOGRAPHICAL.—AN AISEY-ATTIC.



THEOLOGICAL.—THE DIET OF WORMS.

"THE finest telescope in our city," says a correspondent whose name and address are not for the public, "is owned by Mr. Johnson, who has great pleasure in introducing his friends to the heavenly bodies by the aid of his powerful instrument. A few days ago, when the evening-star was peculiarly beautiful to be seen, he asked his neighbor in business down town to call in some evening and take a look at Venus through the telescope. His friend took the number of the house; but when he called, shortly after, he made a mistake, and pulled the bell at the wrong door. Asking for Mr. Johnson, he was told that he was out, but his wife was in. He was shown into the parlor, to wait for the gentleman to return; but being politely received by the lady, he made known the object of his call—he had been invited to take a look at Venus! The excellent lady was not a little surprised by such an application, but presuming it was all right, sent to the kitchen for the colored cook, who rejoiced in the lovely name of the goddess of love. Venus came at the call; and, arms akimbo, presented herself at the parlor-door to the astonished gaze of the stranger. 'There must be some mistake here,' he said. 'I was invited by Mr. Johnson to call and look at the planet Venus through his telescope.' 'Oh, dear me!' exclaimed the lady, 'Mr. Johnson lives next door, and spends half the night among the stars. This is Mr. Thompson's; and the servant at the door must have misunderstood the name!'

"Begging ten thousand pardons for his blunder, the gentleman pursued his astronomical observations next door, and the two hundred pound Venus sunk below the horizon, to shine more brightly in the light of her peculiar sphere."

"Not a few of your readers in Vermont remember well the dignified 'look and mien' of the late Chief-Justice Chase, of that State, a man of great ability and marked characteristics. With his many noble qualities of head and heart, his old confrères at the bar and in the Senate had to recognize an irascible temper, that would sometimes break forth inordinately. Once, while presiding Judge of one of the County Courts, an appeal case from a Justice of the Peace came up before him, so small and contemptible in its origin that he was for tossing all the parties out of

court without form of law. It appeared from the statement of the plaintiff's counsel that a turkey had trespassed upon the garden of a neighbor, and got shot for his hobbling and gobbling. The owner brought suit to recover damages of the neighbor who shot the turkey; and failing before the Justice, appealed. The moment the counsel revealed the sum and substance of the case the Judge cried out, in great anger,

"'Mr. Clerk, strike that case from the docket!' Then turning to the lawyer, exclaimed, with indignant emphasis, 'Why do you come here with such a case? Why don't you refer your little dispute to some of your honest neighbors?'

"'May it please your Honor,' replied the lawyer, 'we don't mean honest men shall have any thing to do with it!'

"Trial progressed."

"In a warm contest, a number of years since, for a seat in Congress, between that old prince of electioneers, John Taliaferro, and Colonel Gibson, the former had been successful in obtaining the support of a numerous family by the name of Fritter. It was the custom at that day, in Virginia, for the candidates to take their seats on the court bench during the election, and to thank each individual as he cast his vote, the voting being *viva voce*. As the members of this family came forward and severally cast their votes, Mr. T., with a graceful bow, would exclaim, 'Thank you, Mr. Fritter.' His opponent, Colonel G., who had not been aware of the great number of this family, stood it patiently until about fifteen had cast their votes against him, when, losing his patience, he exclaimed, 'Well, really I think we have had *fritters* enough; I am quite tired of them, and should greatly prefer some *pancakes*!'

"I was visiting at a farm-house in the neighborhood of the Jerseys last summer, where they have the usual (or an unusually large) number of the feathered tribe, but Lord of the Isles was an immense Shanghai rooster, who, like all other men, liked to keep the other sex in submission. This King Shanghai was a constant source of annoyance to the farmer, by digging up the garden and scratching out the grain, until his patience was exhausted, and he had

several times threatened his life. But being a very handsome species and a great favorite with the mistress of the house, his life had been spared by her intercession. One day I was taking a walk through a newly-planted field of corn with Mr. M——, the master, and happening to hear a slight cackling ahead of us, we spied Master Rooster walking along, with all the airs of a Napoleon, only stopping at each corn-hill to dig out the grain which had just sprouted, and was nice and tender, and easily digested. He had gone on in this way, and by his own unaided efforts (for he would not permit another to venture on his ground) had succeeded in devouring several rows. Mr. M—— made a rush at poor S., and grasping him by the back of the neck walked off to the wood-pile, while I flew on the wings of love to the house to tell his intercessor; and between us both I don't think any poor criminal accused of murder had more eloquent pleading. At last he hit upon an expedient, and, much to our relief, poor Shanghai escaped with his beautiful cockscorn, but minus his toes. Mr. M—— placed his feet upon the chopping-block, and with a couple of blows of the axe severed all his toes, and left the poor fellow with only the stumps to walk about on. He very nearly bled to death; but a few days after I saw him walking about almost as lively as ever. Things went on quite favorably until one day I saw Mr. Rooster, like Brigham Young, calling his numerous wives about him to make, I suppose, a *stump* speech. After the oration was delivered he selected a couple of the finest hens, and sending them before him he followed in their wake—not with his usual dignity, though, but like a Chinese lady with her feet bandaged—to the same corn-field. I was watching in breathless anxiety to see the next move; and you can imagine my surprise and amusement to see the two hens walk deliberately up to each hill, and after they had scratched a while and laid bare the corn, march off to the next hill, while Master Rooster would walk up and pick up the delicate grains they had uncovered for him. Oh the devotion of the sex to the lords of creation!"

"THE practice of drinking whisky prevails very extensively in Kansas, as it does in most new countries. An acquaintance of mine was trudging over the prairies the other day, facing a cold wind, when, meeting a friend, he was asked, 'Will you take a

nip?' 'Yes, certainly,' was the reply; 'have you any thing good?' 'Bought it at Troy [our county seat] for the best.' But, lo! when the bottle came out its contents were frozen solid! The vendor, upon being told the fact, said that perhaps a mistake had occurred, and that he had probably filled the bottle with some whisky which was only *summer strained*!"

"In our neighborhood lived Lyme Stone, universally known as Squire Stone, who occupied a fine house, carried on a large farm, and endeavored, when he over-imbibed, to keep within doors at home, and retain the good opinion of his townsmen by keeping his bad habits out of sight. His wife seconded him in this attempt, as will be seen. He told her one day that he had seen a drover in an adjoining town, and offered to sell him certain of his cattle for two hundred dollars; but the drover, relying on his description, thought one hundred and seventy-five dollars enough for them; and added, 'I shall let him have them, if he will give no more, as hay is scarce, and their value is depreciating every day. He will be here to-morrow to look at them.'

"The next morning the Squire commenced with a big 'eye-opener,' followed by several of lesser magnitude, which, in their turn, were succeeded by numerous drinks.

"At dinner-time 'might have been seen' Squire Stone sprawling on a bed, 'drunk clean through.' Soon after dinner Mr. Lamb, the drover, called. Mrs. Stone told him the Squire was about the place somewhere, and if he would examine the cattle, perhaps the Squire would return (to consciousness I suppose she meant) by the time he was ready to trade. The drover repaired to the barn, and the wife to pinch and punch her lord and master into a state of consciousness. The drover waited until his patience was exhausted, and was about leaving, when Mrs. S. remarked that she had heard the Squire say that he might have the cattle for two hundred dollars, and if he chose to take them at that price he might pay her the money and drive them away. This paved the way for negotiation, and the upshot of the matter was that the lady received the one hundred and seventy-five dollars, and Mr. Lamb went away with the cattle. The Squire, waking up about sundown, took a drink and went to the barn. Missing the cattle, he returned to his spouse for ex-



HISTORICAL.—THE EDICT OF NANCE.



SAETORIAL.—NIHIL FIT.



CULINARY.—HOW TO BONE A TURKEY.



TONSORIAL.—A SHORT CUT.

planation, which he received; and as he had not a high opinion of the abilities of women when exercised outside of their household affairs, was disappointed in the price received; and being vexed with himself for letting rum get the better of him, he berated the poor woman soundly, pouring out his wrath for her presumption in taking management of farm affairs, and winding up with these words: 'Mrs. Stone, I will thank you not to administer on my estate until I am dead.'

"The old lady, quietly raising her spectacles from her tear-moistened eye, said, in the most subdued voice imaginable, 'Squire Stone, I thought you was dead. You have been "laid out" all the afternoon!'"

"An old 'Down East' customer was in the store the other day, and I inquired the whereabouts of a man in the same line of business in a town adjoining his own—whether he had failed, run away, or what had become of him, etc. His reply was, 'Oh, he ain't failed; he is rich, and is just mean enough to be.' They tell a story about him, but I don't know whether it is true, or one of those newspaper yarns; at any rate, they all say it is true as gospel:

"When he began to dicker he had a horse and wagon, and went peddling all through the State—different sorts of notions—and was at that time courting a real pretty girl who lived with her uncle's family as help. One morning, as he was about to leave to be gone some time, he called at the house to bid Amanda good-by. She, with tears in her eyes, followed him to the door, feeling 'real sorry' he was going to be gone so long; and as he was about to step on the wagon, said, 'Oh, Amasa! I wish I had something to give you to remember me by while you are away. Can't you think of any thing I have got that you would like to take?'"

"'Well, yes,' said Amasa; 'I guess you might give me that five-dollar bill your uncle paid you last week. I should like that better than any thing else I can think on.'"

"WHEN I was a boy I had a playmate, Charlie, a noble-hearted little fellow, who did not inherit that

trait of character from his father. One rainy afternoon we were playing in the barn, when Charlie's father arrived home from a day's absence in the city. While unharnessing the horse Charlie's 'paternal' asked where the hens were. Charlie didn't know—guessed they had gone to roost.

"'Gone to roost!' cried old Squeezebags, in a terrible rage. 'Gone to roost at five o'clock in the afternoon, and you here playing! You go at once and scare them off, and drive them out of doors, or I'll "roost" you! They can see to peck an hour yet!'"

"Charlie left to obey orders, and I started for home."

THE Nashville *Christian Advocate* says that one of the preachers was holding forth on looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. The preacher had occasion to use the words visible and invisible. "Now, brethren," quoth he, "some of you may not understand these words. I will explain them to you." Stretching up at full length, with arms extended—"Do you see me now? Y-e-s. Well, this is *visible*." Squatting down behind the pulpit—it was one of those old-time high ones—he cried out, *de profundis*, "See me now? N-o. This is *invisible*."

FROM the rapidly-growing Nebraska Territory an intelligent correspondent writes to the Drawer on this wise:

"I have just received from a friend in Denver City the following answer to a petition for a divorce, which is too good to be lost. I therefore send it to you for exposure to the admiring gaze of the funny world.

"Last spring John Howard and his wife, Mary E—, left this city for the land of golden promise, Pike's Peak. After arriving at Denver City, John left his lady and went up into the mountains. Mary not liking, probably, to be left alone, and John rather liking to be relieved of the cares of double blessedness, did not return. All of which—with, perhaps, some other provocation—was considered by the fair Mary as a just cause for a divorce. So she applied to the Chancery Court of Denver for a re-

lease from the bonds of matrimony with the said John. Judge D——, who presides over that august institution, ordered the publication of the petition to be made in the city papers, and also requiring the truant John to appear on a day named in the notice before the Honorable Court, and show cause, if any he had, why the said application for a divorce should not be granted.

"John happened to see the paper containing the notice while ruralizing at Canon City, and at once set himself down to answer the petition, which he thus did:

"MARY E. HOWARD, }
vs. } "Answer of deft. to plff's.
"JOHN HOWARD. } petition for a divorce, in Court
of Chancery, Denver City, Jefferson Territory.

"To the Plaintiff in the above action.

"Whereas, having been cited through the public press of Denver to appear before one Judge D——, of the above-elected Court, to show cause why your prayer to be divorced from me should not be granted, I, the said defendant, take this opportunity to relieve you from all embarrassment in the matter, by sending you a quit-claim deed to all my right, title, and interest whatsoever in you, leaving a blank to be filled up by the name of the party by whom you may in future be claimed. Hoping you will fully appreciate my good feeling in the matter, I will proceed to give you the said promised quit-claim deed, as follows, to wit:

"Know all men [and one woman], by these presents, that I, John Howard, of Canon City, of the first part, do hereby grant, bargain, convey, and quit-claim all my right, title, and interest to the undivided whole of the ancient and unreal estate known as Mary E. Howard, the title to which I acquired by occupation, possession, and use, situated at present in the town of Denver, J. T., together with all the improvements made by me thereon and therein, with all the use, rents, profits, and appurtenances therein any wise appertaining unto; to B——, of the second part, to have and to hold unto the said B——, so long as he can keep her without recourse upon the indorser.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 24th day of January, A.D. 1861.

"Signed JOHN HOWARD. [L. S.]

"Signed in presence of A. Rudd, Clerk of Canon City, District Civil Court, per Wilber F. Stone, Deputy."

"It is said that the answer and deed were satisfactory."

EVERY one has heard and will remember how Tom Marshall was once engaged in a lawsuit before

a Magistrate, and a point of evidence being decided against him he became slightly irritated, but with the blandest expression he could assume under the circumstances, he said to the Magistrate,

"I wish your Worship would fine me five dollars for contempt of Court."

"The Court is not aware of any contempt, Mr. Marshall, for which you should be fined."

"Well, I feel a most profound contempt for this Court," responded Marshall, with that peculiar twitching of the facial nerves for which he is so remarkable. There was a roar of laughter from the crowd. And now for an imitation:

The other day a young lawyer of this county was employed to prosecute a man indicted for larceny before a committing court composed of three magistrates. On hearing the testimony they refused to commit the prisoner to jail. Our lawyer, whose name is M'Kay, had heard the above anecdote of Marshall, and concluded to take revenge on the magistrates. He accordingly began the attack.

"I wish your Worships would fine me five dollars for contempt of Court."

"Why, Mr. M'Kay?"

"Because I feel a very decided contempt for the Court."

"Your contempt for the Court is not more decided than the Court's contempt for you," was the response of one of the magistrates.

This was a stinging retort, and Mac felt it; but another worshipful member of the Court—a dry, hard-looking old blacksmith—put in a blow that finished the work, and completely demolished the young lawyer:

"We mout fine you," he said, "but we don't know which one of us you'd want to borrow the money from to pay it with."

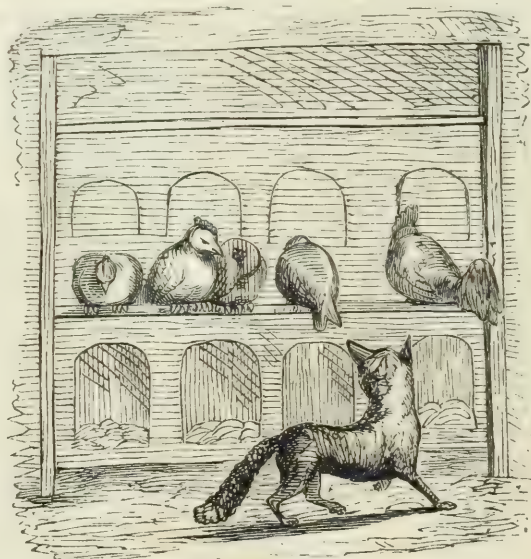
The laugh was against Mac. He was a notorious borrower when he could find a lender.

"In the town of T——, not many miles from here, there was a shoemaker who at times officiated as preacher of the Universalist persuasion. He always wrote the notices himself, in order to save the expense of printing. Here is one of them:

"There will be preaching in the pines opposite the United States Hotel this Sunday afternoon on the Subject 'All who do not believe will be damned at three o'clock.'"



BELLIGERENT.—RUNNING FOWL OF EACH OTHER.



POLEMIC.—FOX'S MARTYRS.

MODERN IDOLATRY

The Irishman's Idol



The Scotchman's Idol



The Englishman's Idol



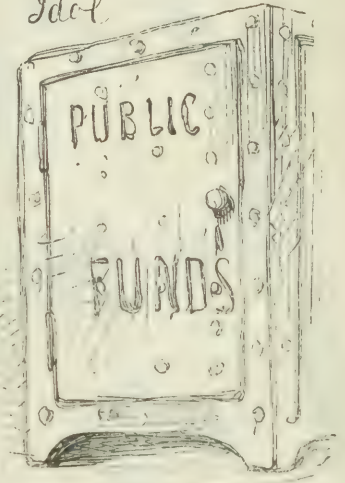
The German Idol



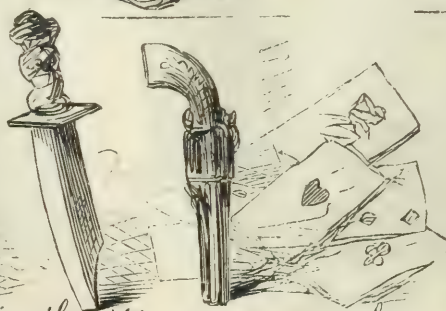
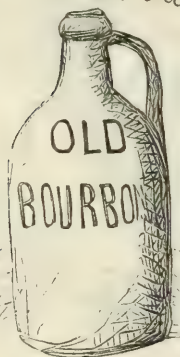


New York's Idol

Politicians Idol



Various Idols found



in the West and South

Fashions for June.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—SUMMER PARDESSUS.

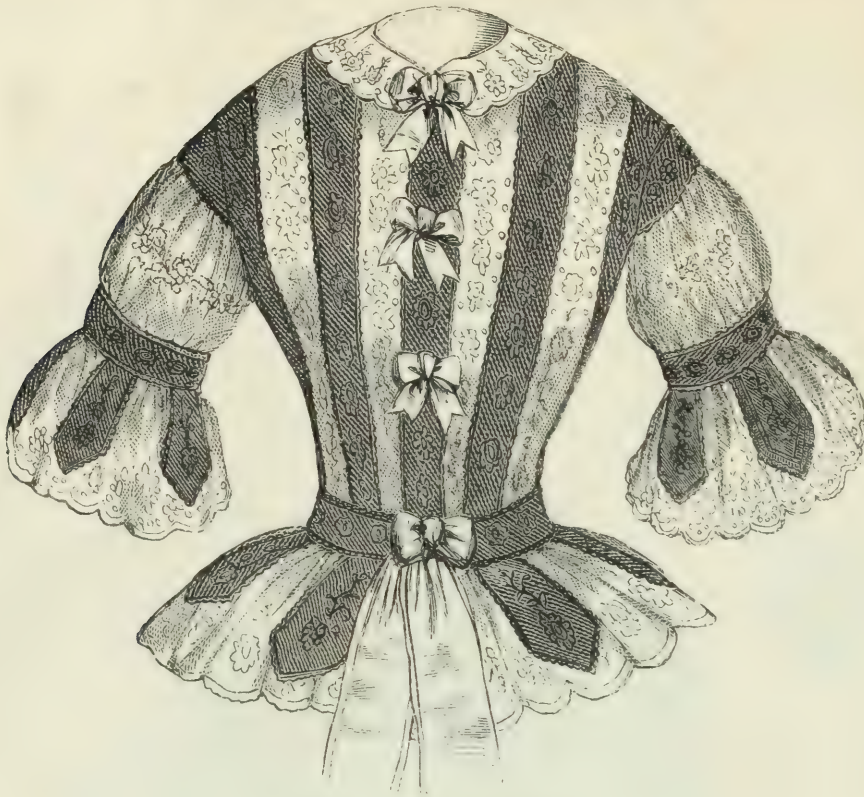


FIGURE 2.—CANEZOU.

THE PARDESSUS is a combination of black silk and lace, relieved by lilac bands through the collar and the markings of seams through the skirt.

The CANEZOU is composed of alternating white and black laces, with *nœuds* of taffeta.

A revolution, almost as complete as those which South American generals proclaim in the politics of their countries, has been attempted in the Kingdom of Fashion. To do justice to it, we must quote, with abridgment, the language of an enthusiastic reporter for the newspaper press. He says:

"One of those important revolutions which take place sometimes in the empire of Fashion, as well as in the realm of any other potentate, has sprung upon us. It is no trifling innovation, no slight alteration, no inconsiderable addition, but a radical, fundamental change. The full skirt which the present generation so much affected has been repudiated, and in its place we have the quaint old-fashioned GORED SKIRT of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. The premonitory symptoms of this change have been apparent to the observing philosophic eye in the gored outer garments in which ladies have perambulated Broadway for some time past. The moralist and the politician may both deduce a useful lesson from this fashionable revolution; and it is this—that while the lesser lights of fashion were trifling away their time and distracting public attention, fluctuating between the admissibility of belts, waists, and pointed waists, flowing sleeves or tight sleeves, the real point of danger was overlooked, and their insignificant local sleeve and waist squabbles were overwhelmed in the general cataclysm which has fallen upon us. But we do not hesitate to say that, like all sensible, practical people, we give in our adhesion to the powers that be, and we venture to assert that the gored skirts will, when they become, as it were, naturalized among us, be very popular with New York ladies.—The SKIRT is worn as long as ever, trailing a little in the back, and very full at the bottom, where it measures seven yards in width.

The skirt is gored, and each gore is piped, generally with some color that contrasts tastefully with the dress, or if it be a figured silk, the prevailing color of the pattern is used for piping. Some of these skirts are made with flounces almost to the waist, others with alternate folds and flounces; but it is generally conceded that the most *distingué* are those which have three or four small flounces, or rather frills, around the extreme end of the skirt. This permits the graceful sweep of the skirts to be plainly distinguished, and if the gores are piped with contrasting colors, the gay diversity is not concealed. Two tiny pockets are arranged on the front breadths, which are plain, and the dress is closed in front with buttons, or trimmed with *nœuds* of ribbon or velvet. Any misguided individual consoling himself or herself with the idea that this style will take less material will soon find out their mistake; a dress measuring seven yards round the edge of the skirt will not be a very economical one. There is still another way of trimming the skirt which we must not omit to mention, and that is, that the flouncing is carried up the gores, thus developing another way of disposing of the material, which appears to be the desideratum of the present *régime*. This style offers a security that the hoop skirts will still be indispensable, for the gored skirt requires a kind of frame to show its proportions. The CORSAJE may be considered as a kind of appendage to the skirt, being frequently cut out with it in the one piece. It is made high to the throat, and generally without trimming. The only kind which this style admits is a surplice trimming crossing the shoulders and terminating at the waist. It sometimes extends as far in front as the pockets. There is nothing arbitrary about the fashion of the SLEEVE; it is the only portion of the dress which may be regarded as free. All the varieties which have pleased and puzzled us for the last two or three seasons still remain—the flowing, the slashed, the puffed, the Georgian, and many others. The latter is a very handsome flowing sleeve."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CXXXIV.—JULY, 1861.—VOL. XXIII.

A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

[Fifth Paper.—Concluded.]

"In love are all these ills: suspicions, quarrels,
Wrongs, reconcilements, war and peace again.
Things thus uncertain, if by reason's rules
You'd certain make, it were sure a task
To run you mad with reasoning."—TERENCE.

WHAT next? This is the great question of human life, which equally puzzles the brain of the statesman and the noddle of the cobbler. The heir of a million is vexed with it, and it trembles on the lips of him who has eaten his last crust. The successful man avoids asking it, the beaten fears to answer it. It is signified by the earliest glimmer of speculation in the eye of infancy, and is the last expressive query ere the light of life goes out. Happy is that man who daily finds his answer in the law of a benignant necessity. Thrice happy he whose confiding faith shall solve the problem in the end.

As we sat at breakfast on the morning after the Lowell circus I asked the question, "What next, Dick?"

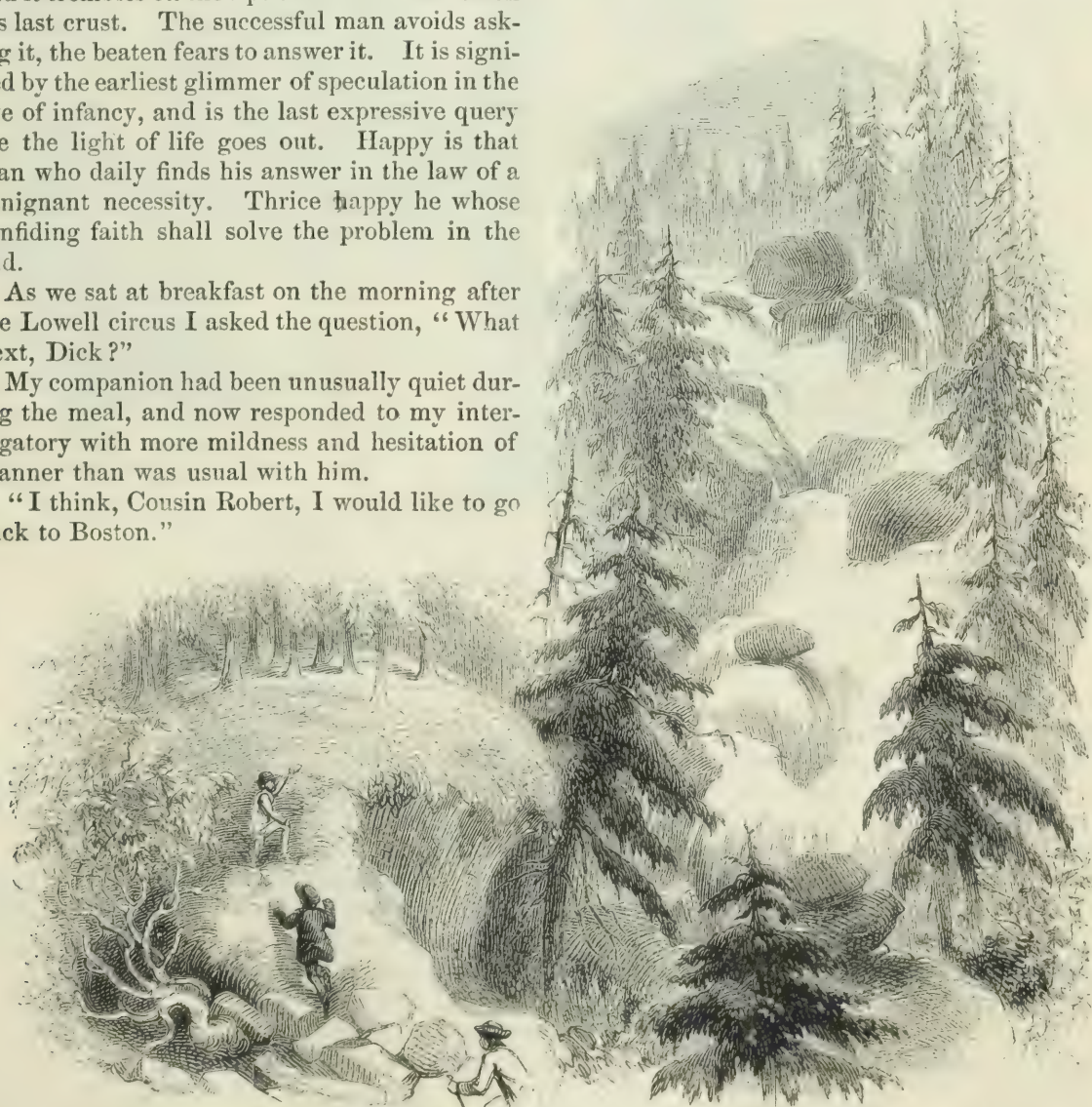
My companion had been unusually quiet during the meal, and now responded to my interrogatory with more mildness and hesitation of manner than was usual with him.

"I think, Cousin Robert, I would like to go back to Boston."

He blushed as he said this, and at the same time made a great pretense of cutting up his beef-steak, but I observed that he ate none of it after all.

"Go back to Boston!" I exclaimed, "to enjoy a repetition of the heat and dullness I heard you complain of so frequently while there! Why, Dick, what's the matter?"

My young friend was by this time in a state



CRYSTAL CASCADE—WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 134.—K



DICK.

of crimson confusion, but he spoke up resolutely: "Cousin Robert, to tell you the plain truth, if it does not interfere with any plans of yours, I should like very much to have another opportunity of going to see—"

"Oh!" I interrupted, "you still entertain the idea of going to sea. Very well; if you are so determined, you can doubtless find a ship in Boston."

"Cousin Robert, don't make game of me, and I will be confidential with you. I am desperately in love."

"Good Heavens, Dick, is it possible that you are not cured yet? Six weeks of absence compounded with change of scene and salt-water! It is almost incredible."

Dick laughed, and answered in his balmy manner: "Cousin, you are older and wiser than I, and what you told me of the curative powers of salt-water I have found eminently true. I have not thought of Nelly Hardy since we entered New Bedford, I am sure. But you must recollect I was in love with Miss Prue Teazle when she was in Virginia two years ago."

I laid down my knife and fork, and opening my eyes as wide as possible, stared at my *vis-à-vis* in silent astonishment. The purposed impression of solemnity was defeated, however, by an uncontrollable fit of laughter which seized me.

"Well, well, my old cock," cried Dick. "You may jeer and ridicule to your heart's content;

but didn't I see you were more than half gone with her yourself the other evening, and expected to get that bouquet, which you didn't?"

I immediately recovered my dignity.

"Come, boy, that will do. You haven't the wit of a gopher. Do you suppose that a man of sense and experience can not show his admiration for a young lady's wit and beauty without being in love with her?"

"Excuse me, Cousin Bob. Of course I was just joking about her, for it was plain to see it was the other one, Miss Stickley, that you were captivated with, and I think the flame was mutual."

"Get out with your impertinence, you dis-tempered puppy! But tell me, Dick, did you call on Miss Teazle after the evening we spent there?"

"To be sure I did! Politeness required that I should call next day; and I apologized for your neglect—told her you had engagements."

"The devil take you, Dick; I'm much indebted to you."

"Then I called twice afterward, and I tell you they have an elegant establishment. Such a pair of carriage-horses—it is enough to make one's mouth water; and Miss Prue's riding pony—he looks as if he was covered with black satin; you couldn't soil a white kid glove on his hide."

"Poor Nelly Hardy!" I exclaimed. "I used to think that the Squire had some pretty good stock on his place."

"Perhaps he has," said Dick, puckering his brows; "that is well-bred stock of his, I know—very fast too. But you see, Cousin Robert, they are not kept up like the animals here. Why, their stable over there is a showier building than Squire Hardy's house."

"Very well, youngster, we'll return to Boston, as you seem to desire it so earnestly. There is something very attractive at first sight in this

educated life; this finished artificiality; this trim refinement manifest in all the details of living; but in the midst of its allurements I only yearn the more for wild nature's grace and freedom. The unpruned tangle-wood of the primeval forest—the clear unsophisticated eye of the prairie colt, guileless of bit or saddle."

Breakfast over, we walked to the dépôt to get information about the trains for Boston. As we entered the building we found one just starting for Portland, and my attention was attracted by the erect, portly figure of an elderly gentleman accompanied by a very stylish-looking young lady. They stood with their backs to us, and seemed to be interested in the movements of the porters about the baggage car. Suddenly she spoke up.

"There, papa, I recognize our porter with the trunks; now let us get in and be seated, for the train is about starting."

At these commonplace words Dick commenced tugging at my arm like a ten-pound bluefish.

"I say, Cousin, did you hear that?" he exclaimed, pulling me with all his might toward the platform of the car. I pulled back with equal determination, insisting that I had heard the remark, but could not perceive that it had any significance for us.

"Did you hear that voice? She is a Virginian, as sure as I live!" and he exhibited so much agitation of manner that I feared he had lost his wits, and forcibly prevented his following them into the car.

"Let me go and see the baggage," he said.

So I released him, and he ran rapidly toward the car, where they were still chucking in belated trunks.

In a few moments the train went off, and I moved slowly toward the door of the building to rejoin my comrade. Presently there was a movement in the crowd, and I saw a board of plaster images flying in the air above the heads of the people. A crash and loud voices followed, and I hurried forward to see the fun. There, to my horror, I discovered Dick, the centre of an amazed circle, attended on one side by a policeman, and on the other by the jabbering and gesticulating Lucchese cast vendor. Around them lay scattered the *débris* of birds, beasts, saints, emperors, republicans, and flower-pots, mingled in common and undistinguished ruin. Dick was all red and excited, and as soon as he laid eyes on me, he exclaimed:

"By thunder, Cousin Robert, I knew it—it was she; I saw her initials on the trunk—E. H. I knew I couldn't be mistaken, and if it hadn't been for this d—d fool with his crockery I'd have been on the train with them."

"You should have thanked him



THE ICONOCLAST.

for stopping you instead of smashing his wares," I said; "you had neither purse nor baggage."

The policeman tipped me a facetious wink: "On a spree, I guess—begun early in the day—but it won't cost much. The whole lot isn't worth more than a dollar or two."

I gave him to understand, in an undertone, that there was neither drink nor insanity in the case; but that the youngster had missed his sweet-heart, who was on the departing train. The officer laughed good-humoredly, and forthwith released his prisoner from manual durance. While adjusting his rumpled collar Dick turned to the bereaved sculptor and asked what was the damage.

"Oh Signore," cried the Lucchese, "to pay for all that magnificent statuary fifty dollars would not suffice!"

At the mention of this sum Dick was taken somewhat aback. "Fifty dollars!" he exclaimed. "If I had known it was going to cost that much I'd have kicked your head off at the same time."

"Give him two dollars and let him go," said the officer.

The statuary regarded him with an injured air, and declared he would sacrifice himself so far as to accept ten dollars. Meanwhile I had been looking over the pieces, and being something of a connoisseur in the arts, I was enabled to make a rough estimate of the loss, which amounted to about two dollars and thirty cents at market prices. This I went over with an authoritative air, stating the number of pieces broken and their prices. The cast vendor's countenance fell.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if I take less than three dollars I shall be reduced to ruin and beggary."

"Here are five, which will pay for your loss and your fright. Go your ways and prosper."

As we returned to our hotel I questioned my companion as to the identity of the parties who went off on the train, receiving his confirmatory statements with an interest which he little suspected.

"So now, Dick, after your exploit of the morning, the sooner we're off for Boston the better."

"Boston!" he exclaimed, with a look of astonishment. "Why, Cousin, they're on their way to the White Mountains—the porter told me so!"

"Squire Hardy and daughter, you mean. I regret that we missed seeing them; but the young lady in Boston?"

"Cousin Robert," said Dick, in a persuasive tone, "why not go to the White Mountains? I've heard so much talk about them."

"And Miss Teazle, Dick?"

Dick hesitated and stammered, in a way that showed more perplexity than indecision.

"Cousin Robert," quoth he, "you may think me a very absurd and unreliable person. Indeed I scarcely understand myself; but do you know that from the moment I heard Ellen Hardy's voice down there, all that nonsense about Miss Prue has gone out of my head?"

"All that nonsense has departed suddenly, to make way for a fresh arrival. Why, I thought Ellen Hardy had treated you badly, and you were running away from her all this time."

A momentary shadow passed over my young friend's face as I said this; but quickly recovering himself, he protested that he had entirely got over his love, and only viewed the lady in the light of a friend; but he "did like the old gentleman—a jolly old cock!" and, in short, he had been away so long that he was dying to see somebody from the neighborhood of home. As I had nothing to urge against these arguments, we took



THE LIQUOR LAW.



MAINE CORN-FIELDS.

tickets for the White Mountains, by way of Portland, and were soon on our way there with locomotive speed.

On the morning we started a northeaster had covered the land with a wet Newfoundland fog, so that our observations of the country between Lowell and Portland were limited to views of the railway stations where we stopped. At one of these places I saw a bench full of individuals who looked as if they had been celebrating the ever-glorious Fourth; but as that day had not arrived yet, and, moreover, as we were in Maine, I came to the conclusion that they were only sleepy, or perhaps victims of that tyrannical liquor law.

At Portland we found a good hotel, and a well-built town set upon several hills, commanding, from different points, beautiful views of the harbor and the sea. Of this latter enjoyment we were deprived by the everlasting fog. Passing part of a day and a night here, we took passage next morning on the Grand Trunk Railroad for Gorham, intending to reach Mount Washington from that point.

As we drove inland we presently got out of the fog-bank, and had the satisfaction of seeing the face of the earth again smiling in sunshine. The villages are built generally of wood—neat, but not so tastefully ornamented as those of Massachusetts. There were extensive natural nurseries of evergreens, of such variety and richness as might excite the envy and admiration of tree-fanciers; while, on the other hand, there was little to flatter the utilitarian eye of the agriculturist accustomed to the broad corn-fields of the Middle and Western States.

If not particularly promising in corn, these fields however exhibited an astonishing fertility in scarecrows, impressing the stranger with amazing ideas of the boldness and voracity of the crows in this climate, as also of the wonderful inventive genius of the white inhabitants.

A very gentlemanly-looking gray-headed man, who sat in front of us, had overheard our facetious and disparaging comments; and as we

stopped upon the outskirts of a village, he turned, and pointing to a group in front of a cottage that stood hard by, he said,

"Gentlemen, there is the most valuable crop raised in this country."

I recalled and repeated the lines of Alcæus of Mytilene:

"What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall, or moated gate;

Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crowned:

No—Men! high-minded men!"

The old gentleman's face gleamed with delight, and half-rising in his seat, he began where I stopped and finished the piece:

"With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—

Men, who their duties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain."

Ere the first line had passed his lips I recognized the master who had taught me to recite the verses, and as he closed we were exchanging a cordial double shake of the hands, while tears stood in the old man's eyes.

"Dick Dashaway, don't you know your old schoolmaster, Almont Ferule?"

A momentary sullenness had clouded Dick's face as he remembered the tender years of his boyhood; but it cleared off at this appeal, and he joined in the greeting as warmly as any of us.

For twenty years Almont Ferule had administered in the Academy of our native village in Virginia. With him I had completed my academic course; and under his auspices Dick had been initiated into the sorrows of classical wisdom. The history of his reign would be the history of a mimic state. At its commencement Power and Dignity sat enthroned behind the Teacher's desk, and the baton of command—a long flat cherry ruler—served the double purpose of ruling the good boys' copy-books and the stubborn souls of the bad. For, in those days, the mawkish and licentious sentimentality which de-



A BETTER CROP.

nies all right to law, and robs all authority of its virility, had not yet obtained general public credit. The teacher was a despot in his realm, from whose decrees there was no appeal. The rod was his *ultima ratio*, and always ready; and if he did occasionally condescend to verbal reasoning with his subjects, he assured himself of their ears in a manner which forbade inattention. Under this sort of government the Academy prospered, and the boys learned something. But in the progress of things it began to be discovered that the model man of the New World, in his rapid approximation to perfection, had outgrown the ideas of a

former age, and felt the necessity of casting his shell, like a last year's crab.

As the sphere rolls so floats the bubble. From the great state the little community learns its lessons. In the school there arose at first sullen murmurings, discontents, conspiracies; then rebellions and open war. Old Ferule stood his ground like a true king; he whacked, boxed, and expelled, with a royal faith in the divinity of his right. The rebels bemoaned their sufferings, and showed their wounds to mammas; and indignant mammas appealed to loving papas. The whole village rose against the bloody ty-



YEARS OF BOYHOOD.

rant. Ferule quoted Solomon—"Spare the rod, and spoil the child." "Who was Solomon? Hadn't our ancestors fought and bled for freedom?" The dethroned pedagogue squared his accounts, packed his trunk, and returned to his kindred. Since that day the great untrammelled Democratic man has advanced with unparalleled speed toward the goal of human perfectibility, leaving behind him in the race Honor, Decency, and English Grammar.

Our old friend was now going on a visit to a married sister who lived some distance off the road, in a region abounding in fish and small game. He habitually passed his summers there for the purpose of recruiting his health; and as he took leave of us at the next station he pressed us earnestly to accompany him, promising fine sport with trout, pike, and salmon. I was disposed to accept the invitation, but Dick had other views; so we went on to Gorham.

On landing here we found ourselves in the midst of a fine mountain country. At the station is a large hotel, and a bear chained to a pole, for the accommodation and amusement of summer travelers. Immediately beside the platform was a roomy vehicle ready to convey us to the Glen House, eight miles distant, and located just at the base of Mount Washington. In this carriage we seated ourselves, in company with a third passenger; and were presently rocking and bouncing through a rough gorge in the mountains, eagerly looking out for scenery by the way. A heavy thunder-storm, which seemed to have been got up for the purpose of giving us a characteristic reception, now burst upon us in terrific fury. To protect us from the water the curtains were lowered all round, and we were left to our gloomy internal reflections, while our plucky driver stuck to his post and toiled on his splashing, swashing

course. It was a wearisome and apparently interminable ride. The eight miles might have been eighty for all that we knew, as a man shut up in the dark can compute neither time nor distance.

"How many have you got?" cried a voice through the storm.

"Three," returned our driver, curtly, as he whipped up his toiling team.

"I was not so far wrong," muttered Dick. "I was just dreaming we were lobsters in a pot, washing about on the bottom of the sea. That sounds like a verification of it."

We arrived at our destination at last, and what was still more cheering the storm was over, leaving forest and meadow glittering in fair sunshine. As we descended from our carriage my eye first sought the President of the mountains, and having fixed upon his majestic form dwelt there for a space. Dick ran immediately into the house and called for the register, which he hastily examined; and as I turned to enter I met him coming out with a blank face.

"Dick," said I, "this is glorious. After spending so much time in a flat country, how exhilarating it is to breathe the mountain air!"

"It looks flat to me all about here," he sighed in response. "They are not here, Cousin. They must have taken some other route."

"We'll doubtless meet them to-morrow or next day, in some romantic spot, perhaps—which will be all the more charming. Meanwhile we must not mope. What shall be the programme for to-day?"

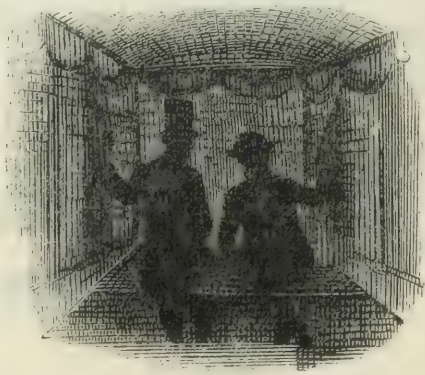
"Dinner will be ready directly," replied Dick.

"A very good thing in its place. And then for our afternoon's amusement."

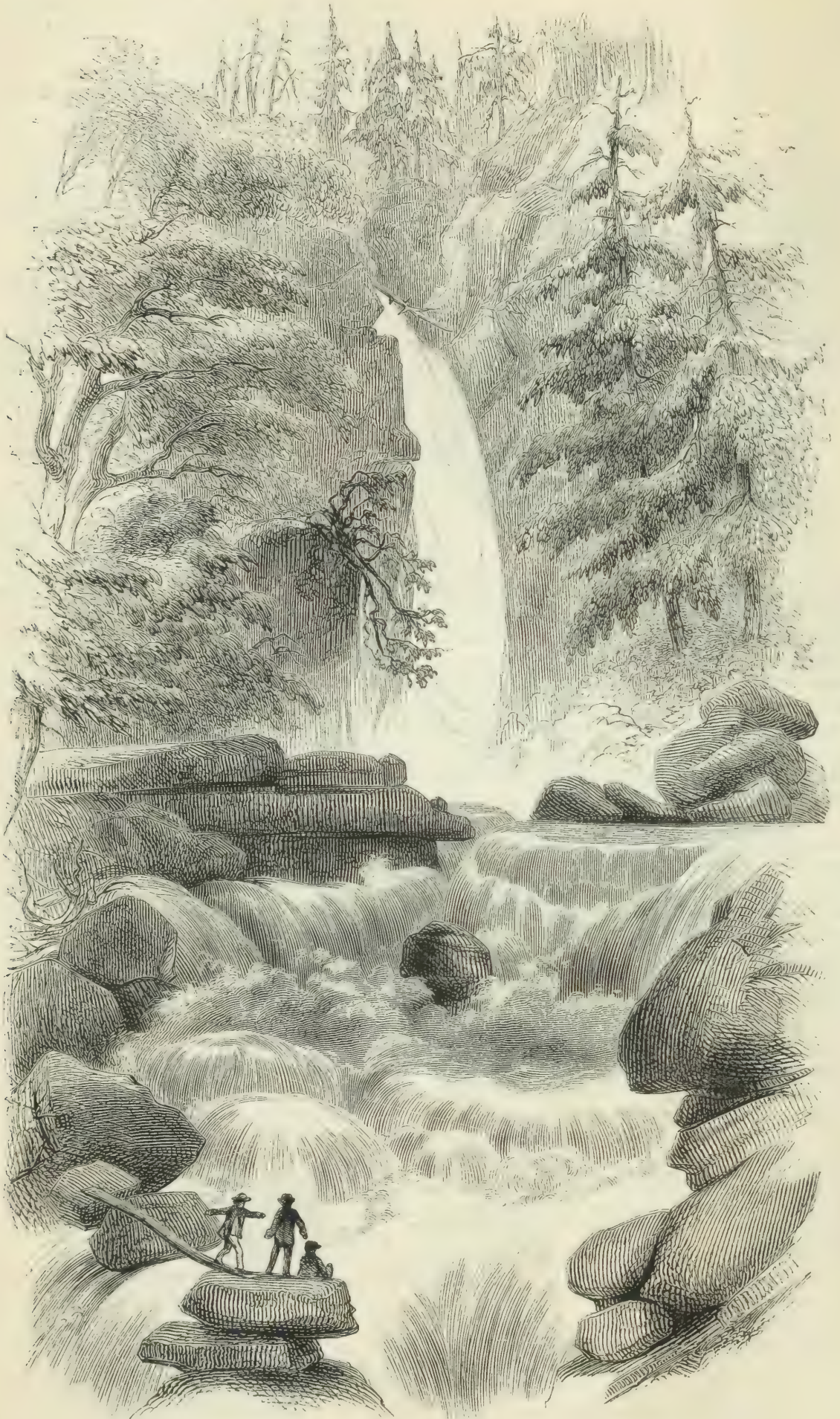
The dinner was capital, and after that the accommodating landlord exhibited his list of entertainments.

We fixed upon a ride to Glen Ellis and the Crystal Cascade—a pair of pretty waterfalls, five and six miles distant. Commend me to a White Mountain landlord for promptness. By the time we had adjusted our riding toggery the horses and a guide stood ready at the front door. With corresponding promptness we mounted and were off.

Our road lay through a densely shaded gorge with rocks, laurels, and rushing streams, all redolent of the wild, untainted, unsubdued earth. Let your poet in his garret, and your parliament-



VIEW ON ENTERING THE MOUNTAINS.



GLEN ELLIS.

arian in his crowded halls, prate about Liberty. Believe me, friend, they only worship a phantasm or a graven image, the conceit of their own brain, the work of their own hands. Ye who would worship at the shrine of the true goddess, seek her temples in the untrodden wilderness. What means this tumultuous joy at the smell of the woods? this proud swelling of soul as you tread the interminable aisles of the forest? this ennobling consciousness of might and right as you breathe the untainted air of nature's wide domain? It is that you have come to your lawful inheritance. The instinctive life-long yearnings of the soul are satisfied—you are free. When you get hungry, pitch in and make your living; when you get tired and long for society and the flesh-pots of civilization, go back, resume your chains, your duties, and necessities; bear them with cheerfulness, and don't talk twaddle about Freedom.

We accomplished our course at a dashing gallop, and then, at a signal from our guide, drew rein and dismounted. Tying our steeds beside the main route we took a foot-path through a piny thicket, which presently brought us to the verge of a rocky precipice overhanging a narrow gorge whose depths were concealed from the eye by masses of dark foliage. From the wild abyss we could hear the roar of the waterfall, and the rocks on which we stood seemed to tremble with the shock. Descending the cliff by irregular natural ladder ways, eked out with notched logs—crossing chasms by shaky bridges of fallen timber—we at length reached the bottom of a deep,

damp, dark chasm, and stood upon the brink of a foaming caldron of emerald-tinted water. Looking upward we could see the stream pitching from a narrow cleft in the rocks, seventy feet at a single leap.

This was something worth seeing, and a worthy terminus to our spirited ride. We spent half an hour in climbing from rock to rock, crossing and recrossing the stream at some personal risk, to find the best points of view; and finally taking leave with reluctance, we reclimbed the cliff and remounted our horses. Retracing the road for about a mile, we again left our saddles and turned into the wood by a path leading up the great mountain. A walk of half a mile brought us to the top of a jutting spur overhanging a water-chiseled chasm through which a bright stream toiled with hoarse murmurings; while from far above on the mountain, where rocks and fir-trees crown the misty heights, the Crystal Cascade comes skipping down like a white-robed undine hasting to plunge herself in the gulf below.

The characteristics of the two waterfalls are finely contrasted—each beautiful of its kind, and both sufficiently impressive not to be easily forgotten. Glen Ellis, with its cavernous depths, its dark-browed precipices and gloomy hemlocks, is haunted by the earth-born gnomes, while sylphides and undines, the fairer spirits of the air and water, dance among the mists of the Crystal Cascade.

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

Once more to horse and back to our hotel in full gallop, where we arrived about sunset, gratified, exhausted, deliciously hungry and sleepy. Supper and bed soon quieted these pleasing emotions, and added to the agreeable reminiscences of our afternoon ride.

After a night of refreshing sleep, I rose early and hastened down “to greet the opening day;” but on the piazza I met with another greeting, which for the time made me forget both the sunrise and the mountains. There, in all the jocund freshness of life's morning, the perfect grace of twenty summers, stood my sweet friend and compatriot Ellen Hardy. She was earnestly watching the lofty peaks, just gilded by the rays of the coming sun, so that I approached her unobserved. In her dainty mouth she held a rose, and her clear hazel eye sparkled with the golden light reflected from the illuminated hills. Here, I thought, if a man was disposed to be-



ELLEN.

come an idolater, is something that he might worship. As I pronounced her name she turned quickly, and in the sudden flush of cordial recognition I imprinted a kiss on her red lips. It was certainly unpremeditated on my part, and I don't think Ellen quite intended it; for she blushed rosy red, and in that earnest, gushing manner of hers which enriches all her loveliness, she said, what was meant and accepted as a full and satisfactory explanation,

"I was so glad to hear the tones of a familiar voice, and to see the face of one of our own people. Papa will be so much delighted."

"Dick Dashaway is with me," I said.

"I knew you were traveling somewhere together," she replied; "but did not know precisely where. Papa has talked of you frequently, and hoped to meet you. He is so little accustomed to traveling that he gets lonesome and homesick; but as he came solely for my pleasure, he seems determined to complete the job before he returns, flattering himself that I will have had enough of it to last me for some time to come."

On comparing notes I found we had passed them in Portland, and that they had come over from Gorham late last evening. As people began to gather upon the piazza I proposed a more extended walk; but Ellen excused herself, and ran to tell her father of our presence. After she was gone I picked up the rose she had dropped in the confusion of our meeting, and stuck it in my button-hole; but perceiving Dick coming to join me, I hid it in my vest to avoid any impertinent questions.

Dick complained of being a little stiff from yesterday's ride and proposed a morning julep, saying that there was a man here who pretended to know how to make them. I carelessly consented, and in due time the drinks were served. Dick pronounced his a failure, and the maker a humbug; but continued absorbing, on the great and well-established principle that something is better than nothing. I took mine mechanically, and was raising it to my mouth, but, moved by a sudden impulse, I jerked glass and all out upon the green.

"What's the matter?" cried Dick, in astonishment. "Was there a fly in it?"

I replied that this morning I did care to profane my lips with such stuff.

"Well," quoth he, "you've turned squeamish very suddenly. I've seen you drink worse; and, moreover, why did you break the glass? It will only add ten cents to our bill."

I said I was glad to perceive he was getting more economical, and as it seemed essential to man's happiness that he should break something occasionally, I thought ten cents' worth a very moderate indulgence.

"No retrospections, Cousin Bob. Come; I feel jolly; let us go down and plague the bear."

We walked down and found Bruin in an uncommonly lively mood, exhibiting his antics before a dozen or twenty admiring spectators. Dick swaggered up within a few feet of him, when the bear stood up, poked out his tongue,

and made motions as if challenging him to a wrestle. He seemed half-disposed to go in, and declared if the bear would wrestle fair he could throw him. One of the by-standers remarked that the brute was disposed to be vicious, and advised Dick to keep out of his reach. To this friendly warning he responded by deliberately walking around the animal, and crossing his beat, leaned in careless bravado against the pole in the centre. Bruin's little eyes twinkled with mischief, but he took no apparent notice of the intruder until he had edged around so as to get between him and the hotel, the only chance of escape in the opposite direction being over a steep bank.

When satisfied with the position of his game he turned suddenly and made a rush. Taken by surprise, Dick looked right and left, and in his confusion sprung upon the pole. Bruin asked for nothing better, for although the biped was a good climber, the bear considered himself a better. But he did not consider that his opponent had three jumps advantage in the start; and then the thirty feet of chain hanging to his own neck got heavier with every foot of elevation. These equalizing circumstances made the race a pretty even one. The male spectators laughed and applauded, while the ladies scream-



THE BEAR AND THE BEAU.

ed. Any one who has had experience knows that, above a certain limit, pole-climbing is no joke. At the height of twenty feet, more or less, my champion gave signs of exhaustion, and seemed disposed to turn the race into a fight. He stopped, and looking down, disengaged one of his legs, ready to give the pursuer a back-set when he got too near. The bear, in return, raised one of his formidable paws, at the sight of which Dick folded up and made another desperate effort. As he rose Bruin grabbed and caught his coat-tail. At this moment one of the hostlers ran in, and seizing the chain, dragged the animal down, who brought with him a fair proportion of his enemy's surcoat as a trophy. Dick now slid down, and hurried back to his room as soon as possible to readjust his wardrobe.

When he had accomplished this in a satisfactory manner I advised him to give his mustache an extra twirl, as he would probably see some one at breakfast that he didn't expect.

"Who is that?" he asked, staring at me like a scared frog.

"I saw by the register that Squire Hardy and daughter got here last evening."

"You're trying to quiz me, Cousin Robert."

"As I am a true man, it is so. And for better assurance, I saw the young lady herself about an hour ago."

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Do you think she saw me making a fool of myself down there? Why, Cousin Robert, if I had thought she was looking on, the darnd bear might have swallowed me whole before I would have yielded an inch!"

"Come on; we'll ascertain at breakfast whether she saw you or not; and if she did, I'll warrant she will thank you for a good laugh."

As we passed along the passage we perceived,

through a half-opened door, a young lady appareled for breakfast, who was rubbing her lips with Cologne, I supposed to cool a fever blister. Dick made a rush toward her; but I collared him in time to prevent his entrance, while the young person closed the door in his face with an expressive bang. I remonstrated sharply with my companion for his absurd behavior, who apologized generally to me and every one else who might be offended, swore he thought the lady was Miss Hardy, and finally intimated his belief that the julep he had swallowed had been drugged, for he never had one to serve him so before. I suggested that possibly the ignorant manufacturer had put water in it.

At the table we met our Virginia friends; and, as may be imagined, we had a merry meal of it. Ellen was lively, the Squire quite glorified, at meeting with us; and Dick, who began on a very subdued note, rose to brilliancy as the conversation progressed without any allusion to his adventure with the bear. I was myself soon convinced that they knew nothing of it, for the Squire was too much of a wag to let so fair an opportunity slip; and as for Ellen, she possessed, by right of inheritance, all her father's native humor, concentrated by a refinement and keenness of perception peculiar to her sex. That sensitive and romantic youth who, lured by the sparkle of her merry eye, sought to win the owner's favor, must tread with circumspection the narrow and slippery limit which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. I determined, therefore, not to "peach," but to hold the bear story *in terrorem* over my comrade, as a check upon his wild humors and vagaries.

After breakfast the ascent of Mount Washington was proposed, and I was sent to consult the oracles on the subject. The summit was clear, the day beautiful, and promised to continue so. The horses were accordingly ordered, and in due time we were all mounted and on our way. The whole party consisted of fifteen or twenty persons—ladies and gentlemen. But as we mounted and rode off in detachments, our quartette taking the lead, I did not interest myself in the composition of the cavalcade which followed. In this I showed bad generalship, as circumstances will prove that a little foreknowledge might have prevented surprise, and have changed the results of the day materially. But we must not anticipate.

In the outset I reined back and rode with Squire Hardy, determined to play the magnanimous with Dick, and give him full opportunity to weary his fair companion with his commonplace talk. When we had ascended to the region of dangers and sublimities I would then join her. I consider myself strong on scenery and things of that sort. Whose fault it was I don't know, but I found the Squire dull and uninteresting. He seemed jaded and out of his element; and, in short, a man of his character, to be appreciated, must be seen at home.

By the time we got to the dead timber I rode forward to join the daughter; but her acting



THE FEVER BLISTER.



SQUIRE HARDY.

cavalier seemed in no way disposed to yield his place. If I pushed up on one side, he crowded in on the other, although the road was not wide enough for two abreast. I was seriously vexed, and significantly alluded to the young gentleman's climbing capacities. The envenomed arrow fell harmless. The wily rogue had told her the whole story, so colored and arranged that, instead of the monkey, he appeared as a hero. I was superseded and disarmed.

"Dick," said I, "Mr. Hardy would like to have some conversation with you."

"Cousin Robert," Dick replied, pleasantly, "I know the old gentleman would rather talk to you than any one in the world. I wouldn't deprive him of the pleasure."

I would not have regarded this impertinence, but I observed that the young lady herself significantly gave preference to his attentions. Dick was called on to hold her glove and whip, while she retied the ribbons of her riding-hat. Dick must adjust her rein when it got tangled. Dick

do this, and Dick do that. I opened once on the magnificence of the deep gorge which yawned on our right; but in the midst Dick was called to dismount and recover her veil, which had blown away. As I fell back, feeling deeply disgusted and revengeful, I heard Ellen warn her companion not to ride too near the edge of the precipice, lest he should tumble over, and I mentally estimated the total loss from such a catastrophe at one hundred dollars, the probable value of the hired quadruped.

As we mounted the steep and rocky stairway near the summit the riding became somewhat exciting; but Virginians are familiar with horse-flesh and rough roads, and the White Mountain nags are too well trained to make the work dangerous. Crossing a stony

plateau, and just before reaching the apex, we drew rein beside a rude monument and cross of stone, which, we were told, marked the spot where a young lady who had attempted to as-



ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.



THE MONUMENT.

cent the mountain on foot fell from exhaustion and died.

Dick feelingly remarked that it "was a pity she hadn't come up a horseback."

"Poor child!" sighed the Squire, "to lose her life in so foolish and unprofitable an undertaking."

"She was a brave girl," said Nelly, "and I admire her spirit, while I pity her fate."

"If all heroism were to be estimated by our individual view of utility, the Pantheon of history would be stripped of its proudest ornaments, and its holiest shrines desecrated. What good has come of many a famous victory—the Thames Tunnel—the Atlantic Telegraph—the *Great Eastern*? What use are we to make of the North Pole, when discovered? and yet how many gallant hearts have perished in the vain pursuit, and how many more are burning to follow! Believe me, it is not to the wise and successful achievement of material and useful results that the world most heartily accords the crown of glory, but to the fiery soul that dares and perishes for an idea."

Ellen rewarded me for these observations by an approving bow and graceful wave of the hand. I felt encouraged to say more, but the wind was blowing sharply, so we saluted the monument and rode on.

The summit of Mount Washington is six thousand two hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the sea, being the highest point in the United States east of the Mississippi, except some peaks among the Black Mountains in North Carolina, which overtop it by six or seven hundred feet. The summit is entirely bare of vegetation, a vast stone heap, rugged and wild, but too regularly shaped for picturesqueness or sublimity. The two ragged-looking buildings put up for the convenience and entertainment of visitors are sufficiently characteristic to detract nothing from the scene. The view from the apex commands the full circle of the horizon, and Mount Washington appears as an island surrounded by a tumultuous ocean of blue hills. But the adja-

cent peaks, jagged and bare, divided by valleys of stupendous depth, are yet the most impressive features of the grand panorama. I enjoy these things when alone, and still more with a choice companion, whose sympathetic appreciation is expressed rather by the eye than the tongue. I knew there was such a one at hand if I could only have the good fortune to secure her companionship; so when I saw my gallant young friend Dick issue from the house with a lady on each arm, I accosted the group with the subtle design of relieving him of one of them.

"Miss Ellen," said I, "let me have the pleasure of offering—"

"Cousin Robert Berkeley," interrupted Dick, "let me introduce you to Miss Puffin—very anxious to know you—has traveled in Europe—paints, writes, speaks French, and sings divinely."

The young lady—who was at least forty, and weighed two hundred and forty—simplified, courtied, and took my arm before I had recovered from the low bow which I made to conceal my disgust and indignation. I gave Dick a look which would have annihilated him if I had been a basilisk, and I wished for his sake I was one. He looked unconscious as a lamb, however, while his companion's eye twinkled with a suppressed merriment that made me half suspect her of being party to the outrage.

"Your young friend tells me," observed my fair partner, "that you are a great lover of the beautiful arts; in fact, that you have superb talents."

"My young friend, Miss, is an infernal—" (Oh! world of lies and hollow pretenses, must I swallow this?) "Ah! in fact, he is a devilish merry fellow, and talks extravagantly sometimes."

"Ah, really, Sir, merit and modesty are inseparable companions. But you can not make me believe he has exaggerated yours."

"I feel well assured at least, Miss Puffin, that he has not overestimated your accomplishments."

"Oh! pardon me, Sir; spare me," she wheezed; "I am nothing; a light giddy creature; have achieved nothing solid—a mere butterfly in the arts." If she had said a butter-tub it would have been nearer the mark; but she continued: "I am an immense admirer of genius, a huge adorer of the beautiful, an infatuated worshiper of the sublime. And speaking of the sublime, what a magnificent panorama is unfolded around us! How, in the contemplation of such a glorious creation, the mind recoils upon itself after its impotent efforts to grasp the infinite and illimitable ideas suggested by the vastness of the scene."

"Very true," I replied. "Then gaze upward into the intensified azure of the cerulean concave flecked with clouds of fleecy whiteness, and from the empyreal arch throw suddenly your bewildered glances downward into the stupendous abysses which yawn around, whose depths are hidden in shadowy and unfathomable mystery, exhibiting the disrupted strata of antediluvian formations crushed and splintered into a thousand fragments—Miss Puffin, allow me to assist you in mounting this rock. We have a better view."

"What vigorous language!" wheezed Miss Puffin; "what power of expression! Surely, Mr. Berkeley, you are a poet?"

"I have but rarely indulged in versification, Miss; but I feel assured that I have the honor of addressing a distinguished poetess."

"A few bubbles," she sighed—"airy and evanescent—unworthy of perpetuity. I am lacking in the energy and perseverance essential to great achievement. I am altogether a creature of feeling—I feel entirely too much!" she exclaimed, pressing both hands upon her voluminous bust. "It is a misfortune."

I agreed that it was.

Suddenly my companion stopped, and begged me to assist her to a seat on the rock, where, with a look of anguish, she commenced squeezing and caressing one of her gaiter boots. I inquired if she was ill, and officiously proposed to run for assistance to carry her to the house."

"Not at all," she replied, with sharp decision of manner. "That abominable stirrup has rubbed my corns red-hot. Heavens! what suffering! Excuse me; you may go and get me a glass of water with some peppermint in it—and—ah—brandy will answer, if there is such a thing to be found in this wretched rock heap."

I made haste, and was fortunately enabled to fulfill the commission to the satisfaction of my interesting acquaintance. She expressed her gratitude for the attention in plain, direct language, and we returned to the Tip-Top House, where we found most of the company collected for dinner. Dick and Ellen were missing, however, and the Squire, feeling some uneasiness at their absence, asked me to go in search of them. Under the circumstances I would fain have declined; but as a refusal would have appeared discourteous to the old gentleman, I started on the unpleasant errand. After looking and calling for some time in vain, I stepped upon a large boulder, and under its lee saw the truant pair snugly ensconced, Dick talking earnestly and Ellen listening with smiling interest. Something of the discourse I could not avoid overhearing.

"I do assure you, Miss Ellen, on my honor, my heart was never interested in that quarter. I never loved but once, never desired the affection of but one alone, and failing in that, life has no charms for me. I am incapable of another passion. You know, Miss Ellen, who that lady is."

Ellen nodded and laughed. "Ah, Dick, don't attempt to deceive me? Didn't you give Harry Byrd two pointer pups for a lock of her hair? And at the tournament, two years ago, didn't you crown her?"

Dick interrupted her vehemently, "Miss Ellen, upon my honor as a gentleman—"

From motives of delicacy, as well as zeal in the cause of truth, I put a stop to this by hallooing, "Ah, you runaways, I've found you at last!"

Dick jumped up as if he had been shot at, but



MOUNT WASHINGTON.—THE SUMMIT.



VIEW LOOKING TOWARD CRAWFORD'S.—LAKE OF THE CLOUDS.

the lady saluted me with entire self-possession and a look of polite inquiry.

"A message from your father, Miss Hardy. Dinner and the company await your presence."

When Dick recovered from his confusion he became enthusiastic on the subject of the view—asked me if I had ever seen any thing so magnificent—and said that he and Miss Ellen had been enjoying it wonderfully. I answered, dryly, that he had not chosen a good point for the distant view, as from where he sat they couldn't see more than fifty yards.

Dick, who never let any one have the last word, insisted that near views were often more agreeable than distant ones; and, for his part, he was sufficiently charmed with his company to think any view delightful—modestly hoping that Miss Ellen was of the same opinion.

She made no direct reply, but, looking archly at me, said, "If an appreciative companion adds so much to the enjoyment of a scene, you, Mr. Berkeley, must have had a delightful morning of it. Our acquaintance, Miss Puffin, is the most enthusiastic creature I ever saw."

As things stood I felt this as a personal insult, and replying only with a stately bow, led the way to the dining-table. After the Tip-Top dinner concluded, our company was mustered

for the return to the Glen House, when I announced my intention of riding in another direction to visit the Crawford Notch. There was general surprise, and the Squire protested vehemently. He had been told it was sixteen miles distant; the road dangerous, if not impassable; at the bottom there was no accommodation, as the old hotel had been burned, and the new one not yet completed. I said I had seen some workmen from the Notch who reported the road practicable, and rough entertainment for man and beast obtainable below. Squire Hardy had flattered himself that we would join parties and travel together henceforth. It was a mere whim on my part. We could take a wagon and drive around to the Notch to-morrow; that would be much more agreeable and rational.

As I could not frankly state my reasons for the movement, I insisted that this White Mountaineering was too tame for my temper—a sort of cockney business; I wanted a little rough life and danger to stir my blood.

"When will you rejoin us?" he asked, with an earnestness of manner that touched me.

"To-morrow evening, perhaps. But if I don't get in, conclude I have broken my neck, and don't wait for me."

I spoke lightly, but I had secretly resolved

not to rejoin them at all. As I turned to depart Ellen held out her little hand to me, but I affected not to see it, and, waving a general farewell, took the path leading toward Crawford's.

Descending from the knob of Mount Washington, I came presently upon a dark pond fed by the melting snows and overshadowed by bald and jagged crests of the mountain, presenting altogether one of the most striking pictures I had seen. Stony, grim, and desolate, I looked upon this lake of the clouds with a feeling of brotherhood. No flower blooming on its bleak margin, no living thing rippling its icy bosom, it resembled a sullen, deep-set black eye staring eternally upward from its sunless hollow at the unapproachable glories of the heaven above. The path for several miles led around and over this line of savage crests, in many places steep and dangerous; but, occupied with gloomy and bitter thoughts, I took little heed of the way, trusting every thing to the instinct of my hardy and well-trained steed. In time I reached the line of forest growth—at first appearing a mere thicket of stunted firs, and increasing in size as I descended. The character of the road also changed. The rugged pavements and steep stairways of loose and angular rocks had given place to deep-washed gullies, choked at every dozen or more rods with earth-slides and barred by fallen timber—and alternating with these were long causeways and bridges, of half-decayed pine logs, thicker set with traps and gins for horses feet, than was the Valley of the Shadow of Death for the feet of holy pilgrims; as I struggled through these difficult and vexatious passages I thought I heard a faint halloo from far up in the mountain, my horse at the same time stopped and gave a sociable whinny. I supposed the shout came from some of the workmen who had staid behind their companions, and with voice and whip tried to urge my beast forward. Although free enough in his pace heretofore he now resolutely refused to move, but pricked his ears, and, looking back, reiterated his call.

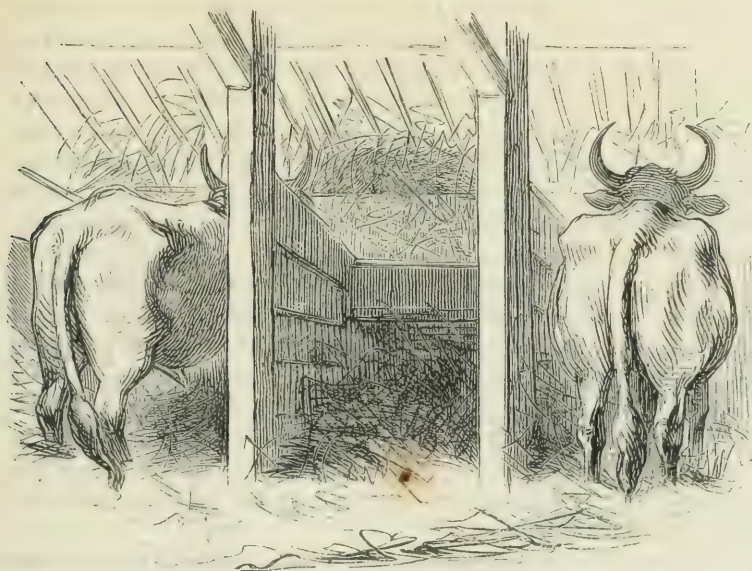
"The creature wants companionship," I thought. So I dismounted, and, seating myself upon a log, allowed my equine friend to solace himself by cropping the grass and leaves within his reach, while I continued to chew the cud of bitter fancies. What pride would have forbidden me to acknowledge, even to myself, while in the matter-of-fact bustle of the world, in this silent solitude might be proclaimed without equivocation or restraint—I love that young girl.

I had known Ellen Hardy from her childhood, I had romped with her, ridden with her, danced with her, and, as she grew older, I had chaperoned her in society, read with her, seconded her in musical duets, and had even talked philosophy with her. I had seen her under all circumstances, and had never seen a woman in whom were combined so much of personal attraction, cheerfulness of temper, and sterling good sense. As an intimate and valued friend of her father I enjoyed a sort of confidential position in the house, and was the oracle which the young lady

consulted on all matters of etiquette, fashion, and taste. Her manner toward me had been always flatteringly deferential; I was always welcomed with cordiality, and felt that I was regretted when my visits were ended. Yet I was so much older than she that I never thought of her, I am sure, in any other light than that of an interesting and cheerful friend, and never indulged in a dream of romance of which she was the heroine. For some years past I had begun to think that my life was an aimless, incomplete affair, wanting some main-spring or essential balance to harmonize its movements. My accidental interview with Ellen in the morning had opened my eyes to the truth, dispelled my vain philosophy, and thrilled me with a passion as sudden and uncontrollable as ever blazed in the breast of one-and-twenty. Ah me! and I fear as absurd and hopeless as most of them. Can not I see too plainly that, with the characteristic subtlety of her sex, she perceives the change in my demeanor, and that I may not wrongly estimate the affectionate cordiality of her greeting, she gracefully but firmly repels me to my former position of an esteemed friend—a title which yesterday I rejoiced in, but to-day I loathe? Well, it is all clear, and with me all settled. Stiffen up, proud heart! no human eye must see your wounds—no human ear hear the confession I have whispered to this lonely forest. After all—perhaps—down; don't suggest doubts, that is weakness.

Another halloo upon the mountain—faint but distinct. She can not be seriously interested in that rattle-brained boy. It is impossible. I could not even respect her if I thought so; yet who knows? By-the-by, what a source of vexation that boy has been to me for the last five years! I never have an opening for an especially agreeable *tête-à-tête* that he doesn't interrupt me. If I attempt a remarkable anecdote, he never fails to trump it with some preposterous exaggeration that attaints all genuineness, or leaves the simple truth cold and impoverished. If I say a pointed thing, he botches it in the repetition, and then asks me how it was? In society he manages to monopolize the girl who is the toast, and invariably saddles me with some horrible megalonyx that feeds on literature. At table, if I set my heart upon a particularly brown biscuit, he is sure to take it before I am ready. He has lamed my favorite horses, shot my pointer-dog, upset my ink, mortified my vanity; and now stands between me and the sunshine that might have warmed my barren soul to life and joy. Yet I can't dislike him. He is so blunderingly obliging, so unconsciously absurd, so unselfish in his marplot zeal, so eager in his mismanaging generosity, that one is forced, in the midst of despair, to laugh and forgive.

My pony suddenly raised his head and set up a joyous whinnying, which was promptly responded to in the same language: and, to my surprise, I saw a couple of mounted travelers coming down the road hard upon us. As soon as they perceived me, the foremost of the cavaliers joined in



SLEEPING APARTMENT AT CRAWFORD'S.

the outcry, with many gesticulations demonstrative of pleasure. My surprise was not abated when I recognized Dick Dashaway and the guide.

"Hurrah, old fellow, we've caught you at last! What a lonesome, breakneck road this is, eh?"

I expressed my astonishment at seeing them, and asked Dick why he had deserted the Squire and company? He replied that, as we had started together, he thought it didn't look well to part from me at this time, and he had brought the guide to look after the horses. I intimated that his concern for me was entirely unnecessary, while his other friends would miss him. In short, I did not consider it altogether kind or polite to leave them.

"Indeed, I will be frank with you, Cousin Robert. I did insist on going with them and left them very reluctantly, I assure you; but Ellen told me it was not honorable to desert my comrade, and that if I did not follow you I would forfeit her respect."

I turned away for a moment to hide the emotion which these words excited.

Dick continued: "And you know, Cousin, I'd follow you to hell if she said so."

"Very cheerfully, my boy, I've no doubt. Was there any thing more said?"

"The Squire said you always were self-willed and stubborn as a mule, and ought to go by yourself, as you had chosen to leave them."

This naïve answer closed the conversation on that subject, and after a few more miles of troublesome riding, we arrived at the Crawford Notch. It was near sunset, and as both men and beasts were dead-tired we lost no time in inquiring for quarters. At this point was one of the principal establish-

ments, erected for the entertainment of the thousands who resort to the White Mountains for summer recreation. The hotel had been lately destroyed by fire, and a large force was employed in rebuilding it on a handsome and more extensive scale. A hundred workmen of all grades, with numerous assistant quadrupeds, were encamped in the stables, ten-pin alleys, and other out-buildings which had escaped the conflagration. We were received with good-humored civility, and our horses accommodated in the most unexceptionable manner. Squeamish folks might have been disposed to turn up their noses at the sleeping apartment offered the bipeds—a stall between two

respectable and well-mannered oxen, with a promise of clean hay. We are not of the fastidious, and accepted the hospitality in the spirit in which it was offered. I have slept soundly on many a worse bed in my time, and very often have passed the night in worse company—oxen don't get drunk and play cards all night.

We supped with the workmen in the ten-pin alley, and made a hearty meal on pork and beans; after which we looked around for something to amuse us until bedtime. Every White Mountain hotel has a bear, who is kept chained to a pole, like Samson, to make sport for the Philistines. The Crawford being a pre-eminent concern, had two full-grown animals and a four months' cub. The male was an old surly rogue, and folks had to be careful how they approached him. As Dick showed no disposition to enlarge his ursine experiences, I asked one of the boys to



THE BEARS.

catch me a frog. This request was speedily complied with, and the goggle-eyed captive tied to the end of a twig. Thus armed I fearlessly approached the vicious brute, who also advanced to meet me as far as his chain permitted. As he reared up, apparently eager to welcome me with a fraternal embrace, I poked the frog in his face. Quick as thought he gave a yell and tumbled backward, evidencing the greatest disgust and trepidation. So I chased him around his tree until his arrogance was completely humbled, and he took refuge under a log, whining piteously. The spectators, and especially the boys, were delighted, and I fear it was a woeful day for Bruin and the frogs when I taught that trick to their enemies.

As we were about retiring to our stall, the foreman, who occupied a part of the ten-pin alley with his family, waited on us and offered us a bed, which two of his boys had agreed to vacate for our accommodation. We frankly accepted the courtesy and enjoyed it. In the morning, too, we took a private breakfast with his family—the bill of fare being enriched with a dish of trout, fresh caught and admirably cooked.

Before the sun had illumined the hill-tops we were again upon the road, both men and horses in fine condition. The Notch is a narrow and romantic gorge, walled in by precipitous rocks and mountains of imposing height. Its entrance resembles a gate-way of Cyclopean masonry, affording scanty room for the rugged highway, and the passage of a brawling stream, one of the sources of the Saco River. Our early morning's ride through this wild rift, halting and turning often to admire its savage ruggedness, forms one of the most agreeable reminiscences of our mountain trip. At the end of two miles the pass widens into a regular valley, and the scenery becomes more commonplace; at the same time the sun had begun to find us out, and I do not

know when I have suffered more from the heat. This was especially the case after our road left the forests and led us through an open, cultivated country, where there was nothing to protect us from the downright blaze. At Jackson we took refuge with one Trickey (a disagreeably suggestive name for a landlord), and there dined and slept until four o'clock in the afternoon. We then mounted and rode to the Glen House, having made a journey of thirty-six miles around the base of that group of hills of which Mount Washington is the chief. Just before reaching our destination we met a fellow riding rapidly down toward Jackson, who, in answer to Dick's inquiry as to what was the matter, informed us that his wagon had stalled with some heavy logs, and he was going for reinforcements to help out.

Our friends were on the porch at the Glen expecting our arrival, and their welcome was flattering. Ellen desired to hear an account of our adventures, which I undertook to furnish, delicately dramatizing the most susceptible points; but Dick interrupted me with such an avalanche of jumbled gasconade that one who didn't know him might have supposed we had just returned from an exploration in the heart of the Andes. I went to the supper-table in disgust.

When we repaired to the parlor after tea, I perceived that there had been considerable accessions to the company during our absence. I joined Ellen Hardy, and in the crowd of strangers hoped to find a quiet opportunity for delivering several effective little speeches which I had carefully prepared during the day's ride. Dick, however, seemed determined to allow me no chance, and whether at the piano, or looking at the stereoscopes, or promenading the room, he was always at her elbow. Whether she observed my vexation and kindly devised a temporary relief I can not say, but I felt pleased and grateful



REINFORCEMENTS.

when she sent him for a glass of water. He started precipitately, as if his life depended on the speedy accomplishment of the order. In the mean time I was astonished to find that I had forgotten entirely what I intended to say, and instead only uttered some awkward and pointless commonplace. With an air of kind concern my companion asked if I was not very much fatigued or unwell.

While reassuring her on these points I felt my usual easy confidence return, and had just begun to recall one of my little orations, when my friend, the megalonyx, entered the room, and waddling directly up to where we sat professed herself enraptured at my safe return. How supremely intense, how inexpressibly exquisite must have been my enjoyments on that long romantic ride! What advantages men possessed over the gentler sex! She envied them; she often wished that Heaven had made her a man. "Ah, Mr. Berkeley, do excuse me for interrupting your charming *tête-à-tête*; but won't you be so kind as to give me your arm for a moment? I see a dear friend over there by the window, and I am such a nervous, foolish creature that I can not cross a room alone before so much company."

I did not groan aloud as I gave her my arm and escorted her to the opposite side of the parlor. As I suspected, the dear friend was an artifice. She did not even pretend to recognize or speak to any one, but declining the seat which I urged her to accept, she hung on to me like the Old Man of the Sea. While she gabbled I cast a despairing look toward the seat I had left. I saw Dick enter with the glass of water, which the lady merely sipped and returned, thereby giving me assurance that she had only sent for it to disembarass herself of his company. True politeness is social freedom, not bondage. I determined to get rid of my incubus at all hazards; but while I meditated a plan, some one at the piano struck up a merry air, and the young people took their places on the floor for a quadrille.

"Do you dance, Mr. Berkeley?" asked Miss Puffin.

I answered, evasively, that I had occasionally danced, but was not fond of it.

"It is not considered an intellectual amusement," she said; "but there is something airy and graceful about it: and really now, if I hadn't this open wrapper on, I could be induced to join the set."

I saw Dick standing up with Ellen, and relying on the fact of the open wrapper, I thought I might risk a civility; so I intimated to Miss Puffin that, had she been in dancing trim, I should have been happy to join the quadrille with her; but as it was—

"Indeed, Sir, I can not refuse you under any circumstances. As you are not fond of dancing I accept the invitation as a personal compliment. So I'll just slip a pin in the wrapper to prevent its flying open—it will not be noticed; and if it is, I am above caring for fashion or form—nature is my idol: I am all nature, Mr. Berkeley—all nature!" she repeated, emphasizing the assertion with her favorite gesture.

Man, in his physical, political, moral, and social relations, is only capable of sustaining a limited amount of pressure. The fable of the camel whose back was broken by the addition of a feather to his burden, finds its moral, daily and hourly, in the current events of our lives. As we took our places I observed that Dick and his partner were convulsed with suppressed laughter. It flashed upon me that they had conspired to place me in a ridiculous position, and I resolved on immediate and ruthless vengeance on all parties concerned, beginning with the victim nearest my elbow. At the next "promenade all round," I *accidentally* trod with my whole weight on my partner's toe. A shrill screech followed, and at the same time losing my balance I fell sprawling on the floor. Over my prostrate body rolled my unfortunate partner with a jar that made the windows rattle. In the confusion that ensued I slipped out of the room, scribbled a hasty note to be handed to Dick Dashaway in the morning, and gave a man five dollars to drive me over to Gorham that night.

The following evening I spent in the city of Montreal, and from thence a two-weeks' tour by way of the St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario, Niagara, and Central Pennsylvania, brought me to my place in the Virginia Mountains. The Hardys, accompanied by Dick, had returned the week before. I had entirely forgotten my ill-humor, and lost no time in paying my respects. I found Dick spreading himself like the American eagle in the morning sun, and we had a world of merriment over our White Mountain adventures. From the course of events since that time it need not be a matter of surprise if our Summer in New England should terminate in an old-fashioned Virginia wedding.

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

SUMMER Winds, whispering over the rye,
 Kissing the roses and hurrying by,
 Where have ye latest been, O where?
 Merrily tangling my maiden's hair?
 Wafting the tresses over her cheek,
 And playing among them at hide-and-seek?
 Or trying, with delicate scents of the South,
 To rival the breath from her own sweet mouth?

Tell me, Summer Winds, fresh and fair,
Where have ye latest been, O where?
But the balmy breezes floated away,
Daintily sighing—no word said they.

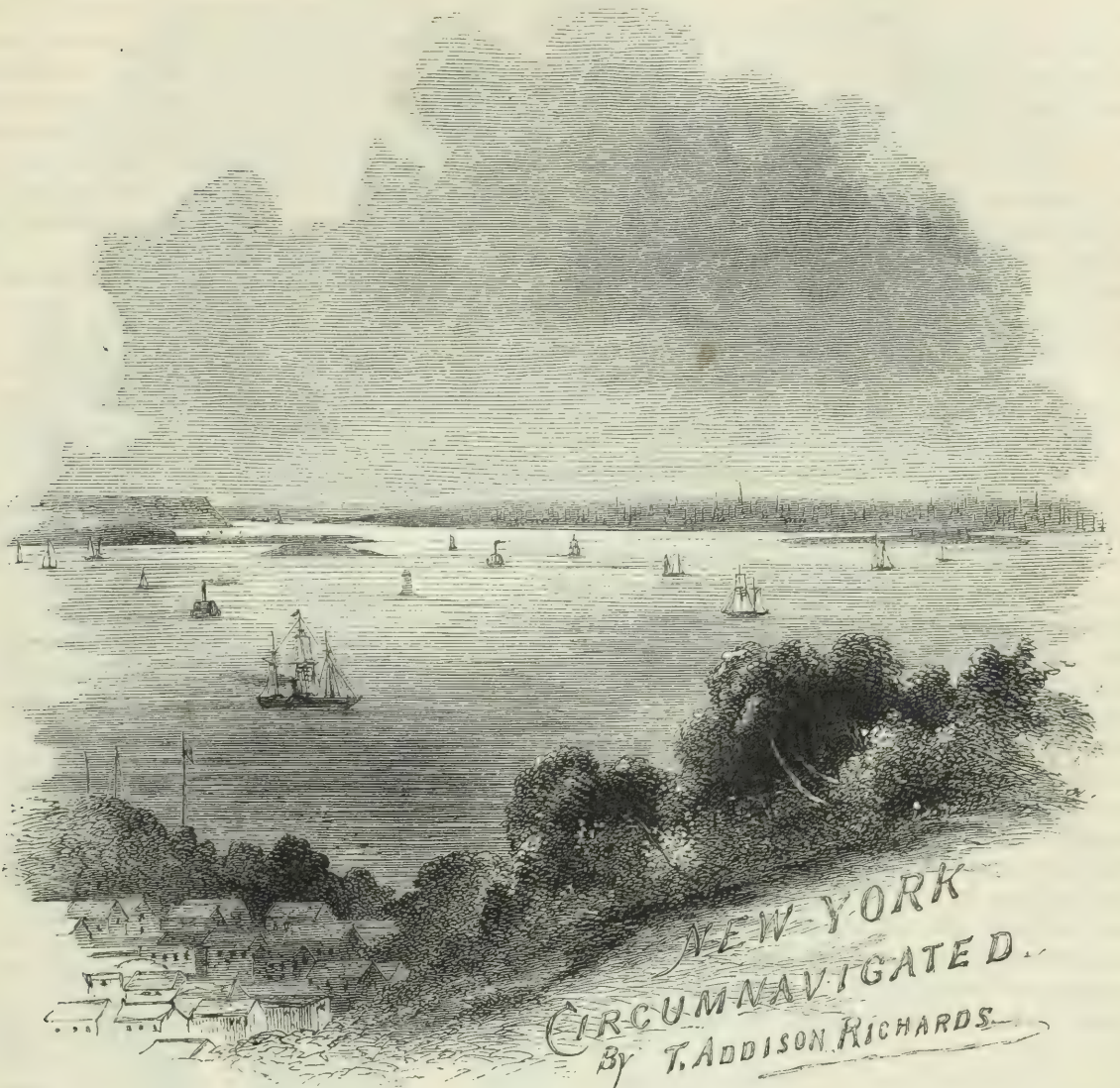
Bear ye no word from my maiden to me?
Did she not whisper her love to ye?
Ah! well do I know that her fondest dreams
By the sun's warm light or the moon's pale beams
Are ever of me; and the love she bears
Oft breaks from her sweet lips unawares!
Has she not murmured some tender word,
That ye, as ye floated by, have heard?
Tell me, Summer Winds, frolic and free,
What word has my maiden sent to me?
But the balmy breezes frolicked away,
Daintily sighing—no word said they.

O, faithless Winds! since thus ye are still,
And bring no message my heart to thrill,
I will send ye again to my maiden's side,
To tell her I'll meet her at even-tide.
So fly—fly fast o'er the waving rye—
The roses are lovely, but pass them by—
Bid them to wait for the kisses they crave,
And linger not on the rivulet's wave.
Hasten, O Summer Winds, sighing above,
Tell her this night shall she meet her love!
The balmy breezes floated away,
And the roses wept that they would not stay.

Around the hill the Summer Winds sped,
Whirling and eddying overhead;
Waving the moss on the cottage eaves,
Rustling the feathery locust-leaves,
Brushing the dew-drops, glimmering yet
On the odorous blooms of the mignonnette,
Till they reached a garden, kept with care,
And found a beautiful maiden there,
Alone in an arbor, where misty lines
Of sunshine fell through the tangled vines.
Then the balmy breezes sought her ear,
And the words they whispered were low but clear.

They lifted the tresses of gold and brown
That over her white neck floated down;
They said, in a musical, breezy voice,
"Thy lover is coming, Sweet Child, rejoice!
When Hesperus' light in the west grows dim
Thy lover will seek thee; be ready for him!"
The maiden heard, and a rosy glow
Flushed up to her cheek from her heart below,
And the Summer Winds caught, as they circled by,
Her perfumed breath in a gentle sigh.
Then the balmy breezes frolicked away,
And soon in the rose-leaves nestled they.

GEORGE ARNOLD.



“**A** VERY good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see!” was the unctuous ejaculation which rolled from the lips of the stout and staid old explorer, Hendrick Hudson, when he first gazed, two and a half centuries ago, upon that wondrous scene, now famous the wide world over as the Bay and City of New York.

Not one of all the millions whose eyes have since been blessed as were those of the “ancient mariner” has failed to echo his pleasurable sentiment, and in a crescendo of satisfaction commensurate with that ever-growing beauty of the

landscape which has made the waters—once silent, save only when rippled by the stealthy passage of the birch canoe—tuneful with the flutter of a thousand sail, gathered from remotest seas; and which has covered the lonely forest-shores, far as the sight can scan, with the habitations of a great and happy people, until the wild home of the savage now stands transformed into the Empire City of a New World.

The peep here proposed at this land, so “pleasant to see” long ago, in its rude primeval garb, and so much more winsome now in its rich and rare adornment of human art and opulence, will be, for the most part, from the all-surrounding waters and their more immediate shores, with such occasional incursions into the interior as the nature of the case may demand.

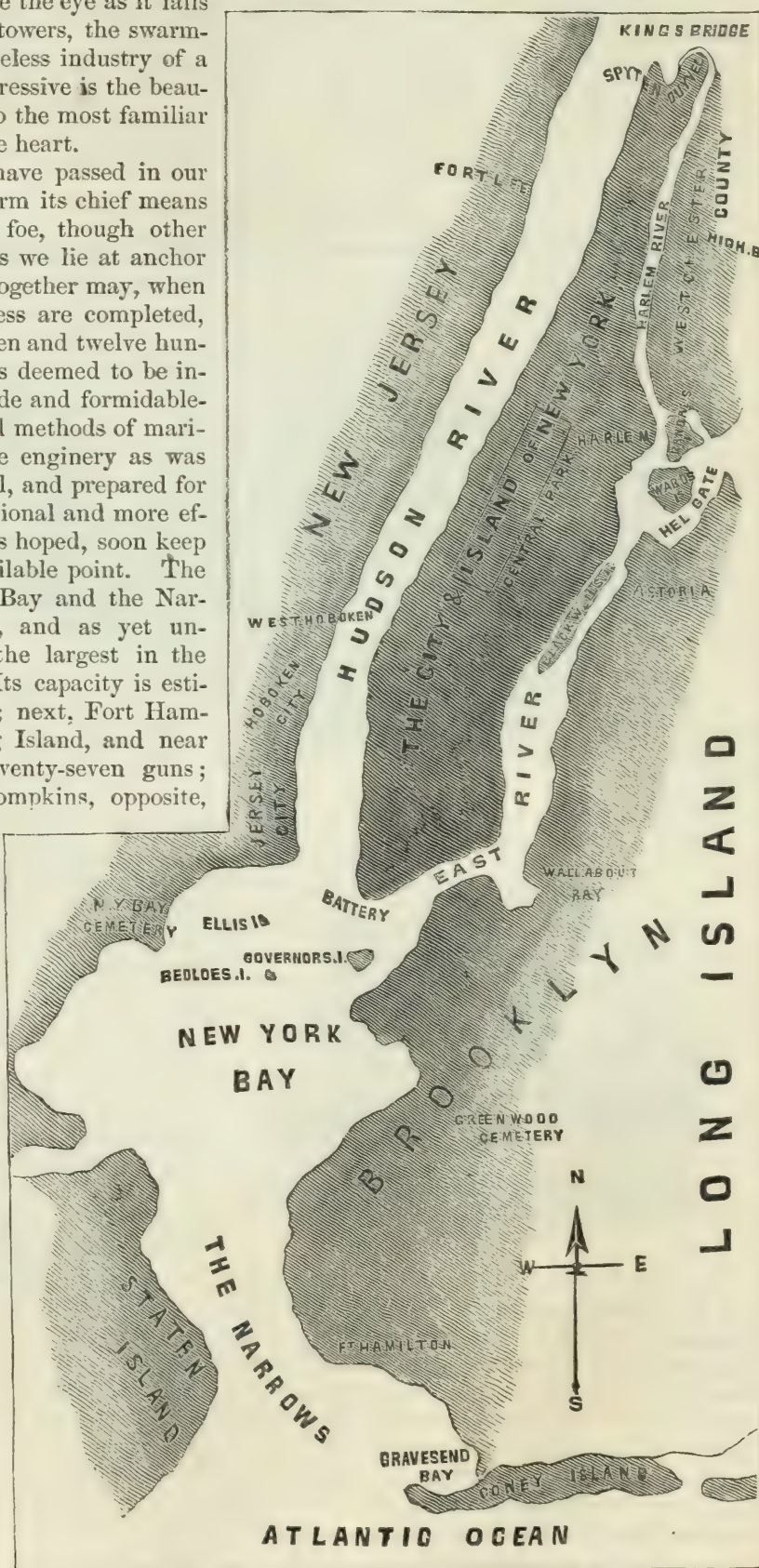
At the cape on the Jersey shore known as Sandy Hook, and lying some thirty miles south of the great metropolis, the voyager is at the extremity of the lower, or outer bay, and is considered to have fairly begun or ended his ocean cruise, as he may chance to be outward or homeward bound. Approaching the city thence, the transit of half the intervening distance will bring him to the “Narrows,” the famous passage which connects the outer with the inner harbor. On the right, at this point, the sweep-

ing skirts of Long Island trail in the sea, turned up in the way of a hem, with the classic shores of that redoubtable suburban resort for ocean sports and pleasures, Coney Island. On the other hand are the bold hill-slopes of Staten Island, radiant every where with sunny village and villa. On either side, as he sails along, frowning fortresses indicate the proximity of the life and treasure they are placed to guard; and the splendors of which soon dazzle the eye as it falls upon the countless roofs and towers, the swarming population, and the ceaseless industry of a great maritime capital. Impressive is the beautiful spectacle always, even to the most familiar sight and to the least sensitive heart.

The fortresses which we have passed in our ocean approach to the city form its chief means of defense against a foreign foe, though other lesser works are around us as we lie at anchor in the harbor. All of them together may, when improvements now in progress are completed, be able to mount between eleven and twelve hundred guns. Their strength is deemed to be insufficient against the magnitude and formidableness of the present means and methods of maritime assault—of such terrible enginery as was recently opposed to Sebastopol, and prepared for Cronstadt; and various additional and more effective constructions will, it is hoped, soon keep watch at each and every assailable point. The fortifications in the Lower Bay and the Narrows include an unfinished, and as yet unbaptized work—said to be the largest in the country—at Sandy Hook. Its capacity is estimated at two hundred guns; next, Fort Hamilton, eighty guns—on Long Island, and near by, Fort Lafayette, with seventy-seven guns; Fort Richmond and Fort Tompkins, opposite, on Staten Island, the former with one hundred and forty, and the latter with forty guns; and batteries Hudson and Morton, sixty guns, also on Staten Island. In the inner harbor there is Fort Columbus, Castle William, and South Battery, on Governor's Island, with an aggregate strength of one hundred and eighty-two pieces; Fort Wood, sixty-seven guns, on Bedloe's Island; some inconsiderable defenses on Ellis's Island, and Castle Clinton (more popularly known as Castle Garden), at the city pleasure-ground of the Battery. Last, and chiefest of all, is Fort Schuyler, a casemated fort of great strength, and mounting two hundred and forty-nine guns, protecting the entrance to the East River from Long Island Sound.

Fort Richmond is a mod-

ern fabric, large and casemated, on the site of the old water battery of the same name. Fort Tompkins is a new work, now in process of erection, also near the site of an ancient namesake. Fort Hamilton, which is reached by a pleasant sail of eight miles down the bay, is a favorite suburban resort; a little hamlet lies around it, and conveniently near is a large summer hotel. The locality affords excellent opportunities for



MAP OF NEW YORK CITY AND VICINAGE.



THE BATTERY.

the refreshment of sea-bathing. Passengers thither are dropped by the boats which pass between the city and Coney Island.

The fortifications on Staten Island are equally interesting destinations on a morning ramble, the journey, no less than that to Fort Hamilton, involving the delightful voyage down the bay, and leading to many marvelously picturesque points of view on the shores and the overlooking hill-tops. If the stranger would see New York in one of its most charming aspects, or if the citizen would refresh his wearied soul with an hour's cheering communion with Nature in her heartiest and most inspiring mood, let him hie to the happy retreats of Staten Island. Great

is the pleasure and small the cost of the journey, for—as may happily be said of each of the attractive points in the vicinage of the town—a poor little sixpence will buy it at any hour.

One of the busiest places on the island is the thriving village of Tompkinsville, opposite the Quarantine Ground, at the Narrows. Back of this village the ground rises boldly to an elevation of some three hundred feet, overlooking land and sea for miles around, and commanding, among other wonderful scenes, the view of the bay and city presented in our frontispiece. Down in the fore-ground, at the left of the picture, is a glimpse of a portion of the town and of the site of the hospitals, which were offered as a



THE EAST RIVER.



BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

holocaust to the popular indignation at the time of the memorable Quarantine rebellion, in the summer of 1857. The hospitals, though sufficiently isolated when first built, had, in the course of years and with the growth of the population, come to stand, with all their peril to the public health, in the midst of crowded homes; so much so, that when the authorities neglected to comply with the demand for their removal to some more suitable place, the impatient populace took the matter into their own hands, and settled it by burning the obnoxious structures to the ground. They were subsequently rebuilt, in part, and were again temporarily used; but the patients were finally removed to the present floating-hospitals, miles below the old quarters, at the locality known as the West Bank.

In the neighborhood of the Quarantine ground are Forts Tompkins and Richmond, already referred to, and near them is the picturesque height of Signal Hill, crowned with the telegraph which announces the coming of the yet far-off voyager to the watchers in the city above.

Staten Island, or Staaten Eylandt as the ancient Dutch settlers wrote the name, was known to the Indians under the euphonious appellation of Squehonga Manackmong. It forms a considerable and an important part of the Empire State, extending some fourteen miles in length, and about eight miles at the point of its greatest breadth. Guarding as it does the great access to the city from the sea, it is, in a military point of view, a place of high consequence. So the British General, Sir William Howe, regarded it, when he established himself there, first of all, at the period of the American Revolution, keeping possession from 1776 to the close of the contest.

The island, lying as it does within half an hour's sail of the metropolis, and possessing great and varied topographical advantages, has become a favorite resort for summer residence, and many are the stately chateaux and the cozy cottages which crown its beautiful heights or nestle in its peaceful glens.

At the most northern point of the island, where it is separated from the New Jersey shore by the Kills, as the little strait here is called, lies New Brighton—a winsome village of country seats, much esteemed by the denizens of the city when the dog-star rages. New Brighton presents the pleasantest of faces to the water, and looks out upon a picture equally attractive in return.

A little west of this village are the grounds of that famous charity for superannuated sons of the sea, known as the Sailor's Snug Harbor. This fortunate establishment was founded in 1801, by Captain Randall, and endowed by him with farm-lands then far out of the city proper, and valued at the time at some fifty thousand dollars; but which are at this day in the heart of the most densely-populated and most valuable section of the metropolis, and are measured by inches instead of acres. Little did the worthy Captain, however sagacious he was, know, in 1801, how great his generous gift would be sixty years after, and how many thankful lips would bless his bounty. To see the fruits of a good deed, one has but to gaze upon the pleasure of the veterans here looking out from their quiet haven upon the passing craft, and living over again, in grateful memory and reverie, the scenes and incidents of their adventurous lives.

Bedloe's Island, lying in the inner harbor, midway between the Narrows and the city, is distinguished as the place for the execution of pirates. It was here that the infamous Hicks lately expiated his fearful crimes.

Governor's Island, yet nearer to the city, is occupied with the defenses of Castle William and Fort Columbus. The rolling green-sward, which is now broken here and there only by the shadow of a disconsolate tree, was once covered by a luxuriant growth of shrubbery, and was then called Nut or Nutten Island. This was in the ancient days of Dutch predominance. Formerly it was, no doubt, a portion of Long Island, adjoining. The good people of New Amsterdam were wont to drive their cattle from the one point to the other, so shallow was the channel which



EAST RIVER AND BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—DOWN FROM JONES'S WOOD.

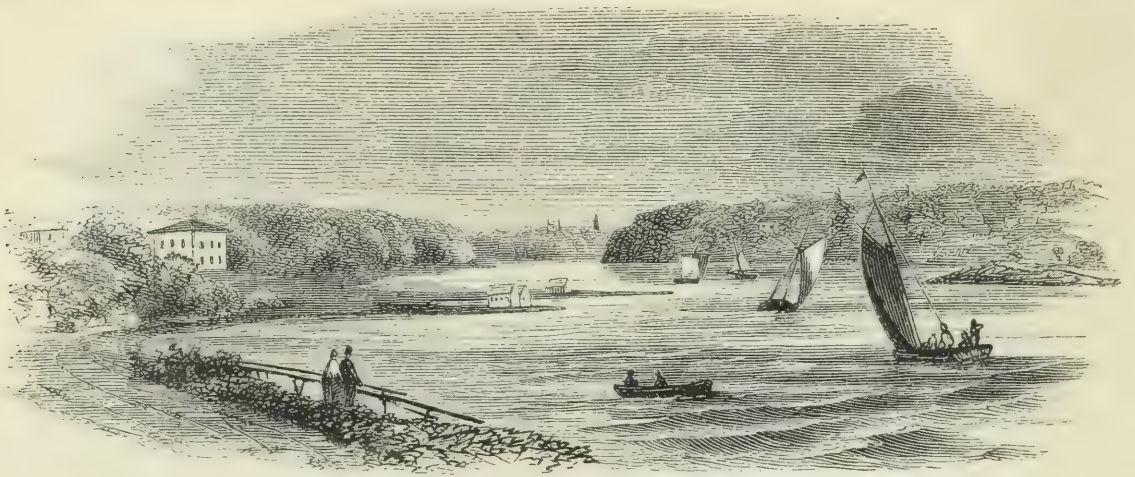
intervened in their day. The abrasion of the shores by the waves, and the filling in of the lower part of the city gradually widened and deepened the passage, until it became profound enough to give that safe transit to the market boats loaded with butter-milk, from whence came its present name of Butter-milk Channel. At this day it is sufficiently deep for the passage of the largest ships.

Before leaving the harbor it will be pleasant to lend our gaze for a moment to the two great Cities of the Silent, sleeping in quiet shades on either side—the beautiful hills and glades of Greenwood on the Long Island shore, and the solemn haunts of the New York Bay Cemetery on the Jersey coast, opposite. Greenwood is

picturesquely situated upon Gowanus Heights, in the southern part of Brooklyn. It covers some three hundred and thirty acres of very varied topographical beauty, adorned by much attractive embellishment, in landscape gardening and monumental architecture. It may be readily reached by railway at any moment, from the ferry landings at Brooklyn. The New York Bay Cemetery occupies one hundred acres, all liberally and charmingly adorned. The usual access is by ferry or railway from Jersey City. To explore the scenic wonders of these solemn homes of the dead, in the traverse of their endless paths and avenues, now stealing into shady glens and now looking abroad over the surrounding sea and cities, or to think of past and future, in



SCENE AT JONES'S WOOD, EAST RIVER.



HELL GATE, EAST RIVER, FROM ASTORIA, LONG ISLAND.

reverie and musing, among the quiet tombs, might easily and happily employ the longest summer day.

The harbor and its islets now passed, the eye is dazzled by the pride and pomp of the metropolis, and the ear is filled with the rushing sound of its busy life. We may, perhaps, better understand the scene with the aid of a hasty peep at its antecedents in history and character.

Our earliest knowledge of the region is gathered from the log of the old Dutch skipper, Hudson, the first European who ever visited it. Hudson entered the Bay of New York and sailed up the great river, afterward named in his honor, in his valiant little craft the *Half-Moon*, on the 9th of September, 1609. At that period the country was occupied by a tribe of the Lenni Lenapé Indians, a great nation which extended from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. The year following that of the discovery of the country another vessel visited it, under the patronage of the Dutch, who were then the richest commercial people in the world, and, three years afterward, that is, in 1612, there came yet two other adventurers, and in 1613 still three more vessels made their appearance. With these arrivals the settlement and trade of the present metropolis was fairly commenced. The first charter was granted by the Dutch Government in 1614, and the region was then formally invested with its ancient name of the New Netherlands. Huts and houses gradually sprung up, and at length a rude fort was erected for the protection of the settlers. Thenceforward the population and the trade increased, under the succeeding administrations of the Dutch, the English, and the Americans, until the cabin here and there, and the little exchange of furs and furbelows of the seventeenth century, has grown into the mighty city and the magnificent commerce of the present day. For the details of the thousand and one incidents in all this eventful progress of two and a half centuries, we must refer the reader to the proper histories, excepting as we may now and then be led, as we said, to look back into the shadows of the past for light upon the picture of the present.

The Island of New York, or of Manhattan, as

it was more melodiously called of yore, has a length, in a general direction north and south, of some fourteen and a half miles, with a breadth varying from half a mile to two miles or more. Its area is twenty-one and three-quarter square miles, or thirteen thousand nine hundred and twenty acres, exclusive of what has been, or may be, reclaimed from the rivers and marshes around. This entire surface is embraced within the city limits, and all of it is, more or less, covered by the city streets and residences. The island and city is also the County of New York. The population of the city can not, at this time, fall much short of one million, exclusive of another half million in the neighboring cities of Brooklyn and Jersey City, and other immediate suburbs.

In continuing our journey around the Island City, we shall—starting from the lower extremity, where the East and the North or Hudson Rivers meet in the Bay—traverse the first-mentioned waters on the east, and thence enter and follow the Harlem River, still on the eastern side, until we meet the Spuyten Duyvel at the upper end of the city. The eccentric windings of this valorous little river, will lead us around the northern boundary of the island into the great waters of the Hudson on the west, through which we shall readily regain our starting-point in the bay or harbor.

The first scene of interest to us, as to all who approach the island from the south, is the Battery, a crescent-shaped domain at the lower extremity of the city. This venerable spot is dear to all New Yorkers for its picturesque delights, and doubly dear through its intimate association with the whole life and history of the city. It may be said to have been, at one time, the city itself; for here, or in the immediate neighborhood, was it that the old pioneers erected the humble cabins and established the little trading-posts from which the present capital has sprung. Its warlike name grew out of the early employment which was naturally made of the locality for military defenses, though its associations have been chiefly with scenes and incidents of peace and pleasure. The rude rocks which once occupied the ground soon vanished as the settle-

ment expanded; pleasant paths, overshadowed by spreading boughs, stole into their wild places, and the present park appeared, to the delight of other days as of the present, and, let us hope, of the future forever. It was here that the worthy burghers of the past loved to loll in summer evenings, watching the ripples on the blue waters of the beautiful bay, as they came ever and anon into view through luxuriant clouds of philosophic smoke. Here was it that the good vrows plied their industrious needles while watching

the happy gambols of the future mynheers of the town; and here, too, was it that simple youth and maiden whispered simpler tales of love in the quiet glimpses of the moon. In later days, noble gentlemen and stately dames gravely displayed their courtly graces here, in the morning and evening promenade. Of many a stirring spectacle has the time-honored spot been the theatre—in military parade, civic ceremonial, and municipal courtesy. Here Washington was welcomed when he visited the city to be inaugurated as the first President of the Great Republic; here Lafayette, too, was received at a later day, and after him all the honored guests of the city down to the dignitaries of the Japanese Embassy, and the young prince and lords of England during the year just gone by.

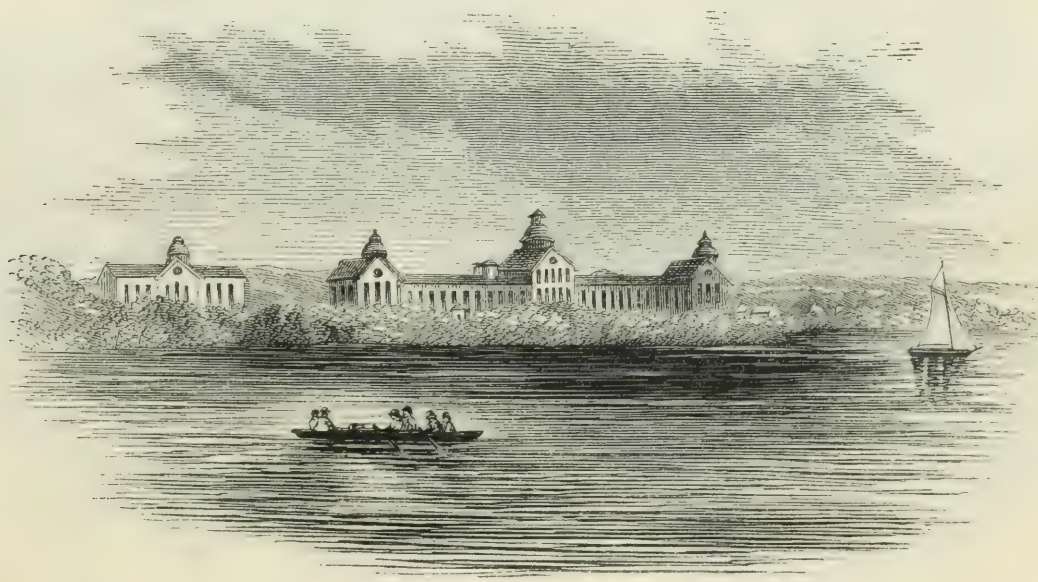
The ancient fortress, known as Castle Garden, which now stands on the margin of the Battery-grounds, was originally built on a mole, and was connected with the shore by a wooden bridge. The recent extension seaward has absorbed this causeway, turned the intervening waters into

terra firma, and placed the fort upon the island itself. Castle Garden lost its military character—forever we trust—as long ago as 1823, at which period it was ceded by the United States to the city of New York. Afterward it became a popular place of public amusement. Ice-creams were sipped for many years within its venerable walls. On summer nights the air was filled with the strains of the lyric stage, in all the brilliant array of concert and opera. The immense capacity of the edifice—which is six hundred feet in circumference and sufficient for the accommodation of fifteen thousand people—caused it to be selected for the first appearance in America of Jenny Lind, and here the songstress was heard, night after night, by as many as the place could hold.

The walks and trees of the old park still remain fresh and green, and the picture, which the spot overlooks, of wide waters and distant shores, is now more beautiful than ever, but the social aspect has changed, and probably for aye. The city now, no longer confined to the little lower



SCENE ON THE EAST RIVER, FROM ASTORIA.



RANDALL'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, FROM ASTORIA.

end of the island, has marched away leagues beyond, leaving its old site comparatively deserted. To visit it at this day from the fashionable quarters of the town involves the time and labor of a long journey by omnibus or railway. Rivals, too, have sprung up elsewhere in many different neighborhoods; and last of all, that happy one, the great public resort now growing into such varied and wondrous beauty under the name of the Central Park. Yet not even these noble grounds, with all their extent and culture, can surpass the old Battery in its charming glimpses of the busy bay, or in its luscious bounty of fresh sea airs. These virtues yet remain intact, though fashion no longer enlivens the spot, and though the old castle has been transferred from a hall of dainty pleasures into a noisy receptacle for the debarking emigrants from foreign lands. Leaving the Battery on the left, and entering the East River, a wonderful panorama greets the eye—such a picture as only a vast maritime capital can present. Far as the sight may follow the windings of the waters, all is instinct with life and action. Great ships, bearing the flags of every clime, crowd the wharves, their forest of masts and spars hiding the view of the walls and roofs beyond. Craft of every class are moving hither and thither, darting across each other's path, as their varying courses lead; while, as if yet more to confound the seeming confusion, ponderous ferry-boats are forever crossing and recrossing here, there, and every where—altogether, a scene of crowded and tumultuous movement, unparalleled in the New World, unless it be in the

ceaseless rush and roar of the great thoroughfare of Broadway close by.

The East River is properly a part of Long Island Sound, which waters it reunites with the Atlantic through the Bay of New York. The first settlement of New Amsterdam was made upon that portion of its shores which we are now passing in our starting from the Battery. Until a recent period, it was the marine dépôt of the city, and is so to this day in a great measure—although the immense expansion of our commerce has necessitated the gradual occupation of the wharves on the North River, as the Hudson is called in contradistinction to the East.

Continuing our voyage, the first objects of interest are the great packet-ships which sail between the metropolis and the European ports. They lie at or adjoining the ancient wharves of the old town, many of which still bear their original names, as Coenties Slip, Burling and Old Slips, Wall Street, etc. Wall Street, now the mighty financial heart of the city, was, during the Dutch epoch, the upper extremity of civilization. The boundary walls, in this direction, stood here, giving to the famous locality its present name.

Half a mile up the river we are in the vicinage of the principal ferries between the metropolis and the city of Brooklyn on the opposite shore. The first ferry ever established was between a point below Peck Slip, on the New York side, and the present landing-place of the Fulton Ferry on the opposite shore. At the period these localities were much beyond the city limits, but were chosen on account of the narrowness of the

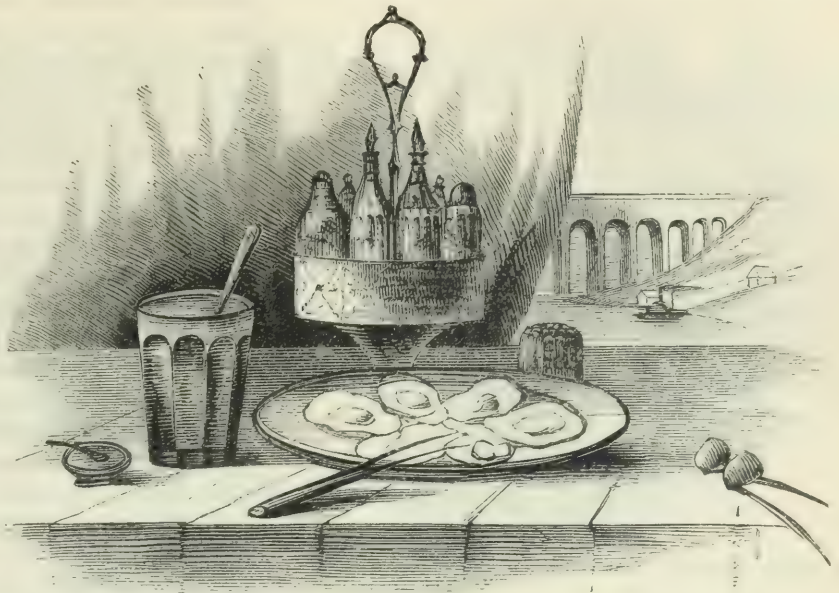


BASS FISHING IN THE EAST RIVER.

river there, and the consequent reduction of the labor required to stem the great force of the current. The first ferry-house was built on the corner of Broad and Garden streets, now Exchange Place. At this remote period Cornelius Dircksen rowed all the good folk across who had occasion to pass from the city to the Long Island shore, and his work was not over and above laborious at that. This was during the first half of the seventeenth century. In the year 1658 the ferry lease was sold at auction at an annual

rent of three hundred guilders. In 1810 the row-boats, or pirogues, gave place to the more efficient horse-boat, and four years later steam was introduced, Fulton having lately, in these very waters, triumphantly demonstrated the practicability of that wondrous agent in its application to navigation. The first steam ferry-boat employed was called the *Nassau*, and commenced its trips on the 8th of May, 1814, running during the day time only. Night trips were not introduced until 1827. At this time there are some ten ferries to Brooklyn and its vicinage, all well supplied with commodious and stanch steamers, *en route* incessantly night and day. Their average burden is about four hundred tons, and at certain seasons and hours they carry—so great is the travel—a thousand passengers at a time, besides horses and vehicles. This while passing and repassing every ten or fifteen minutes.

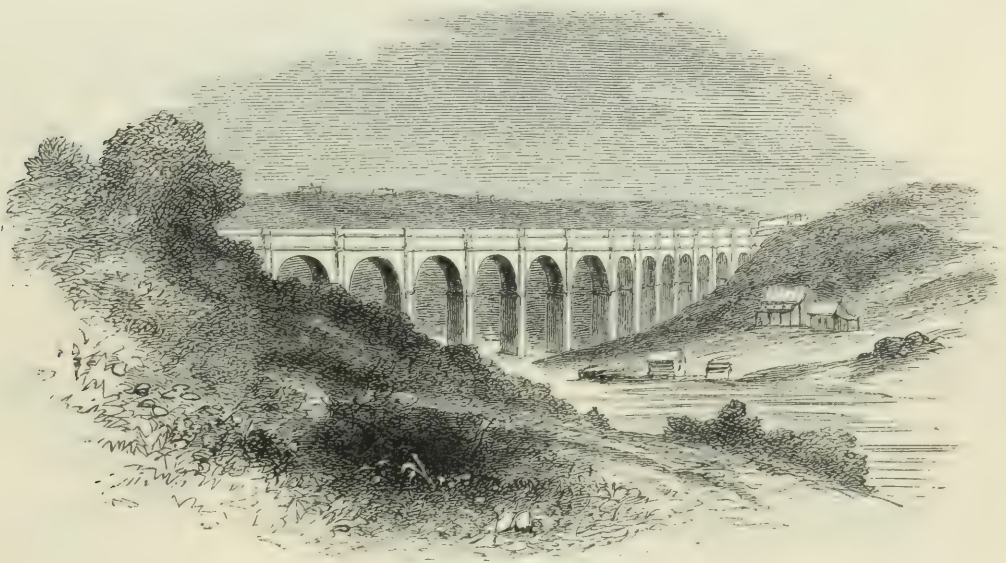
Adjoining the largest of the Brooklyn ferries is the Fulton Market—the most extensive of the city institutions of this class. It makes no sign



VIEW AT "FLORENCE'S," AT M'COMB'S DAM, HARLEM RIVER.

from the water, but stepping ashore in the early morning, we may see a sight which, of itself, will reveal the whole story of the surging life around us—the hecatombs of edibles of all sorts at once suggesting the idea of the myriad mouths they are destined to fill. The merry bustle of the spectacle is very likely to induce a strong appetite for action of some shape, if not for breakfast. It is commended as an effective stimulant to the indolent and ennuied.

Let us here follow the crowds, ever going or coming thence, to the opposite bank of the river. The wondrous expansion of our metropolis is strikingly seen in the fact that, from the mere overflow of its ever-increasing population, one of its suburbs has, within the short lapse of a quarter of a century, itself become so great a city as to be to-day, numerically, the third in rank in the republic. Though founded as early as 1625, Brooklyn was, at the period of the Revolution and of the memorable struggle within its borders, known in history as the Battle of Long Island. Only a little settlement, the houses in which



THE HIGH BRIDGE.



RESIDENCE OF MADAME JUMEL, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

might easily have been counted from the opposite shore. It was only in 1808 that it was promoted from its humble village rank to the dignity of a town, and its city charter dates no further back than 1834. Its population to-day can not fall much short of three hundred thousand; and with so fair a prospect of continued increase that, at some not far-off day, she may presume to dispute precedence with her mother-capital, of whom she even now speaks as "our sister city."

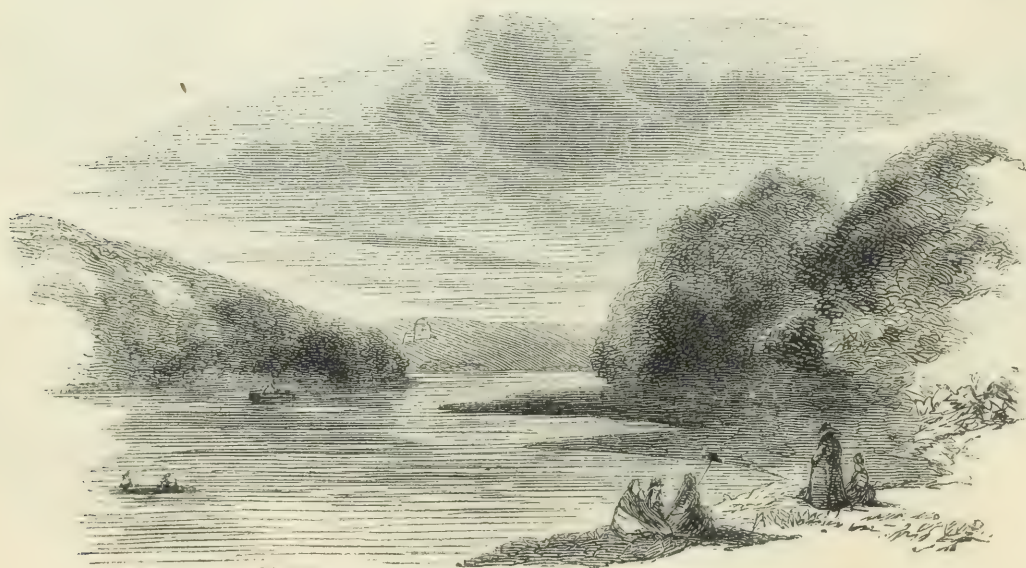
At the abrupt turn which the river makes in this neighborhood, we pass Corlear's Hook on the New York bank—once the farm-land of Antony Van Corlear, the redoubtable esquire of Peter Stuyvesant in the New Amsterdam period; and upon the Long Island side the waters of the Wallabout Bay, historically interesting as the site of the earliest settlement of Brooklyn, afterward as the anchorage of the terrible prison-ships of the British during their occupation of New York in the Revolution, and now as the location of the United States Navy-yard.

Above and around the Wallabout is Williamsburg, formerly a distinct city, but now merged

in Brooklyn under the title of the Eastern Division. Yet beyond is Greenpoint, and on the opposite bank of the Newtown Creek, which enters the river here, is Hunter's Point, the last of the business suburbs of the metropolis in this direction, and the beginning of the charming villa settlements of Ravenswood and Astoria.

This is the vicinage of the great ship-yards of the city. These establishments are gathered around upon either shore, making all the air resonant with "the sound of hammers, blow on blow," and exposing to the curious gaze all the patient and laborious process of marine architecture, from the anxious laying of the keel to the preparations for the exultant launch. Here or there may be seen the craft of every species, from the shrill-voiced tug or ferry-boat to the thunder-lunged and iron-wrought steamship—from the saucy little pleasure-yacht, eager to leap forth into the laughing waves, to the shadowy hulk of the grim warrior, solemnly growing into its earnest life. Among the scenes of this class most pleasurably visited on the city side are the great founderies known as the Novelty Works, at the foot of Twelfth Street, the yards of William H. Webb and Co., Thomas Colyer, C. E. Delemater, Roosevelt, Joyce and Co., and the Westervelt yard. On the opposite shore are the establishments of Webb and Bell, Henry Steers, Simonson and Co., Sneed, Rowland, and Co., and E. F. Williams, all at Greenpoint; and Lawrence and Foulkes and Edward Lupton in Williamsburg. The aggregate cost of the vessels constructed in the various yards during the past year is estimated at nearly three and a quarter millions of dollars.

The Dry Dock, at the foot of Tenth Street, is a structure of rare marvel. So complete and powerful is its operation that the largest ship may be "docked," or lifted high and dry out of the water and secured for repairs, in the brief space of four hours and twenty minutes. Ten years were passed and eighty thousand tons of stone were employed in its construction. The outlay involved exceeded two millions one hun-



UP THE HARLEM RIVER, FROM THE HIGH BRIDGE.



DOWN THE HARLEM RIVER, FROM THE HIGH BRIDGE.

dred and fifty thousand dollars. It is said to be the largest dry dock in the world.

At the foot of Twenty-seventh Street we pass the ancient foundation of Bellevue Hospital. At Thirty-sixth Street is Kip's Bay, and at Forty-seventh Street is Turtle Bay, both points of importance during the war of the Revolution. At that time redoubts stood here, as also at the locality of the Shot Tower, a few blocks above. Hereabouts we are opposite the lower extremity of Blackwell's Island, and are exchanging the metropolitan aspect of the city shore for something like its ancient rocky and wooded look. The streets are fast finding their inexorable way, however, to the river, in this neighborhood, as they have done below. This wooded interval, which continues until we approach that part of the metropolis yet distinctively known as Harlem, is chiefly occupied in the way of rural resorts for the people on gala days and at holiday hours. Jones's Wood is a famous place of the kind, patronized, as is Conrad's Park and Hamilton Park, in the same quarter, by the Germanic portion of the inhabitants. Here, from booths and summer-houses, looking out upon the river through the sheltering foliage of venerable trees, many parties of both sexes and of all ages sit and sip their beloved lager, as in the blessed gardens of Faderland. To vivify the delight varied sports are provided, in the form of shooting-galleries, fandango travel, and, on high festal occasions, of most excellent vocal and orchestral music.

At Jones's Wood we are nearly opposite the centre of Blackwell's Island, and not far from the ferry thence to the foot of Sixty-first Street. This ferry is a half-hourly row-boat communica-

tion, under the direction of the Island authorities. Blackwell's Island lies lengthwise on the river, extending from north to south about a mile, and having a breadth of a stone's toss. It divides the river into two channels—that on the left hand washing the city shore and leading into the Harlem waters, the other, passing Ravenswood and Astoria, on Long Island, into the Sound. It is the most southerly of the group of islets which contribute so greatly to the picturesque character of the region. Seen, as they generally are, at sunset or sunrise by the departing or arriving voyagers, on the great steamers which travel the Sound routes between New York and Boston, their appearance is wonderfully varied and attractive—their diversified forms, their turreted walls, towers, and domes, the surrounding villages and villas, the distant city, the passing and repassing sails far and near, and the gold and purple glories of the sky, making a rare and surprising combination of picturesque effect. Many fine views of this portion of the city vicinage are afforded from the high grounds of the upper division of the new Central Park. It is not, however, for their natural beauty, great as that is, that these islands are most famous, but rather as the site of many of the excellent charitable and correctional establishments of the



MORRIS'S DOCK AND HIGH BRIDGE—DOWN THE HARLEM.



THE HARLEM AND THE HUDSON.—UPPER END OF THE CITY.

city—these defenses against the assaults of vice and crime literally covering their whole surface. The little area of Blackwell's Island alone contains the city Penitentiary, the Work-house, the Alms-house, hospitals, and a Lunatic Asylum, all of which are massive and imposing stone structures. Upon Ward's Island, next above, is the Emigrant Hospital; and upon Randall's Island, yet beyond, are the edifices of the House of Refuge. Some idea of the service performed by these establishments may be gathered from the fact, that the average number of inmates within their walls—those in Bellevue Hospital, just below, upon the city shore, included—is nearly seven thousand. On the last Saturday of the past year (1860) there remained in the Bellevue Hospital 1033 patients, in the Lunatic Asylum 711, in the Alms-house 1770, in the Work-house 1082, in the Penitentiary 762, and upon Randall's Island 886 persons. Two hundred children were sent from the last-named point, during the past year, to pleasant homes among the farmers of the West. "The Institutions," as they are familiarly called, are carefully fostered by the people, and are formally exhibited, with great pride, to the distinguished visitors and guests of the city. Blackwell's Island is, at its nearest point, about four miles from the City Hall, and Randall's Island is at a distance of seven and a half miles. Ward's and Randall's Islands were formerly called Great and Little Barn Islands.

It is in passing the islands to or from the Sound that the navigator encounters the once terrible and still dangerous whirlpool of Hell Gate, off the beautiful shore at the village of Astoria. The terrors of this transit lie in the swift and capricious currents, and in the treacherous points of submerged rocks. In other days it required as much temerity to dare their dangers as it does now to penetrate the mysteries of

the poles. Tradition says that the Hell Gate rocks, which have been much reduced of late years by submarine blasting, were, at a far remote period, above the surface, and were used as stepping-stones across the strait. Tradition does not, however, mention the stature or length of limb of the race which then peopled the region.

Returning to the channel on the opposite side of the islands, and continuing our voyage from Jones's Wood, we soon reach the ancient village of Harlem, founded just two hundred years ago as the terminus of a country ride from New Amsterdam. It has served that excellent purpose ever since, though its little individuality is fast falling into that of the great city of which it is a part, the avenues and streets of the lower end of the island now traversing its precincts in unbroken order. The Harlem Railway through the Fourth Avenue, and horse-railways on the Third and Second Avenues, link it closely and cheaply with all parts of the metropolis below. At Harlem we are fairly at the end of the city streets and wharves, as the upper end of the island, extending still some four miles to King's Bridge, has not yet fallen a prey to the leveling despotism of the surveyor, except in the form of a net-work of charming country seats, and here and there a village nook. The region still retains its ancient rural aspect, looking out upon the surrounding waters through gentle valley slopes, or from the summit of bold, forest-crowned, and rock-ribbed hill-sides. To the citizen wearied with the endless streets its beauties are especially grateful, whether he ride through the lanes and roads of the interior or, like us, skirt the quiet shores. Strange that it should be so little known to the million around! Happily, within the last year or two, ways and means of public enlightenment in regard to it have sprung up, in the form of a route of pleas-



THE HARLEM RIVER—DOWN, FROM THE CENTURY HOUSE.

ure travel through that portion of it upon which we shall immediately enter. Commodious steamers now convey passengers every hour of the summer days through the whole length of the Harlem River, from Harlem *via* the High Bridge of the Croton Aqueduct to the immediate vicinity of King's Bridge, taking them at once from the cars of the Third Avenue railway or the Peck Slip steamers, by which they arrive from the lower parts of the town; the whole trip by both boats, or car and boat, costing them but ten or twelve cents each way. Thousands daily avail themselves of these precious facilities for escape from the hot and dusty city to the pure air and sunshine of the country, filling the cool and shady woods all around with happy groups of ruralizers, and the waters with merry voyagers.

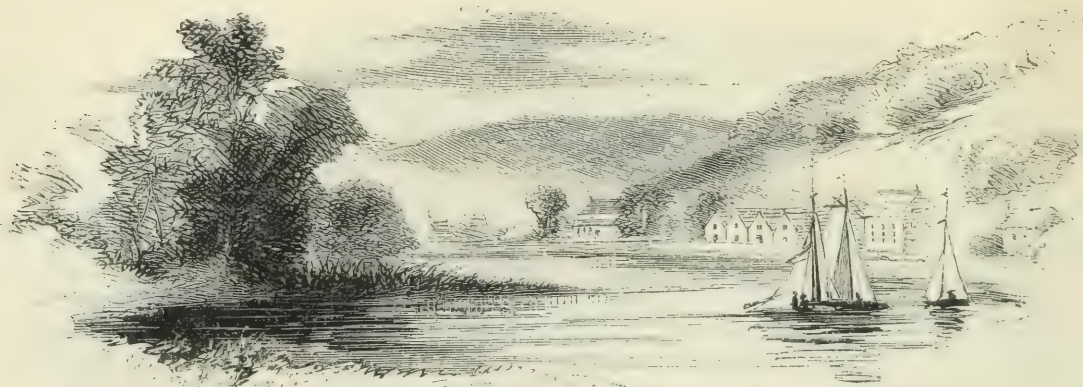
Passing now through the draw of the bridge by which the Harlem Railway crosses the river, we are on the bosom of a pretty lake-like expanse, shut in, beyond, by the approximation of the island and the Westchester County shores and the new bridge which unites them at M'Comb's Dam. The ground is rising to picturesque

heights upon the right, while upon the opposite side the great Harlem Plains, stretching from the upper end of the Central Park at One Hundred and Tenth Street, terminate in long reaches of marsh and salt meadow. The boats of the Harlem and Spuyten Duyvel Steam Navigation Company are, perchance, puffing their merry way along; maybe a sail, here and there, is filled by the freshening breeze, or gay rowers are moving in time with gayer minstrelsy; or, who can tell, a patient angler is *trying* to lure a bass from its native floods, perhaps has actually got him upon his deserving hook, such things still happening here and among the islands of the East River beyond. Whether either or all these agreeable lights may chance to fall upon our picture, or not, it is still a pleasant one, and a worthy prelude to the galaxy of beauties immediately to follow.

M'Comb's Dam has long been a favorite terminus of the pleasure rides and drives from the lower part of the island. The Eighth Avenue ends here, after skirting the whole western line of the Central Park. The railway in this thorough-



KING'S BRIDGE.



SCENE ON SPUYTEN DUYVEL CREEK.

fare will soon be in operation along the whole route, making a new and very desirable access to the rural beauties of the city, of which the locality of M'Comb's Dam, or M'Comb's Bridge, as it may now be more properly called, is one of the chief portions. The Harlem valley stretch ceases at this point, and just beyond the high lands begin, and the bold shores on either side of the river are united by the magnificent marble arches of the great bridge of the Croton Aqueduct. There are two excellent hotels at the Dam, both approved resorts for creature comforts, either solid or fluid, after a hard drive, or an appetizing spell of boating or fishing. The glimpse of the High Bridge from "Florence's," with the agreeable fore-ground of soft-shell crabs, oysters, and miscellaneous vials, suggested by our sketch, is an enjoyment which hath been, and may, we trust, long be.

The elevated grounds of this part of the island are called Washington Heights, and upon the crown, just above the Dam, and midway between the Harlem and the Hudson, lies the village of Carmansville, traversed by the Tenth Avenue and the King's Bridge Road or Broadway. Prominently seen upon the summit of the river bank just beyond is the mansion of Madame Jumel, the widow of Aaron Burr. As we write the venerable lady is still the occupant of the estate. The Jumel House was at one time the residence of Colonel Morris, Washington's companion in arms at Braddock's defeat, and his rival suitor for the hand of Mary Phillipsee. It was also for a while the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief when the American army abandoned New York.

Near by, upon the island shore at the High Bridge, is the Fort Washington Hotel, the chief refreshment house of visitors, whether coming in carriages or stages through the city avenues or by the Harlem cars and steamers.

The High Bridge is, after the natural beauties of the Harlem, its most commanding feature, being charmingly seen through the whole course of the river, from M'Comb's Dam to its terminus at King's Bridge. The famous structure crosses the river upon fifteen arches, eight of which have a span of eighty feet. Its length is fourteen hundred and sixty feet, and its height one hundred and fifty feet. It was built at a cost of

nearly a million of dollars. The little steamers of the Harlem land their pleasure-seeking loads at the foot of the bridge on the Westchester side, where they scatter joyously through the woods and over the meadows around, or climb the steep hill and cross upon the Aqueduct to the opposite shore.

The next landing-place of the steamers above the Bridge is at Tomlinson's Woods, which drop down from the site of old Fort George, of Revolutionary fame. Among the rocks and forest trees of this primitive region one may be as secluded as in the farthest mountain wilds, unless indeed, it should, as often happens, be overcrowded with roistering picnic groups.

Crossing to the right from Tomlinson's Woods, the boats touch next at Morris's Dock, permitting explorers to ascend the Westchester hills and enjoy the glimpses thence of the varied topography of the neighborhood—to see at one view the waters of the Harlem, the winding route of the Spuyten Duyvel, and the distant Hudson with its flank of Palisades.

The next point of debarkation, also on the Westchester side, is Fordham Landing, and the last, across the river, is the Century House, not far from King's Bridge. The Century House derives its name from its venerable age, claiming to be the oldest edifice in the region. It is nothing but a little Dutch hut, with such modern additions as were required for its present business in lager and soda water.

At the Century House we are almost within the evening shadow of the residence of Mr. Seaman; the palatial mansion of gleaming marble which has been so imposingly in view at all points in our voyage from the High Bridge upward. This edifice is equally prominent from various bends of the Spuyten Duyvel, and also from the Hudson.

King's Bridge is a venerable and historic little structure, spanning the narrow and shallow meeting of the waters of the Harlem and the Spuyten Duyvel. A century ago it was the only link between the Island of Manhattan and the main land. The troops of both armies crossed and recrossed it at the time of the Revolution, when it was the theatre of many stirring and memorable events. Anxious sentinels then guarded its approaches; armed hosts were en-



THE KING'S BRIDGE ROAD

camped around it; and frowning fortresses looked down upon it from all the surrounding heights. Villas and chateaux have taken the places of the forts; fertile meadows and gardens occupy the camp-grounds; the sentry-boxes are replaced with oyster and beer shanties; and dashing equipages traverse it on their way from fashion-dom to the rural haunts of the vicinage.

The waters, as we have already intimated, are extremely shallow in the immediate neighborhood of King's Bridge; but being of navigable depth in all other parts both of the Harlem and the Spuyten Duyvel, it needs but to deepen them here in order to open the way for an easy passage of ordinary river-craft, which would save miles of travel round the lower point of the city in going from the Hudson to the East River, or from the East River or the Sound to the Hudson; and this improvement, it is said, might be made at a small cost. How nicely little steamers might make such a trip as our present one, with the way thus cleared, even despite the necessary draw-bridges!

Another mile's sail through the circuitous windings of the saucy Spuyten Duyvel will bring us to the waters of the noble Hudson, upon the western side of the island. The Spuyten Duyvel is a little stream, but it would take us a long while to traverse it were we to linger, as we might, at all its points of attraction: the prettily-wooded points here, the rocky shores there, and the vistas of valley-stretch, ending in villa or castle-crowned heights, revealed at every unexpected turn. The origin of the eccentric name of this capricious little river, meaning "in spite of

the devil," is authentically determined by the veracious Diedrick Knickerbocker in his story of the "doleful disaster of Antony the Trumpeter"—wherein we read that the said Antony, of the family of Van Corlear, arriving one stormy night at the banks of the creek, urgently bound on an errand of his master, Peter Stuyvesant, undertook to swim across it, and swore roundly to do so, even "*en spyt den duivel!*" An eye-witness of the rash act is said to have testified to having seen the irritable personage thus daringly invoked seize poor Antony by the leg, and drag him under the angry floods; which testimony the supposed victim never reappeared to contradict. On the contrary, certain superstitious folk, it is asserted, profess yet occasionally to see his ghost haunting the fatal spot, and to hear his sonorous and soul-stirring trumpet mingling in the rush and roar of tempest winds. At the mouth of the Spuyten Duyvel, where it is crossed by the railway upon the banks of the Hudson, we pass



MOUTH OF THE SPUYTEN DUYVEL CREEK.



OLD REDOUBT, NEAR FORT WASHINGTON, ON THE HUDSON.

the old revolutionary site of Cockhill Fort, which stood upon the bluff on the city side, and that of Fort Independence, once its *vis-à-vis*, on the opposite point. Another equally pleasant and much older reminiscence of the mouth of the Spuyten Duyvel is that of the attack made here by the Indians upon Hendrick Hudson while he was passing the spot, in his voyage of discovery, in 1609. Many of the first settlers of Manhattan were desirous, it is said, to plant their city of New Amsterdam upon the banks of the Spuyten Duyvel instead of upon the other end of the island. Could they now revisit the scene, they would see their preference virtually realized, after all, in the expansion of the metropolis from the one point to the other.

Marvelously changed is the picture as our boat at length leaves the little nooks of the capricious creek, and enters the stately floods of the great Hudson. The eye dilates and the heart expands at the sudden revelation, uncertain where to rest, drawn hither and thither by the rival wonders; now won northward to follow the frowning line of Palisades twenty miles or more to the broad Tappan, and now turned toward the south upon the spreading city and the distant sea. Long might we pause here in happy contemplation; but time and tide bear us inexorably on, and we must be content to enjoy the magnificent picture in such passing glimpses only as our opportunity now permits.

The upper portion of our island yet presents, upon the Hudson side as upon the East, very much of its primitive forest look; and for more than half the distance of the fourteen miles between the Spuyten Duyvel and the Battery the shore is as yet but little disturbed by the city encroachments, excepting as they occasionally "crop out," like the geologist's rocks, in the form of a factory dock, an embryo street, or a village nucleus. From the water, the landscape appears peaceful and rural enough in the curtaining veil of summer verdure; but step ashore any where and the cloven foot of the town is somewhat more

evident. Along highways and byways, which seem yet to need no other evening light than that of the gentle moon, there already stretch lines of glaring gas-lamps, and in the shadow of mossy hillocks the eye may occasionally detect the intrusive uniform of the Metropolitan Police. Even the country-seats of the vicinage are, for the most part, far less durably and expensively constructed than are the chateaux on the river shores above the island—in view, no doubt, of the short lease anticipated from the sweeping expansion of the town.

The unexpected apparitions here just referred to, of those metropolitan belongings, the gas-lamp and the police-officer, will carry the thoughts of the musing naturalist curiously back to the period when our city fathers were considered to be exhibiting a wonderful degree of enterprise in passing an ordinance which required the suspension upon dark nights of a lantern from the windows of every seventh house, and when they established a night watch for the town, composed of "four good and honest inhabitants," with the simple duty of posting the people in respect to the hour and the state of the weather. But long is the interval since those simple days, and especially when it is measured by the changes which it has wrought. Our purpose now is to look at the present rather than the past; so let us sail along.

The lofty table ridge which overlooks the Spuyten Duyvel continues unbroken for the distance of a mile, when it drops nearly to the river level at the railway station of Tubby Hook. The whole way is closely occupied by quiet country retreats, with woods and lawns extending back to the King's Bridge Road. Tubby Hook is but little more than a name, borrowed, it is said, from a whilom ferryman of the neighborhood, but, according to the erudite surmise of the late Diedrick Knickerbocker, adopted in honor of a distinguished washer-woman who once practiced her art hard by. The place is simply a *dépôt* for the surrounding villa homes.



THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM, HUDSON RIVER.

In our next mile's travel we pass the heights memorable in revolutionary story as the site of Fort Trvon and Fort Washington. These were the last strongholds which the American army held upon the Island of Manhattan, and they were abandoned only after the bravest and most sanguinary defense. Traces of the conflict are to this hour occasionally discovered in the unearthing of cannon-balls and other appurtenances of bloody war. The precise spot upon which Fort Washington stood is now included in the beautiful estate of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. It is the highest of the high lands of the metropolis, and overlooks the river and all its surroundings of cities, villages, and farms, from the Tappan to the Atlantic. Both in its natural charms and its art embellishments, Fort Washington is confessedly the crown of all the rural portion of New York.

The picturesque promontory which steps so bravely into the river at the base of Fort Washington is Jeffrey's Hook. It was fortified during the Revolution, and remains of its redoubts are still distinctly to be seen. The wilds around are unoccupied, and offer most attractive allurements to ruralizers, especially with the facilities of the river railway and its station close by.

Opposite Mount Washington, and at the lower

terminus of the Palisade range is Fort Lee—a pleasant village now, but a bold fortress long ago. It fell into the hands of the British troops simultaneously with its sister defenses on the other side of the river.

Continuing our voyage on this other side, we come immediately to the grounds of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, a noble edifice perched on the heights above, with broad, grassy lawns sweeping down to the water's edge. The access to this interesting institution is by the entrance on the King's Bridge road just above the village of Carmansville.

Next below the Asylum—not including a large sugar-refinery—is Audubon Park, a charming group of country-seats, all sharing in common the rural pleasures of a broad, woodland stretch along the river marge. Audubon Park was named in honor of the illustrious ornithologist. Here was his residence, and here his family still dwell. Near the lower end of the Park is the Carmansville station of the Hudson River railway at the foot of One Hundred and Fifty-second Street.

The interval between the Park and the railway dépôt is occupied by the thickly-wooded grounds of Trinity Church Cemetery. These grounds stretch back from the river to the Tenth



THE ORPHAN ASYLUM, ON THE HUDSON.



THE CITY FROM ELYSIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN.

Our *compagnons du voyage*, who are sailing with us along the island shore, are, no doubt, looking wistfully across the wide river to the opposite beauties of the New Jersey side. Let us, before we drop anchor at the Battery, take a peep at these attractive suburbs of the metropolis. Though their rural charms are—like those of all the surrounding country resorts—fast passing away, before the rapid encroachments of the streets, enough still remains to repay a visit, while the pictures from the water and of the water are ever, and almost as ever, striking.

Avenue, at present the great central thoroughfare of this part of the island. Among the tombs here is that of the Audubon family, where the great naturalist himself is sleeping, and to which his eldest son and fellow-worker was borne only a year ago. This cemetery is the only one of any extent now remaining within the city limits. The large brick building, at the foot of One Hundred and Fifty-second Street, adjoining the cemetery grounds, is a summer hotel called the River House, and, just below, embowered in the foliage of an extensive park, is the Woodlawn House—once a private mansion, and now filled in the leafy months with fashionable truants from the town.

Yet a little further down and we approach that part of the metropolis still distinctively known as Manhattanville, but soon to be merged in the general mass, as the former villages of Chelsea and Greenwich were absorbed long ago. Manhattanville is a station upon the river railway, about eight miles above the terminus in Chambers Street. It is a considerable and very stirring place; and the streets are already graded and much occupied thence all across the island to Harlem, on the eastern shore. Among the public establishments of this part of the city are a large Lunatic Asylum, and a convent and seminary of the Catholic church.

Within the remaining stretch of the river-shore, until we again reach the compactly built town at Fifty-second Street, are included the several roadside resorts of Clermont, Stryker's Bay, and Burnham's; and the pretty edifice of the Orphan Asylum with its beautiful lawns sloping down to the river's side.

From Fifty-second Street back to the Battery and the Bay we see again, with variations, the busy pictures upon which we have already looked on our passage up the East River—endless and crowded streets and wharves and fleets of vessels of all kinds, jostling each other at the piers and in their passage to and fro in the stream. On this side of the city, huge lumber-yards take the place of the ship-yards and steamboats and steamers of the clipper ships of the East River. It was hereabouts that the *Great Eastern* was moored during her visit to New York in the summer of 1860.

The rocky cliffs of Weehawken are but little touched as yet by the hand of Improvement, and one may wander there to-day, as of yore, among quiet glens, and look out from breezy heights upon the far-spreading waters and the surrounding cities and towns. The ramble by the shore, too, is a pleasure still to be enjoyed, despite the opening of new roads and such changes as are now in progress, in the building of the huge docks of the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company. The scene of the fatal encounter between Hamilton and Burr, though much altered from its original aspect, is still sufficiently marked for easy recognition—the old landmarks of rocks and trees remaining intact by the margin of the river.

Hoboken, with its celebrated Elysian Fields, preserves less of its old character—excepting in the charming walks by the shore and past the Sybil's cave. The "Fields" have been greatly shorn, in late years, of their fair and broad proportions, little of them now remaining beyond the grounds used for the sports of the bat and ball. The spot is now more than ever given over to the outdoor festivities of the foreign population, especially those of the Teutonic stripe; and as at Jones's Wood, on the East River, great is the flow of lager and thick the incense of the friendly pipes. Excepting for the river pictures from its shores, and the grand panoramic views from its heights, Hoboken will, no doubt, cease in time to be a region of rural attractions—especially as the thousand and one varied delights of the new Central Park become available.

Jersey City, the Paulus Hook of Dutch days, is closely connected with the metropolis by excellent steam-ferries. It has liberally shared in the prosperity of all the vicinage of New York, until it has now a population of nearly thirty thousand, quadruple that of ten years ago. This is the metropolitan terminus of the great New York and Erie Railway and of the Philadelphia and Southern routes. Immense freights and thousands of passengers come and go every day by these highways. Jersey City is also the terminus of the Morris and Essex Canal, and the berth of the British line of steamships. The great dock, built for the accommodation of these leviathans, is among the chief boasts of the city.



THE CITY FROM WEEHAWKEN HEIGHTS, NEW JERSEY.

Many New Yorkers find it pleasant or convenient to reside in Jersey City, as in Brooklyn, and, indeed, in all the villages and country for thirty miles around; the facilities of travel upon railways and steamboats enabling them, with the little advantage of an early start, to reach their counting-rooms or shops in town as promptly as though they lived on the island itself.

We are now near the end of our route, having reached the point where the great waters of the Hudson mingle with the salt floods of the Bay. It only remains to flit across the mouth of the broad river and regain the grateful shades of the Battery grounds, from which we set out in this our varied voyage of thirty miles around the far-famed Island City.



THE DUELING GROUND, WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY.

THROWN TOGETHER.

I.

THE hero of this story is Mr. Festus Buckle, aged thirty-four, a lawyer, and unmarried. He is tall, symmetrical, broad-chested, and, but for a slight stoop in the shoulders, perfectly imposing. With profuse wavy chestnut hair, and an absolutely patriarchal full beard of the same color, a Garibaldi recklessness of dress, and a long, nervous walk; his eyes large, blue, but—from much reading—near-sighted; his nose regular; the remaining features hidden by his mustache and whiskers. These latter waved picturesquely back above his massive shoulders as he strode down Broadway, and, combined with the shoulders, gave to following eyes an impression of majestic largeness. Look at him from behind, and you would take him for a pirate. But as you approach him in front, and see his *spectacles*, the delusion vanishes. Perhaps, after all, the best description of his personal appearance is a pirate, with a theological and metaphysical turn of mind, who under no circumstances could have been induced to capture a vessel which had any women on board; for all this was expressed in his face to those who knew him.

I have said that Mr. Buckle was a lawyer; but although he had an office in the fourth story of a building in Wall Street, his principal avocation consisted in being the mainstay of his worthy parents: consulting large books in the Hall of Records, to discover whether his father had sufficient title to his back-yard to warrant him in erecting a system of clothes-lines therein, and such like profound investigations. In the evening he read to his parents till ten—retreating precipitately up stairs at the advent of lady visitors. The reader will note this peculiarity, for upon this trait of Mr. Buckle's character hinges this story.

So much by way of introduction. Now for action.

Time—Three P.M. of a delicious, sunny September afternoon. *Place*—The open window of a second story front-room in Twenty-third Street, being Mr. Festus Buckle's apartment. *Actor*—That profound legal gentleman himself, who, having wearied of practicing that arduous profession, smoking pipes in a law office, had come up town in the middle of the day, and was now sitting in the window aforesaid, with a dreamy gaze at his friend Doctor Piper's gilt shingle on the opposite side of the street, and wondering why there wasn't any specialty for the sole treatment of sick *gentlemen*, so that *he* could have been a doctor too.

As he gazed Piper's door opened. A jolly, round-faced man, of a decided family look and about the middle-age, came rushing forth. He was in a high perspiration about something, and did not look up till Mr. Buckle called,

"Hello, Piper! Whither away?"

The round-faced family man threw a quick glance at the window, and instead of rushing

down the street, as he had apparently intended, ran out into the middle of it.

"Hello yourself, Buckle! You're just the very man I want to see!"

"And I'm just the man that wants to see you. Come up, old boy!"

"I'm in an *awful* hurry! Run down and open the door!"

"Open it you—I'm lazy!" And with this Buckle tossed that rather superfluous utensil, his night-key, to the pavement.

"Oh, bless me!" said Mr. Piper, entering, "I'm in such a hurry I don't know where to begin first!"

"Begin any where, then, and trust to luck for coming out right."

"The steamer *Montgomery* sails for Savannah at half past four!"

"It always does on Thursday afternoon."

"From Pier 4, North River!"

"I'm sure that's a very good place to sail from."

"Be still! You know Mrs. Belle Godfrey, don't you?"

"I never heard of her!" exclaimed Buckle, with a countenance of awakened alarm. "On my honor, I never did!"

"Don't make any difference. She's my wife's cousin; young widow, beautiful, highly accomplished; goes on the *Montgomery* this afternoon—only one hour and a fraction!"

"Oh!" said Buckle, greatly relieved, "she's *going away*, is she? I thought you were going to ask me to call with you, or something of that sort."

"The postman has just brought a letter for her. I know from the handwriting that it's of the utmost consequence she should have it immediately."

"And you want me to run and get a boy to carry it down!" exclaimed Buckle, impetuously. "I see! I will! I'll be off this minute! Where's the letter? Give me my hat! Sit down and wait till I come back!"

"A boy won't do! Won't trust him! Letter's very important! A man must go!"

"Very well. I'll run and call a carriage for you!"

"Bosh! Got one of my own. I haven't time to go. I have a case of leg at the hospital—cut it off, you know—at three and a half; and two tumors in Twelfth Street for five. You must go!"

"Bless my— You don't mean it!" Every individual hair on Buckle's head began to assume the perpendicular.

"I *do*. Be quick! Here's the letter—here's your hat. Run out to Broadway—take the first South Ferry stage—get out at Morris Street, and go right west—takes you straight to Pier 4."

"You say she's a *widow*!"

"Talk about her affliction another time. When you get to the pier ask for the Purser—"

"And *beautiful*!"

"Be quiet. If you can't find the Purser hurry down into the cabin and knock at state-room door No. 14."

"Accomplished, heh? *Knock at her door?*"

"If she isn't in the state-room she'll be outside, see you, and ask what you want. Give her my love, and hand her the letter. If she *doesn't* see you, call out 'Mrs. Godfrey' at the top of your voice."

"At—the—top—of my voice! All the cabin will hear me."

"That's what you want."

"No, I don't! I *don't*! I'd rather look round."

"Well, be off at any rate. Quick! There's not a second to lose. I've been here three minutes already."

With a face of the most abject despair Buckle crowded his hat over his eyes, and permitted himself to be pushed down stairs. At the door Piper left him to hurry off after his "case of leg," and Buckle, wondering what the nightmare was like, if it wasn't *this*, sped for Broadway. Here, as prearranged, he took the first South Ferry stage. It was full, and he had to stand on the step. That he blessed himself over, for the jolt prevented him thinking connectedly. After coming near forgetting himself and going clear down to South Ferry, he jumped off at Morris Street, and was soon on board the *Montgomery*.

He asked the mate if he knew where the Purser was. The mate, who cherished ideas of discipline from having been in the navy, assumed a defensive attitude, and wanted to know if *he* looked like a Purser? Mr. Buckle had no distinct idea how a Purser *did* look, and forbore to reply. The next man he asked told him the Purser would go around just as they got off the Hook. Mr. Buckle had no desire to get off the Hook, but feeling much more like flying off the handle, pursued his queries further, and groped his way down to the cabin.

Finding No. 14, he grazed it tremulously with his fist. A rustle followed from within. Mr. Buckle started back.

"I declare I do believe she's in there!" said Mr. Buckle, speaking very much as if "*she*" were a ferocious individual of the gorilla family. The door-knob turned. Yes, she was coming out.

The door opened—the woman appeared. There she stood, projecting her head in an attitude of inquiry, a little woman, plump and *riante*, her face set in the middle of that make-believe saintly halo of tarleton known as a widow's cap. Seeing that Mr. Buckle was the most self-conscious-looking person in the saloon, she asked him in a soft voice,

"Did *you* knock, Sir?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes—no—well, not particularly. I mean to say—that is—well, I've brought a letter for you. Dr. Piper requested me to."

He emphasized the last remark in an apologetic tone, as if he wouldn't for the world leave any impression that he had come of his own accord. Then, after a little confused fumbling, he dived into his breast-pocket and brought the

letter to the surface. Handing it to the widow, he was about to beat a precipitate retreat, when she stopped him with a smiling—

"Oh, pardon me, Sir. Mr.—what may I call your name?"

"Buckle—Festus Buckle. Mr. Festus—Mr. Buckle."

"Ah, Mr. Buckle! A near neighbor to my cousin—just across the way, I believe. Please be seated. I have had the pleasure of meeting your mother. I have also seen you—smoking at your window," she added, archly.

"Have you, indeed?" said Buckle, perturbedly. "It's an abominable habit!"

"Oh, not at all! I am very fond of a good cigar."

"You are, really?"

"I am, really. Let me introduce myself. I am Mrs. Godfrey—Mrs. Belle—Mrs. Belle Godfrey. Perhaps you have heard my name before?"

"Oh yes! Piper has mentioned you—that is, incidentally you know."

"Well, it would have been quite an omission not to. But how absurd for me to introduce myself when you knew, of course, whom you were so kind as to bring the letter to! Ha-ha-ha!"

Her laugh was so fresh and silvery, so full of unrestrained *bonhomie*—to make a French bull by using a man's noun of a woman—that Buckle could not help assisting it with an antistrophe in that deep, gruff, pirate's chorus voice of his own.

"My acquaintance with your mother," continued the widow, "makes me feel quite as if we were old friends. I was therefore going to ask you to sit for a moment, excusing me while I read this letter, and then troubling you further to carry back a few lines if its contents need reply. I see it is quite an important one, judging from its handwriting. Can you easily spare time?"

"Oh, certainly!" returned the always obliging Buckle.

As Mrs. Godfrey sat reading the first bell rang. "Ah!" said she, finishing the letter hurriedly, "I must be quick about my answer. One moment, and I will get my writing-desk out of the state-room."

So Mrs. Godfrey jumped up, in a bewitching, bouncing-ball, little kind of a way, and ran into her state-room. There was a rattling, nervous sound in the state-room, and the moment after a soft voice called,

"Mr. Buckle! may I trouble you a moment?"

"Oh yes, Ma'am—I should say, not at all," replied Buckle, amiably. And emboldened by the extremity of his desire to confer an obligation, ventured within three feet of the state-room threshold.

"This lock plagues me *so*! I never *can* turn the key when I want to!"

"Ah! shall—I—ah—*come in*?"

"You may, if you'll be so kind. My hat-box, where I have the desk, is rather too heavy for me to bring out."

Aghast at his own temerity, Mr. Buckle entered No. 14, and for the next two minutes his piratical whiskers, in a manner unintelligible as some tremendous dream, were brushing against the snowy puffs of the widow's cap as he tugged at the key, and she benevolently helped him by holding down the lid with two small, fat, white hands of about five-mouse power.

"There!" said Mr. Buckle, at length, lifting himself up in such confusion that he bumped his head against the berth, thereby enhancing a vague sense he had felt before of having done something dreadful. "I believe it's unlocked now." Then added, as he felt the thump, "Oh! beg pardon!" being bewildered for an instant into the view that it was somebody else's head, and he owed an apology for it.

"Did it hurt you? I'm so sorry! I have some liniment in my trunk; but, dear me! that's stowed away in the hold, and we can't get it out till we're at sea. Though *you're* not going. I really wish you *were*—it would be so nice not to be among strangers! Well, here's the desk. I'll have the note ready in five minutes."

Mrs. Belle Godfrey immediately opened her desk, sat down at the table in the saloon, took out a quire of black-rimmed note, straightened on the thumb-nail of her left hand the nibs of a tiny gold-pen, dipped it in the ink, and leisurely put down her heading, forgetting no circumstance of time or place, with all a woman's sublime faith in the indefinite stretchability of "five minutes." She had got half-way down the first page, when a singular noise arrested simultaneously the attention of both writer and waiter.

Chik-a-rik-arik-arik-a-cher-r-r-r-r!

"Dear me—dear me!" cried Mrs. Godfrey, springing to her feet with an expression of intense distress, "Beppo has got out!"

"Beppo?" said Mr. Buckle, dreamily, debating whether this highly intelligible expression were some normal development of the unfamiliar animal, woman.

"Yes, Beppo," continued the widow, distractedly—"my pet red squirrel! Oh! *where* is he? He was in the state-room when we were unlocking the hat-box, fastened by a ribbon round his neck to the wire of the berth-curtain. We must have frightened the little precious so that he bit himself loose. Oh, *do* find him for me, Mr. Buckle! *do* catch him, or I shall never, *never* forgive myself!"

Mrs. Godfrey was trembling with grief, and might at any moment break out in that fresh spot known to Natural Historians who have cultivated her specialty as "a *real good cry*." Whatever that phenomenon might be, Mr. Buckle's admiration for scientific pursuits had never led him to witness it, and he didn't want to. So he straightway set about hunting the squirrel in good earnest. The arduousness of this gallant enterprise was slightly enhanced by Mrs. Godfrey's entreaty to the other benevolent passengers, who were prepared to join his chase, that they would by all means desist, for they might step on it, they knew, and then she *would*

give up. Not wishing to have her do that, they obeyed, and Mr. Buckle went forth after Beppo alone. A few successive "*cher-r-r-rs*" from the cushion over the stern-post soon revealed that as Master Beppo's locality. But this apocalypse was only the beginning of troubles. Mr. Buckle made a pounce at the little beast; the little beast jumped over Mr. Buckle's head. Then the straightforward race began. Beast down the saloon table—Buckle alongside of it. Ten to one on beast, and no takers. At the end of the table beast jumps down, and pops through the open door into the Social Hall. But before Buckle could shut the further doors of the Social Hall beast had gone through, and was making the fastest time on record along the midship guards, past the pantry, kitchen, and engine-room.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Godfrey, "he'll get down into the machinery, and be ground to death!"

But the power which takes care of squirrels as well as sparrows and men prevented such a lamentable *dénouement*. Beast still kept the straight line over all obstacles—and, to cut a long story short, eventually leaped through the steerage door, down the ladder, and, like Gill in the poem, Buckle came tumbling after.

Oh, the obliging Buckle! What a pickle he was in! He introduced himself to the astonished steerage passengers by shouting out, "A dollar to any body who'll catch that squirrel!" then remembering that Mrs. Godfrey had forbidden any assistance to his sole efforts, and seeing the imminent danger which might result from a scramble of twenty pair of hob-nailed brogans, he was on the point of amending his offer to "A dollar to any one who *won't* catch him!" But fortunately for Beppo's prospects of an extreme old age, the steerage conceived the idea that he was a rat, and made room for him. He accordingly got into some one of the two dozen tumbled berths, and was speedily hid from sight. Into *which* one was now the question to be settled.

This investigation took twenty-five minutes. With a most conscientious sense of duty to his employer refusing all proffers of assistance, he turned down sheets, lifted mattresses, piled up pillows, and shook curtains. At the close of the time mentioned his efforts were rewarded with success, and finding Beppo panting in a corner, he gently clapped a pillow over him, and dexterously brought him prisoner up the steerage ladder.

As he reached the deck he heard, for the first time, the regular thug-thug, thug-thug of machinery, and looking aft, beheld Governor's Island quietly gliding past the quarter!

Nothing but the tenacity of despair at that moment prevented his dropping Beast, pillow and all, to do what they liked with themselves.

For a moment he stood like any sensation heroine—"pale, transfixed, motionless;" then remembering the dictum of a celebrated man—"Do the duty nearest thee"—he resolutely marched back to the cabin and presented the squirrel to Mrs. Godfrey.

"Oh, Heaven bless you, *my kind friend!*" exclaimed that lady, as she caught up her pet and fastened his ribbon to her berth once more.

"Thank you, Ma'am," replied Buckle; then, in the same breath, "We don't stop any where, I believe, before we get there?"

"Stop? Get *where?*"

"To Savannah, Ma'am. I think that's where you're going? Because I find we've *started.*"

"You don't tell me so! Oh, it must be a mistake! Stewardess, isn't there time for this gentleman to get off?"

"He could get off almost any where, Ma'am, but it would be rather wet," replied the stewardess, smiling.

"Oh dear me! And to think *I* have been the cause of it! What *can* I do, Mr. Buckle, to show how sorry I am? Oh, *can* you forgive me, Mr. Buckle?"

"I assure you I don't entertain the slightest gr— Oh, I mean to say certainly."

"Well, Mr. Buckle, since we can't help it, let's reflect that it might be much worse."

"Very true, Ma'am; so it might." For instance, Buckle was thinking, if there had been *two* ladies left on his hands instead of *one*.

"Will you excuse me a minute, Ma'am?" he added, after a short pause. Mrs. Godfrey bowed gracefully, and Mr. Buckle ascended the companion-way.

The *Montgomery* was now majestically approaching the Narrows. Of that magnificent gate, through which the gold and glory of our regal town is forever marching to pay tribute or bear away largess for the nations, Mr. Buckle had often thought, in the course of his wide studies, with patriotic enthusiasm. He had even written articles, entitled "The Narrows, and their Importance to New York, succinctly considered," which were refused by our very best journals. Love of the home fireside, and a proper caution against catching cold, had hitherto prevented him from making their closer acquaintance. He now had the opportunity of realizing his boyhood's dream. The Narrows were right before him!

But the Narrows did not seem to be exactly what he wanted. He retired to a sheltered place upon the poop-deck, and sitting down on the sky-lights of the after-hatch, drew from his breast-pocket the well-worn wallet, which, from the merry Christmas when it had happened in his stocking at the age of fourteen, had carried all the funds necessary for the accomplishment of his modest desires. Looking around to be sure that nobody saw him, he opened the wallet, and spreading his handkerchief on his knees to make a lap, shook the contents into it, and began counting, with this result:

"One receipt for waterproof blacking—cut from *Scientific American*. Key to my secretary. Shoe and Leather Bank—one dollar. Singular coin, brought from ruins of Pompeii—value supposed to be one cent. Two three-cent pieces. *Mem.* to have my next pantaloons cut looser in the knee. Eight postage stamps. Bank State

of New York—another dollar. Extract from Tennyson's 'Maud:' '*Oh that it were possible!*' Member's ticket to Historical Society."

"Four cents and one dime make fourteen, and a quarter makes thirty-nine cents. Two dollars and seventy cents!" exclaimed Buckle, the cold perspiration standing on his forehead. "*Two dollars and seventy cents!* Oh, Piper, Piper! A cabin passage is fifteen; and I don't believe the steerage is under eight. What *shall* I do?"

With a countenance of the extremest anguish Mr. Buckle walked to the larboard netting, and beheld gray Fort Hamilton, gold-leaved by the setting September sun. Each window on the palatial heights of New Utrecht was a square of fire. The scene was one naturally fitted to inspire the artist, the poet, or the philosopher—unless he were hard up. Mr. Buckle leaned over the side, with no responsive echo in his soul to Nature's beauty; and for a moment took into consideration the mathematical question whether, if he jumped over, he would be able to swim ashore. But it immediately after occurred to him that he had forgotten to learn how. And then he thought of old Mr. and Mrs. Buckle—what would *they* think when they found him spending the night out for the first time since they had the pleasure of his acquaintance? Night? Yes, *three* nights before he could even telegraph them!

Thrown together in a despairing heap he pursued these thoughts until the sun was nearly down and the *Montgomery* was passing the Dumb Beacon. At this juncture he was aroused by a tap on the shoulder, and rising from his bench beheld a man standing with outstretched hand:

"Your ticket, Sir—the Purser."

"Are *you* the Purser?"

"I am, Sir. Do you doubt it?"

"No; only I wish I had seen you a good while ago."

"Well, you see me now. Please hand over your ticket."

"Mr. Purser, on the word of a gentleman, I haven't got any!"

"You should have provided yourself beforehand. But the money will do as well now; though I can't promise you much in the way of a state-room."

"I haven't the money to pay for a state-room!" said Mr. Buckle, his anguish visibly increasing.

"Then you're out of place, Sir," replied the Purser, mildly; for he thought he saw in Mr. Buckle a poor gentleman in distress. "You will find pretty good quarters in the steerage."

"I haven't money enough for *that*," gasped Mr. Buckle.

"Then," said the Purser, with asperity, regarding Mr. Buckle in the less lenient light of a Jeremy Diddler, "what the d—l did you have the impudence to come on board for?"

"Sir! you are speaking to a—" began Mr. Buckle, in a defiant note; then recollecting that \$2 70 is an inadequate specie basis for notes of

that kind, terminated in a mild, soft voice: "I didn't *want* to come on board, Mr. Purser. I came to oblige a friend—Dr. Piper, of Twenty-third Street—and got left. No! *didn't* get left, I mean. You may know Dr. Piper? He's a rising young physician—"

"Don't try that on *me*, Sir! I'm acquainted with Piper—*your* kind of Piper that is, that smuggles himself aboard to hook a passage! That's a Piper that don't pay! You'll get Piper when the Captain sees you! You'd better go forward to the steerage-deck, and then perhaps he won't be so hard on you when I bring him up to you."

In the last stages of mental collapse—his hands in his pockets and his piratical beard upon his breast—poor Buckle clambered forward, and sat down over the forecastle. He didn't want a row with the Purser right in hearing of the cabin.

Ten minutes of suicidal wretchedness elapsed, and Buckle heard the Purser's voice saying, close behind him,

"There! that's the fellow!"

"Hello you, Sir!" said the Captain—his fresh, jolly face knit into the highest expression of ferocity which *such* a fresh, jolly face could wear—"are you the man that's trying to steal a passage to Savannah?"

"No, Sir! I haven't been trying to do any such thing!" exclaimed Buckle, in spite of his native mildness now quite brought to bay. "The passage has been *forced* upon me, Sir! So far am I from wishing to steal it, that if I were ashore I'd pay twice its value to have it taken off my hands. I'm a gentleman, Sir! And it strikes me that if the Purser had habitually associated with that class, he'd have recognized it in *me* when I told him I'd got left—*hadn't* got left, I would say!"

The Purser patted the deck with his foot and looked at the Captain—the Captain likewise at the Purser. Then they retired together to the extreme bow and consulted in whisper; while, like an ancient Christian martyr, Mr. Buckle looked to Heaven and awaited their sentence, leaning against the foremast.

"I don't know exactly what to make of the man," said the Captain.

"It's my opinion," said the Purser, influenced, unconscious to his own sense of justice, by the recent insinuations of Mr. Buckle, "that he's a swindler."

"But there's something about him which doesn't look just like a swindler."

"Swindlers generally wear those savage-looking whiskers."

"Yes, but then they don't put on spectacles. Whiskers and spectacles belong to different lines of the business. The whiskers are always rich English noblemen going South on a shooting tour, and having their funds sent by mistake to Savannah. The spectacles are young clergymen on their way to Augustine, with something bad the matter with their throats, under a misunderstanding that such cases are always passed free.

They always finish up the effect with a white choker. You see *he* mixes the whiskers and the spectacles. A swindler would pay more regard to probabilities, seems to me."

"Very well. We can let him stay in the steerage, if you say so. But suppose we try him with a few questions first?"

"All right. Go ahead!"

They returned, and Mr. Purser commenced the examination:

"I suppose you haven't any objection to mention your name?"

"No, Sir, I have not—especially where it's known. Mr. Festus Buckle."

"Buckle's not a bad name," said the Captain, encouragingly. "Drive on, Mr. Purser."

"And your residence?"

"No — Twenty-third Street, New York."

"Very nice street, too," again interposed the Captain, parenthetically.

"You say you came down for a friend—Dr. Piper—and got caught. What did Dr. Piper send you to do?"

"To bring a letter of importance, which came at the last moment, to a person on board."

"And is that person on board still?"

"She is a passenger in No. 14."

"No. 14, No. 14!" said the Captain, hastily. "Who is *that*? Look over your list, Mr. Purser."

Mr. Purser obeyed, and on inspection replied, "Mrs. Belle Godfrey."

"*Mrs. Belle Godfrey!* Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Captain. "Why, I know her as well as I do myself! She's gone South with me every winter since I've been in the line! Why, Mr. Buckle, I beg your pardon! Why didn't you tell us of this before? I'll go and see her directly!"

"Oh *don't!* *really* don't! Don't say any thing to her about it! I shall die of mortification; you see, I'm not at all acquainted with her, and only had any thing to do with her to oblige Piper."

"There!" said the Purser. "You hear *that*? He don't know her—only to oblige Piper—and all that sort of thing. I believe he is a swindler, after all! Well, Mr. Buckle, we shall soon find out; and if you *are*, we'll have to borrow your watch to pay for the passage *you've* borrowed."

The two officers then left Mr. Buckle to keep a look-out for Sandy Hook Light, while they repaired to the cabin.

In five minutes they returned, and Mrs. Belle Godfrey had persisted in clambering up to the forecastle deck with them, laughing at the idea that any place where her lively little feet could carry her was not good enough for ladies.

"Oh you poor, dear man!" she cried, taking the stupefied Buckle naïvely by the hand. "I'm so glad to find you! I was afraid you'd jumped overboard—I really was! Why in the world didn't you come and tell me what a pickle you were in? Of course nobody could expect you to go on an errand to the pier all prepared to make a voyage to Savannah! Just think if I'd got on to one

of the Collins steamers by mistake instead of this. Why, *I* shouldn't be ready to make the trip to England, should I? It's all my fault from beginning to end, and I only beg you to forget all about it. Let's take a walk on deck till tea, and then we'll go down into the cabin again. Nobody else besides us knows any thing about this."

This frank statement of the bearings of such a terribly practical matter was something utterly unlooked-for by Mr. Buckle, in a *woman*. He had no idea that *they* ever thought of such matter-of-fact things as money; he supposed, if he ever reflected about them at all, that somebody always paid their passage for them. That they ate like himself he had occasionally noticed—that they also slept, was a truth which he held upon tradition, though in a rose-colored, angelic sort of a way which never mussed their hair; but these points of resemblance to male beings he had considered anomalies, and as to their *thinking* or *talking* like men in any respect, why, impossible! So that whenever circumstances over which he had no control had fatally forced him to address them, it was only upon the most trivial subjects, and in a style as nearly like Maud as prose could be. This I suggest as one of the probable reasons why he avoided them, because he did not succeed in that absolutely necessary kind of talk.

So now, when this cool wave of the widow's common sense dashed over his fevered brow, by mere astonishment it woke him from his previous bad dream, and he answered:

"I'm really very much obliged to you, Ma'am. Will you also have the kindness, if you can do it conscientiously, to certify to these gentlemen that I am Mr. Festus Buckle of No. — Twenty-third Street, of competent and respectable family, Attorney and Counselor, No. — Wall Street, and that all these facts, in form and substance, as averred, are true of your own knowledge and belief, so help you—"

"Oho!" burst in the Captain. "No need of an affidavit, I can assure you, Mr. Buckle."

"And, furthermore, that I am to be relied on as paying for my passage upon my earliest communication with my friends."

"Never mind that, Mr. Buckle," interposed the Purser. "It's settled. Mrs. Godfrey wouldn't permit us to return till we had assigned the debt to her. *She's* your creditor now."

"You—don't—mean—to say—!"

"That I have paid your passage?" laughed the little widow. "Is it such a very frightful liberty to take? Forgive me then, and, perhaps, I'll never do it again, unless Beppo gets loose, ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"Then, allow me to remark," said Mr. Buckle, in the fullness of his magnanimity lavishing upon her the attitude, expression, and peroration which he had been years keeping for that jury he expected to have some day—"allow me to remark that I consider it as doing honor to the noblest sentiments of the human heart! Also, that I will return you the exact sum for value received at the earliest possible opportunity."

"I'll stand surety for him!" said the Captain. "Hesha'n't go off the ship till we get to Savannah. If he tumbles over we'll catch him. Fare fifteen dollars and *found*, you know! See large bills."

"And to make assurance doubly sure, as well as to get forgiveness for my rough usage (Pursers must be Pursers, you know, Mr. Buckle!), I'll confine him in the upper berth in my room every night till we get to Savannah. It's the only vacant one in the ship; so I'm a pretty good jailor!"

"And I'll keep my eye on him!" said the widow, bewitchingly.

"Now, that's the cruellest punishment of all!" said the Captain. What with so much bantering, and the fact that the widow had just taken his arm to lead him away for the proposed promenade, Mr. Buckle felt himself blushing to a degree unprecedented since a bad dream he had years ago, when he thought he was at a tea-party where the company was all ladies but himself.

II.

When the tea-gong did sound the twin lights of Neversink Highlands were close behind the stern.

"There's tea," chirped Mrs. Godfrey. "Now, Mr. Buckle, like a good child say 'My Native Land, good-night!' and let's go down and find out whether we're hungry. The next time you see your native land you'll have to say 'Howdy'—that's the Savannese for 'how d'ye do?' If I'm sick, will you take care of me?"

"I'll try to," replied Buckle. Give him credit for the heroism of the answer! If there were no one else to do it on board, he would have taken care of the steam-engine, with similar feelings of graceful adaptedness, and about the same amount of knowledge of the subject. "Do you feel sick *now*?" he continued, apprehensively.

"No, not yet. But I shall be. I always am just about the time those lights get out of sight. I've made three voyages to Savannah and back. We're beginning to roll a little now. Are you ever sick, Mr. Buckle?"

"Fruit sometimes disagrees with me, Ma'am. But I don't think I was ever quite so far out at sea before; and I'm not sure about any thing else."

"Well, don't let's think about it. I hope you won't be. Let's go down to supper now, and banish disagreeable subjects."

People never think of banishing disagreeable subjects, you may have noticed, till those subjects are very pressing in their calls on attention. So it will not surprise you and me as much as it did Mr. Buckle, to know that Mrs. Godfrey had scarcely sent out for a piece of hot steak, stirred the sugar in her coffee, and with a forced smile accepted the butter from Mr. Buckle who sat next her, when, as in the case of Miss Muffett, who sat on a tuffet eating her curds and whey,

There came a great wave
Without asking her *leave*,
And scared Mrs. Godfrey away.

"Ah!" said an unfeeling passenger, who set

up (I need not say without any substantial foundation) to be the wit of the vessel, "There is a lady who has no fondness for *rolls* with her coffee."

Mr. Buckle glared on the insensate wretch through his spectacles.

"I beg your pardon," said the passenger, instantly, "I did not know the lady was your wife, Sir."

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Buckle, once more blushing to his boots, and rose precipitately, under pretense of following Mrs. Godfrey—a duty to which his attention was thus providentially assisted. Simultaneously with him rose another roll, also three more lady passengers, though not from *unselfish* sympathy for Mrs. Godfrey.

Mr. Buckle found the little widow leaning against her berth, the roses fled from her cheeks and replaced by the pallor of deep, unnamable distress. She had not felt strength enough even to shut the state-room door, which was the only reason why Mr. Buckle saw her.

"Don't you think you'd like an omelet, or a plate of hot buttered toast?" asked Mr. Buckle, considerably.

"Oh, ugh! Go away!" exclaimed the widow, in a ghostly tone; and for reasons best known to herself, found strength to close the door. Mr. Buckle stood aghast. Was that the woman who had abashed him with her *smiles*, so short a time before? He was getting on fast in his Natural History of the animal's habits!

"Look-a-here!" said the Captain, rising and bending to his ear, "You just leave her alone for a few minutes, and then come back and carry her on deck. That's the best thing for her."

"Do you always have to *carry* them?" asked Mr. Buckle, in a confidential but excited tone.

The Captain was compelled to smile audibly. "When *they* can't walk," said he. "I hope that isn't this lady's case; but if it is, nerve yourself up to it, you might have a worse load! At any rate, take her on deck in five minutes, and keep her there as long as you can."

Mr. Buckle obeyed, and occupied the five minutes with the consideration what he should do with her when he got her there, also in the hasty achievement of his supper. At the expiration of the time, he knocked at the door of 14, and was answered by a gentle voice, "Come in."

"The Captain says I must take you on deck, Mrs. Godfrey."

"The *Captain* says! Well, I don't see that you are compelled to mind *him*, if you don't wish to," spoke the voice again, in a slight tone of pique, like a petulant sick child.

Mr. Buckle had not thought of his words as being liable to this construction, and was much taken aback.

"Oh no!" said he, putting his shoulders as well as his head inside No. 14, "I didn't mean *that*! I beg you won't think so. I only intended to say—well, that I'd like to do it myself. That is, of course, if you haven't the least objection."

"Well, Sir, if you really would like to, I'll oblige you."

"But don't put yourself out, you know."

"Oh, not in the least! I'll be ready in a moment, Mr. Buckle."

After a little bustling about in the state-room, Mrs. Belle Godfrey appeared, looking a little paler, to be sure, than when they started, and exhibiting some slight tremulousness in her gait—but still, a very pretty statue of Plumpness in marble.

This time, to his great surprise, not to speak of hers, Mr. Buckle offered the lady an arm of his own accord. The floor was by this time churning up and down with that charming regularity and ease which will some day, I hope, suggest to one of our brilliant inventors the idea of filling a steamer's hold with milk, and trusting to Providence to have it arrive at the Savannah market good fresh butter. This pleasant little motion made it necessary for Mrs. Godfrey to lean closer to Mr. Buckle's manly side than is regular in the less staggering walks of good society, and gave him an opportunity to discover other facts in the Natural History of the animal.

"How much softer and rounder their arms are than ours!" thought Mr. Buckle. "I really am not sure but the sensation is pleasant."

When they reached the top of the companion-way, Mr. Buckle helped Mrs. Godfrey to a seat on the leeward quarter of the stern-deck, where the pilot-house sheltered her from a rather stiff nor'wester which was blowing.

"Please to arrange this rigolette, it's rather too much over my eyes; and my arms are pinned fast under my shawl," said Mrs. Godfrey, as she settled herself upon the bench.

Without any remarks upon the singularity of this inextricable entanglement, which had happened during the short time since she abandoned his arm, Mr. Buckle did with his arms the work of hers, and arranged the troublesome piece of raiment in such a skillful and experienced manner as to suggest that he must have acquired it about the same time that he was learning to fly. He then procured a stool for himself and occupied it, about four feet from the widow.

"Now, thanks to your kindness, I am very comfortable," said the widow, in a sweet, rich voice, which would have meant a hundred compliments to you or me more than it did to Buckle.

"Oh, don't mention it! It is only my disposition. I like to oblige," said Mr. Buckle, trusting his conversational pinions the first time for a flight in that dangerous region, his own personality.

"I think your tendency *is* merciful. I have reason to know it particularly."

"Indeed? Piper, I suppose? He is always saying something good about me." From the mild, half-reproachful tone of Mr. Buckle, one would have thought he meant something *bad*. And he *did*, for Piper never *would* stop praising him to ladies, who straightway wanted to know him—which was disagreeable in Piper, very.

"No. From actual observation. For instance, that offer of hot buttered toast when I seemed to be riding head downward in a balloon. It was well meant, though I was provoked at the time—excuse me. And it—it—well, it resulted *beneficially*."

"Did it indeed? I'm charmed. Shall I go after some now?"

"Ha-ha-ha! I am all the time right on the point of saying, 'You *dear* creature!' If I do, sometime, call it sea-sickness. I don't mean the *toast*, you see. I mean the *mention* of it. I feel much better for it. These stars are beautiful. I wish we had a moon."

"So do I!" responded Buckle, enthusiastically, dimly seeing an opening for the necessary kind of woman talk.

There was a pause for some three minutes, during which Mrs. Godfrey patted the round of the stool with her little gaiter. But ah! she did not know what gigantic struggles were going on in the bosom at her elbow! Or did she know and enjoy them? Perhaps. Women, like babies, know a great deal more than we men are apt to give them credit for.

The fact is that Buckle was thinking over his little repertoire of lunar and astral poems—the magazine whence he extracted his final weapons of defensive warfare when brought to bay by a woman, and Maud had failed. He was wondering which he would quote first—also whether he might not be obliged to go on through a whole poem if he began a stanza—also whether it were best to quote at all.

Out of this delirious state of uncertainty he plunged with all a modest man's desperate recklessness, by forcing himself to hear the sound of his own voice. This would commit him to *something*—reassure him also.

"Speaking of the moon, don't you like Longfellow, Mrs. Godfrey?"

"Yes, indeed—I *love* him."

"That's a sweet thing of his which begins

"The night has come, but not too soon,"

("Wouldn't this be as good a place as any to stop at? Oh no! I haven't got the *moon* in yet.)

"And sinking silently,

All silently, the little moon—"

("Now I *can* hold up! No, I can't; there isn't any sense in it: the moon's got to do something.)

"Drops down behind the sky."

("There! she's done it.")

"Yes, I remember it very well. Do you know the rest of the lines?"

Buckle groaned in spirit; then, with bare two second intervals for breath, repeated them continuously from beginning to end.

"I am very, *very* much obliged to you. Don't you know something else?"

Another internal groan, followed by a recitation of

"The day is done, and the darkness," etc.

"I am very, *very* much obliged to you. Don't you know something else?"

Groan internal No. 3, accompanied by a grow-

ing sense of resistless motion down a steep acclivity without certainty of stopping short of the bottom. This preceded the recitation of

"Oh that it *were* possible!"

"I am very, *very* much obliged to you. Don't you know something else?"

If Mr. Buckle had been compelled to recite his little verses with a similar pleasant alternative to that on which Scheharazade complied with the request, "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, relate to me one of those little narratives which you relate so well," he could not have been more thunder-struck than he was by this fourth invitation from Mrs. Godfrey. He had heard of "quizzing"—but heretofore no lady of all his slight acquaintance had ever had the hardihood to try it on him. In general ladies liked him, but with a certain feeling of unattainability—as you or I would like a coach-and-four. They did not know the solemn reality of Buckle well enough to play with it. "But," thought Buckle, remembering that he had heard of quizzing, "I wonder whether *this* isn't the thing?"

The expression of his face just then—seen in the pale starlight which he had been so desperately be-rhyming—was of a kind which this slender pen forbids me to portray, save by saying that it was indescribable, and that after holding in before it as long as there was any probable chance of salvation for her basque buttons, Mrs. Godfrey gave way to an uncontrollable burst of "cachinnatory silver." Silver is proper novellesque for ladies' laugh, I believe.

"Don't—you—ha-ha-ha-ha—know any thing else?" said Mrs. Godfrey.

Mr. Buckle was silent. Also hurt. Also offended. It was rude. It was the rudest thing he ever saw. It was inexplicable. (It might not have been had he been aware how *that Piper* had told Mrs. Godfrey that his friend knew all the poetry in the English language, and kept it to talk to ladies.)

Mrs. Godfrey reined herself up—kept Buckle company in blushing (though rather too late, as he very properly thought)—put her hand upon his arm with a timid, gliding motion, as she would propitiate her squirrel—and said,

"I *do* beg your pardon—I *do*, *sincerely*. I have given you a beautiful opinion of my good-breeding."

"Oh, not at all—not at all!" answered Buckle, in his flurry, more anxious to gratify his pacable tendency than to express himself complementarily.

"I am perfectly ashamed of myself," the little widow continued, in a soft and penitent voice; "but the fact is that we poor women hear so much poetry from gentlemen that we begin to believe that is the original channel of conversation between the two. Now look at *me*! On the honor of a lady, who, to be frank, has lived twenty-six years, I never talked *poetry* since I was born. I talk *prose*. I always *have* talked prose. I always expect to. I understand it."

"Bless my soul!" thought Buckle; "this creature has told me *her age*! I had heard they

stroke. If I'd known you weren't looking after Mrs. Belle Godfrey I'd have done it myself."

"I declare! I had no idea that was the marine system of behavior! If it's all right I'll go immediately."

Buckle found his charge as the Captain feared. A faint voice answered his knock, "Come in," and summoning all his resolution, he followed the bold lead of the cabin-boy, who was just entering No. 14 to get the lamp to fill.

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There was so much real pain in his tone that, although a moment before she would have thought the act impossible, Mrs. Belle opened her eyes and smiled, then shook her head and whispered,

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For the first time he saw *a woman suffering*. He had been sick himself, though never at sea. He remembered well how dreadfully it felt. And here was *a woman* brought to his own familiar level, into his own range of sympathies. As creatures of whalebone, spring-steel, borage, and eternal smiles—as, in fine, he had seen them in his few timid invasions of society—they were immeasurably distant from him—quite at the other end of the volume of Zoology. But here was *a woman* who did not babble nothings trippingly—who could not speak at all for very weakness—who was not mad with ecstasy at fribbles, but prostrate under a real distress. And as last night her orbit had been made first to touch, then to intersect, his own, by her being *sensible*, now the two came instantly to coincide through her being *sick*. He understood her *now*—as the riotous Walt Whitman would say, he "*included*" her; and another utterly new mental phenomenon took place in Buckle—he *had no fear* of the once terrible creature.

A change seemed wrought in his whole nature. With as little bashfulness and the same straightforward, natural gentleness with which he would have addressed a like-suffering *man*, he said to her,

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After arranging the ruffles of the little lace cap as deliberately and softly as if he were tending a baby, he asked if there was nothing else that he could do—nothing she would like to drink, for instance. Somehow or other Buckle's change of nature had so sharpened his perception of fitness that he never thought of proposing hot-buttered toast again.

The widow said brokenly that pounded ice and Congress water always made her feel better. Buckle would not permit any one else to pound the ice. From beginning to end he attended to the mixture—even taking the bottle out of the steward's hands and drawing the cork himself. Then he brought to his patient's berth-side the refreshing brimful tumbler, and with a tea-spoon fed it to her lump by lump, drop by drop—actually having the audacity to support her white neck with his big man's-hand.

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After which he retired, shutting the door gently; and it was well he did, for otherwise would he have seen such an expression of marvel on the face in the lace cap as might have speedily brought him back to his old self-consciousness.

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So violent was the storm that it was not until Sunday night that the *Montgomery* came to the wharf at Savannah. Ten miles of quiet steaming up the river resuscitated the pale denizens of all the state-room mausoleums; they leaped to their feet; blessed Heaven with a ten-Columbus fervor for the sight of land; and proved their return to vitality by thinking how they looked, for the first time in seventy-two hours.

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Day 3. Mr. Buckle's money comes from New York. He repays the widow with stilted thanks in the form of an oration about everlasting gratitude. At the same time he speaks of preparations for immediate return home. That afternoon Mrs. Belle Godfrey is unexpectedly seized with a violent headache, and is almost as wretched as she was on board ship. Mr. Buckle again bathes her head, holds the salts to her face, comes entirely out of himself, like a Newfoundland out of a kennel, and becomes positive, brave, forthspoken, as in the storm. Mrs. Belle Godfrey is sensible, weak, helpless, and grateful all at once. The result is, that Mr. Buckle writes home for more money to be sent on to St. Augustine. He can not think of letting “the poor little thing” travel thither alone. Besides, he had never seen the Far South, and now was a good chance.

All this he said, innocently enough, in the letter he wrote home. Father Buckle sent it over to Piper to read. How Piper roared!

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Day 1. Mr. Buckle moody, and in his manner evidencing a return to the old congealed state of bashfulness which he had once broken through. The sensible woman still kind and lady-like, but too reserved for the terrible suspicions of Mr. Buckle not to have some cause.

Day 2. Almost perfect silence during all the drives and rides, save monosyllables, and sentences descriptive of scenery or the like. Mr. Buckle relapses *quite* into the old manner. The sensible woman appears not to observe it, and treats him like the kindest of distant acquaintances.

Day 3. Mr. Buckle's money comes from New York. He repays the widow with stilted thanks in the form of an oration about everlasting gratitude. At the same time he speaks of preparations for immediate return home. That afternoon Mrs. Belle Godfrey is unexpectedly seized with a violent headache, and is almost as wretched as she was on board ship. Mr. Buckle again bathes her head, holds the salts to her face, comes entirely out of himself, like a Newfoundland out of a kennel, and becomes positive, brave, forthspoken, as in the storm. Mrs. Belle Godfrey is sensible, weak, helpless, and grateful all at once. The result is, that Mr. Buckle writes home for more money to be sent on to St. Augustine. He can not think of letting “the poor little thing” travel thither alone. Besides, he had never seen the Far South, and now was a good chance.

All this he said, innocently enough, in the letter he wrote home. Father Buckle sent it over to Piper to read. How Piper roared!

IV.

For some inscrutable reason Mrs. Belle Godfrey was permitted by Providence to be in feeble health all the rest of the time in Savannah, and all the way from that port to the shell-built town where Spain first made her American houses.

Nothing seemed to do her any good. She was easier while Mr. Buckle bathed her eternally aching brow; and, in spite of that hidden malady of which Buckle was forever wishing Piper were there to make a diagnosis, her cheeks became ruddier, her eyes brighter, and the whole make-up of the terrible creature more agonizingly beautiful. Still the malady was there, and Buckle had to strain every nerve to keep it from carrying her off, which he was always sure it would do some time in the course of the next two days. As he nursed her he grew more and more audacious. When on the cross-country road between the St. John's River and St. Augustine, the thing that, for fun, they there call a *carriage* broke down in the middle of a swamp, Buckle actually lifted that hundred and twenty-five pounds of clear-through solid beauty, and in his manly arms carried it fifteen rods to the next dry place.

At St. Augustine Buckle found the second remittance of funds awaiting him, but did not mention the fact to his companion lest she should be alarmed by the thought that he was going to leave her in that feeble state. And a dreadful recklessness had come over Buckle—he wasn't sure when he *should* go home himself.

One day, as he opened his pocket-book to get some change for a darkey, he saw those abominable poetical quotations which he had got off on the dear creature when she was in health. They were on little slips of paper, as he used to carry them, representing social cartridges against the army of woman. From sheer disgust at the former Buckle he took them out, tore them in bits, and scattered them to the winds. But the last one caught his eye before it was destroyed—one which lay in a corner and had hitherto escaped his notice:

"She let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek—"

A thunder-bolt fell at the feet of Buckle! Lightning flashed upon his heretofore blinded eyes! Was there no way of repelling the conviction? None! It was—it *was* the truth!

That very evening, if opportunity offered for a feat with which he was as familiar as shaking hands with the man in the moon without a step-ladder, he would test this truth!

The evening came. Mrs. Godfrey had consented to try the invigorating effect of a little air and moonlight upon Buffington's Hotel veranda. The air was heavenly—likewise, as natural, the sky. Beneath the two bland influences they sat softening, upon neighboring chairs. "Alas that such a being should fade!" thought Buckle, looking at her beautiful face glorified by the moonlight. No one else was on the veranda. They were alone with Nature and each other. Mrs. Godfrey was more than usually frail to-

night—so, perfectly on Buckle's level of prose humanity—and he was not in the least afraid of her.

"You take such kind care of me!" said the widow, sadly.

"It is in my nature, Madam—I can't help it."

"How your mother and sister must prize you, you are so thoughtful!"

"I have little thinking to do for *them*. They are never sick and fragile. I never took care of any body till I took care of you. I have got so accustomed to caring for somebody now, that I shall miss it very much when I *go away*."

Buckle meant to say this slyly; but being an unpracticed hand, felt so ashamed of himself for using the word "*go*" on the strength of so small a stock of intention, that his voice trembled like a green scamp trying to utter counterfeit notes.

"Ah!" replied the widow, more pensively than before. "You will soon get somebody to take care of."

An opening! Buckle commended himself to Heaven and struck out.

"So I shall. Did you know that I had been—in love?"

"No! Really?" said the widow with a start.

"Yes. And I mean very soon to get married. Only, one thing troubles me. I never had any training with women. I don't know how to propose. I should make an awful botch of it if I tried. Ten to one the lady would laugh at me."

"Not if she loved you," said Mrs. Belle, very sadly.

"Well, now I have the utmost confidence in your good taste. As I told you when I first knew you before you began to be so feeble—I say again, *You are the most sensible woman I ever knew!* And I'd like to ask your advice about how to go to work. I don't feel any fear in asking *you*; for we've been so much together in times of weakness and distress that you seem like an old friend: we understand each other."

"I think we do," said Mrs. Belle, confidently, though she knew *she* didn't.

"Put it in this form. Suppose I were with the lady in a quiet place, *do* you think it would be necessary for me to *go down on my knees*, when people might come out and catch me any minute?"

"Of course not. That is never done out of novels."

"Or to lay my hand upon my breast and say, '*I swear*,' in a loud tone of voice that might attract people in the court-yard?"

"That would be equally uncalled for."

"Very well. And seeing I don't know how to talk sentimentally as I would if I had been trained, and wouldn't like to come out with a blunt '*Do you love me?*' how do you think, looking at it *sensibly*, that it would do if I were to say *nothing at all*, but merely put my face down to hers—which is very beautiful, I assure you—and though I never did such a thing before in my life, give her a kiss?"

"She couldn't fail to understand you perfectly, if she loved you."

Mr. Buckle rose from his chair deliberately, cast his mustache over each shoulder, bent his tall form, and before the widow had the least idea what was coming, *did that very thing.*

V.

I saw him do it again. I was standing beside him at the time, with a pair of white kids on, and can swear to it. Though to be sure he only followed the pious example of the Rev. Dr. Bedell. *He* did it first. I did it afterward. And it was very nice.

Another sail on the *Montgomery* then succeeded.

"Bless my soul!" said the Captain, "has it come to this? I thought it would, Mrs. Belle, when you said you'd keep your eye on him."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Buckle, as we passed the Sandy Hook Light, "how little I thought the last time I saw that lantern what a mercy was my being left—no, *not* left, I mean! If every thing hadn't happened in just that way—if I hadn't been caught aboard—if I hadn't seen woman somewhere within range of me and no possibility of getting out—if I hadn't learned her in her little distresses—"

"And her '*fragility*,'" said Mrs. Belle with a malicious twinkle.

"—I had then been a bachelor to this moment, utterly thrown away!"

"Which was kindly averted," said Mrs. Belle Buckle, "by Fate's better throw—'*Thrown Together*.'"

PRODIGIOUS TALKERS.

A FACETIOUS Scotchman, speaking of *language* as being the uniting bond between men, and at the same time, by the great variety of tongues, the means, more than aught else, of severing and estranging nations, compares it to the orang-outang, which, according to the traveling showman, "forms the *connecting link which separates mankind from the human race.*" Bacon, from whom our Scotchman has "adapted" the first portion of his remark, says, in the Introductory Book of his "Advancement of Learning:" "The confusion of tongues, the first great judgment of God upon the ambition of man, hath chiefly imbarred the open trade and intercourse of learning and knowledge." Adelung, the author of the *Mithridates*, states, as the result of accurate philological investigations, that where the difficulties of intercourse are such as existed among the ancients, and as prevail still among semi-civilized populations, ignorant of the use of steam, no language can maintain itself unchanged over a space of more than one hundred and fifty thousand miles. The progress of any given form of civilization is therefore seriously checked by the diversity of tongues; and ere we can bring about that Millennial period when our civilization shall rule triumphant over all the earth, we shall have to leave languages and come to one common tongue.

Pending the solution of this, the problem of

ages, an extensive knowledge of various tongues is no less valuable than remarkable; and we propose in the present article to mention a few of those whose acquirements in this line have, in their day and generation, entitled them to the name of prodigious talkers.

The ancients appear to have been insignificant as linguists. The Romans, with characteristic insolence, endeavored to impose their tongue upon all the nations which fell under their rule. The bad Greek of Roman Embassadors to the Tarentines called forth from that lively people jokes which the more polite Frenchmen of our days spare our own republican ministers. When Attila conquered Rome, taking up the Roman policy, he passed a law prohibiting the use of Latin, and even imported teachers from his own country, by whose aid to substitute his native Gothic—a wiser course than that of the bigoted Mussulmen, who, when they conquered Jerusalem, prohibited the "Christian dogs" from using the sacred language of the Koran.

The poet Ennius was so vain of his very moderate attainments that he used to boast of having "three hearts, because he was able to speak in three tongues—the Greek, the Latin, and the Oscan." Herodotus, notwithstanding his long residence in and intimate acquaintance with Egypt, was not, according to an eminent critic, familiar with Egyptian; and in all his other travels gained, if any, but a very superficial knowledge of other tongues. Xenophon is supposed to have been equally lacking as a linguist; and even Plato's knowledge of foreign languages is a matter for serious doubt. Mithridates, the poison-proof King of Pontus, stands a head and shoulders above any of the ancients as a linguist. He was able to speak thoroughly the languages of all the nations, twenty-five in number, over whom he ruled; and it is related of him that he had not a soldier in his army whom he could not address in his vernacular. Next to Mithridates comes, singularly enough, Cleopatra, of whom Plutarch relates that "there were but few of the foreign ambassadors to whom she gave audience through an interpreter." He specifies as languages which she knew—the Ethiopian, that of the Troglodytes (probably a dialect of the Coptic), the Hebrew, Syrian, Persian, and that of the Medes; but adds that she understood still others.

The study of languages was revived at the beginning of the second century A.D. by the critical investigations into the text of the Scriptures, which were then undertaken; but while we read of many eminent men who were more or less versed in several tongues, there is no record of any one displaying extraordinary lingual attainments. The Crusades gave another impetus to the study. Frederick II. spoke at least six languages; and Roderigo Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo in the thirteenth century, was able to address an audience in no less than seven, which did not include Greek or Hebrew, with which also he was probably familiar. The

Italians have always been good linguists. Marco Polo and Josaphat Barbaro, the latter of whom resided sixteen years among the Tartar tribes, may be presumed to have been good linguists. Ermoloa Barbaro, another of the family, was such a purist in Greek that he is said to have consulted the devil when at a loss for the precise meaning of a phrase—with what result we are not informed. While Latin was yet to European diplomats what French is now, a Venetian Ambassador to England was capable of conversing like a native in English, French, and German. In the Venetian Republic, at that time, lingual skill was, as it should be, a necessary qualification for diplomatic appointments.

Genno Bey, who was first Dragoman to the Court of Soliman the Magnificent, spoke no less than sixteen languages—namely, ancient and modern Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Moorish, Tartar, Armenian, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, Italian, Spanish, German, and French. He was the son of a poor fisherman of Corfu, and was, while a boy, carried off by pirates, who sold him into slavery in Constantinople. He was successively sold into various countries, whose languages he rapidly made his own. He was a renegade from the Christian faith, and when he had authority, says Thevet, was solicited by some bigoted Moslems to take from the Christians a bell they had placed in their little church in Jerusalem. He hesitated, from some remnant of reverence for his former faith, but finally consented; whereupon, relates the historian, he was smitten with the loathsome disease of which King Herod died, and perished miserably in nine days after his inauspicious sacrifice.

Jonadab, a Jew of this period, who was a captive in various countries for twenty-six years, spoke no less than twenty-four languages. Giovanni Pico de la Mirandola, born 1463, was one of the greatest wonders of his age. Before he was ten he had delivered lectures in civil and canon law, remarkable alike for eloquence and learning. At the same time he was familiar with the Greek and Latin classics; and presently began the study of Hebrew and its cognate tongues. At the age of eighteen he had the reputation of knowing no less than twenty-two languages, a considerable number of which he spoke with fluency. He was master, at the same time, of the most important sciences, and had so astonishing a memory as to be able, after a single reading of a book, not only to recite its contents, but even to repeat the words of the author, and that, if required, in an inverted order. He died at the untimely age of thirty-one, master of nearly all the then known languages and sciences.

A contemporary of Pico de Mirandola, Teseo Ambrosio, constructed the first Polyglot grammar, which comprised the elements of Chaldee, Syriac, and ten other languages. He had types cast expressly for this and other projects, and himself prepared a Chaldee Psalter for the press. In the sack of Pavia by the French it was car-

ried off among the plunder. Teseo was in despair at the loss. Passing through Ferrara toward Rome, with a sad heart, he chanced to see a quantity of paper at a charcoal-burner's just being consigned to the furnace. What was his delight to find his precious psalter among them! He began the printing of it at Ferrara without delay, but died before its completion.

Fernando de Cordova, a Spaniard, born early in the fifteenth century, was scarcely less precocious than his Italian rival, Pico de Mirandola. At ten years of age he had completed all his preliminary studies. At twenty-five he was installed doctor in all the faculties. His memory was such that he could recite three or four pages of the orations of Cicero after a single reading, could repeat the entire Bible from memory, and had at his command all the works of the most celebrated authors, ancient and modern. Besides being thoroughly familiar with all the principal European languages, he was master of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. Also he was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time: played on every known musical instrument, sang exquisitely, was a most graceful dancer, an expert swordsman, and a bold and skillful rider. He was master of one particular art of fence, by which, says the chronicler of his life, he was able to defeat all adversaries. It was by springing upon them at a single bound of twenty-three or twenty-five yards! Truly a most surprising art! "In short," says the chronicler, "if you were to live a hundred years without eating or drinking, and were to give your whole time to study, you could not learn all this young man knew:" which is not unlikely.

Libertus Cominetus, a Spanish convert from Judaism in the sixteenth century, was master of fourteen languages. Father Martin del Rio, his contemporary, knew and spoke ten. Lope de Vega—besides writing his fifteen hundred versified plays, three hundred interludes and sacred dramas, ten epic poems, and eight prose novels, with a variety of essays, prefaces, dedications, and other miscellaneous pieces—found time to acquire a knowledge of Greek, Latin, Italian, Portuguese, French, and probably English! William Postel, a Frenchman, contemporary of Teseo Ambrosio, besides being the author of fifty-seven works on scientific subjects, "knew, spoke, and understood fifteen languages." He published a collection of the alphabets of twelve of these, with a slight account of each. He was a visionary, and a decidedly impractical man; and conceived the idea that he was divinely called to the mission of uniting all Christians into one community, the head of which he recognized in the person of Francis I. of France, whom he maintained to be the lineal descendant of Shem, the eldest son of Noah.

Joseph Justus Scaliger, born 1544, a contemporary and countryman of Postel, was even more remarkable and unamiable than he. In his early youth he was noted for stupidity, having spent three years in a vain but laborious attempt to

master the first rudiments of the Latin language. These clouds of morning, however, were the prelude to a most brilliant day. At seventeen years he was perfect master of Hebrew, speaking it fluently, and had published his most celebrated work. He read the entire Iliad and Odyssey in the original in twenty-one days; ran through the Greek dramatists and lyric poets in four months; and, such were his powers of memory, could repeat eighty couplets of poetry after a single reading, knew every line of his own writings by heart, and never forgot any thing he had once learned. He asserts of himself that he could read by night without the aid of a light, a power of sight said also to have been possessed by Jerome Cardan. He spoke thirteen languages, which are thus curiously enumerated by his biographer: Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, German, French, Italian, Nubian, Arabic, Syriac, Persian, English, and Chaldee. He was an excessively vain and quarrelsome man; and his contemporaries, all of whom he made his enemies, said of him that there was one department of each of his languages with which he was undoubtedly familiar—its Billingsgate!

Tom Coryat, "The Odcombe Leg-stretcher," as he calls himself, belongs also to this period, and is notable as an uneducated linguist. He was familiar with Italian, Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani, besides English, French, Latin, and Greek. The living languages he picked up during his long-continued wanderings in every part of the globe. One of his journeys, of nearly two thousand miles, he accomplished in a single pair of shoes, which he hung up as a votive offering, on his return, in the church of Odcombe. Another journey, of no less than two thousand seven hundred miles, he made at a cost of only about three pounds sterling.

The sixteenth century was prolific of linguists, for to this period belongs also that remarkable Scotchman, James Crichton, whose title, "the Admirable Crichton," has become a proverb for universality of attainments. He was born in 1561, and was really a most extraordinary man. When he was but sixteen years old he spoke in ten tongues. At the age of twenty his languages exactly equaled his years in number. He undertook to dispute in the University of Paris in any of the following twelve languages, which he must therefore have spoken readily: Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, English, German, Flemish, and Slavonic. Though he died at the age of twenty-two, he was master of all the knowledge and of every accomplishment of his times, from the most abstruse departments of scholarship, philosophy, and divinity, down to the mere physical gifts and graces of the musician, the athlete, the swordsman, and the cavalier. His memory was such that he could repeat verbatim, after a single hearing, the longest and most involved discourse.

Edmund Castell, born in Cambridgeshire, in 1606, and author of the *Heptaglot Lexicon*,

though one of the noted linguists of his time—being a thorough scholar in seven Oriental languages, besides the modern tongues of Europe—is more known for his misfortunes, which Disraeli has placed upon record. In his touching appeal to Charles II. he laments the "seventeen years during which he devoted sixteen to eighteen hours a day to his labor;" and declares that he had "expended his whole inheritance [above twelve thousand pounds], as well as his health and his eyesight, upon a thankless task." When at last he came to print, the entire edition of his *Lexicon* remained unsold upon his hands; and out of five hundred copies which he left at his death scarce one was saved complete. "The whole load of learned rags sold for seven pounds!"

Edward Pocock (1604) spoke fluently eight languages. Simon Ockly, the earliest historian of Mohammedanism, who completed his *History* in the prison of Cambridge; and George Sale, the first translator of the Koran, of whom it is recorded that but too often, when he quitted his studies, he wanted a change of linen, and frequently wandered through the streets in search of some compassionate friend who might supply him with the meal of the day: both these were thorough masters of many tongues, but their misfortunes have concealed their learning.

Andrew Müller, a German, born 1630, was, like Crichton, a precocious genius. At eighteen he wrote verses freely in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Removing to England, he became so absorbed in study that it is related he would not raise his head from his books to look out of the window on occasion of Charles II.'s triumphal progress at the Restoration! He had a passion for Chinese, and was the first European scholar who, without visiting China, obtained a mastery of its language. He offered to make any one master of it in half a year. It is stated that he spoke twenty languages.

Nicolas Schmid, a poor peasant of Saxony, born 1606, worked all his life as a common farm-laborer, was first taught the alphabet in his sixteenth year, and was yet able, with his limited opportunities and time for study, to acquire a degree of knowledge which enabled him to translate the Lord's Prayer into fifty-one languages!

Within three years, from 1719 to 1721, were born, by a curious coincidence, in different countries, three children of a precociousness entirely without parallel in history. John Lewis Caudiac, born at Nismes, was able, when in his third year, to speak Latin and French. At six, he spoke also Hebrew and Greek, besides being well versed in arithmetic, geography, ancient and modern history, and heraldry. He died of water on the brain, at seven years of age. Christian Henry Heinecken, born at Lubeck, could speak at ten months; had learned all the facts in the five books of Moses when twelve months old; in another month added the balance of the Old Testament history; and at two and a half years of age spoke fluently French and Latin, besides his native German. He died in his

fourth year. John Philip Baratier, born at Anspach, in Germany, was able, when only four years old, to speak Latin, French, and German; at six he spoke Greek; and at nine Hebrew. He published a lexicon of the latter language in his eleventh year. He mastered elementary mathematics in three months; qualified himself by thirteen months' study for the severe examination which entitled him to the degree of Doctor of Laws; and, though he died at the early age of nineteen, was well versed in architecture, ancient and modern literature, and antiquities; translated from the Hebrew Benjamin of Tudela's Itinerary, published a detailed and critical account of the Rabbinical Bible, and communicated to several learned societies elaborate papers on astronomical and mathematical subjects.

Ignazio de Rossi, born 1740, besides being a great Orientalist, had a most wonderful memory. Cardinal Wiseman relates that on one occasion, a line being selected at pleasure from any part of any of the four great Italian classics, Dante, Petrarca, Tasso, and Ariosto, De Rossi immediately, and without the least effort, repeated the hundred lines which *followed* after that which had been chosen. Surprise being expressed at this feat, which he repeated several times, he immediately recited, *in their reverse* order, the hundred lines immediately preceding a line selected at random by one of the company. A Jesuit, Claude Francis Menestrier (1631), was put to as severe proof as this by Queen Christina of Sweden, who made up a string of three hundred words, the oddest and most unconnected which could be devised, written down without the least order or connection. These being read over once in Menestrier's presence, he repeated them in their exact order, without a single mistake or blunder. A young Corsican, mentioned by Padre Menochio, had still more extraordinary powers of memory. He was not only able to repeat, in their regular order, a jumble of words such as is above described, but could repeat them *backward*, and beginning in the middle, working both ways!

Coming down to times nearer our own, we must not forget to mention Sir William Jones, son of a country schoolmaster, who, during a very busy political life, found time to acquire a knowledge, more or less considerable, of twenty-eight languages. He left behind a memorandum, from which it appears that he had studied critically eight languages: English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit. Eight others he had studied less perfectly—but all these were intelligible to him with the help of a dictionary: Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, and Turkish. Other eight he had studied less perfectly: Tibetan, Pali, Palavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, and Chinese. Leyden, the successor of Sir William Jones as Professor of Hindostani at Calcutta, used modestly to say he “knew *but* seventy languages.” He was born of very humble parents in Scotland, in 1775; and, though his education was of the very lowest order, Sir Walter Scott says, “Be-

fore he had attained his nineteenth year he confounded the doctors of Edinburgh by the portentous mass of his acquisitions in every department of knowledge.”

A more extraordinary man than either of the last-mentioned was Richard Robert Jones, a Welshman, discovered first by Mr. Roscoe, who described him as “a poor fisherlad, as ragged as a colt, and as uncouth as any being that has a semblance of humanity.” This poor lad, in his fishing-boat, on the coast of Wales, at the age of twenty, had acquired Greek, Hebrew, and Latin; had read the Iliad, Hesiod, Theocritus, etc.; studied the refinements of Greek pronunciation, and examined the connection of that language with Hebrew! Attempts were made, but in vain, to better his condition. His habits were most filthy and disgusting: “He loved to lie on his back at the bottom of a ditch. His uncouth ways and appearance made him an object of sport to the boys of his district, and he often carried an iron pot on his head to screen him from the stones and clods they threw at him. He wore a large filthy wrapper, in the folds and pockets of which he stowed his library.” He was first discovered in 1806. In 1815 he knew, in addition to the languages before-named, French, Italian, and Chaldee. He told Dr. Parr that to learn a new tongue he carefully examined its vocabulary, ascertaining what words in it corresponded to those of any language which he already knew. Having *struck out these words*, he proceeded to *commit to memory the remainder*, as being the only ones he needed. Jones finally perished in his filth, without accomplishing any thing. Clothes furnished him were at once spoiled by lying in his ditch. When a bed was provided for him he chose to sleep, not *upon* it, but *under* it; and all his conduct bespoke the fact that, with a prodigious memory, he had but a weak intellect.

Before speaking farther of linguists, it will be of interest to view for a moment the progress of those collections of vocabularies which have resulted in Adelung's great work, the “Mithridates.” John Schildberger, a Hungarian soldier, who was thirty-two years captive among the Turks, published, in 1428, an account of his adventures, to which he appended, as a curiosity, the Lord's Prayer in the Armenian and in the Tartar language. This was the nucleus, worthless in itself, round which have gathered all subsequent accumulations. Postel, 1558, increased the collection to twelve; Conrad Gesner to twenty-two; John Baptist Gramaye, long a prisoner among the Algerines, added no less than one hundred versions, which he published in 1622. In 1715 a collection was printed at Amsterdam containing the Lord's Prayer in one hundred and fifty-two languages; and in 1748 another at Leipsic contained two hundred. At the beginning of the present century Father De Hervas published a collection including the Lord's Prayer in three hundred and seven tongues, besides hymns and other prayers in twenty-two others. About the same time the philologer Pallas com-

piled, under the auspices of the Empress Catharine II. of Russia, a vocabulary of two hundred and seventy-three familiar words, translated into two hundred and one languages.

The crowning work of the series was the "Mithridates" of John Christopher Adelung. This, besides being more comprehensive than any preceding collection, included, with mere specimens of languages, arranged scientifically, a catalogue of the different works which refer to and shed light upon each. But one volume of the work was published previous to the death of its author, in his seventy-third year. In the touching preface he describes it as "the youngest and probably last child of his muse," and confesses that he "has nurtured, dressed, and cherished it with all the tenderness which it is commonly the lot of the youngest child to enjoy."

In this work Adelung reckons up the number of languages and dialects of which the philological world has knowledge, as having existed or being now in use, at three thousand and sixty-four. Babi, the geographer, enumerated eight hundred and twenty-four distinct languages, of which fifty-three, according to him, belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, one hundred and twenty-three to Asia, four hundred and seventeen to America, and one hundred and seventeen to Oceanica. He estimated the dialects in the world at no less than five thousand.

We come at last to Cardinal Joseph Caspar Mezzofanti, born at Bologna, September 17, 1774, the most prodigious linguist the world has had any knowledge of—"the monster of languages, the Briareus of parts of speech, a walking polyglot, and more—who ought to have existed at the Tower of Babel, as universal interpreter," Byron said, taking the last idea, by-the-way, from Pope's metrical version of the second satire of Dr. Donne, where the hero is thus apostrophized:

—"You proved yourself so able,
Pity you was not *druggerman* [dragoman] at Babel!
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the Tower had stood."

Like all others who have distinguished themselves as practical linguists, Mezzofanti displayed in childhood traces of his extraordinary powers. The son of a poor carpenter, he was, when not yet three years old, sent to a dame's school, more to be out of the way than for instruction. Here, while sitting upon his bench listening idly to the instructions of the other children, he astonished the mistress by reciting from memory all that had been dictated to the other scholars. He soon learned all the old dame could teach, and was then, it is related, sent to work in his father's shop. His bench was beneath the window of a room where an old priest gave lessons in Greek and Latin. Here, too, his memory enabled him to retain the sounds he heard, and one day he surprised the padre by a recitation in pure Greek.

This decided his parents to send him to school, where he made most astonishing progress, owing

to the quickness of his memory. A folio volume of St. Chrysostom, in Greek, being one day put into his hands, he read a page once over, and, closing the book, repeated it entire, without a single mistake. He chose early the priesthood for his vocation, and determined, at the same time, to make languages his chief study. At fifteen he was an elegant Latinist and master of Greek. Before he had completed his nineteenth year he knew Hebrew, Arabic, and Coptic, as well as French and German. It must be borne in mind that his knowledge of these tongues was not superficial, but that, owing to a marvelous faculty of mind, he understood almost intuitively the grammatical peculiarities of each. This is shown by the manner in which he acquired Swedish. A Swedish boy, son of Italian parents, was sent to Bologna to be educated. On his arrival, speaking only his vernacular, no one understood him; and Mezzofanti, then but twenty, was sent for. But he, too, was yet ignorant of Swedish. He asked to see the books the lad had brought with him. A short examination enabled him to determine the German affinities of the new language, as well as its own peculiarities; a few short trials with the boy sufficed to familiarize him with the system of pronunciation, and in a very few days he was able not only to act as the lad's interpreter, but to speak Swedish fluently.

Two days before he was twenty-three years of age he was appointed Arabic professor in the University of Bologna. He held this honorable office but a few months. In 1798 the French took possession of Italy; and, refusing to take the new oath of allegiance, Mezzofanti was deprived of his post. He immediately took pupils to teach, and thus earned a very modest livelihood until better times came. The war brought foreign troops to Italy, and he availed himself of this to study new languages. Mr. J. T. Headley relates that Mezzofanti was one day called to confess two foreigners condemned for piracy, who were to be executed the next day. He found the criminals unable to speak any tongue but their own, which he did not understand. Determined to acquire the language before morning, he sat up all night, actually accomplished the task, and confessed them in their own tongue. Thus by speaking with and confessing the wounded and sick with whom the hospital at Bologna was filled, he acquired successively Magyar, Bohemian, Polish, the Gipsy dialect, Flemish, and Russian, the latter sufficiently well to converse fluently with the celebrated Suwarrow, that "polished barbarian," who himself spoke and wrote in seven languages.

Owing to his versatility, Mezzofanti was soon marked out as the *confessario dei forestieri*—"foreigner's confessor"—uniting in himself all the qualities of the large staff of priests of different countries, to whom this post is generally intrusted in Rome. "The hotel keepers," he related, "used to apprise me of the arrival of all strangers in Bologna. When any thing was to be learned I called upon them, made notes of

their communications, and took instructions from them in pronunciation. I made it a rule to learn every new grammar, and to apply myself to every strange dictionary that came in my way. I was constantly filling my head with new words. I must confess, too, that it cost me but little trouble; for in addition to an excellent memory, God had blessed me with an incredible flexibility of the organs of speech." He taught himself the Sardinian dialect—a soft patois, composed of Latin, Italian, and Spanish—by a few hours' conversation; and this merely to confess the servant of a lady friend, and thus ease her mind. So he went on, day by day gathering knowledge, with comparative ease to be sure, owing to his peculiar powers, but yet with really vast and unremitting labor. His biographer asserts that, however much he may have owed to nature, it is certain that for all practical results of his studies and gifts he was indebted to his own patient and almost plodding industry. In his studies he was above no drudgery. With painful care he consulted grammars, dictionaries, manuals, and reading books; and through his whole career continued the toilsome practice of writing out translations from one language into another. As to his hours of labor it is difficult to speak, because his multifarious duties broke up his time; but it is certain that, in intensity of occupation, he excelled all his predecessors. Father Suarez is said to have spent seventeen hours of the twenty-four in study and prayers. Castell, to whom we have before referred, devoted at least sixteen hours to labor. Theophilus Reynaud, during his long life of eighty years, allowed himself but a quarter of an hour per day to dine, and Bynne, a Puritan divine, seldom spared time to dine at all. The actual labor of Mezzofanti probably equaled any of these. It is related that, during his prime, he slept but three hours per night; and, besides being singularly abstemious in eating and drinking, *never* used a fire during the long nights of severe winter which he devoted to study. This last may serve as a hint to other students. Let the fire of enthusiasm suffice to warm both the body and soul of the seeker after knowledge.

When he was thirty years old, Mezzofanti spoke fluently twenty-four languages, and was, as all who tried him testify, more or less well read in the literature of each. This, indeed, was necessary for his system of study; for it is certain that he was not merely an extraordinary parrot, but, in every sense of the word, an extraordinary linguist. The numberless trials to which he was put prove at least this.

During 1813 he studied Mexican, and acquired sufficient from the scant resources at his command to read two interesting papers "on the symbolic paintings of the Mexicans." In the succeeding year he mastered the language and literature of Wallachia; and in 1816 was able to deliver a paper on the dialect of the *Sette Comuni* at Vicenza—a remarkable community, descendants of stragglers from the invading army of the Cimbri and Teutones which crossed the

Alps in the year of Rome 640, and which presents at this day the singular phenomenon of a foreign race and language preserved unmixed in the midst of another people and another tongue, for a space of nearly two thousand years. But this does not include all his acquisitions, for in 1817 he was acquainted with forty languages, of which the last studied at that time was Welsh.

The space devoted to a Magazine article forbids our following out in detail his various studies, interesting as this would be. He was now a celebrity, and every stranger who visited Italy saw Mezzofanti, and put his powers to the test. To show his singular knowledge, not only of languages, but of dialects and local idioms, Lord Byron relates: "I tried him in every language in which I knew a single oath, or adjuration to the gods against post-boys, savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, camel-drivers, vetturini, postmasters, post-houses, post every thing, and egad! he astounded me—even to my English!" It is related, indeed, that when Byron got through with his vocabulary of English slang Mezzofanti quietly asked,

"And is that all?"

"I can go no farther," said the poet, "unless I coin words for the purpose."

"Pardon me, my lord," said the priest; and proceeded to repeat to him a variety of the refinements of London slang, till then unknown to his astonished visitor.

In 1819 Francis I. of Austria visited Bologna, and, having secretly surrounded himself with persons speaking the various languages used in his dominions, had Professor Mezzofanti called to him. The astonished linguist was addressed in turn in German, Magyar, Bohemian, Wallachian, Illyrian, and Polish; but although somewhat startled, replied with wonderful readiness to each in his own tongue, and all bore witness to the remarkable correctness and readiness of his language and pronunciation. Indeed, he had before this been taken by strangers for a native German; while an English lady, whom he addressed in her native tongue, refused to believe that he was not a native of Albion—till she was told he was Mezzofanti.

In 1831 he visited Pope Gregory XVI., and in concurrence with the repeated requests of his Holiness consented to settle himself in Rome. It was on this occasion he said, in reply to some kind words of the Pope, "Holy Father, people say that I can speak a great many languages. In no one of them, nor in them all, can I find words to express how deeply I feel this mark of your Holiness's regard." One of his first visits in Rome was, of course, to the Propaganda—that Polyglot College where, it would seem, he should feel most at home. Entering, he was introduced to a Turkish student, whom he at once addressed in his own tongue. He changed rapidly to Romaic, and from that to English. Presently a crowd surrounded him, each speaking in his own language, and receiving an immediate answer. Dr. O'Connor, the present

Roman Bishop of Pittsburgh, who was then a student, describes the scene as most extraordinary, and adds, as a farther exemplification of the linguist's wonderful memory, that during many after-visits to the same place, Mezzofanti never once forgot the language of any student he had once met, nor once failed to address each in his native tongue.

In 1832 he took advantage of a visit to the Chinese College at Naples to begin the study of Chinese; and now a singular mishap befell him. He applied himself so zealously to the acquisition of this most difficult of languages that his overtasked powers succumbed, and he was prostrated with a brain fever. During his sickness, it is said, he was delirious, and talked in an odd mixture of all his fifty languages. Returning consciousness brought with it a total suspension of memory. He completely forgot all his philologic lore. His mind returned to its first uneducated condition of thought. As he recovered strength, however, his powers returned to him unimpaired; and the following year he was enabled to complete his mastery of Chinese. That he did so with his accustomed minuteness of knowledge is evident from an anecdote related of him some years afterward. He was called to speak with a gentleman who had resided for some years at Whampoa and Hong Kong. On making a trial, he found this person to possess but a very superficial knowledge of Chinese; "but," said he, "we spoke long enough for me to discover that he used the *Canton dialect*."

Shortly after Mezzofanti's permanent return to Rome the Pope prepared for him a surprise which most fully tested his wonderful powers. This was a regular linguistic tournament. A number of the Propaganda students were placed in ambush along the line of walk in the Vatican gardens where His Holiness was wont to take his afternoon exercise. When all was arranged, the great linguist was invited to accompany the Pope; and engaged in cheerful conversation the two proceeded down the appointed path. At a given signal the youths rushed out, and, making their obeisance to the Pope, at once addressed themselves to his companion, each in his own tongue, and that with such abundance of words and volubility of tone, that, in the jargon of dialects, it was almost impossible to distinguish any separate sound. With the promptness and command of his knowledge which was not the least marvelous quality of Mezzofanti's powers, he immediately took them up, one by one, "and answered each," says one of the students present, "in his own language, and with such spirit and elegance as surprised all."

When, in 1838, the Professor was made Cardinal, another surprise awaited him. A party of fifty-three, comprising all the languages and nationalities represented at that time in the Propaganda, waited upon him to offer their polyglot congratulations. He was much touched and gratified; but took care to answer each in his own tongue, with his usual spirit and precision.

In 1839 occurred an odd scene—the polyglot Cardinal was completely at fault. M. Antoine D'Abbadie returned to Rome, from Abyssinia, accompanied by two natives of that country, who spoke only the Amarinna language, and by a Galla servant, whose native and only language was the Ilmorma—a tongue at that time almost unknown even by name in Europe. Mezzofanti, opening the conversation when he met these persons, asked in Arabic, in what language they should speak. M. D'Abbadie proposed the Basque, of which the Cardinal was forced to confess his ignorance. He then asked what African language M. D'A. would use. The latter answered in Amarinna—a language of which also the great linguist was ignorant; he therefore replied in Giz or Ethiopic. Neither could he speak at all with the natives who accompanied M. D'A. Two years afterward the Cardinal was able to converse in the Amarinna with some Abyssinians then in Rome; and had also acquired the Basque—a language so complicated that it has been called "the impossible." Some idea of its difficulty may be formed from the number and names of the moods of the Basque verb, which are no less than eleven: the Indicative, Consuetudinal, Potential, Voluntary, Necessary, Coactive, Imperative, Subjunctive, Optative, Plenitudinary, and Infinitive.

Trials of skill he had almost every day after he took up his residence in Rome; but no other such failure as the above is on record. He continued his favorite studies up to his last year, ever finding time, amidst other pressing duties, to investigate a new tongue, or to perfect himself in one whose system he had already mastered. Thus, at his death, which occurred on March 15, 1848, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he was acquainted with no less than one hundred and fourteen languages and dialects. Of these he spoke thirty with rare excellence, as was proven by frequent tests. Twenty others he spoke fluently, but more rarely; eight he spoke imperfectly, and fourteen he had mastered from books. To this list of languages must be added a number of dialects, which make up a total of 114, and with which he was in every case thoroughly familiar. Among these tongues are many the names of which even are unknown to the general reader; such as the Tepohuana, the Emabellada, the Pampanga, one of the languages of the Philippine Islands, and the Quichua. Comparing this list with the attainments of celebrated linguists, such as Mithridates, who knew twenty-five, or Sir William Jones who had twenty-eight languages, with Sir John Bowring, who is said to be more or less acquainted with twenty, or Elihu Burrit, for whom is claimed a knowledge of eighteen tongues, the powers of Cardinal Mezzofanti appear miraculous. God had indeed given him, as he said, "a good memory and a quick ear." Withal, he was a most modest man. "What am I," he used to say, "but an ill-bound dictionary?" quoting, too, the words of Catherine de Medici, when told that Scaliger knew twenty languages: "That

is twenty words for one idea! For my part, I would rather have twenty ideas for one word."

When asked once to explain the quickness and certainty with which he turned from one tongue to another, without confusion of words or ideas, he asked: "Have you ever tried on a pair

of green spectacles? while you wore those every thing looked green to you. Even so, while I am speaking, for instance, Russian, I put on my Russian spectacles, and they color every thing Russian for me: I see all my ideas in that language alone. Passing to another language is merely to change the spectacles."

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER IX.

A CONVIVIAL MEETING.

ON the whole Mr. Dockwrath was satisfied with the results of his trip to Groby Park, and was in a contented frame of mind as he was driven back to Leeds. No doubt it would have been better could he have persuaded Mr. Mason to throw over Messrs. Round and Crook, and put himself altogether into the hands of his new adviser; but this had been too much to expect. He had not expected it, and had made the suggestion as the surest means of getting the best terms in his power, rather than with a hope of securing the actual advantage named. He had done much toward impressing Mr. Mason with an idea of his own sharpness, and perhaps something also toward breaking the prestige which surrounded the names of the great London firm. He would now go to that firm and make his terms with them. They would probably be quite as ready to acquiesce in the importance of his information as had been Mr. Mason.

Before leaving the inn after breakfast he had agreed to join the dinner in the commercial room at five o'clock, and Mr. Mason's hot lunch had by no means induced him to alter his purpose. "I shall dine here," he had said when Mr. Moulder was discussing with the waiter the all-important subject of dinner. "At the commercial table, Sir?" the waiter had asked, doubtfully. Mr. Dockwrath had answered boldly in the affirmative, whereat Mr. Moulder had growled; but Mr. Kantwise had expressed his satisfaction. "We shall be extremely happy to enjoy your company," Mr. Kantwise had said, with a graceful bow, making up by his excessive courtesy for the want of any courtesy on the part of his brother-traveler. With reference to all this Mr. Moulder said nothing: the stranger had been admitted into the room, to a certain extent even with his own consent, and he could not now be turned out; but he resolved within his own mind that for the future he would be more firm in maintaining the ordinances and institutes of his profession.

On his road home Mr. Dockwrath had encountered Mr. Kantwise going to Groby Park, intent on his sale of a drawing-room set of the metallic furniture; and when he again met him in the commercial room he asked after his success. "A wonderful woman that, Mr. Dockwrath," said Mr. Kantwise, "a really wonder-

ful woman; no particular friend of yours I think you say?"

"None in the least, Mr. Kantwise."

"Then I may make bold to assert that for persevering sharpness she beats all that I ever met, even in Yorkshire;" and Mr. Kantwise looked at his new friend over his shoulder, and shook his head as though lost in wonder and admiration. "What do you think she's done now?"

"She didn't give you much to eat, I take it."

"Much to eat! I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Dockwrath, my belief is that that woman would have an absolute pleasure in starving a Christian; I do indeed. I'll tell you what she has done; she has made me put her up a set of them things at twelve, seventeen, six! I needn't tell you that they were never made for the money."

"Why, then, did you part with them at a loss?"

"Well; that's the question. I was soft, I suppose. She got round me, badgering me, till I didn't know where I was. She wanted them as a present for the curate's wife, she said. Whatever should induce her to make a present!"

"She got them for twelve, seventeen, six; did she?" said Dockwrath, thinking that it might be as well to remember this, if he should feel inclined to make a purchase himself.

"But they was strained, Mr. Dockwrath; I must admit they was strained—particularly the loo."

"You had gone through your gymnastics on it a little too often?" asked the attorney. But this Mr. Kantwise would not acknowledge. The strength of that table was such that he could stand on it forever without injury to it; but nevertheless, in some other way, it had become strained, and therefore he had sold the set to Mrs. Mason for £12 17s. 6d., that lady being minded to make a costly present to the wife of the curate of Groby.

When dinner-time came Mr. Dockwrath found that the party was swelled to the number of eight, five other undoubted commercials having brought themselves to anchor at the Bull Inn during the day. To all of these Mr. Kantwise introduced him. "Mr. Gape, Mr. Dockwrath," said he, gracefully moving toward them the palm of his hand, and eying them over his shoulder. "Mr. Gape is in the stationery line," he added, in a whisper to the attorney, "and does for Cumming and Jibber, of St. Paul's Churchyard.

Mr. Johnson, Mr. Dockwrath. Mr. J. is from Sheffield. Mr. Snengkeld, Mr. Dockwrath;" and then he imparted in another whisper the necessary information as to Mr. Snengkeld. "Soft goods, for Brown Brothers, of Snow Hill," and so on, through the whole fraternity. Each member bowed as his name was mentioned; but they did not do so very graciously, as Mr. Kantwise was not a great man among them. Had the stranger been introduced to them by Moulder—Moulder the patriarch—his reception among them would have been much warmer. And then they sat down to dinner, Mr. Moulder taking the chair as president, and Mr. Kantwise sitting opposite to him, as being the longest sojourner at the inn. Mr. Dockwrath sat at the right hand of Kantwise, discreetly avoiding the neighborhood of Moulder, and the others ranged themselves according to fancy at the table. "Come up alongside of me, old fellow," Moulder said to Snengkeld. "It ain't the first time that you and I have smacked our lips together over the same bit of roast beef." "Nor won't, I hope, be the last by a long chalk, Mr. Moulder," said Snengkeld, speaking with a deep, hoarse voice, which seemed to ascend from some region of his body far below his chest. Moulder and Snengkeld were congenial spirits; but the latter, though the older man, was not endowed with so large a volume of body or so highly dominant a spirit. Brown Brothers, of Snow Hill, were substantial people, and Mr. Snengkeld traveled in strict accordance with the good old rules of trade which Moulder loved so well.

The politeness and general good manners of the company were something very pretty to witness. Mr. Dockwrath, as a stranger, was helped first, and every courtesy was shown to him. Even Mr. Moulder carved the beef for him with a loving hand, and Mr. Kantwise was almost subservient in his attention. Mr. Dockwrath thought that he had certainly done right in coming to the commercial table, and resolved on doing so on all occasions of future journeys. So far all was good. The commercial dinner, as he had ascertained, would cost him only two shillings, and a much inferior repast eaten by himself elsewhere would have stood in his bill for three. So far all was good; but the test by which he was to be tried was now approaching him.

When the dinner was just half over—Mr. Moulder well knew how to mark the time—that gentleman called for the waiter, and whispered an important order into that functionary's ears. The functionary bowed, retired from the room, and reappeared again in two minutes, bearing a bottle of sherry in each hand; one of these he deposited at the right hand of Mr. Moulder, and the other at the right hand of Mr. Kantwise.

"Sir," said Mr. Moulder, addressing himself with great ceremony to Mr. Dockwrath, "the honor of a glass of wine with you, Sir," and the president, to give more importance to the occasion, put down his knife and fork, leaned back

in his chair, and put both his hands upon his waistcoat, looking intently at the attorney out of his little eyes.

Mr. Dockwrath was immediately aware that a crisis had come upon him which demanded an instant decision. If he complied with the president's invitation he would have to pay his proportion of all the wine bill that might be incurred that evening by the seven commercial gentlemen at the table, and he knew well that commercial gentlemen do sometimes call for bottle after bottle with a reckless disregard of expense. But to him, with his sixteen children, wine at a hotel was terrible. A pint of beer and a glass of brandy-and-water were the luxuries which he had promised himself, and with manly fortitude he resolved that he would not be coerced into extravagance by any president or any Moulder.

"Sir," said he, "I'm obliged by the honor, but I don't drink wine to my dinner." Whereupon Mr. Moulder bowed his head very solemnly, winked at Snengkeld, and then drank wine with that gentleman.

"It's the rule of the room," whispered Mr. Kantwise into Mr. Dockwrath's ear; but Mr. Dockwrath pretended not to hear him, and the matter was allowed to pass by for the time.

But Mr. Snengkeld asked him for the honor, as also did Mr. Gape, who sat at Moulder's left hand; and then Mr. Dockwrath began to wax angry. "I think I remarked before that I don't drink wine to my dinner," he said; and then the three at the president's end of the table all looked at each other very solemnly, and they all winked; and after that there was very little conversation during the remainder of the meal, for men knew that the goddess of discord was in the air.

The cheese came, and with that a bottle of port wine, which was handed round, Mr. Dockwrath of course refusing to join in the conviviality; and then the cloth was drawn, and the decanters were put before the president. "James, bring me a little brandy-and-water," said the attorney, striving to put a bold face on the matter, but yet speaking with diminished voice.

"Half a moment, if you please, Sir," said Moulder; and then he exclaimed, with stentorian voice, "James, the dinner bill." "Yes, Sir," said the waiter, and disappeared without any thought toward the requisition for brandy-and-water from Mr. Dockwrath.

For the next five minutes they all remained silent, except that Mr. Moulder gave the Queen's health as he filled his glass and pushed the bottles from him. "Gentlemen, the Queen," and then he lifted his glass of port up to the light, shut one eye as he looked at it, and immediately swallowed the contents as though he were taking a dose of physic. "I'm afraid they'll charge you for the wine," said Mr. Kantwise, again whispering to his neighbor. But Mr. Dockwrath paid no apparent attention to what was said to him. He was concentrating his energies with a view to the battle.

James, the waiter, soon returned. He also knew well what was about to happen, and he

trembled as he handed in the document to the president. "Let's have it, James," said Moulder, with much pleasantry, as he took the paper in his hand. "The old ticket, I suppose; five bob a head." And then he read out the bill, the total of which, wine and beer included, came to forty shillings. "Five shillings a head, gentlemen, as I said. You and I can make a pretty good guess as to the figure—eh, Snengkeld?" And then he put down his two half-crowns on the waiter, as also did Mr. Snengkeld, and then Mr. Gape, and so on till it came to Mr. Kantwise.

"I think you and I will leave it, and settle at the bar," said Kantwise, appealing to Dockwrath, and intending peace if peace were still possible.

"No," shouted Moulder, from the other end of the table; "let the man have his money now, and then his troubles will be over. If there's to be any fuss about it, let's have it out. I like to see the dinner-bill settled as soon as the dinner is eaten. Then one gets an appetite for one's supper."

"I don't think I have the change," said Kantwise, still putting off the evil day.

"I'll lend it you," said Moulder, putting his hand into his trowsers-pockets. But the money was forthcoming out of Mr. Kantwise's own proper repositories, and with slow motion he put down the five shillings one after the other.

And then the waiter came to Mr. Dockwrath. "What's this?" said the attorney, taking up the bill and looking at it. The whole matter had been sufficiently explained to him, but nevertheless Mr. Moulder explained it again. "In commercial rooms, Sir, as no doubt you must be well aware, seeing that you have done us the honor of joining us here, the dinner-bill is divided equally among all the gentlemen as sit down. It's the rule of the room, Sir. You has what you like, and you calls for what you like, and conviviality is thereby encouraged. The figure generally comes to five shillings, and you afterward gives what you like to the waiter. That's about it, ain't it, James?"

"That's the rule, Sir, in all commercial rooms as I ever see," said the waiter.

The matter had been so extremely well put by Mr. Moulder, and that gentleman's words had carried with them so much conviction, that Dockwrath felt himself almost tempted to put down the money: as far as his sixteen children and general ideas of economy were concerned he would have done so; but his legal mind could not bear to be beaten. The spirit of litigation within him told him that the point was to be carried. Moulder, Gape, and Snengkeld together could not make him pay for wine he had neither ordered nor swallowed. His pocket was guarded by the law of the land, and not by the laws of any special room in which he might chance to find himself. "I shall pay two shillings for my dinner," said he, "and sixpence for my beer;" and then he deposited the half crown.

"Do you mean us to understand," said Moul-

der, "that after forcing your way into this room, and sitting down along with gentlemen at this table, you refuse to abide by the rules of the room?" And Mr. Moulder spoke and looked as though he thought that such treachery must certainly lead to most disastrous results. The disastrous result which a stranger might have expected at the moment would be a fit of apoplexy on the part of the worthy president.

"I neither ordered that wine nor did I drink it," said Mr. Dockwrath, compressing his lips, leaning back in his chair, and looking up into one corner of the ceiling.

"The gentleman certainly did not drink the wine," said Kantwise, "I must acknowledge that; and as for ordering it, why that was done by the president, in course."

"Gammon!" said Mr. Moulder, and he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon his Vice. "Kantwise, that's gammon. The most of what you says is gammon."

"Mr. Moulder, I don't exactly know what you mean by that word gammon, but it's objectionable. To my feelings it's very objectionable. I say that the gentleman did not drink the wine, and I appeal to the gentleman who sits at the gentleman's right, whether what I say is not correct. If what I say is correct, it can't be—gammon. Mr. Busby, did the gentleman drink the wine, or did he not?"

"Not as I see," said Mr. Busby, somewhat nervous at being thus brought into the controversy. He was a young man just commencing his travels, and stood in awe of the great Moulder.

"Gammon!" shouted Moulder, with a very red face. "Every body at the table knows he didn't drink the wine. Every body saw that he declined the honor when proposed, which I don't know that I ever saw a gentleman do at a commercial table till this day, barring that he was a teetotaler, which is gammon too. But it's P. P. here, as every commercial gentleman knows, Kantwise as well as the best of us."

"P. P., that's the rule," growled Snengkeld, almost from under the table.

"In commercial rooms, as the gentleman must be aware, the rule is as stated by my friend on my right," said Mr. Gape. "The wine is ordered by the president or chairman, and is paid for in equal proportions by the company or guests," and in his oratory Mr. Gape laid great stress on the word "or." "The gentleman will easily perceive that such a rule as this is necessary in such a society; and unless—"

But Mr. Gape was apt to make long speeches, and therefore Mr. Moulder interrupted him. "You had better pay your five shillings, Sir, and have no jaw about it. The man is standing idle there."

"It's not the value of the money," said Dockwrath, "but I must decline to acknowledge that I am amenable to the jurisdiction."

"There has clearly been a mistake," said Johnson from Sheffield, "and we had better settle it among us; any thing is better than a row." Johnson from Sheffield was a man some-

what inclined to dispute the supremacy of Moulder from Houndsditch.

"No, Johnson," said the president. "Any thing is not better than a row. A premeditated infraction of our rules is not better than a row."

"Did you say premeditated?" said Kantwise. "I think not premeditated."

"I did say premeditated, and I say it again."

"It looks uncommon like it," said Snengkeld.

"When a gentleman," said Gape, "who does not belong to a society—"

"It's no good having more talk," said Moulder, "and we'll soon bring this to an end. Mr. —; I haven't the honor of knowing the gentleman's name."

"My name is Dockwrath, and I am a solicitor."

"Oh, a solicitor, are you? and you said last night you was commercial! Will you be good enough to tell us, Mr. Solicitor—for I didn't just catch your name, except that it begins with a dock—and that's where most of your clients are to be found, I suppose—"

"Order, order, order!" said Kantwise, holding up both his hands.

"It's the chair as is speaking," said Mr. Gape, who had a true Englishman's notion that the chair itself could not be called to order.

"You shouldn't insult the gentleman because he has his own ideas," said Johnson.

"I don't want to insult no one," continued Moulder; "and those who know me best, among whom I can't as yet count Mr. Johnson, though hopes I shall some day, won't say it of me." "Hear—hear—hear!" from both Snengkeld and Gape; to which Kantwise added a little "hear—hear" of his own, of which Mr. Moulder did not quite approve. "Mr. Snengkeld and Mr. Gape, they're my old friends, and they knows me. And they knows the way of a commercial room—which some gentlemen don't seem as though they do. I don't want to insult no one; but as chairman here at this convivial meeting, I asks that gentleman who says he is a solicitor whether he means to pay his dinner bill according to the rules of the room, or whether he don't?"

"I've paid for what I've had already," said Dockwrath, "and I don't mean to pay for what I've not had."

"James," exclaimed Moulder—and all the chairman was in his voice as he spoke—"my compliments to Mr. Crump, and I will request his attendance for five minutes;" and then James left the room, and there was silence for a while, during which the bottles made their round of the table.

"Hadn't we better send back the pint of wine which Mr. Dockwrath hasn't used?" suggested Kantwise.

"I'm d—— if we do!" replied Moulder, with much energy; and the general silence was not again broken till Mr. Crump made his appearance; but the chairman whispered a private word or two to his friend Snengkeld. "I never

sent back ordered liquor to the bar yet, unless it was bad; and I'm not going to begin now."

And then Mr. Crump came in. Mr. Crump was a very clean-looking person, without any beard, and dressed from head to foot in black. He was about fifty, with grizzly gray hair, which stood upright on his head, and his face at the present moment wore on it an innkeeper's smile. But it could also assume an innkeeper's frown, and on occasions did so—when bills were disputed, or unreasonable strangers thought that they knew the distance in posting miles round the neighborhood of Leeds better than did he, Mr. Crump, who had lived at the Bull Inn all his life. But Mr. Crump rarely frowned on commercial gentlemen, from whom was derived the main stay of his business and the main prop of his house.

"Mr. Crump," began Moulder, "here has occurred a very unpleasant transaction."

"I know all about it, gentlemen," said Mr. Crump. "The waiter has acquainted me, and I can assure you, gentlemen, that I am extremely sorry that any thing should have arisen to disturb the harmony of your dinner-table."

"We must now call upon you, Mr. Crump," began Mr. Moulder, who was about to demand that Dockwrath should be turned bodily out of the room.

"If you'll allow me one moment, Mr. Moulder," continued Mr. Crump, "and I'll tell you what is my suggestion. The gentleman here, who I understand is a lawyer, does not wish to comply with the rules of the commercial room."

"I certainly don't wish or intend to pay for drink that I didn't order and haven't had," said Dockwrath.

"Exactly," said Mr. Crump. "And therefore, gentlemen, to get out of the difficulty, we'll presume, if you please, that the bill is paid."

"The lawyer, as you call him, will have to leave the room," said Moulder.

"Perhaps he will not object to step over to the coffee-room on the other side," suggested the landlord.

"I can't think of leaving my seat here under such circumstances," said Dockwrath.

"You can't," said Moulder. "Then you must be made, as I take it."

"Let me see the man that will make me," said Dockwrath.

Mr. Crump looked very apologetic and not very comfortable. "There is a difficulty, gentlemen; there is a difficulty, indeed," he said. "The fact is, the gentleman should not have been showed into the room at all;" and he looked very angrily at his own servant, James.

"He said he was 'mercial," said James. "So he did. Now he says as how he's a lawyer. What's a poor man to do?"

"I'm a commercial lawyer," said Dockwrath.

"He must leave the room, or I shall leave the house," said Moulder.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said Crump. "This kind of thing does not happen often, and on this occasion I must try your kind patience. If Mr.



MR. DOCKWRATH SOLUS.

Moulder would allow me to suggest that the commercial gentlemen should take their wine in the large drawing-room up stairs this evening, Mrs. C. will do her best to make it comfortable for them in five minutes. There of course they can be private."

There was something in the idea of leaving

Mr. Dockwrath alone in his glory which appeased the spirit of the great Moulder. He had known Crump, moreover, for many years, and was aware that it would be a dangerous, and probably an expensive proceeding to thrust out the attorney by violence. "If the other gentlemen are agreeable, I am," said he. The other

gentlemen were agreeable, and, with the exception of Kantwise, they all rose from their chairs.

"I must say I think you ought to leave the room as you don't choose to abide by the rules," said Johnson, addressing himself to Dockwrath.

"That's your opinion," said Dockwrath.

"Yes, it is," said Johnson. "That's my opinion."

"My own happens to be different," said Dockwrath; and so he kept his chair.

"There, Mr. Crump," said Moulder, taking half a crown from his pocket, and throwing it on the table. "I sha'n't see you at a loss."

"Thank you, Sir," said Mr. Crump; and he very humbly took up the money.

"I keep a little account for charity at home," said Moulder.

"It don't run very high, do it?" asked Snengkeld, jocosely.

"Not out of the way, it don't. But now I shall have the pleasure of writing down in it that I paid half a crown for a lawyer who couldn't afford to settle his own dinner bill. Sir, we have the pleasure of wishing you a good-night."

"I hope you'll find the large drawing-room up stairs quite comfortable," said Dockwrath.

And then they all marched out of the room, each with his own glass—Mr. Moulder leading the way with stately step. It was pleasant to see them as they all followed their leader across the open passage of the gate-way, in by the bar, and so up the chief staircase. Mr. Moulder walked slowly, bearing the bottle of port and his own glass, and Mr. Snengkeld and Mr. Gape followed in line, bearing also their own glasses, and maintaining the dignity of their profession under circumstances of some difficulty.

"Gentlemen, I really am sorry for this little accident," said Mr. Crump, as they were passing the bar; "but a lawyer, you know—"

"And such a lawyer, eh, Crump?" said Moulder.

"It might be five-and-twenty pound to me to lay a hand on him!" said the landlord.

When the time came for Mr. Kantwise to move, he considered the matter well. The chances, however, as he calculated them, were against any profitable business being done with the attorney, so he also left the room. "Good-night, Sir," he said as he went. "I wish you a very good-night."

"Take care of yourself," said Dockwrath; and then the attorney spent the rest of the evening alone.

CHAPTER X.

MR., MRS., AND MISS FURNIVAL.

I WILL now ask my readers to come with me up to London, in order that I may introduce them to the family of the Furnivals. We shall see much of the Furnivals before we reach the end of our present undertaking, and it will be well that we should commence our acquaintance with them as early as may be done.

Mr. Furnival was a lawyer—I mean a barrister—belonging to Lincoln's Inn, and living at the time at which our story is supposed to commence in Harley Street. But he had not been long a resident in Harley Street, having left the less fashionable neighborhood of Russell Square only two or three years before that period. On his marriage he had located himself in a small house in Keppel Street, and had there remained till professional success, long waited for, enabled him to move further west, and indulge himself with the comforts of larger rooms and more servants. At the time of which I am now speaking Mr. Furnival was known, and well known, as a successful man; but he had struggled long and hard before that success had come to him, and during the earliest years of his married life had found the work of keeping the wolf from his door to be almost more than enough for his energies.

Mr. Furnival practiced at the common law bar, and early in life had attached himself to the home circuit. I can not say why he obtained no great success till he was nearer fifty than forty years of age. At that time I fancy that barristers did not come to their prime till a period of life at which other men are supposed to be in their decadence. Nevertheless, he had married on nothing, and had kept the wolf from the door. To do this he had been constant at his work in season and out of season, during the long hours of day and the long hours of night. Throughout his term times he had toiled in court, and during the vacations he had toiled out of court. He had reported volumes of cases, having been himself his own short-hand writer—as it is well known to most young lawyers, who as a rule always fill an upper shelf in their law libraries with Furnival and Staples's seventeen volumes in calf. He had worked for the booksellers, and for the newspapers, and for the attorneys—always working, however, with reference to the law; and though he had worked for years with the lowest pay, no man had heard him complain. That no woman had heard him do so, I will not say; as it is more than probable that into the sympathizing ears of Mrs. Furnival he did pour forth complaints as to the small wages which the legal world meted out to him in return for his labors. He was a constant, hard, patient man, and at last there came to him the full reward of all his industry. What was the special case by which Mr. Furnival obtained his great success no man could say. In all probability there was no special case. Gradually it began to be understood that he was a safe man, understanding his trade, true to his clients, and very damaging as an opponent. Legal gentlemen are, I believe, quite as often bought off as bought up. Sir Richard and Mr. Furnival could not both be required on the same side, seeing what a tower of strength each was in himself; but then Sir Richard would be absolutely neutralized if Mr. Furnival were employed on the other side. This is a system well understood by attorneys, and has been found to be ex-

tremely lucrative by gentlemen leading at the bar.

Mr. Furnival was now fifty-five years of age, and was beginning to show in his face some traces of his hard work. Not that he was becoming old, or weak, or worn; but his eye had lost its fire—except the fire peculiar to his profession; and there were wrinkles in his forehead and cheeks; and his upper lip, except when he was speaking, hung heavily over the lower; and the loose skin below his eye was forming itself into saucers; and his hair had become grizzled; and on his shoulders, except when in court, there was a slight stoop. As seen in his wig and gown he was a man of commanding presence, and for ten men in London who knew him in this garb hardly one knew him without it. He was nearly six feet high, and stood forth prominently, with square, broad shoulders and a large body. His head also was large; his forehead was high, and marked strongly by signs of intellect; his nose was long and straight, his eyes were very gray, and capable to an extraordinary degree both of direct severity and of concealed sarcasm. Witnesses have been heard to say that they could endure all that Mr. Furnival could say to them, and continue in some sort to answer all his questions, if only he would refrain from looking at them. But he would never refrain; and therefore it was now well understood how great a thing it was to secure the services of Mr. Furnival. "Sir," an attorney would say to an unfortunate client doubtful as to the expenditure, "your witnesses will not be able to stand in the box if we allow Mr. Furnival to be engaged on the other side." I am inclined to think that Mr. Furnival owed to this power of his eyes his almost unequalled perfection in that peculiar branch of his profession. His voice was powerful, and not unpleasant when used within the precincts of a court, though it grated somewhat harshly on the ears in the smaller compass of a private room. His flow of words was free and good, and seemed to come from him without the slightest effort. Such at least was always the case with him when standing wigged and gowned before a judge. Latterly, however, he had tried his eloquence on another arena, and not altogether with equal success. He was now in Parliament, sitting as member for the Essex Marshes, and he had not as yet carried either the country or the House with him, although he had been frequently on his legs. Some men said that with a little practice he would yet become very serviceable as an honorable and learned member; but others expressed a fear that he had come too late in life to these new duties.

I have spoken of Mr. Furnival's great success in that branch of his profession which required from him the examination of evidence, but I would not have it thought that he was great only in this, or even mainly in this. There are gentlemen at the bar, among whom I may perhaps notice my old friend Mr. Chaffanbrass as the most conspicuous, who have confined their

talents to the brow-beating of witnesses—greatly to their own profit, and no doubt to the advantage of society. But I would have it understood that Mr. Furnival was by no means one of these. He had been no Old Bailey lawyer, devoting himself to the manumission of murderers, or the security of the swindling world in general. He had been employed on abstruse points of law, had been great in will cases, very learned as to the rights of railways, peculiarly apt in enforcing the dowries of married women, and successful above all things in separating husbands and wives whose lives had not been passed in accordance with the recognized rules of Hymen. Indeed there is no branch of the Common Law in which he was not regarded as great and powerful, though perhaps his proficiency in damaging the general characters of his opponents has been recognized as his especial forte. Under these circumstances I should grieve to have him confounded with such men as Mr. Chaffanbrass, who is hardly known by the profession beyond the precincts of his own peculiar court in the City. Mr. Furnival's reputation has spread itself wherever stuff gowns and horse-hair wigs are held in estimation.

Mr. Furnival, when clothed in his forensic habiliments, certainly possessed a solemn and severe dignity which had its weight even with the judges. Those who scrutinized his appearance critically might have said that it was in some respects pretentious; but the ordinary jurymen of this country are not critical scrutinizers of appearance, and by them he was never held in light estimation. When in his addresses to them, appealing to their intelligence, education, and enlightened justice, he would declare that the property of his clients was perfectly safe in their hands, he looked to be such an advocate as a litigant would fain possess when dreading the soundness of his own cause. Any cause was sound to him when once he had been feed for its support, and he carried in his countenance his assurance of this soundness—and the assurance of unsoundness in the cause of his opponent. Even he did not always win; but on the occasion of his losing, those of the uninitiated who had heard the pleadings would express their astonishment that he should not have been successful.

When he was divested of his wig his appearance was not so perfect. There was then a hard, long, straightness about his head and face, giving to his countenance the form of a parallelogram, to which there belonged a certain meanness of expression. He wanted the roundness of forehead, the short lines, and the graceful curves of face which are necessary to unadorned manly comeliness. His whiskers were small, grizzled, and ill-grown, and required the ample relief of his wig. In no guise did he look other than a clever man; but in his dress as a simple citizen he would perhaps be taken as a clever man in whose tenderness of heart and cordiality of feeling one would not at first sight place implicit trust.

As a poor man Mr. Furnival had done his duty well by his wife and family—for as a poor man he had been blessed with four children. Three of these had died as they were becoming men and women; and now, as a rich man, he was left with one daughter, an only child. As a poor man Mr. Furnival had been an excellent husband, going forth in the morning to his work, struggling through the day, and then returning to his meagre dinner and his long evenings of unremitting drudgery. The bodily strength which had supported him through his work in those days must have been immense, for he had allowed himself no holidays. And then success and money had come—and Mrs. Furnival sometimes found herself not quite so happy as she had been when watching beside him in the days of their poverty.

The equal mind—as mortal Delius was bidden to remember, and as Mr. Furnival might also have remembered had time been allowed him to cultivate the classics—the equal mind should be as sedulously maintained when things run well as well as when they run hardly; and perhaps the maintenance of such equal mind is more difficult in the former than in the latter stage of life. Be that as it may, Mr. Furnival could now be very cross on certain domestic occasions, and could also be very unjust. And there was worse than this—much worse behind. He, who in the heyday of his youth would spend night after night poring over his books, copying out reports, and never asking to see a female habiliment brighter or more attractive than his wife's Sunday gown—he, at the age of fifty-five, was now running after strange goddesses! The member for the Essex Marshes, in these his latter days, was obtaining for himself, among other successes, the character of a Lothario; and Mrs. Furnival, sitting at home in her genteel drawing-room near Cavendish Square, would remember with regret the small dingy parlor in Keppel Street.

Mrs. Furnival, in discussing her grievances, would attribute them mainly to port wine. In his early days Mr. Furnival had been essentially an abstemious man. Young men who work fifteen hours a day must be so. But now he had a strong opinion about certain Portuguese vintages, was convinced that there was no port wine in London equal to the contents of his own bin, saving always a certain green cork appertaining to his own club, which was to be extracted at the rate of thirty shillings a cork. And Mrs. Furnival attributed to these latter studies not only a certain purple hue which was suffusing his nose and cheeks, but also that unevenness of character and those supposed domestic improprieties to which allusion has been made. It may, however, be as well to explain that Mrs. Ball, the old family cook and housekeeper, who had ascended with the Furnivals in the world, opined that made-dishes did the mischief. He dined out too often, and was a deal too particular about his dinner when he dined at home. If Providence would see fit to visit him with a sharp

attack of the gout, it would—so thought Mrs. Ball—be better for all parties.

Whether or no it may have been that Mrs. Furnival at fifty-five—for she and her lord were of the same age—was not herself as attractive in her husband's eyes as she had been at thirty, I will not pretend to say. There can have been no just reason for any such change in feeling, seeing that the two had grown old together. She, poor woman, would still have been quite content with the attentions of Mr. Furnival, though his hair was grizzled and his nose was blue; nor did she ever think of attracting to herself the admiration of any swain whose general comeliness might be more free from all taint of age. Why, then, should he wander afield—at the age of fifty-five? That he did wander afield, poor Mrs. Furnival felt in her agony convinced; and among those ladies whom on this account she most thoroughly detested was our friend Lady Mason of Orley Farm. Lady Mason and the lawyer had first become acquainted in the days of the trial, now long gone by, on which occasion Mr. Furnival had been employed as the junior counsel; and that acquaintance had ripened into friendship, and now flourished in full vigor—to Mrs. Furnival's great sorrow and disturbance.

Mrs. Furnival herself was a stout, solid woman, sensible on most points, but better adapted, perhaps, to the life in Keppel Street than that to which she had now been promoted. As Kitty Blacker she had possessed feminine charms which would have been famous had they been better known. Mr. Furnival had fetched her from farther East—from the region of Great Ormond Street and the neighborhood of Southampton Buildings. Her cherry cheeks, and her round eye, and her full bust, and her fresh lip, had conquered the hard-tasked lawyer; and so they had gone forth to fight the world together. Her eye was still round, and her cheek red, and her bust full—there had certainly been no falling off there; nor will I say that her lip had lost all its freshness. But the bloom of her charms had passed away, and she was now a solid, stout, motherly woman, not bright in converse, but by no means deficient in mother-wit, recognizing well the duties which she owed to others, but recognizing equally well those which others owed to her. All the charms of her youth—had they not been given to him, and also all her solicitude, all her anxious fighting with the hard world? When they had been poor together, had she not patched and turned and twisted, sitting silently by his side into the long nights, because she would not ask him for the price of a new dress? And yet now, now that they were rich—? Mrs. Furnival, when she put such questions within her own mind, could hardly answer this latter one with patience. Others might be afraid of the great Mr. Furnival in his wig and gown; others might be struck dumb by his power of eye and mouth; but she, she, the wife of his bosom, she could catch him without his armor. She would so catch him, and let him know what

she thought of all her wrongs. So she said to herself many a day; and yet the great deed, in all its explosiveness, had never yet been done. Small attacks of words there had been many; but hitherto the courage to speak out her griefs openly had been wanting to her.

I can now allow myself but a small space to say a few words of Sophia Furnival, and yet in that small space must be confined all the direct description which can be given of one of the principal personages of this story. At nineteen Miss Furnival was in all respects a young woman. She was forward in acquirements, in manner, in general intelligence, and in powers of conversation. She was a handsome, tall girl, with expressive gray eyes and dark-brown hair. Her mouth, and hair, and a certain motion of her neck and turn of her head, had come to her from her mother, but her eyes were those of her father: they were less sharp perhaps, less eager after their prey; but they were bright as his had been bright, and sometimes had in them more of absolute command than he was ever able to throw into his own.

Their golden days had come on them at a period of her life which enabled her to make a better use of them than her mother could do. She never felt herself to be struck dumb by rank or fashion, nor did she in the drawing-rooms of the great ever show signs of an Eastern origin. She could adapt herself without an effort to the manners of Cavendish Square—ay, and if need were, to the ways of more glorious squares even than that. Therefore was her father never ashamed to be seen with her on his arm in the houses of his new friends, though on such occasions he was willing enough to go out without disturbing the repose of his wife. No mother could have loved her children with a warmer affection than that which had warmed the heart of poor Mrs. Furnival; but under such circumstances as these was it singular that she should occasionally become jealous of her own daughter?

Sophia Furnival was, as I have said, a clever, attractive girl, handsome, well-read, able to hold her own with the old as well as with the young, capable of hiding her vanity if she had any, mild and gentle to girls less gifted, animated in conversation, and yet possessing an eye that could fall softly to the ground, as a woman's eye always should fall upon occasions.

Nevertheless she was not altogether charming. "I don't feel quite sure that she is real," Mrs. Orme had said of her, when on a certain occasion Miss Furnival had spent a day and a night at The Cleeve.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. FURNIVAL AT HOME.

LUCIUS MASON on his road to Liverpool had passed through London, and had found a moment to call in Harley Street. Since his return from Germany he had met Miss Furnival both at home at his mother's house—or rather his own

—and at the Cleeve. Miss Furnival had been in the neighborhood, and had spent two days with the great people at the Cleeve, and one day with the little people at Orley Farm. Lucius Mason had found that she was a sensible girl, capable of discussing great subjects with him; and had possibly found some other charms in her. Therefore he had called in Harley Street.

On that occasion he could only call as he passed through London without delay; but he received such encouragement as induced him to spend a night in town on his return, in order that he might accept an invitation to drink tea with the Furnivals. "We shall be very happy to see you," Mrs. Furnival had said, backing the proposition which had come from her daughter without any very great fervor; "but I fear Mr. Furnival will not be at home. Mr. Furnival very seldom is at home now." Young Mason did not much care for fervor on the part of Sophia's mother, and therefore had accepted the invitation, though he was obliged by so doing to curtail by some hours his sojourn among the guano stores of Liverpool.

It was the time of year at which few people are at home in London, being the middle of October; but Mrs. Furnival was a lady of whom at such periods it was not very easy to dispose. She could have made herself as happy as a queen even at Margate, if it could have suited Furnival and Sophia to be happy at Margate with her. But this did not suit Furnival or Sophia. As regards money, any or almost all other autumnal resorts were open to her, but she could be contented at none of them because Mr. Furnival always pleaded that business—law business or political business—took him elsewhere. Now Mrs. Furnival was a woman who did not like to be deserted, and who could not, in the absence of those social joys which Providence had vouchsafed to her as her own, make herself happy with the society of other women such as herself. Furnival was her husband, and she wanted him to carve for her, to sit opposite to her at the breakfast-table, to tell her the news of the day, and to walk to church with her on Sundays. They had been made one flesh and one bone, for better and worse, thirty years since; and now in her latter days she could not put up with disseveration and dislocation.

She had gone down to Brighton in August, soon after the House broke up, and there found that very handsome apartments had been taken for her—rooms that would have made glad the heart of many a lawyer's wife. She had, too, the command of a fly, done up to look like a private brougham, a servant in livery, the run of the public assembly-rooms, a sitting in the centre of the most fashionable church in Brighton—all that the heart of woman could desire. All but the one thing was there; but that one thing being absent she came moodily back to town at the end of September. She would have exchanged them all with a happy heart for very moderate accommodation at Margate, could she have seen Mr. Furnival's blue nose on the other

side of the table every morning and evening as she sat over her shrimps and tea.

Men who had risen in the world as Mr. Furnival had done do find it sometimes difficult to dispose of their wives. It is not that the ladies are in themselves more unfit for rising than their lords, or that if occasion demanded they would not as readily adapt themselves to new spheres. But they do not rise, and occasion does not demand it. A man elevates his wife to his own rank, and when Mr. Brown, on becoming solicitor-general, becomes Sir Jacob, Mrs. Brown also becomes my lady. But the whole set among whom Brown must be more or less thrown do not want her ladyship. On Brown's promotion she did not become part of the bargain. Brown must henceforth have two existences—a public and a private existence; and it will be well for Lady Brown, and well also for Sir Jacob, if the latter be not allowed to dwindle down to a minimum.

If Lady B. can raise herself also, if she can make her own occasion, if she be handsome and can flirt, if she be impudent and can force her way, if she have a daring mind and can commit great expenditure, if she be clever and can make poetry, if she can in any way create a separate glory for herself, then, indeed, Sir Jacob with his blue nose may follow his own path, and all will be well. Sir Jacob's blue nose seated opposite to her will not be her summum bonum.

But worthy Mrs. Furnival—and she was worthy—had created for herself no such separate glory, nor did she dream of creating it; and therefore she had, as it were, no footing left to her. On this occasion she had gone to Brighton, and had returned from it sulky and wretched, bringing her daughter back to London at the period of London's greatest desolation. Sophia had returned uncomplaining, remembering that good things were in store for her. She had been asked to spend her Christmas with the Staveleys at Noningsby—the family of Judge Staveley, who lives near Alston, at a very pretty country place so called. Mr. Furnival had been for many years acquainted with Judge Staveley—had known the judge when he was a leading counsel; and now that Mr. Furnival was a rising man, and now that he had a pretty daughter, it was natural that the young Staveleys and Sophia Furnival should know each other. But poor Mrs. Furnival was too ponderous for this mounting late in life, and she had not been asked to Noningsby.

She was much too good a mother to repine at her daughter's promised gayety. Sophia was welcome to go; but by all the laws of God and man it would behoove her lord and husband to eat his mince-pie at home.

"Mr. Furnival was to be back in town this evening," the lady said, as though apologizing to young Mason for her husband's absence, when he entered the drawing-room, "but he has not come, and I dare say will not come now."

Mason did not care a straw for Mr. Furnival.

"Oh! won't he?" said he. "I suppose business keeps him."

"Papa is very busy about politics just at present," said Sophia, wishing to make matters smooth in her mother's mind. "He was obliged to be at Romford in the beginning of the week, and then he went down to Birmingham. There is some congress going on there, is there not?"

"All that must take a great deal of time," said Lucius.

"Yes; and it is a terrible bore," said Sophia. "I know papa finds it so."

"Your papa likes it, I believe," said Mrs. Furnival, who would not hide even her grievances under a bushel.

"I don't think he likes being so much from home, mamma. Of course he likes excitement, and success. All men do. Do they not, Mr. Mason?"

"They all ought to do so, and women also."

"Ah! but women have no sphere, Mr. Mason."

"They have minds equal to those of men," said Lucius, gallantly, "and ought to be able to make for themselves careers as brilliant."

"Women ought not to have any spheres," said Mrs. Furnival.

"I don't know that I quite agree with you there, mamma."

"The world is becoming a great deal too fond of what you call excitement and success. Of course it is a good thing for a man to make money by his profession, and a very hard thing when he can't do it," added Mrs. Furnival, thinking of the olden days. "But if success in life means rampaging about, and never knowing what it is to sit quiet over his own fireside, I for one would as soon manage to do without it."

"But, mamma, I don't see why success should always be rampageous."

"Literary women who have achieved a name bear their honors quietly," said Lucius.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Furnival. "I am told that some of them are as fond of gadding as the men. As regards the old maids, I don't care so much about it; people who are not married may do what they like with themselves, and nobody has any thing to say to them. But it is very different for married people. They have no business to be enticed away from their homes by any success."

"Mamma is all for a Darby and Joan life," said Sophia, laughing.

"No, I am not, my dear; and you should not say so. I don't advocate any thing that is absurd. But I do say that life should be lived at home. That is the best part of it. What is the meaning of home if it isn't that?"

Poor Mrs. Furnival! she had no idea that she was complaining to a stranger of her husband. Had any one told her so she would have declared that she was discussing general world-wide topics; but Lucius Mason, young as he was, knew that the marital shoe was pinching the lady's domestic corn, and he made haste to change the subject.

"You know my mother, Mrs. Furnival?"

Mrs. Furnival said that she had the honor of acquaintance with Lady Mason; but on this occasion also she exhibited but little fervor.

"I shall meet her up in town to-morrow," said Lucius. "She is coming up for some shopping."

"Oh! indeed," said Mrs. Furnival.

"And then we go down home together. I am to meet her at the chemist's at the top of Chancery Lane."

Now this was a very unnecessary communication on the part of young Mason, and also an unfortunate one. "Oh! indeed," said Mrs. Furnival again, throwing her head a little back. Poor woman! she could not conceal what was in her mind, and her daughter knew all about it immediately. The truth was this. Mr. Furnival had been for some days on the move, at Birmingham and elsewhere, and had now sent up sudden notice that he should probably be at home that very night. He should probably be at home that night, but in such case would be compelled to return to his friends at Birmingham on the following afternoon. Now if it were an ascertained fact that he was coming to London merely with the view of meeting Lady Mason, the wife of his bosom would not think it necessary to provide for him the warmest possible welcome. This of course was not an ascertained fact; but was there not terrible grounds of suspicion? Mr. Furnival's law-chambers were in Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, close to Chancery Lane, and Lady Mason had made her appointment with her son within five minutes' walk of that locality. And was it not in itself a strange coincidence that Lady Mason, who came to town so seldom, should now do so on the very day of Mr. Furnival's sudden return? She felt sure that they were to meet on the morrow, but yet she could not declare even to herself that it was an ascertained fact.

"Oh! indeed," she said; and Sophia understood all about it, though Lucius did not.

Then Mrs. Furnival sank into silence; and we need not follow, word for word, the conversation between the young lady and the young gentleman. Mr. Mason thought that Miss Furnival was a very nice girl, and was not at all ill pleased to have an opportunity of passing an evening in her company; and Miss Furnival thought—What she thought, or what young ladies may think generally about young gentlemen, is not to be spoken openly; but it seemed as though she also were employed to her own satisfaction, while her mother sat moody in her own arm-chair. In the course of the evening the footman in livery brought in tea, handing it round on a big silver salver, which also added to Mrs. Furnival's unhappiness. She would have liked to sit behind her tea-tray as she used to do in the good old hard-working days, with a small pile of buttered toast on the slop-bowl, kept warm by hot water below it. In those dear old hard-working days, buttered toast had been a much-loved delicacy with Furnival; and

she, kind woman, had never begrudged her eyes, as she sat making it for him over the parlor fire. Nor would she have begrudged them now, neither her eyes nor the work of her hands, nor all the thoughts of her heart, if he would have consented to accept of her handiwork; but in these days Mr. Furnival had learned a relish for other delicacies.

She also had liked buttered toast, always, however, taking the pieces with the upper crust, in order that the more luscious morsels might be left for him; and she had liked to prepare her own tea leisurely, putting in slowly the sugar and cream—skimmed milk it had used to be, dropped for herself with a sparing hand, in order that his large breakfast-cup might be whitened to his liking; but though the milk had been skimmed and scanty, and though the tea itself had been put in with a sparing hand, she had then been mistress of the occasion. She had had her own way, and in stinting herself had found her own reward. But now—the tea had no flavor now that it was made in the kitchen and brought to her, cold and vapid by a man in livery whom she half feared to keep waiting while she ministered to her own wants.

And so she sat moody in her arm-chair, cross and sulky, as her daughter thought. But yet there was a vein of poetry in her heart as she sat there, little like a sibyl as she looked. Dear old days, in which her cares and solicitude were valued; in which she could do something for the joint benefit of the firm into which she had been taken as a partner! How happy she had been in her struggles, how piteously had her heart yearned toward him when she thought that he was struggling too fiercely, how brave and constant he had been; and how she had loved him as he sat steady as a rock at his grinding work! Now had come the great success of which they had both dreamed together, of which they had talked as arm in arm they were taking the exercise that was so needful to him, walking quickly round Russell Square, quickly round Bloomsbury Square and Bedford Square, and so back to the grinding work in Keppel Street. It had come now—all of which they had dreamed, and more than all they had dared to hope. But of what good was it? Was he happy? No; he was fretful, bilious, and worn with toil which was hard to him because he ate and drank too much; he was ill at ease in public, only half understanding the political life which he was obliged to assume in his new ambition; and he was sick in his conscience—she was sure that must be so: he could not thus neglect her, his loving, constant wife, without some pang of remorse. And was she happy? She might have reveled in silks and satins, if silks and satins would have done her old heart good. But they would do her no good. How she had joyed in a new dress, when it had been so hard to come by, so slow in coming, and when he would go with her to the choosing of it! But her gowns now were hardly of more interest to her than the joints of meat which the butcher brought to

the door with the utmost regularity. It behooved the butcher to send good beef and the milliner to send good silk, and there was an end of it.

Not but what she could have been ecstatic about a full skirt on a smart body if he would have cared to look at it. In truth she was still soft and young enough within, though stout, and solid, and somewhat aged without. Though she looked cross and surly that night, there was soft poetry within her heart. If Providence, who had bountifully given, would now by chance mercifully take away those gifts, would she not then forgive every thing and toil for him again with the same happiness as before? Ah! yes; she could forgive every thing, any thing, if he would only return and be contented to sit opposite to her once again. "Oh, mortal Delius, dearest lord and husband!" she exclaimed within her own breast, in language somewhat differing from that of the Roman poet, "why hast thou not remembered to maintain a mind equal in prosperity as it was always equal and well-poised in adversity? Oh! my Delius, since prosperity has been too much for thee, may the Lord bless thee once more with the adversity which thou canst bear—which thou canst bear, and I with thee!" Thus did she sing sadly within her own bosom—sadly, but with true poetic cadence; while Sophia and Lucius Mason, sitting by, when for a moment they turned their eyes upon her, gave her credit only for the cross solemnity supposed to be incidental to obese and declining years.

And then there came a ring at the bell and a knock at the door, and a rush along the nether passages, and the lady knew that he of whom she had been thinking had arrived. In olden days she had ever met him in the narrow passage, and, indifferent to the maid, she had hung about his neck and kissed him in the hall. But now she did not stir from her chair. She could forgive him all and run again at the sound of his footstep, but she must first know that such forgiveness and such running would be welcome.

"That's papa," said Sophia.

"Don't forget that I have not met him since I have been home from Germany," said Lucius. "You must introduce me."

In a minute or two Mr. Furnival opened the door and walked into the room. Men when they arrive from their travels nowadays have no strippings of great-coats, no deposits to make of thick shawls and double gloves, no absolutely necessary changes of raiment. Such had been the case when he had used to come back cold and weary from the circuits; but now he had left Birmingham since dinner by the late express, had enjoyed his nap in the train for two hours or so, and walked into his own drawing-room as he might have done had he dined in his own dining-room.

"How are you, Kitty?" he said to his wife, handing to her the forefinger of his right hand by way of greeting. "Well, Sophy, my love;" and he kissed his daughter. "Oh! Lucius Ma-

son. I am very glad to see you. I can't say I should have remembered you unless I had been told. You are very welcome in Harley Street, and I hope you will often be here."

"It's not very often he'd find you at home, Mr. Furnival," said the aggrieved wife.

"Not so often as I could wish just at present; but things will be more settled, I hope, before very long. How's your mother, Lucius?"

"She's pretty well, thank you, Sir. I've to meet her in town to-morrow, and go down home with her."

There was then silence in the room for a few seconds, during which Mrs. Furnival looked very sharply at her husband. "Oh! she's to be in town, is she?" said Mr. Furnival, after a moment's consideration. He was angry with Lady Mason at the moment for having put him into this position. Why had she told her son that she was to be up in London, thus producing conversation and tittle-tattle which made deceit on his part absolutely necessary? Lady Mason's business in London was of a nature which would not bear much open talking. She herself, in her earnest letter summoning Mr. Furnival up from Birmingham, had besought him that her visit to his chambers might not be made matter of discussion. New troubles might be coming on her, but also they might not; and she was very anxious that no one should know that she was seeking a lawyer's advice on the matter. To all this Mr. Furnival had given in his adhesion; and yet she had put it into her son's power to come to his drawing-room and chatter there of her whereabouts. For a moment or two he doubted; but at the expiration of those moments he saw that the deceit was necessary. "She's to be in town, is she?" said he. The reader will of course observe that this deceit was practiced, not as between husband and wife with reference to an assignation with a lady, but between the lawyer and the outer world with reference to a private meeting with a client. But then it is sometimes so difficult to make wives look at such matters in the right light.

"She's coming up for some shopping," said Lucius.

"Oh! indeed," said Mrs. Furnival. She would not have spoken if she could have helped it, but she could not help it; and then there was silence in the room for a minute or two, which Lucius vainly endeavored to break by a few indifferent observations to Miss Furnival. The words, however, which he uttered would not take the guise of indifferent observations, but fell flatly on their ears, and at the same time solemnly, as though spoken with the sole purpose of creating sound.

"I hope you have been enjoying yourself at Birmingham," said Mrs. Furnival.

"Enjoyed myself! I did not exactly go there for enjoyment."

"Or at Romford, where you were before?"

"Women seem to think that men have no purpose but amusement when they go about their daily work," said Mr. Furnival; and then he



THE FURNIVALS.

threw himself back in his arm-chair, and took up the last *Quarterly*.

Lucius Mason soon perceived that all the harmony of the evening had in some way been marred by the return of the master of the house, and that he might be in the way if he remained; he therefore took his leave.

"I shall want breakfast punctually at half past eight to-morrow morning," said Mr. Furnival, as soon as the stranger had withdrawn. "I must be in chambers before ten;" and then he took his candle and withdrew to his own room.

Sophia rang the bell and gave the servant the order; but Mrs. Furnival took no trouble in the

matter whatever. In the olden days she would have bustled down before she went to bed and, have seen herself that every thing was ready, so that the master of the house might not be kept waiting. But all this was nothing to her now.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. FURNIVAL'S CHAMBERS.

MR. FURNIVAL'S chambers were on the first floor in a very dingy edifice in Old Square, Lincoln's Inn. This square was always dingy, even when it was comparatively open and served as the approach from Chancery Lane to the Lord Chancellor's Court; but now it has been built up with new shops for the Vice-Chancellor, and to my eyes it seems more dingy than ever.

He there occupied three rooms, all of them sufficiently spacious for the purposes required, but which were made oppressive by their general dinginess and by a smell of old leather which pervaded them. In one of them sat at his desk Mr. Crabwitz, a gentleman who had now been with Mr. Furnival for the last fifteen years, and who considered that no inconsiderable portion of the barrister's success had been attributable to his own energy and genius. Mr. Crabwitz was a genteel-looking man, somewhat over forty years of age, very careful as to his gloves, hat, and umbrella, and not a little particular as to his associates. As he was unmarried, fond of ladies' society, and presumed to be a warm man in money matters, he had his social successes, and looked down from a considerable altitude on some men who from their professional rank might have been considered as his superiors. He had a small bachelor's box down at Barnes, and not unfrequently went abroad in the vacations. The door opening into the room of Mr. Crabwitz was in the corner fronting you on the left-hand side as you entered the chambers. Immediately on your left was a large waiting-room, in which an additional clerk usually sat at an ordinary table. He was not an authorized part of the establishment, being kept only from week to week; but nevertheless, for the last two or three years he had been always there, and Mr. Crabwitz intended that he should remain, for he acted as fag to Mr. Crabwitz. This waiting-room was very dingy, much more so than the clerk's room, and boasted of no furniture but eight old leathern chairs and two old tables. It was surrounded by shelves which were laden with books and dust, which by no chance were ever disturbed. But to my ideas the most dingy of the three rooms was that large one in which the great man himself sat; the door of which directly fronted you as you entered. The furniture was probably better than that in the other chambers, and the place had certainly the appearance of warmth and life which comes from frequent use; but nevertheless, of all the rooms in which I ever sat I think it was the most gloomy. There were heavy cur-

tains to the windows, which had once been ruby but were now brown; and the ceiling was brown, and the thick carpet was brown, and the books which covered every portion of the wall were brown, and the painted wood-work of the doors and windows was of a dark brown. Here, on the morning with which we have now to deal, sat Mr. Furnival over his papers from ten to twelve, at which latter hour Lady Mason was to come to him. The holidays of Mr. Crabwitz had this year been cut short in consequence of his patron's attendance at the great congress which was now sitting, and although all London was a desert, as he had piteously complained to a lady of his acquaintance whom he had left at Boulogne, he was there in the midst of the desert, and on this morning was sitting in attendance at his usual desk.

Why Mr. Furnival should have breakfasted by himself at half past eight in order that he might be at his chambers at ten, seeing that the engagement for which he had come to town was timed for twelve, I will not pretend to say. He did not ask his wife to join him, and consequently she did not come down till her usual time. Mr. Furnival breakfasted by himself, and at ten o'clock he was in his chambers. Though alone for two hours he was not idle, and exactly at twelve Mr. Crabwitz opened his door and announced Lady Mason.

When we last parted with her after her interview with Sir Peregrine Orme, she had resolved not to communicate with her friend the lawyer—at any rate, not to do so immediately. Thinking on that resolve she had tried to sleep that night; but her mind was altogether disturbed, and she could get no rest. What if after twenty years of tranquillity all her troubles must now be recommenced? What if the battle were again to be fought—with such termination as the chances of war might send to her? Why was it that she was so much greater a coward now than she had been then? Then she had expected defeat, for her friends had bade her not to be sanguine; but in spite of that she had borne up and gone gallantly through the ordeal. But now she felt that if Orley Farm were hers to give she would sooner abandon it than renew the contest. Then, at that former period of her life, she had prepared her mind to do or die in the cause. She had wrought herself up for the work, and had carried it through. But having done that work, having accomplished her terrible task, she had hoped that rest might be in store for her.

As she rose from her bed on the morning after her interview with Sir Peregrine, she determined that she would seek counsel from him in whose counsel she could trust. Sir Peregrine's friendship was more valuable to her than that of Mr. Furnival, but a word of advice from Mr. Furnival was worth all the spoken wisdom of the baronet, ten times over. Therefore she wrote her letter, and proposed an appointment; and Mr. Furnival, tempted as I have said by some evil spirit to stray after strange goddesses in these

his blue-nosed days, had left his learned brethren at their congress in Birmingham, and had hurried up to town to assist the widow. He had left that congress, though the wisest Rustums of the law from all the civilized countries of Europe were there assembled, with Boanerges at their head, that great, old, valiant, learned, British Rustum, inquiring with energy, solemnity, and caution, with much shaking of ponderous heads and many sarcasms from those which were not ponderous, whether any and what changes might be made in the modes of answering that great question, "Guilty or not guilty?" and that other equally great question, "Is it meum or is it tuum?" To answer which question justly should be the end and object of every lawyer's work. There were great men there from Paris, very capable, the Ulpian, Tribonian, and Papinian of the new empire, armed with the purest sentiments expressed in antithetical and magniloquent phrases, ravishing to the ears, and armed also with a code which, taken in its integrity, would necessarily, as the logical consequence of its clauses, drive all injustice from the face of the earth. And there were great practitioners from Germany, men very skilled in the use of questions, who profess that the tongue of man, if adequately skillful, may always prevail on guilt to disclose itself; who believe in the power of their own craft to produce truth, as our forefathers believed in torture; and sometimes with the same result. And of course all that was great on the British bench, and all that was famous at the British bar was there—men very unlike their German brethren, men who thought that guilt never should be asked to tell of itself—men who were customarily but unconsciously shocked whenever unwary guilt did tell of itself. Men these were, mostly of high and noble feeling, born and bred to live with upright hearts and clean hands, but taught by the peculiar tenets of their profession to think that that which was high and noble in their private intercourse with the world need not also be so esteemed in their legal practice. And there were Italians there, good-humored, joking, easy fellows, who would laugh their clients in and out of their difficulties; and Spaniards, very grave and serious, who doubted much in their minds whether justice might not best be bought and sold; and our brethren from the United States were present also, very eager to show that in this country, law, and justice also, were clouded and nearly buried beneath their wig and gown.

All these and all this did Mr. Furnival desert for the space of twenty-four hours in order that he might comply with the request of Lady Mason. Had she known what it was that she was calling on him to leave, no doubt she would have borne her troubles for another week—for another fortnight—till those Rustums at Birmingham had brought their labors to a close. She would not have robbed the English bar of one of the warmest supporters of its present mode of practice, even for a day, had she known how much that support was needed at the present moment.

But she had not known; and Mr. Furnival, moved by her woman's plea, had not been hard enough in his heart to refuse her.

When she entered the room she was dressed very plainly, as was her custom, and a thick veil covered her face; but still she was dressed with care. There was nothing of the dowdiness of the lone, lorn woman about her; none of that lanky, washed-out appearance which sorrow and trouble so often give to females. Had she given way to dowdiness, or suffered herself to be, as it were, washed out, Mr. Furnival, we may say, would not have been there to meet her—of which fact Lady Mason was perhaps aware.

"I am so grateful to you for this trouble," she said, as she raised her veil, and while he pressed her hand between both his own. "I can only ask you to believe that I would not have troubled you unless I had been greatly troubled myself."

Mr. Furnival, as he placed her in an arm-chair by the fireside, declared his sorrow that she should be in grief, and then he took the other arm-chair himself, opposite to her, or rather close to her—much closer to her than he ever now seated himself to Mrs. F. "Don't speak of my trouble," said he; "it is nothing if I can do any thing to relieve you." But though he was so tender, he did not omit to tell her of her folly in having informed her son that she was to be in London. "And have you seen him?" asked Lady Mason.

"He was in Harley Street with the ladies last night. But it does not matter. It is only for your sake that I speak, as I know that you wish to keep this matter private. And now let us hear what it is. I can not think that there can be any thing which need really cause you trouble." And he again took her hand—that he might encourage her. Lady Mason let him keep her hand for a minute or so, as though she did not notice it; and yet as she turned her eyes to him it might appear that his tenderness had encouraged her.

Sitting there thus, with her hand in his—with her hand in his during the first portion of the tale—she told him all that she wished to tell. Something more she told now to him than she had done to Sir Peregrine. "I learned from her," she said, speaking about Mrs. Dockwrath and her husband, "that he had found out something about dates which the lawyers did not find out before."

"Something about dates," said Mr. Furnival, looking with all his eyes into the fire. "You do not know what about dates?"

"No; only this; that he said that the lawyers in Bedford Row—"

"Round and Crook."

"Yes; he said that they were idiots not to have found it out before; and then he went off to Groby Park. He came back last night; but of course I have not seen her since."

By this time Mr. Furnival had dropped the hand, and was sitting still, meditating, looking earnestly at the fire while Lady Mason was looking earnestly at him. She was trying to gather

from his face whether he had seen signs of danger, and he was trying to gather from her words whether there might really be cause to apprehend danger. How was he to know what was really inside her mind; what were her actual thoughts and inward reasonings on this subject; what private knowledge she might have which was still kept back from him? In the ordinary intercourse of the world, when one man seeks advice from another, he who is consulted demands in the first place that he shall be put in possession of all the circumstances of the case. How else will it be possible that he should give advice? But in matters of law it is different. If I, having committed a crime, were to confess my criminality to the gentleman engaged to defend me, might he not be called on to say: "Then, O my friend, confess it also to the judge; and so let justice be done. *Ruat cœlum*, and the rest of it?" But who would pay a lawyer for counsel such as that?

In this case there was no question of payment. The advice to be given was to a widowed woman from an experienced man of the world; but nevertheless he could only make his calculations as to her peculiar case in the way in which he ordinarily calculated. Could it be possible that any thing had been kept back from him? Were there facts unknown to him, but known to her, which would be terrible, fatal, damning to his sweet friend if proved before all the world? He could not bring himself to ask her, but yet it was so material that he should know! Twenty years ago, at the time of the trial, he had at one time thought—it hardly matters to tell what, but those thoughts had not been favorable to her cause. Then his mind had altered, and he had learned—as lawyers do learn—to believe in his own case. And when the day of triumph had come, he had triumphed loudly, commiserating his dear friend for the unjust suffering to which she had been subjected, and speaking in no low or modified tone as to the grasping, greedy cruelty of that man of Groby Park. Nevertheless, through it all, he had felt that Round and Crook had not made the most of their case.

And now he sat, thinking, not so much whether or no she had been in any way guilty with reference to that will, as whether the counsel he should give her ought in any way to be based on the possibility of her having been thus guilty. Nothing might be so damning to her cause as that he should make sure of her innocence, if she were not innocent; and yet he would not ask her the question. If innocent, why was it that she was now so much moved, after twenty years of quiet possession?

"It was a pity," he said, at last, "that Lucius should have disturbed that fellow in the possession of his fields."

"It was; it was!" she said. "But I did not think it possible that Miriam's husband should turn against me. Would it be wise, do you think, to let him have the land again?"

"No, I do not think that. It would be telling him, and telling others also, that you are

afraid of him. If he have obtained any information that may be considered of value by Joseph Mason, he can sell it at a higher price than the holding of these fields is worth."

"Would it be well—?" She was asking a question and then checked herself.

"Would what be well?"

"I am so harassed that I hardly know what I am saying. Would it be wise, do you think, if I were to pay him any thing, so as to keep him quiet?"

"What; buy him off, you mean?"

"Well, yes—if you call it so. Give him some sum of money in compensation for his land; and on the understanding, you know—" And then she paused.

"That depends on what he may have to sell," said Mr. Furnival, hardly daring to look at her.

"Ah; yes," said the widow. And then there was another pause.

"I do not think that that would be at all discreet," said Mr. Furnival. "After all, the chances are that it is all moonshine."

"You think so?"

"Yes; I can not but think so. What can that man possibly have found among the old attorney's papers that may be injurious to your interests?"

"Ah! I do not know; I understand so little of these things. At the time they told me—you told me that the law might possibly go against my boy's rights. It would have been bad then, but it would be ten times more dreadful now."

"But there were many questions capable of doubt then which were definitively settled at the trial. As to your husband's intellect on that day, for instance."

"There could be no doubt as to that."

"No; so it has been proved; and they will not raise that point again. Could he possibly have made a later will?"

"No; I am sure he did not. Had he done so it could not have been found among Mr. Usbech's papers; for, as far as I remember, the poor man never attended to any business after that day."

"What day?"

"The 14th of July, the day on which he was with Sir Joseph."

It was singular, thought the barrister, with how much precision she remembered the dates and circumstances. That the circumstances of the trial should be fresh on her memory was not wonderful; but how was it that she knew so accurately things which had occurred before the trial—when no trial could have been expected? But as to this he said nothing.

"And you are sure he went to Groby Park?"

"Oh, yes; I have no doubt of it. I am quite sure."

"I do not know that we can do any thing but wait. Have you mentioned this to Sir Peregrine?" It immediately occurred to Lady Mason's mind that it would be by no means expedient, even if it were possible, to keep Mr. Furni-

val in ignorance of any thing that she really did ; and she therefore explained that she had seen Sir Peregrine. "I was so troubled at the first moment that I hardly knew where to turn," she said.

"You were quite right to go to Sir Peregrine."

"I am so glad you are not angry with me as to that."

"And did he say any thing—any thing particular?"

"He promised that he would not desert me, should there be any new difficulty."

"That is well. It is always good to have the countenance of such a neighbor as he is."

"And the advice of such a friend as you are." And she again put out her hand to him.

"Well, yes. It is my trade, you know, to give advice," and he smiled as he took it.

"How should I live through such troubles without you?"

"We lawyers are very much abused nowadays," said Mr. Furnival, thinking of what was going on down at Birmingham at that very moment ; "but I hardly know how the world would get on without us."

"Ah! but all lawyers are not like you."

"Some perhaps worse, and a great many much better. But, as I was saying, I do not think I would take any steps at present. The man Dockwrath is a vulgar, low-minded, revengeful fellow ; and I would endeavor to forget him."

"Ah, if I could!"

"And why not? What can he possibly have learned to your injury?" And then as it seemed to Lady Mason that Mr. Furnival expected some reply to this question, she forced herself to give him one. "I suppose that he can not know any thing."

"I tell you what I might do," said Mr. Furnival, who was still musing. "Round himself is not a bad fellow, and I am acquainted with him. He was the junior partner in that house at the time of the trial, and I know that he persuaded Joseph Mason not to appeal to the Lords. I will contrive, if possible, to see him. I shall be able to learn from him at any rate whether any thing is being done."

"And then if I hear that there is not, I shall be comforted."

"Of course ; of course."

"But if there is—"

"I think there will be nothing of the sort," said Mr. Furnival, leaving his seat as he spoke.

"But if there is—I shall have your aid?" and she slowly rose from her chair as she spoke.

Mr. Furnival gave her a promise of this, as Sir Peregrine had done before ; and then with her handkerchief to her eyes she thanked him. Her tears were not false, as Mr. Furnival well saw ; and seeing that she wept, and seeing that she was beautiful, and feeling that in her grief and in her beauty she had come to him for aid, his heart was softened toward her, and he put out his arms as though he would take her to his

heart—as a daughter. "Dearest friend," he said, "trust me that no harm shall come to you."

"I will trust you," she said, gently stopping the motion of his arm. "I will trust you altogether. And when you have seen Mr. Round, shall I hear from you?"

At this moment, as they were standing close together, the door opened, and Mr. Crabwitz introduced another lady—who indeed had advanced so quickly toward the door of Mr. Furnival's room that the clerk had been hardly able to reach it before her.

"Mrs. Furnival, if you please, Sir," said Mr. Crabwitz.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written on this eminent woman, we think that her life and genius are not yet exhausted of their import or their interest.

Few of our readers need to be informed who Margaret Fuller was, but for the sake even of these few, we give a sketch of her biography.

She was born on May 23, 1810, at Cambridgeport, near Boston. Her father, Timothy Fuller, was a man of various acquirements. He was able at the bar, was estimable as a member of Congress, and particularly, though unostentatiously, distinguished as a classical scholar. "My father," says Margaret, "was a lawyer and a politician. He was a man largely endowed with that sagacious energy which the state of New England society for the last half century has been well fitted to develop." "My father," she says again, "was a man of business, even in literature ; he had been a high scholar at college, and was warmly attached to all he had learned there, both from the pleasure he had derived in the exercise of his faculties and the associated memories of success and good repute. He was well read in French literature, and in English a Queen Anne's man. He hoped to make me the heir of all he knew, and of as much more as the income of his profession enabled him to give me the means of acquiring." Naturally, therefore, she became an early student, and progressively, a reflective thinker and reader. As a thinker, she entered into the spirit of modern philosophy ; as a reader, she mastered, in their respective languages, the earlier and the later literatures. When about twenty-five years of age she lost her father. The cares of life then, for herself and kindred, came thick upon her, and with a laborious head and a loving heart she undertook them. Nobly, most faithfully, she undertook them and fulfilled them. She first labored as a teacher in Boston, then in Providence, Rhode Island, and last of all, she took to literature for a living. She contributed to periodicals, translated from German, and held learned prelections, which in Boston, then the centre of the so-called transcendentalists, were called "Conversations." Conversations indeed! Two persons, we suppose, are needed to a contract, a bargain, a

marriage, and a conversation! But in these high talkings no person spoke but Margaret herself, and no one else durst, or at least, cared to interrupt her.

Her principal contributions to periodical literature were furnished to the *Dial* in 1840, and afterward to the *New York Tribune*. Her department in each was that of æsthetic thought and criticism. Perhaps it is a blunder to mark this as a department in the *Dial*, where it may be said to have made the whole. We modify the statement, therefore, and say, she *popularized* philosophy in the *Dial*, and philosophized on literature in the *Tribune*. Yet her writings in the *Tribune* were broad and simple compared with her writings in the *Dial*. Still, as compared with the matter and manner of a daily newspaper, her *Tribune* articles seem to have a recluse and learned air. The only complete volumes which she published consisted of "Summer on the Lakes," and "Woman in the Nineteenth Century."

She left New York for Europe in the spring of 1846. She was in England received with confidence and hospitality into the best literary society of London and Paris. Her letters show, that while she was generously alive to the worth of the eminent persons with whom she associated, she was not blinded by their brilliancy or insensible to their defects—their defects, we mean, as authors, artists, or public characters; for she holds in sacred regard that privacy of personal and domestic life of which no stranger, friend, or guest is entitled to take notes, much less to print them. After a sojourn in London and Paris she journeyed on through Italy, and settled finally in Rome. The whole of her life after this period becomes in every sense a romance, closing in a most desolate and dismal romance. In the confusion of a Roman crowd coming out from vespers at St. Peters, a young stranger, the Marquis Ossoli, rescued her from struggle and embarrassment. Having seen her home, an acquaintance began, which from quick sympathy soon deepened into love, and love was made complete in marriage. The marriage took place December, 1847, and for family reasons, on the side of the young nobleman, the marriage was kept secret. The result was the birth of a son.

In the mean while the revolution of 1848 broke out. It became rapidly European. No European people embraced it with more ardor than the Italians; an ardor that, in Rome, arose to the most determined and daring enthusiasm. Margaret Fuller was a Roman nature; now, by marriage, she was a Roman matron; and no Roman matron of old and heroic times could have excelled her in devotion to the cause of Roman glory, liberty, and independence. Her husband shared her spirit, but could not possibly transcend it. Contrary to the temper and tradition of his family, he threw himself into the movement with all his might; and, of course, suffered all the loss which, in the reaction, came to the defeated liberals. As Ossoli did all that man and strength could do, Margaret did all that woman and heart

could do, ay, and head likewise. She nursed in the hospitals, she comforted, she counseled—nay, though fondest of mothers, she was willing for a time even to forget her sucking child. She seemed to fear no danger, to shrink from no labor, and in risk or toil was as unpretending as she was brave. At length all the grand and mighty hopes of the patriots were beaten down, and in their place came disappointments and despondency. Courage had done its utmost, but force and counter-revolution left courage now no more that it could do, except it might be to prophesy and wait. If Margaret foresaw and prophesied, she was not destined to behold any approach to fulfillment.

After leaving Rome, she spent, with her husband and child, a winter in Florence. Toward spring she began, with many sad and strange forebodings, to arrange for the passage to America. Her letters about this time are full of hesitation, doubt, and melancholy. She alludes frequently to losses at sea and shipwrecks. But having, at length, decided to venture herself and treasures in the bark *Elizabeth*, she writes: "Safety is not to be secured by the wisest foresight. I shall embark more composedly in our merchant ship, praying fervently, indeed, that it may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsolaced illness or amidst the howling waves; or if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief." Once again she writes: "I have a vague expectation of some crisis—I know not what. But it has long seemed that, in the year 1850, I should stand on a plateau in the ascent of life, where I should be allowed to pause for a while and take more clear and commanding views than ever before. Yet my life proceeds as regularly as the fates of a Greek tragedy, and I can but accept the pages as they turn."

Still uncertain and desponding, she, with her husband, child, and a young Italian girl, on the 17th of May, 1850, entered the ship *Elizabeth*, commanded by Captain Hasty. Early in the passage the captain died of small-pox. The child caught the disease, and was for a time in mortal danger. The weather was tempestuous—at Gibraltar there was delay—thenceforward, struggle and slow sailing. At length the vessel reached America, only to be broken on the coast of Fire Island beach, Long Island—within a few fathoms of the shore—and almost within hand-reach of numbers who were too busy with their work of inhuman plunder to think of any plan for saving their perishing fellow-creatures. The ship struck about 4 o'clock on the morning of July 19th, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon all was over. The catastrophe of Margaret's Greek tragedy was complete in the shattered ship amidst the boiling waves—it was as grand as grief and gloom could make it; and if broken hearts and broken hopes can move to pity, no ideal tragedy had ever a catastrophe more pathetic than this actual one.

There are wonderful touches of tenderness and bravery in this twelve-hours' drama of agony.

"We must die," said Horace Sumner and Mrs. Hasty to each other, meeting in the cabin and clasping hands; "let us die calmly, then." "I hope so, Mrs. Hasty," said Mr. Sumner. "At first, Nino, alarmed at the uproar, the darkness, and the rushing water, while shivering with the wet, cried passionately; but soon his mother, wrapping him in such garments as were at hand and folding him to her bosom, sang him to sleep. Celeste, too, was in an agony of terror till Ossoli, with soothing words and a long and fervent prayer, restored her to self-control and trust. Then calmly they rested side by side, exchanging kindly partings, and sending messages to friends, if any should survive to be their bearer."

Generous efforts were made to persuade Margaret to try the chances of safety to which some had trusted, and which had been successful. But she would take no merely individual chance. She must have surety for life or death with those who were near and dear to her. She would not risk even the possibility of separation: in life or death they must be all united. At last the steward grasped Angelino, and tried to save him, but both were thrown dead upon the beach. In the final crash, Ossoli and Celeste clung for a while in the rigging, but Margaret sank at once. "When last seen, she had been seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders." "It was a touching coincidence," observes a writer, "that the only one of Margaret's treasures which reached the shore was the lifeless body of Angelino. When the body, stripped of every rag by the waves, was rescued from the surf, a sailor took it reverently in his arms, and wrapping it in his neckcloth, bore it to the nearest house. There, when washed and dressed in a child's frock, found in Margaret's trunk, it was laid upon a bed; and as the rescued seamen gathered round their late play-fellow and pet, there were few dry eyes in the circle. Several of them mourned for Nino as if he had been their own; and even the callous wreckers were softened for the moment by a sight so full of pathetic beauty." And with this child of her blood went also into oblivion the child of her brain—her book on Italy, in which we should have had the maturest product of her genius. And this great loss, we have, probably, to charge, not on the ravage of the sea, but on the cruel greed of men. The miscreants that rifled her trunk were those, it is likely, who destroyed her manuscripts, which might serve as evidence against them in a prosecution for robbery.

In closing our brief narrative of these impressive events, we have only one remark to make on the pathetic consistency of fate which belonged to all that concerned this very extraordinary woman. The word "*fragmentary*" seems best to characterize all that related to her. Her early education was severe yet not harmonious. Her self-culture was earnest and deep, yet it does not appear to have been systematic or continuous. She had constant interruptions in all

her pursuits and purposes; she was taxed and over-taxed with responsibility and toil. She had no time to mature, compact, or concentrate her powers. She had to think from hand to mouth, and from day to day. Accordingly, her compositions are but broken and detached efforts. It is really painful to read her modest but longing desires for an income of six hundred dollars a year, that she might remain in Italy in order to perfect herself in the study of its art and literature, and to know that her wishes could not be gratified. The pain is increased when we consider that persons of both sexes, incomparably her inferiors, could gather as many thousands easily as the hundreds which she vainly coveted. Had she lived and taken to the rostrum as women are now doing—as they have a full right to do, if so they choose—she might have had dollars to her heart's content, for Margaret was a born orator; and there is no Lyceum talker, big or little, male or female, white, black, or brown, that she would not, with the genius of her surprising eloquence, have shot beyond as a rifle does a pop-gun. Her time was frittered, and, worst of all, it was not, even as to money, profitably frittered. And her great heart, too, battling long amidst conflicting aspirations, was at last silenced, when it had found its highest action and its noblest rest. She coveted love with immeasurable desire; she met with love, she gave it the magnitude of her own massive and impassioned character; and before satiety, or deception, or the loss of glorious illusions came to disappoint her, she died and disappeared—died and disappeared amidst the roaring breakers and the tossing pieces of the sea-torn ship. The tragedy had an appropriate catastrophe.

The after-drama corresponds with the doom of Margaret's life and death. She has had a *fragmentary* biography. It is a "thing of shreds and patches"—part of it by herself, and portions by her friends. Instead of thus sharing the work, some *one* writer should have singly done it. It was a grievous mistake to deal thus with her noble memory; it was a sad coincidence that affection and admiration should seem to deal with her living spirit as the pitiless waves did with her mortal frame. The work ought not to have been done piece-meal, but in the unity and completeness of intelligence and love. The story was a "simple story," and should have been simply told. Then we would have had the distinct and clear personality of an admirable woman's soul, and not a broken life commemorated in a broken monument. We lay no blame to the writers. All of them held Margaret in their choicest thoughts; but the method was a mistake, and we trust it may never be imitated.

Though of mature years, Margaret's life was incomplete—her genius undeveloped. Up to the time of her marriage she was restless, uncertain, undecided, vague, and visionary: she had not yet attained to the peace which brings forth ripest power. We do not, therefore, know her, as, had she lived, we should probably have

known her. Her efforts had been little more than preparatory exercises. In her work on Italy we should have had the first elaborate effort of her genius; and this, it is likely, would have been the beginning of her real literary life. These are considerations which the critic, who judges Margaret fairly, must keep in mind: he must decide on her genius, not so much by what it accomplished as by what it promised. This may seem an unreasonable demand in respect to an author that did not die young; but to those who estimate justly the circumstances in which she lived and wrote it will not appear so: especially, it will not appear so to those who must have noticed in Margaret's advancing course a growing calmness of character and of force.

The first time the writer ever met Margaret is connected in his mind with memorable associations. It was nearly twenty years ago. Charles Dickens was on a visit to America. We were invited to a large party in Boston, of which he was the foremost guest—"the mould of form, the glass of fashion, and the observed of all observers." We had a word, or, it may be, a few words with the genial hero of the evening, and then we were introduced to Miss Fuller. She sat dreamily and quietly in a corner, with head half bent and drooping eyes. We took a chair near her. She simply permitted it. We said a few ordinary words. She quietly replied. Her mood was cool; her tones were low; her phrases were formal; and, to say the least, her influence on us was not exciting or encouraging. And yet it was, in some unexplainable way, attractive. At that time we were young and strange in Boston society, and knew nothing of its celebrities. We were, therefore, entirely ignorant of Miss Fuller's local and literary distinction. But we were not long ignorant that we were in the presence of one whose "mind her kingdom was." From word to word she grew warmer and warmer, until her whole spirit seemed to burn and to shine. Still her manner was quiet, her voice subdued. She did not so much converse as "think aloud." It was more monologue than dialogue—for we were all but silent. "Things old and new" were brought out easily from a wonderfully rich treasury, and the old things and the new were made with a subtle enchantment to fit each other. The results of reading in all great literatures and philosophies melted in, naturally and unpedantically, with the news of the day or the suggestion of the moment. There was no loudness, no impetuosity, no obtrusive urgency, no aggressive emphasis; but there was what seemed to us almost a miracle of utterance in such a play of thought, fancy, feeling, learning, and imagination as we had never heard before—as we never hope to hear again. Yet we had heard fine talkers. We had, ourselves, in a small way, obtained some credit for that sort of exercise. But this was of such surpassing power as not only to humble our vanity but to dispel the glory of our memories. It was at first strange and startling, but before it ended it was a delight as

well as a marvel: it was the most complete union of surprise and pleasure that our experience can recall.

Shortly after this we were, on a Sunday evening, in a friend's drawing-room conversing quietly with the lady of the house. Miss Fuller came in unexpectedly. She had been to hear Father Taylor, the famous sailor-preacher of Boston. She began at once to describe the sermon, and went on for half an hour in a continued strain of rapture. If the preacher were as eloquent as his reporter was, it is a pity that the sermon is lost to the world. But though there were only three of us, we had not from her the slightest recognition. We were neither wounded nor offended, but attributed the seeming neglect to absence of mind or peculiarity of character. Occasionally, once or twice, we met her in the society of New York. We did not converse with her, but observed that, without sacrificing any of her mental or moral independence, she appeared to cultivate more and more the spirit of patience and of conciliation. The last time we met her was in one of the New York streets. She stopped us of her own accord, and was gracious and gentle exceedingly. She told us she was going to Europe; and knowing that we had some relations with England, inquired, in the kindest manner, in what way she could there do us service. Never again did we see her with the seeing of the eye, though much we heard of her with the hearing of the ear.

The general idea of Margaret Fuller, so far as we could learn it from her friends or critics, has been that of a person distinguished by surprising *intellectuality*. This, we confess, has not been our idea. We admit that Margaret Fuller had a fine intellect; for without vigor of intellect there can be no impressive power of any kind. But as compared with the higher order of minds—and this is the only comparison which would be just to a thinker of her rank—her pre-eminence is not in the intellect. We think that belongs to her *moral* nature. In saying this we consider that we award her superlative praise. At all events, in saying it we express our honest opinion and conviction.

She had a profound consciousness of the moral life in all its worth and its reality. This consciousness was not a mere ethical apprehension of right and wrong, and a formal admission of the claims of duty. It was in her a spiritual conviction, was inseparable from her faith in the infinite and the immortal, and was as deep as her own deep nature. This characteristic appeared very early in the terrible remorse which she experienced for the commission of a childish fault. The bitterness of her repentance showed the depth of her moral feeling; and the permanent change which followed her contrition proved that it was radical and thorough. That moral inspiration—nourished by mystical philosophy and religious sentiment—was the force which worked the most deeply in her character we have decisive evidence, alike in her conduct and in her writings.

As that which is deep is also strong, so was it with Margaret Fuller. Her nature was not only one of earnestness and purpose, it was also one of power and of passion. These, as was well for society and her own womanhood, took the side of goodness, of humanity, and of the right. By temperament vehement, intense, and fearless, she gave herself with all her might to whatever she considered to be the cause of truth or of justice. She had formed the ideal of a true life with an aspiring elevation of soul; she loved the ideal with all her heart, and with the sincere purpose of a vigorous will she endeavored to bring the actual of her own life into correspondence with her ideal. In all this there was no sentimentalism, but principle and reality. It was with her no matter of cheap rhetoric, or of fine declamation; it was a matter of conscience and of practice. She was always thoroughly in earnest, and hated compromise and concealment. What she thought she ought to do, she did; what she thought she ought to say, she said. She did not falsify with herself or others. Her genuine motive she put into her actions and her words. She had to earn bread for herself and others; but she would herself starve, or let them starve, sooner than she would be untrue. She was, accordingly, by that social body which thinks itself the "body representative" of all common sense, voted "singular," "odd," "arrogant," "self-sufficient," "self-conceited," "the leader of strong-minded individuals," who wore blue stockings and female vesture. This by such she was considered to be, and nothing more. The verdict was practically an ostracism from the drawing-room "House of Ladies," and the dancing-room "House of Commons"—if we take the liberty to conceive of a female fashionable parliament in America analogous to the masculine political parliament in England. But though Margaret did not underrate the drawing-room, and was meet to be the highest peeress there—though she *idealized* dancing, and rhapsodized on it most eloquently—she would not have given up a whit of her *real* personality to have been the empress of the *salon* or the idol of the ball. She lived her own life as best she could, and in living it she endeavored to live the right. She told the truth when and where she considered she ought to tell it; and come what might, she acted out the conduct to which her conscience urged her. We do not in these statements make ourselves in the least accountable for her ideas of ethics or action; we simply give our impressions of her own worth of character.

Few words in our language are so full of significance as the term "honesty," yet from most of us it has, practically, the poorest and the most superficial interpretation. It seems as if, generally, it meant no more than so much avoidance of lying and stealing as saves people from social ignominy or from legal penalties. But the import of the word "honesty" coincides with the whole of the moral life—not less to inward motive than to outward action—not more to

deeds and dealings than to thoughts and words. The saying, therefore, of Hamlet to Polonius—"To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand"—has in it much humiliating suggestiveness. What the ratio may be in respect to women we can not venture critically to determine. Taking, however, the whole average of human character, and the best meaning of the term, we believe that the honesty of women indefinitely surpasses that of men. We say this in spite of all that ancient satires and modern sneers would imply to the contrary. And yet a woman who dares to be herself has more to fear from women than a man who dares to be himself has to fear from men. Such is the fact. If we cared, and if space allowed, we could state the reason; but we leave our readers with their own philosophy to find it out. Margaret Fuller dared always to be herself, and with a complete integrity of character and of personality, she was honest with the truest honesty of man or woman. We have said that much was *fragmentary* in the circumstances, culture, and authorship of Margaret Fuller; but in her moral life there was perfect unity. So we observe it to have been in her work-day world-life, and in her ideal and literary life. In this latter, particularly, there was that which writers do not seem always to consider a portion of the moral code—we mean *intellectual honesty*. Writing was not with her a trade, but a mission. Mr. Charles Reade would consider this very ridiculous; yet we believe that to be sent into the world to bring forth imaginings and thinkings, noble aspirations and generous incitements, deserves some other designation than that which applies to making boots, making books, or even making money. In this view of her vocation, Margaret begins by being honest with herself. She may not, in this respect, have been humble, but she was strictly honest. She made an estimate of her faculties and talents. Some consider it an overestimate. Perhaps it was. Still, it was made with singleness of mind, and with no deceivingness that selfishness inspired. If, as we have learned to know Margaret Fuller, the "ME" sometimes appears offensively prominent, let us, before we condemn, consider the manner in which we have received the impression. In the first place, we have it from secret journals, which, it is probable, were never meant for the public; and, secondly, we have it from the exposure of confidential correspondence and the reports of intimate conversations. Inelegant and indiscreet as it may have been to have exposed many crude and exaggerated ideas of herself, it yet shows us the very honesty of the woman. She set down thoughts of herself as candidly as she did thoughts of others; she spoke of herself as candidly as she spoke of others; and if the judgment was frequently on her own side rather than on theirs, the judgment may also have been true. If it was frequently an error, it was an error for which not many have any right to condemn her. Had Margaret lived, she would, we apprehend, have had reason to

alter several of her earlier self-judgments. As it was, she grew in humility with the growth of years, of experience, and of self-knowledge. But, after all, is it a great sin for a big soul to have a consciousness of its bigness? It may be ungentle; it may be unpolite; it may be a want of Christian meekness; it may be, as Mrs. Partington would say, *positively* wicked to speak out the consciousness; but it is none the less there. It is better and wiser, indeed, to keep silent on the matter, and simply make it manifest in works. There will be no fear then that others will mistake. Nobody will mistake Tom Thumb in regimentals for a grenadier in the Guards. Yet throw daylight into the spiritual interior of the smallest soul, and you will see that it appears to itself equal to the biggest. It was in such an illusion that an unfortunate frog, in ancient story, fancying that he had within him the natural dimensions of an ox, burst his carcass in the endeavor to develop them. Fortunately, mental wind or gas can not shatter souls as physical inflation can bodies, or there would be an alarming number of intellectual explosions.

Margaret had none of that pride which apes humility. She felt that she had a superior mind, and she did not pretend to conceal her feeling. But if she gave more than due value to talent in herself or in others, she made no mistake as to the true and honorable uses to which talent should be consecrated. No writings more than hers show a more vital identity of literary composition with individual character and conviction. She appears to have had none of that art which, in the department of letters, is not uncommon—to *have* one opinion, and to *say* another. The idea which was in her mind she gave, according to her manner, exactly in words. Nothing can be in purpose more truthful than her compositions, in letter or in spirit. We could not find in the whole of them a single instance of aught that is mean, personal, rancorous, or spiteful. The pen, as her candid and courageous spirit moved it, was a wand of glorious enchantment; it was an instrument of conjuration to whatever is humane, beautiful, just, and good. Very decisively, indeed, she praised and blamed: but in her praise there was naught that was fulsome or ignoble; in her blame there was naught that was sardonic or malignant. What she thought of the character or the subject, *that* she said; and yet, whether she eulogized or denounced, she seemed always to be guided in her judgments by intellectual truthfulness and a loving heart. Those whom she most admired she could censure with a brave decision; those whom she disliked she applauded when applaud honestly she could. To her truthfulness in spirit, word, and deed, her whole life bears witness. It might seem enough to refer to this, as recorded by others and embodied in her writings. Still, it is pleasant to read in distinct form the decision of one noble mind on another noble mind. For the sake of such pleasure, as well as for the testimony which they bear to Margaret's worth, we quote a few passages from the contri-

bution which Mr. Emerson made to her composite biography.

"Margaret," he writes, "crowned all her talents and virtues with a love of truth and the power to speak it. In great and small matters she was a woman of her word, and gave those who conversed with her the unspeakable comfort which flows from plain dealing." As was natural to such a character, Margaret's moral courage was equal to her honesty and truthfulness. "I have had from an eye-witness," says Mr. Emerson, "a note of a little scene that passed in Boston at the Academy of Music. A party had gone early and taken an excellent place to hear one of Beethoven's symphonies. Just behind them were soon seated a young lady and two gentlemen, who made incessant buzzing in spite of bitter looks cast on them by the whole neighborhood and destroyed all the musical comfort. After all was over, Margaret leaned across one seat and, catching the eye of this girl, who was pretty and well dressed, said in her blindest, gentlest voice: 'May I speak with you one moment?' 'Certainly,' said the young lady, with a fluttered, pleased look, bending forward. 'I only wish to say,' said Margaret, 'that I trust, that, in the whole course of your life, you will not suffer so great a degree of annoyance as you have inflicted on a large party of lovers of music this evening.' 'On graver occasions,' as Mr. Emerson observes, 'the same habit was only more stimulated; and I can not,' he says, 'remember certain passages which called it into play without new regrets at the costly loss which our community sustains in the loss of this brave and eloquent soul.' 'Margaret,' he again remarks, 'suffered no vice to insult her presence, but called the offender to instant account when the law of right or beauty was violated.....Others might abet a crime by silence if they pleased; she chose to clear herself of all complicity by calling the act by its right name.' We agree here, in the main, with Mr. Emerson; yet we can not but think that her admiration for the genius of Madame Sand, and the fascination which that wonderful woman's presence and conversation exercised over her gave a bias to her judgment in estimating Madame Sand's character. In just and impartial moral estimates genius and fame are to be left out in the decision. The gifted and the glorious are not to be accused or justified but on the same ethical conditions, fairly applied, as would be the unfavored and the obscure. Where the lowly would be condemned the exalted must not be acquitted. Madame Sand, Margaret intimates, 'might have loved one man, if she could have found one contemporary with her who could interest and command her whole range; but there was hardly a possibility of that for such a person. Thus she has naturally changed the objects of her affections—and several times.' Now this passage, to say the least, is very ambiguous; and but for Margaret's own purity of soul, parts of it are susceptible of very coarse interpretation. Madame Sand may be right or wrong in changing

lovers according to her needs, but she has no claim to do so because of her genius. If *she* can do so with impunity, so can any woman: if other women come under penalty in doing so, *she* likewise should be subject to similar punishment. If *she* claims to be right by her need of change so can they; for they as well as she have their several individual and peculiar needs. If she requires "no defense, but only to be understood—because," as Margaret says, "she has bravely acted out her nature, and always with good intentions"—neither do they require any defense; for who ever heard of a woman changing husband or lover that did *not* complain that she was "not understood?" that did not assert that she was bravely acting out her nature? as no doubt she was; and that did not assert that she had the very best intentions—as, indeed, in reference to her own views, inclinations, purposes, and passions, she had? Let such a woman have no splendor of genius or of fame around her, then we all know what name society would consider the right one for her. We do not pretend here to decide the question, to dogmatize on it, or even to argue it. But we would be impartial. The ungifted should not be victims, if the powerful are to be idols; the lowly are not to be outcasts, banned and banished with an excommunication that is scornful and hopeless, if the exalted are to be enthroned and worshiped. If we hang the ragged rascal, we must not applaud the bedazzled one. We admit and admire the genius of Madame Sand; we acknowledge her many good and generous personal qualities; and, had not the desire to treat the whole of our subject equitably compelled us, we would not have connected her name with this moral criticism. It is one of the few instances in which we have to disagree with Margaret's estimate of character—an instance in which, at least, she fails to be impartial. In this case there were, however, grand talents, and with them much that was magnanimous and humane; but had the faults been those of a base disposition, then no mental power would have saved the individual from Margaret's condemnation and contempt. Like every woman true to womanhood, she was a natural hater and despiser of those who disgraced humanity by mean, cowardly, or cruel vices. Wherever there was that kind of evil to which she could not be indulgent her presence to characters affected by it was like a beguiling fate. "Like moths about a lamp," writes Mr. Emerson, "her victims voluntarily came to judgment; conscious persons, encumbered with egotism; vain persons, bent on concealing some mean vice; arrogant reformers, with some halting of their own; compromisers, who wished to reconcile right and wrong; and all came and held out their palms to the wise woman to read their fortunes, and they were truly told. Many anecdotes have come to my ear which show how useful the glare of her lamp proved in private circles, and what dramatic situations it created. But these can not be told. The valor for dragging the accused

spirits among his acquaintance to the stake is not in the heart of the present writer. The reader must be content to learn that she knew how, without loss of temper, to speak with unmis-takable plainness to any party when she felt that truth or right was injured."

All this, we confess, was very unconventional, and what refined people, with "rose-water" for blood, might be tempted even to call rude. It was a dangerous power, to be used with as much mercy as discretion, or the individual in possession of it, instead of being a reformer to correct and to improve society, might become a tyrant to be feared and shunned. But with all its risks the need of it may often be noticed in various places and assemblies; to rebuke the fierce, to check the insolent, to humiliate the haughty, to punish the cruel and the coarse. In Margaret the power was duly modified and moderated by her many gentle qualities; for, notwithstanding her firmness of purpose, her decision of manner and of mind, she was not hard or harsh, but as merciful as just. She was full of all tenderness and pity; though stern to the unruly strong, she was meek to the helpless and the feeble; though unsparing to the proudly guilty, she was to those whom penitence had humbled, or to those whom sin had loaded with the burden of its heavy retribution, compassionate and consolatory, with all Christian, all womanly forbearance and sympathy. This was especially the case in respect to the sinful or the suffering of her own sex. She was no fastidious *dilettante*. Her sense of humanity was earnest and profound; even her interest in literature and art was in the degree that literature and art uttered this sense and embodied it. Her love of art and letters was not so much a feeling of taste as an affection for her kind. The result was, that her charity deepened her culture, and her culture quickened her charity. She delighted, therefore, to go among the unfortunate, and she was not frightened from the vilest. She did not shrink from any toil or task to which suffering humanity called her, whether in the military hospitals of Rome or in the wretched dwellings of the lowest poor in her own country; but it was when the dark tragedy of lost, degraded, desolated womanhood moved her that in her charity she becomes sublime. When connected with the New York *Tribune* she took heart-felt interest in female culprits; and she who, by her discourses, used to enchant the rich and educated womanhood of Boston, had an enchantment still more potent over the ignorant and vicious womanhood of Sing Sing and Blackwell's Island. In reference to the latter place: "It was," writes William Henry Channing, "while walking among the beds of the lazar-house—mis-called 'hospital'—which then, to the disgrace of the city, was the cess-pool of its filth, that an incident occurred as touching as it was surprising to herself. A woman was pointed out who bore a very bad character, as hardened, sulky, and impenetrable. She was in bad health, and rapidly failing. Margaret requested to be left

alone with her; and to her question, 'Are you willing to die?' the woman answered, 'Yes,' adding, with her usual bitterness, 'Not on religious grounds, though.' 'That is well, to understand yourself,' was Margaret's rejoinder. She then began to talk with her about her health and her few comforts, until the conversation deepened in interest. At length, as Margaret rose to go, she said: 'Is there not any thing I can do for you?' The woman replied: 'I should be glad if you will pray with me.'

Margaret, too, was generous, with the noblest generosity, and also after the fashion of a woman. She was, from her large-mindedness, as all large-minded people are, tolerant and unsectarian. For the *true* mind of any creed she had a spiritual affection. Enough for her it was that they sought after the highest with aspiring sincerity, and loved the best as best they knew it. With the head she was as largely generous as the noblest man; but with the heart she was generous as only can be women, and the elect of women. Sympathy is the gift of woman, and Margaret had it in its holiest manner. It was for those who had no claim on her. Sympathy with individuals in their most deserted hours is also the choicest grace of woman; and Margaret had this in its most feminine kindness. In exertion to relieve a helpless man or woman, who made on her any suggestive impression, she seemed willing to spend and to be spent. To such she gave her thought, her toil, her time, and, what she could the least spare, she gave her money. "There was," says Mr. Emerson, "at New York a poor adventurer, half patriot, half author, a miserable man, always in such depths of distress, with such squadrons of enemies that no charity could relieve and no intervention could save him. He believed Europe banded for his destruction, and America corrupted to connive at it. Margaret listened to these woes with such patience and mercy that she drew five hundred dollars which had been invested for her in a safe place, and put them into those hapless hands, where, of course, the money was only the prey of a new rapacity to be bewailed by new reproaches. When one of her friends had occasion to allude to this long afterward, she replied: 'In answer to what you say of — I wish, indeed, the little effort I made for him had been wiselier applied. Yet these are not things one regrets. It will not do to calculate too closely with the affectionate human impulse. We must consent to make many mistakes, or we should move too slow to help our brothers much.'"

The moral side of this noble nature has so moved us that we have hardly the requisite coolness to criticise the intellectual side of it; and we have, moreover, already occupied so much of our available space that we must of necessity, in what we say of Margaret's mental qualities, content ourselves with abrupt indications of opinion. We would willingly and pleasurably give a thorough and consecutive analysis of her power as a thinker, a critic, and a writer; but to do so our small remnant of space forbids.

We can not have written thus far without leaving the impression on our readers that we hold Margaret Fuller Ossoli's intellect in considerable esteem. A narrow or feeble intellect could not have belonged to one who had so large and strong a moral nature. The human faculties are never with one another so out of measure. The faculty which we peculiarly call intellect is in vital harmony with the faculties which we call emotions and the will; and as the quality and direction of the faculties determine the good or evil of character, the energy and reach of them determine its compass, grade, and order. Extraordinary character is not the associate of ordinary intellect. But in the aggregate of faculties which we term "the mental" as distinguished from "the moral," we include fancy and imagination as well as intellect. Margaret had a bold and vigorous intellect, in which the element of memory seems to have been of uncommon force; in quickness, fullness, variety, and retentiveness. This was a faithful and ready servant of her mind in its thinking; but it was a more zealous, earnest, and willing servant of her mind in its imagining and fancying. In Margaret's mind the tendency was more to color and combine than to discriminate and analyze. She did not want imagination, but we consider that fancy and memory dominated among her mental qualities. Her mind was, therefore, not analytic but analogical. Neither was it inductive. In a word, it was *not* logical. It was deficient in that sustained and consecutive meditation which discerns or discovers those hidden or unobvious relations that bind facts into systems or ideas into laws, and that connect the links of chains vastly extended in scientific or speculative reasoning. It may be objected, however, that to do this belongs only to highest order of masculine thinkers. We admit it; but we class Margaret with the highest order of female minds: and this defect, if defect it is, does no intellectual discredit to her, since she shares it not only with women in general, but with women of genius. Exceptions there are—but exceptions, as it has been always said, prove the rule; and the rule will stand until facts disprove it. If such a result would be to the gain of woman—if in the attainment of it she would not lose more of her own real superiority—we would be among the first to hail her victory. Upon such conditions we wish her good-speed, and may she go on to conquer. But as yet the ratiocinative process has not been strikingly observable in the productions of women, and least of all in the productions of those who claim it most. It is not distinctive in the writings of Madame Ossoli, although she, we believe, has been cited as an instance of it. But this, we repeat, is no impeachment of her general mental power, since the deficiency of one quality may be more than compensated by a surplus of better qualities. Reasoning is not truth or knowledge; neither is it the only method by which nature or genius arrives at truth or knowledge; and logic is often but the instrument of sophistry and craft. If,

therefore, there is not in Madame Ossoli's writings much of syllogistic sequence, there is no want of genuine mental and moral revelation. She was most livingly susceptible to all the higher influences of outward nature, of social life, and to all that was individual or original, whether in character or genius. *Æsthetic* sensibility was a prevailing element in her temperament. She loved the beautiful with passion; her craving after it was almost morbid. But it seemed to act most powerfully on her as it was through art shaped to her through the plastic imagination. She was not, therefore, a good observer of mere external objects or phenomena. She was too subjective to be so; too much tempted to live within herself, and to wander among the richly garnished chambers of her own memory, and brood over her own suggestive ideas. She was, on this account, not a poet, a critic, or a describer of the worlds of objects or of life—as entirely separated from the *human*. Nature does impress her divinely, and gives her an inward rapture; but this comes from a sense of its spiritual influence, and from a sense of its infinite mystery and grandeur. Little of this pleasure belongs to accurate notations of the senses, and none of it to considerations of science. Her narratives of travel, whether at home or abroad, are mostly the records of experiences and impressions, and not much the result of outward observation or of a sympathy with the picturesque. In “*Summer on the Lakes*” she is amidst the solitudes of nature; but though we read here and there a splendid passage inspired by the scenery, we read continually her reflections on “*Books and Men*.” In her letters from Italy—full of brave and heroic beauty—we still read more of Italian struggles and Italian life than we do of Italian landscapes and Italian skies. But when the beautiful comes into Art, then it comes not only into communion with her *æsthetic* emotion, but also into communion with her human sympathies, and with that impassioned admiration which she had lovingly and learnedly cultivated with all classical nations and literatures. She is therefore an eloquent writer upon art; and how original she was in her broad and human views of art is proved by the fact that such had been her ideas before John Ruskin was ever heard of, though John Ruskin has become the apostle of the true and simple doctrine that “*Man is not made for art, but that art is made for man*.”

Margaret, we have said, is not a great logician, not even a middling one, but for all that, she gets in her own way at many a profound truth. Her book on “*Woman in the Nineteenth Century*” has much in it that is one-sided, inconsequent, and inconsistent; but none the less it is a work of deeply suggestive teaching, and is full of learning, fancy, eloquence, and enthusiasm. There are mistakes in it—which have been since swelled out in the wordy and declamatory exaggerations of inferior minds—but behind the mistakes there is also true wisdom. Many of these mistakes her subsequent experience

would have taught her to correct. She would have learned that all the grossness, the injustice, the cruelty, the antagonism of which demagogues in petticoats accuse man in his relations to woman have no real evidence in fact, and have no possibility in nature. As a general matter, men must have tender and affectionate relations with a sex which gives them their mothers and sisters, their wives and daughters. Taking the differences of circumstances into account, this remark is comparatively as true of the savage condition of humanity as of the civilized. Any other condition would imply a permanent monstrosity, at which reason and sentiment revolt; which Nature contradicts in all the laws of animal existence, and in the simple continuance of races. The prevailing relation between the sexes throughout the animal kingdom is that of reciprocal aids and affections; there is also between them something like an equal balance of compensations. This law rules over man as over all living creatures, and, taking the whole of human life into view, the violations of it must be considered only as anomalies. To make such anomalies a ground for a revolutionary change in the social or intellectual relations of the sexes is as wild and strange as it would be to insist on changing the physical relations of the sexes. Margaret Fuller approached to no such extremes. She had too earnest a character and too massive an understanding to follow out speculations which would lead to such absurdities. She may have been sometimes “*zealous overmuch*” for woman; but she kept her zeal within the natural bounds of womanhood. We make these strictures with no insensibility to any social or legal disadvantages to which woman may be subject, and we give all due credit to those of either sex who labor for their removal by real improvements and by reasonable changes. We would have the range of woman's life enlightened and enlarged; we would not restrict her honorable freedom, or her just personal independence; we would give the utmost security to her legal rights; we would open many departments of employment and activity from which she has been practically excluded; and we think that, quietly and gradually, such is the tendency of advancing civilization and of educated experience. But, at the same time, man is no selfish and tyrannical monopolist of work, even in that sort of work in which woman might be his competitor; because for the one of the feminine sex whom he may exclude, two or three of that sex usually depend on his labor and share his earnings. On the other hand, we do not agree with those who maintain that the demand of woman on man for deference and defense virtually ignores her claim for equality. *Equality*, in respect to moral and intelligent beings, is not a measurable coincidence, as in material things, but the possession of spiritual qualities which, though diverse in manner or degree, are, when interchangeably compared, of similar dignity and worth; or it may be, as in crime and sin, of similar depravity and baseness. Equality of this kind does

not exclude distinct relations, with appropriate charities and duties. After all, theories do not repeal the laws of nature, and to the end of time men will be men, and women will be women; and so it will appear, in mind as well as body, in work and play, in public and private, in infancy, youth, maturity, and age.

We should like to give our estimate thoroughly of her as a critic; but we must prepare to close. Every work of power, whether in letters or in art, seemed to set her mind on fire, and to put her whole nature into flame. The effect of this is, that the reader loses thought of the work in the passion, the enthusiasm, and the eloquence of the reviewer. Every one must have felt this in the perusal of her articles on Miss Barrett, on Robert Browning, on "The Modern British Poets," on "Goethe," on "Mr. Alston's Pictures," and on "The Great Musical Composers." She kindles and she heats us; but when we have done reading, we find that with the life which she has awakened we have been brought into deep communion with her subjects, and have learned to think of them with interest and insight. This power of *feeling into* her subject, of *feeling with* it, and of communicating her feeling to others, is, to our apprehension, her special peculiarity as a critic. She wants concentration, and the faculty of strict analysis; she does not confine herself to an examination of a work within its own contents and character, but by the energy and fullness of her fancy she loses herself in labyrinths of analogies, and by the rapid suggestiveness of her learning and memory she is tempted into illustrative disquisition; yet such is the vital force of her mind, that though she may not hold to the unity of her theme, she commands and compels the unity of attention. We may not think very highly of her critical opinion, or bow to her critical decrees, but we can not deny or resist her eloquence in expounding and maintaining them. We always feel, too, that the opinion is really hers, and that it is sincerely hers. Her criticism illustrates all the moral and mental qualities which, in the course of this article, we have claimed for her. It was boldly honest. If she was not an infallible judge, she was a fearless and an incorruptible one. So she was a liberal critic. She had a most generous catholicity of taste; had pleasure in great varieties of excellence, and gave them severally their due measures of cordial praise. Then, withal, she was ever in earnest, and with a moral earnestness which did not allow any artistic enthusiasm to prefer the beautiful to the true or to the good. The æsthetic was with her, as it always ought to be, subordinate to the ethical. Such critic was she; and mentally, she was in correspondence with her moral tendencies. She had grand ideas—and one of the grandest was, that of the dignity which belongs to Literature, Art, and to those who worthily exercise their functions. She had keen mental observance; habits of great mental industry, and of constant meditation and reflection. She had collected ample stores of knowledge, especially

within the region of those studies which concern the history and the life of man. She was habitually thoughtful, and had a serious purpose in all her writings. She seemed to regard self-culture, and all culture, with a sense of duty and a sentiment of religion. Her high imagination gave her sympathy with all that is transcendent in goodness, truth, or beauty; her fancy invested all she wrote and spoke with ornament, which sparkled through her meaning and illumined it with a living light: enthusiasm was her life, and the spirit of poetry the soul of her enthusiasm.

On her style we can not venture many words; yet we can not wholly pass it by in silence. We can not write with much decisiveness, because we do not think that Madame Ossoli's style had reached its maturity. Still we must judge it as we have it. It is not easy, graceful, fluent, or idiomatic. Above all, it is strange that the style of a woman who so passionately loved music should be defective in melody. It is frequently eloquent; yet its eloquence is too often formalized into rhetoric. It has but rarely that which springs out of familiar thought, and rises gradually into the sublime of idea, imagination, and passion. Still it is genuine, sincere, noble; rich with thought and knowledge, and has constantly bursts of lofty power. Occasionally it has a certain mannerism—partly of the individual, partly of a circle—that gave a technical and esoteric meaning to common words, and had also new terms for our inner life, which was to be distinguished from ordinary experience. It is natural to think that the stern realities which she had passed through, and which possibly she would have had still to pass through, would have corrected in her later style whatever had been amiss in her earlier, and that the latter would have no more resembled the former than the style of Johnson in "The Lives of the Poets" resembles his style in "Rasselas" or "The Rambler."

Such is our estimate of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. It is, so far as we can know ourselves, impartial and independent. We had with the subject of it only the slightest acquaintance; and we have read nothing concerning her but what we found in her own writings and in her biography. We have had neither the provocation to be severe, nor the temptation to be indulgent. We have thought according to our light; we have written according to our thought; and now that our task is done, we claim credit for nothing but our sincerity in the doing of it.

ENA.

HE is of the earth, earthy—a clod; she, with Psyche-wings folded as in a chrysalis, and already tremulous with a higher life. And they stand at the marriage altar. Ah, what strange infatuation is on the maiden! Is there no soul of a diviner essence to mate with hers, that she gives to this man the sacred rights of a husband?

We turn from the fair and radiant face, and

our thought goes onward to that inevitable future which proves all things. Alas! alas! No rainbow lifts an arch of promise against the gathering blackness. Poor Psyche! When thy wings unfold there will be no sunshine nor soft south airs, perfume-laden, in which thou shalt disport thyself, but wintry winds and sleety rain.

How many such marriages there are! Daily we see pure essences mating with stolid sensuality; truth with hypocrisy; aspiring souls with the mean and groveling. What sad, sad perversions! Happiness is not born of these conjunctions; but oftenest strife, disgust, anguish—a living death! Oh bitter, bitter years that follow—what hand is firm enough to write your histories? Every shore is wreck-strewn; on this side and on that, as we pass through life, are way-marks of disaster; white warning crosses standing in mournful significance above the places where love died in a last, fierce, murderous struggle. But who takes heed! Every day the marriage bell sounds; every day orange blossoms rest above pure white brows and shadow loving eyes; and every day souls, already beginning to feel the heaven-aspiring impulses of an immortal nature, fetter themselves to clods of the valley.

Oh, the wild strifes; the bitter repentances; the fierce consuming hates that burn in secret; the masks that deceive only the wearers; the struggles that end in death! Here, in a few brief words, is the history of thousands. But who takes heed?

"He is of the earth, earthy—a clod; she, with Psyche-wings folded as in a chrysalis, and already tremulous with a higher life. And they stand at the marriage altar!"

We pass on. A year has intervened. The clod and the soul are struggling against each other. Psyche has found her wings, and they are fluttering in the air; but fluttering in vain. She is bound to a clod! God help her! God comfort her! God give her patience to wait her time! to keep the eternal fire burning ever upon her heart-altar! His permissions never let the human soul get beyond the reach of Divine love, and in this love is eternal blessedness; and so we may have hope for our Psyche, even though married to a clod. But she must not struggle in tearful impotence, or blind anger, with her chains; must not bruise her soft tissue wings against insensate rock or prison bar. The hurt would be all her own. If she would rise into the pure atmospheres of heaven, she must keep herself pure—pride, selfish passion, anger, hate, mad impatience—these are born from beneath and gravitate downward. She must be meek, and loving, and true—she must let the celestial warmth of her higher nature pass, by transfusion, into the clod to which she has bound herself, that life may be quickened in a human soul, and latent powers stir therein with an immortal prophecy. She must lift a blind, gross, groveling, spirit upward, so that it may feel the warmth of a sun that shines in higher atmospheres.

A year has intervened since the marriage of our Ena. We find her with weeping eyes and cold, grieving lips. Oh, whither has fled the tenderness, the sweetness, the love from her beautiful face? A few sentences, wrung out from a heart already wounded to rebellion, gives the unhappy truth. Poor Ena!

"I can not live in this atmosphere! It suffocates me! His life is all sensuous, sordid, earthly; and mine is panting for a higher development. His pleasures lie in the lowest things—in eating and drinking and the delights of sense. While I look upward and inward, he looks outward and downward. We are struggling in bonds, and I am weakest because most sensitive. He does not understand me—can not understand me. If I bring to him my precious thoughts, my pure inspirations, my dreams of spiritual beauty and perfection, he regards them coldly, or tramples them under his swinish feet!"

"Ena!"

"I can not help it. The aching heart will cry out in its pain."

"But he is your husband, Ena."

"My husband!" What repulsion in her voice!

"You said it before earthly and heavenly witnesses, Ena."

"In my blindness and ignorance I loved an ideal, and thought it embodied in him. It was not! I do not love him; I can not love him; we are opposite as the poles."

"There is one thing that you can do, Ena."

"What?"

"Be faithful as a wife."

"Where there is no love—"

"Stop, Ena! Confirmations lie in utterances. Never again permit a word against your husband to pass these lips. Struggle no longer with your bonds, if you will call them such. Be faithful, up to all dutiful, if not loving, possibilities; and so shall your higher spiritual life, that now gasps for a heavenly vitality, begin to breathe in its own pure atmosphere. Your husband is kind, thoughtful of your comfort, and proud of your personal appearance. He does not comprehend your upreaching and inreaching aspirations. His mind rests in the mere phenomenal, while yours rises into the intellectual, and pants for the spiritual. Antagonisms now spring from your intrusion of themes out of the range of his sympathy. Ena, keep back your precious things; do not uncover them to chilling frosts; do not expose them to a trampling foot; do not let your husband learn to condemn the truth and beauty which come, transformed, to his dull vision."

"And what then?"

"Strife ceases. There has been strife?"

"There has!"

"Strife ceases, Ena; will not this be something gained. Is not tranquillity better than chafing turbulence? There is good in your husband. He has integrity of character."

"Oh yes, yes." There was softness in the tones of Ena.

"And he is kind."

"If humored. But my soul revolts at the

degradation of bowing to the mere humors of a gross nature." She grew hard again.

"Ena!"

"I have said it, and it is so! There is no use in argument. I am what I am; and there is no help for it."

"There *is* help for it, Ena."

"Where?"

"In heaven, from whence all power to rise out of our evils comes. I am what I am, and you are what you are; but our lives are in vain if there be no birth of a higher element within us. All our impulses are natural, and therefore pervaded by an evil force; this evil force must be striven against and extinguished, that a divine force may give to them a nobler direction. Your husband is kind, as I have said."

"If not opposed. If I give him his own way."

"And why not?"

"And become as nothing?—a cipher! or, worse, a slave?"

"The soul is free. He can not fetter its wings."

"He does fetter them. I am bound to a clod. No taste, no fancy, no true love of the beautiful, no aspirings after a better life; no dream of a world not appreciable by touch, taste, sight, or hearing. How can a soul like mine be free with such a chain upon its wings?"

"No soul is free, Ena, until it is made free by God. True freedom is found only when the chains of our natural selfish loves are broken. We need not tell you this—the truth was learned by you long ago—we speak to remind you of the old landmarks from which your steps seem about departing. Our life here includes but the germs of immortal completeness. We only develop at best the bud from whose mysterious bosom the leaf springs green in heaven, and the flower comes forth in beauty. The great question for you—for all of us—is, How, in the conditions of life in which we find ourselves, are we to develop this bud? By a restless, impatient, scornful rejection of duty, or by a self-denying acceptance of the work that comes to our hand? You know the way, for you have been well instructed, Ena. Let the truths that lie in your understanding come forth now and sustain you. The way may be difficult, the work hard, the sky overhead sunless, but the path of duty is the path to heaven; and every step taken heavenward is a step toward freedom—a step upward into purer atmospheres."

Ena's head, which had drawn itself into an attitude of proud defiance, bent forward in conviction. The fire went out of her eyes. Almost meekly she said,

"What is left for me to do?" Where there is no love there is no life. I am a woman, and must have love."

"You have love; the highest, the purest, the wisest love."

"God's love." There was no thrill of pleasure in Ena's voice.

"Yes, the love of Him whose love includes all

pure loves. Let your thought dwell on this for a moment, Ena. If you accept this love, opening the door of your heart that it may flow in, it will be to you more than all human love."

"How shall I open the door?" She lifted her clear, strong eyes.

"By doing your duty as a wife. Remember your marriage vows."

"Love—honor—obey!" Her voice threw out the words in a sudden impulse of indignant rejection. "Impossible!"

"Not impossible kindness, Ena—kindness, gentleness, and thoughtful care of your husband's well-being and comfort. You claim to stand above him as to quality of life. So the angels stand above us—how much farther above us than you stand above him—and yet, they are ever stooping to our low estate; ever coming to us in loving ministration; ever forgetting themselves in a desire to do us good. Be an angel to your husband, Ena! Seek not only to impart natural blessing, that his daily outward life may flow on peaceful as a river, but seek his higher good. Move always before him the embodiment of heavenly graces, and you may kindle a spark that may burn through the infinite ages. If mere sensuous nature is all that now seems alive in him, be yours the heaven-commissioned task to quicken an immortal life in his soul. Oh, Ena! God has appointed you to a great work. Be true to the Divine commission; so shall you open the door of your heart, that His love may flow in."

"God's love is too high and pure—too spiritual, too divine. I want human love—soul-conjunction—my complement of life. I am a woman, and shall drag at these bonds till death!" She spoke with reviving bitterness.

"Till death?"

"Yes."

"And what then?"

"I shall find my counterpart in heaven—my soul-companion—my love—my life!"

A fine fervor glowed in Ena's countenance.

"In heaven?"

The tone and question disturbed her, but she did not answer.

"Will impatient dragging at these bonds, angry antagonisms instead of unselfish regard for your husband's well-being, idle tears in the place of loving deeds—will these perfect you for the awaiting bridegroom, the man-angel, in whose love you are to find an eternal completeness? Will he not turn from you as unworthy—as of too selfish and gross a quality? Ena, like your husband, you are still of the earth, earthy; and like him, hold in your natural life the germs of spiritual perfectness. There must be a crucifixion of this natural life before resurrection into spiritual life is possible. You must lay down your life, if you would take it up again; must lose your life, if you would find it! There is no other way given under heaven or among men. We speak in solemn warning, and pray you to heed our words.".....

A year later in the married life of Ena. There

has been a change. Light has gone out of her face. The shadow of thought rests upon it. Her lips have lost something of their pulpy fullness, and lie closer together. Her eyes are softer, tenderer, calmer. There are no sharp impulses in her tones, no bitterness or rebellion in her words. You mention her husband, and she responds with a quiet smile that plays in saintly sweetness about her mouth. You see them together. How different her manner from what it was one year ago! You would never dream that respect were wanting, even though love touched no heart-chord with a vibrating finger. And yet his inferiority to Ena strikes you painfully at times. It is the clod and Psyche now, as in the beginning—now, as a year ago; but Psyche does not beat in wild impatience her airy wings, struggling in a vain effort to get free. She has folded them, in patience and a new-born hope, over her bosom. Light from a divine sun is shining down upon her, showing the true path, and giving strength to feet that halted in weakness a little while before.

And there is a change in Ena's husband as well. What is it? The clod has felt an influx of her regenerating life. The warmth of her heaven-inspired love has passed through the hard barriers of sensuality, and stirred the latent possibilities of his nature. Antagonism had begun to arouse antagonism; ill-concealed contempt, anger; alienation, selfish pride, the mother of hate. They had begun to drag on the chains that bound them together, hurting and wounding.

But that state has passed with them. The superior nature—wiser, clearer-seeing, and with a consequent higher power of self-control and self-compulsion—has stooped to the inferior; not in degradation, not in loss, not in humiliation, but as an angel might stoop. And in thus stooping she has grown wiser, purer, and more truly a woman. You see this in her countenance; you feel it in the sphere of her life. And he feels it, though his dull soul rises into no clear apprehension of its origin or meaning. He imagines her as drawing nearer and nearer to him, as loving him more and more for himself; while yet she is receding hourly and daily, and stands at a farther distance from him now than on the day their pledges were exchanged at the marriage altar. It is not a love for his quality that holds her in dutiful ministrations by his side, but a love, less of woman than of angel, that seeks his good, and bends to his low estate that she may lift him up.

And is all this but cold, unblessed duty-work, as some would say? The stern ordeal of a mere penitential life? No, no! Let that imagination pass. There is no dutiful or unselfish act that does not leave behind a state of peace—that does not open the mind inwardly, and give it new and sweeter experiences. So it has been with Ena. First, there was a repression of interior repugnances and antagonisms, united with dutiful acts toward her husband. From the beginning she felt a change in her feelings. What

seemed almost impossible grew easier through daily repetitions. Self-compulsion ceased after a little while, and thought moved to action by the power of a ready will.

And yet, for all this, it pains you interiorly to see Ena and her husband together; for you know that a marriage of soul is with them impossible. That they are only bound together externally, while, as to what is internal, through which alone a true conjunction exists, they stand apart as strangers. But there is little in her manner that reveals a consciousness of this. She listens while he speaks—how low his range of thought compared with hers!—and, with respectful interest in her voice, so times her answers to his words that you see higher meanings in them than at first appeared. That she is more to him now than a year ago is seen at a glance. Her tender concessions, her gentle bearing, her care for his pleasures, her patience, her purity and truth, have inspired him with a sentiment almost akin to reverence. "He worships her." Yes, that is the sentence you hear sometimes.

And is not this better for Ena? Better than strife, anger, and the breaking of bonds? Is she not wiser and happier—more a true woman—meeter for heaven, and that eternal union with a soul winged for higher atmospheres like her own, toward which she yearns with an immortal instinct? Who will say nay?

She will not talk with you now about her husband, as in the times of her first awakening to the knowledge of a fatal error. To her the subject of marriage has become more sacred. She has lifted it from among the things of common life. A woman's delicacy veils all that is unbeautiful in her wifely relation.

And so the years move on with Ena. You see that her face grows paler and more spiritual, her eyes more abstracted and dreamy, her manner more subdued. She is waiting, waiting; hearkening onward to a low, sweet voice that comes with loving intimations; fluttering her wings, that have lain folded over her breasts so long; aspiring and moving heavenward—heavenward by the way of earthly duty.

Shall we visit her in her last time? Ena has walked steadily along the path from which there was no swerving without sin—steadily to the end. If it has been often in weariness, reluctance, and pain, it has been also in hope and purification. The true woman in her has been developed—the true, loving, unselfish woman; and her celestial quality has stirred a nobler element in the gross nature to which she had bound herself. Through her a heavenly quality has been born in him; she has saved a soul that, but for the inspiration of her life, would never have risen out of the sluggish regions of mere sensuality. And in the work of saving a soul she has wrought out a higher salvation for herself. Every human soul needs purification. There may be a finer element, but the taint of selfishness is there; and in the separation of dross from this finer element, the fiery ordeal is oftenest most severe. It was severe with Ena;

but she is out of the crucible, and the time of her translation has come.....

Her husband sits in tears by the bed on which she is lying, pale and wasted, yet beautiful to him as an angel. He is holding one of her small hands with a tightening grasp. Ah, has she not been growing dearer to him, and more essential to his life day by day!

"Oh, Ena! stay with me a little longer. What shall I do without you?"

A shade of tender concern falls over her tranquil face. Her soul had gone upward, but the

words of her husband draw her back to earth again.

"God knows best. Oh! be patient and self-denying, and He will be more to you than all He now removes."

She rises and leans toward him, as a mother leans, yearningly, toward a child who has for years absorbed her tenderest care—as a mother or guardian spirit, not as a wife. On his forehead she lays a kiss. It is her last. Her work is done. The fetter is loosened, and Psyche has found her wings!

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE ME LOVE MY DOG.

WHILE the battle is raging, the old folks and ladies peep over the battlements to watch the turns of the combat and the behavior of the knights. To princesses in old days, whose lovely hands were to be bestowed upon the conqueror, it must have been a matter of no small interest to know whether the slim young champion with the lovely eyes on the milk-white steed should vanquish, or the dumpy, elderly, square-shouldered, squinting, carrotty whiskerando of a warrior who was laying about him so savagely; and so in this battle, on the issue of which depended the keeping or losing of poor Philip's inheritance, there were several non-combatants deeply interested. Or suppose we withdraw the chivalrous simile (as, in fact, the conduct and views of certain parties engaged in the matter were any thing but what we call chivalrous), and imagine a wily old monkey who engages a cat to

take certain chestnuts out of the fire, and pussy putting her paw through the bars, seizing the nut and then dropping it? Jacko is disappointed and angry, shows his sharp teeth, and bites if he dares. When the attorney went down to do battle for Philip's patrimony, some of those who wanted it were spectators of the fight, and lurking up a tree hard by. When Mr. Bond came forward to try and seize Phil's chestnuts, there was a wily old monkey who thrust the cat's paw out, and proposed to gobble up the smoking prize.

If you have ever been at the "Admiral Byng," you know, my dear Madam, that the parlor where the club meets is just behind Mrs. Oves's bar, so that by lifting up the sash of the window which communicates between the two apartments that good-natured woman may put her face into the club-room, and actually be one of the society. Sometimes, for company, old Mr. Ridley goes and sits with Mrs. O. in her bar, and reads the paper there. He is slow at his reading. The long words puzzle the worthy gentleman. As he has plenty of time to spare, he does not grudge it to the study of his paper.

On the day when Mr. Bond went to persuade Mrs. Brandon in Thornhaugh Street to claim Dr. Firmin for her husband, and to disinherit poor Philip, a little gentleman wrapped most solemnly and mysteriously in a great cloak appeared at the bar of the "Admiral Byng," and said, in an aristocratic manner, "You have a parlor; show me to it." And being introduced to the parlor (where there are fine pictures of Oves, Mrs. O., and Spotty-nose, their favorite defunct bull-dog), sat down and called for a glass of sherry and a newspaper.

The civil and intelligent pot-boy of the "Byng" took the party *The Advertiser* of yesterday (which to-day's paper was in 'and), and when the gentleman began to swear over the old paper, Frederick gave it as his opinion to his mistress that the new-comer was a harbitrary gent—as, indeed, he was, with the omission, perhaps, of a single letter; a man who bullied every body who would submit to be bullied. In fact, it was our friend Talbot Twysden, Esq., Commissioner of the Powder and Pomatum Office; and

I leave those who know him to say whether *he* is arbitrary or not.

To him presently came that bland old gentleman, Mr. Bond, who also asked for a parlor and some sherry-and-water; and this is how Philip and his veracious and astute biographer came to know for a certainty that dear uncle Talbot was the person who wished to—to have Philip's chestnuts.

Mr. Bond and Mr. Twysden had been scarcely a minute together when such a storm of imprecations came clattering through the glass-window which communicates with Mrs. Oves's bar, that I dare say they made the jugs and tumblers clatter on the shelves, and Mr. Ridley, a very modest-spoken man, reading his paper, lay it down with a scared face, and say, "Well, I never!" Nor did he often, I dare say.

This volley was fired by Talbot Twysden, in consequence of his rage at the news which Mr. Bond brought him.

"Well, Mr. Bond; well, Mr. Bond! What does she say?" he asked of his emissary.

"She will have nothing to do with the business, Mr. Twysden. We can't touch it; and I don't see how we can move her. She denies the marriage as much as Firmin does: says she knew it was a mere sham when the ceremony was performed."

"Sir, you didn't bribe her enough," shrieked Mr. Twysden. "You have bungled this business; by George you have, Sir!"

"Go and do it yourself, Sir, if you are not ashamed to appear in it," says the lawyer. "You don't suppose I did it because I liked it; or want to take that poor young fellow's inheritance from him, as you do?"

"I wish justice and the law, Sir. If I were wrongfully detaining his property I would give it up. I would be the first to give it up. I desire justice and law, and employ you because you are a law agent. Are you not?"

"And I have been on your errand, and shall send in my bill in due time; and there will be an end of my connection with you as your law agent, Mr. Twysden!" cried the old lawyer.

"You know, Sir, how badly Firmin acted to me in the last matter."

"Faith, Sir, if you ask my opinion as a law agent, I don't think there was much to choose between you. How much is the sherry-and-water?—keep the change. Sorry I'd no better news to bring you, Mr. T., and as you are dissatisfied, again recommend you to employ another law agent."

"My good Sir, I—"

"My good Sir, I have had other dealings with your family, and am no more going to put up with your highti-tightness than I would with Lord Ringwood's, when I was one of *his* law agents. I am not going to tell Mr. Philip Firmin that his uncle and aunt propose to ease him of his property; but if any body else does—that good little Mrs. Brandon, or that old goose Mr. Whatdyecallum, her father—I don't suppose he will be over well pleased. I am speaking as a

gentleman now, not as a law agent. You and your nephew had each a half share of Mr. Philip Firmin's grandfather's property, and you wanted it all, that's the truth, and set a law agent to get it for you, and swore at him because he could not get it from its right owner. And so, Sir, I wish you a good-morning, and recommend you to take your papers to some other agent, Mr. Twysden." And with this, *exit* Mr. Bond. And now I ask you if that secret could be kept which was known through a trembling glass-door to Mrs. Oves of the "Admiral Byng," and to Mr. Ridley the father of J. J., and the obsequious husband of Mrs. Ridley? On that very afternoon, at tea-time, Mrs. Ridley was made acquainted by her husband (in his noble and circumlocutory manner) with the conversation which he had overheard. It was agreed that an embassy should be sent to J. J. on the business, and his advice taken regarding it; and J. J.'s opinion was that the conversation certainly should be reported to Mr. Philip Firmin, who might afterward act upon it as he should think best.

What? His own aunt, cousins, and uncle agreed in a scheme to overthrow his legitimacy, and deprive him of his grandfather's inheritance? It seemed impossible. Big with the tremendous news, Philip came to his adviser, Mr. Pendennis, of the Temple, and told him what had occurred on the part of father, uncle, and Little Sister. Her abnegation had been so noble that you may be sure Philip appreciated it; and a tie of friendship was formed between the young man and the little lady even more close and tender than that which had bound them previously. But the Twysdens, his kinsfolk, to employ a lawyer in order to rob him of his inheritance!—Oh, it was dastardly! Philip bawled and stamped, and thumped his sense of the wrong in his usual energetic manner. As for his cousin Ringwood Twysden, Phil had often entertained a strong desire to wring his neck and pitch him down stairs. As for uncle Talbot: that he is an old pump, that he is a pompous old humbug, and the queerest old sycophant, I grant you; but I couldn't have believed him guilty of this. And as for the girls—oh, Mrs. Pendennis, you who are good, you who are kind, although you hate them, I know you do—you can't say, you won't say, that they were in the conspiracy?

"But suppose Twysden was asking only for what he conceives to be his rights?" asked Mr. Pendennis. "Had your father been married to Mrs. Brandon, you would not have been Dr. Firmin's legitimate son. Had you not been his legitimate son, you had no right to a half share of your grandfather's property. Uncle Talbot acts only the part of honor and justice in the transaction. He is Brutus, and he orders you off to death with a bleeding heart."

"And he orders his family out of the way," roars Phil, "so that they mayn't be pained by seeing the execution! I see it all now. I wish somebody would send a knife through me at once, and put an end to me. I see it all now.

Do you know that for the last week I have been to Beaunash Street, and found nobody? Agnes had the bronchitis, and her mother was attending to her; Blanche came for a minute or two, and was as cool—as cool as I have seen Lady Iceberg be cool to her. Then they must go away for change of air. They have been gone these three days: while uncle Talbot and that viper of a Ringwood have been closeted with their nice new friend, Mr. Hunt. O conf——! I beg your pardon, Ma'am; but I know you always allow for the energy of my language."

"I should like to see that Little Sister, Mr. Firmin. She has not been selfish, or had any scheme but for your good," remarks my wife.

"A little angel who drops her h's—a little heart, so good and tender that I melt as I think of it," says Philip, drawing his big hand over his eyes. "What have men done to get the love of some women? We don't earn it; we don't deserve it, perhaps. We don't return it. They bestow it on us. I have given nothing back for all this love and kindness, but I look a little like my father of old days, for whom—for whom she had an attachment. And see now how she would die to serve me! You are wonderful, women are! your fidelities and your ficklenesses alike marvelous. What can any woman have found to adore in the doctor? Do you think my father could ever have been adorable, Mrs. Pendennis? And yet I have heard my poor mother say she was obliged to marry him. She knew it was a bad match, but she couldn't resist it. In what was my father so irresistible? He is not to *my* taste. Between ourselves, I think he is a—well, never mind what."

"I think we had best not mind what?" says my wife, with a smile.

"Quite right—quite right; only I blurt out every thing that is on my mind. Can't keep it in!" cries Phil, gnawing his mustaches. "If my fortune depended on my silence I should be a beggar, that's the fact. And, you see, if you had such a father as mine, you yourself would find it rather difficult to hold your tongue about him. But now, tell me: this ordering away of the girls and aunt Twysden, while the little attack upon my property is being carried on—isn't it queer?"

"The question is at an end," said Mr. Pendennis. "You are restored to your *atavis regibus* and ancestral honors. Now that uncle Twysden can't get the property without you, have courage, my boy—he may take it, along with the encumbrance."

Poor Phil had not known—but some of us, who are pretty clear-sighted when our noble selves are not concerned, had perceived that Philip's dear aunt was playing fast and loose with the lad, and when his back was turned was encouraging a richer suitor for her daughter.

Hand on heart I can say of my wife that she meddles with her neighbors as little as any person I ever knew; but when treacheries in love affairs are in question she fires up at once, and

would persecute to death almost the heartless male or female criminal who would break love's sacred laws. The idea of a man or woman trifling with that holy compact awakens in her a flame of indignation. In certain confidences (of which let me not vulgarize the arcanā) she had given me her mind about some of Miss Twysden's behavior with that odious blackamoor, as she chose to call Captain Woolcomb, who, I own, had a very slight tinge of complexion; and when, quoting the words of Hamlet regarding his father and mother, I asked, "Could she on this fair mountain leave to feed, and batten on this Moor?" Mrs. Pendennis cried out that this matter was all too serious for jest, and wondered how her husband could make word-plays about it. Perhaps she has not the exquisite sense of humor possessed by some folks; or is it that she has more reverence? In her creed, if not in her church, marriage is a sacrament; and the fond believer never speaks of it without awe.

Now, as she expects both parties to the marriage engagement to keep that compact holy, she no more understands trifling with it than she could comprehend laughing and joking in a church. She has no patience with flirtations, as they are called. "Don't tell me, Sir," says the enthusiast; "a light word between a man and a married woman ought not to be permitted." And this is why she is harder on the woman than the man in cases where such dismal matters happen to fall under discussion. A look, a word from a woman, she says, will check a libertine thought or word in a man; and these cases might be stopped at once if the woman but showed the slightest resolution. She is thus more angry—(I am only mentioning the peculiarities, not defending the ethics of this individual moralist)—she is, I say, more angrily disposed toward the woman than the man in such delicate cases; and, I am afraid, considers that women are for the most part only victims because they choose to be so.

Now we had happened during this season to be at several entertainments, routs, and so forth, where poor Phil, owing to his unhappy Bohemian preferences and love of tobacco, etc., was not present—and where we saw Miss Agnes Twysden carrying on such a game with the tawny Woolcomb as set Mrs. Laura in a tremor of indignation. What though Agnes's blue-eyed mamma sat near her blue-eyed daughter, and kept her keen clear orbs perfectly wide open and cognizant of all that happened? So much the worse for her, the worse for both. It was a shame and a sin that a Christian English mother should suffer her daughter to deal lightly with the most holy, the most awful of human contracts; should be preparing her child who knows for what after misery of mind and soul. Three months ago you saw how she encouraged poor Philip, and now see her with this mulatto!

"Is he not a man, and a brother, my dear?" perhaps at this Mr. Pendennis interposes.

"Oh, for shame, Pen! no levity on this—no sneers and laughter on this the most sacred sub-

ject of all." And here, I dare say, the woman falls to caressing her own children, and hugging them to her heart as her manner was when moved. *Que voulez vous?* There are some women in the world to whom love and truth are all in all here below.* Other ladies there are who see the benefit of a good jointure, a town and country house, and so forth, and who are not so very particular as to the character, intellect, or complexion of gentlemen who are in a position to offer their dear girls these benefits. In fine, I say that, regarding this blue-eyed mother and daughter, Mrs. Laura Pendennis was in such a state of mind that she was ready to tear their blue eyes out.

Nay, it was with no little difficulty that Mrs. Laura could be induced to hold her tongue upon the matter, and not give Philip her opinion. "What?" she would ask, "the poor young man is to be deceived and cajoled; to be taken or left as it suits these people; to be made miserable for life certainly if she marries him; and his friends are not to dare to warn him? The cowards! The cowardice of you men, Pen, upon matters of opinion, of you masters and lords of creation, is really despicable, Sir! You dare not have opinions, or holding them you dare not declare them, and act by them. You compromise with crime every day, because you think it would be officious to declare yourself and interfere. You are not afraid of outraging morals, but of inflicting *ennui* upon society, and losing your popularity. You are as cynical as—as, what was the name of the horrid old man who lived in the tub—Demosthenes?—well, Diogenes, then, and the name does not matter a pin, Sir. You are as cynical, only you wear fine ruffled shirts and wristbands, and you carry your lantern dark. It is not right to 'put your oar in,' as you say in your jargon (and even your slang is a sort of cowardice, Sir, for you are afraid to speak the feelings of your heart)—it is not right to meddle and speak the truth, not right to rescue a poor soul who is drowning—of course not. What call have you fine gentlemen of the world to put your oar in? Let him perish! What did he in that galley? That is the language of the world, baby darling. And, my poor, poor child, when you are sinking, nobody is to stretch out a hand to save you!" As for that wife of mine, when she sets forth the maternal plea, and appeals to the exuberant school of philosophers, I know there is no reasoning with her. I retire to my books, and leave her to kiss out the rest of the argument over the children.

Philip did not know the extent of the obligation which he owed to his little friend and guardian, Caroline; but he was aware that he had no better friend than herself in the world; and, I dare say, returned to her, as the wont is in such bargains between man and woman—woman and man, at least—a sixpence for that pure gold treasure, her sovereign affection. I suppose Caroline thought her sacrifice gave her a little authority to counsel Philip; for she it was who, I believe, first bid him to inquire whether that engagement which he had virtually contracted

with his cousin was likely to lead to good, and was to be binding upon him but not on her? She brought Ridley to add his doubts to her remonstrances. She showed Philip that not only his uncle's conduct, but his cousin's, was interested, and set him to inquire into it further.

That peculiar form of bronchitis under which poor dear Agnes was suffering was relieved by absence from London. The smoke, the crowded parties and assemblies, the late hours, and, perhaps, the gloom of the house in Beaunash Street, distressed the poor dear child; and her cough was very much soothed by that fine, cutting east wind, which blows so liberally along the Brighton cliffs, and which is so good for coughs, as we all know. But there was one fault in Brighton which could not be helped in her bad case: it is too near London. The air, that chartered libertine, can blow down from London quite easily; or people can come from London to Brighton, bringing, I dare say, the insidious London fog along with them. At any rate, Agnes, if she wished for quiet, poor thing, might have gone farther and fared better. Why, if you owe a tailor a bill, he can run down and present it in a few hours. Vulgar, inconvenient acquaintances thrust themselves upon you at every moment and corner. Was ever such a *tohubohu* of people as there assembles? You can't be tranquil, if you will. Organs pipe and scream without cease at your windows. Your name is put down in the papers when you arrive; and every body meets every body ever so many times a day.

On finding that his uncle had set lawyers to work, with the charitable purpose of ascertaining whether Philip's property was legitimately his own, Philip was a good deal disturbed in mind. He could not appreciate that high sense of moral obligation by which Mr. Twysden was actuated. At least, he thought that these inquiries should not have been secretly set afoot; and as he himself was perfectly open—a great deal too open, perhaps—in his words and his actions, he was hard with those who attempted to hoodwink or deceive him.

It could not be; ah! no, it never could be, that Agnes the pure and gentle was privy to this conspiracy. But then, how very—very often of late she had been from home; how very, very cold aunt Twysden's shoulder had somehow become! Once, when he reached the door, a fishmonger's boy was leaving a fine salmon at the kitchen—a salmon and a tub of ice. Once, twice, at five o'clock, when he called, a smell of cooking pervaded the hall—that hall which culinary odors very seldom visited. Some of those noble Twysden dinners were on the *tapis*, and Philip was not asked. Not to be asked was no great deprivation; but who were the guests? To be sure, these were trifles light as air; but Philip smelled mischief in the steam of those Twysden dinners. He chewed that salmon with a bitter sauce as he saw it sink down the area steps (and disappear with its attendant lobster) in the dark kitchen regions.

Yes; eyes were somehow averted that used to look into his very frankly; a glove somehow had grown over a little hand which once used to lie very comfortably in his broad palm. Was any body else going to seize it, and was it going to paddle in that blackamoor's unblessed fingers? Ah, fiends and tortures! a gentleman may cease to love, but does he like a woman to cease to love him? People carry on ever so long for fear of that declaration that all is over. No confession is more dismal to make. The sun of love has set. We sit in the dark. I mean you, dear Madam, and Corydon, or I and Amaryllis; uncomfortably, with nothing more to say to one another; with the night-dew falling, and a risk of catching cold, drearily contemplating the fading west, with "the cold remains of lustre gone, of fire long passed away." Sink, fire of love! Rise, gentle moon, and mists of chilly evening! And, my good Madam Amaryllis, let us go home to some tea and a fire.

So Philip determined to go and seek his cousin. Arrived at his hotel (and if it were the * * I can't conceive Philip in much better quarters), he had the opportunity of inspecting those delightful newspaper arrivals, a perusal of which has so often edified us at Brighton. Mr. and Mrs. Penfold, he was informed, continued their residence, No. 96 Horizontal Place; and it was with those guardians he knew his Agnes was staying. He speeds to Horizontal Place. Miss Twysden is out. He heaves a sigh, and leaves a card. Has it ever happened to you to leave a card at *that* house—that house which was once *THE* house—almost your own; where you were ever welcome; where the kindest hand was ready to grasp yours, the brightest eye to greet you? And now your friendship has dwindled away to a little bit of pasteboard, shed once a year, and poor dear Mrs. Jones (it is with J. you have quarreled) still calls on the ladies of your family and slips her husband's ticket upon the hall table. Oh life and time, that it should have come to this! Oh gracious powers! Do you recall the time when Arabella Briggs was Arabella Thompson! You call and talk *fadaises* to her (at first she is rather nervous, and has the children in); you talk rain and fine weather; the last novel; the next party; Thompson in the City? Yes, Mr. Thompson is in the City. He's pretty well, thank you. Ah! Daggers, ropes, and poisons, has it come to this? You are talking about the weather, and another man's health, and another man's children, of which she is mother, to *her*? Time was the weather was all a burning sunshine, in which you and she basked; or if clouds gathered, and a storm fell, such a glorious rainbow haloed round you, such delicious tears fell and refreshed you, that the storm was more ravishing than the calm. And now another man's children are sitting on her knee—their mother's knee; and once a year Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson request the honor of Mr. Brown's company at dinner; and once a year you read in the *Times*, "In Nursery Street, the wife of J. Thompson, Esq., of a Son." To

come to the once-beloved one's door, and find the knocker tied up with a white kid glove, is humiliating—say what you will, it is humiliating.

Philip leaves his card, and walks on to the Cliff, and of course, in three minutes, meets Clinker. Indeed, who ever went to Brighton for half an hour without meeting Clinker?

"Father pretty well? His old patient, Lady Geminy, is down here with the children—what a number of them there are, to be sure! Come to make any stay? See your cousin, Miss Twysden, is here with the Penfolds. Little party at the Grigsons' last night; she looked uncommonly well; danced ever so many times with the Black Prince, Woolcomb of the Greens. Suppose I may congratulate you. Six thousand five hundred a year now, and thirteen thousand when his grandmother dies; but those negresses live forever. I suppose the thing is settled. I saw them on the pier just now, and Mrs. Penfold was reading a book in the arbor. Book of sermons it was—pious woman, Mrs. Penfold. I dare say they are on the pier still." Striding with hurried steps Philip Firmin makes for the pier. The breathless Clinker can not keep alongside of his face. I should like to have seen it when Clinker said that "the thing" was settled between Miss Twysden and the cavalry gentleman.

There were a few nursery governesses, maids, and children paddling about at the end of the pier; and there was a fat woman reading a book in one of the arbors—but no Agnes, no Woolcomb. Where can they be? Can they be weighing each other? or buying those mad pebbles, which people are known to purchase? or having their silhouettes done in black? Ha! ha! Woolcomb would hardly have *his* face done in black. The idea would provoke odious comparisons. I see Philip is in a dreadfully bad sarcastic humor.

Up there comes from one of those trap-doors which lead down from the pier head to the green sea-waves ever restlessly jumping below—up there comes a little Skye-terrier dog with a red collar, who, as soon as she sees Philip, sings, squeaks, whines, runs, jumps, *flumps* up on him, if I may use the expression, kisses his hands, and with eyes, tongue, paws, and tail shows him a thousand marks of welcome and affection. What, Brownie, Brownie! Philip is glad to see the dog, an old friend who has many a time licked his hand and bounced upon his knee.

The greeting over, Brownie, wagging her tail with prodigious activity, trots before Philip—trots down an opening, down the steps under which the waves shimmer greenly, and into quite a quiet remote corner just over the water, whence you may command a most beautiful view of the sea, the shore, the Marine Parade, and the Albion Hotel, and where, were I five-and-twenty say, with nothing else to do, I would gladly pass a quarter of an hour talking about Glaucus or the Wonders of the Deep with the object of my affections.

Here, among the labyrinth of piles, Brownie



HAND AND GLOVE.

goes flouncing along till she comes to a young couple who are looking at the view just described. In order to view it better, the young man has laid his hand—a pretty little hand, most delicately gloved—on the lady's hand; and Brownie comes up and nuzzles against her, and whines and talks as much as to say, "Here's somebody," and the lady says, "Down, Brownie, miss!"

"It's no good, Agnes, that dog," says the gentleman (he has very curly, not to say woolly

hair, under his natty little hat). "I'll give you a pug with a nose you can hang your hat on. I do know of one now. My man Rummins knows of one. Do you like pugs?"

"I adore them," says the lady.

"I'll give you one, if I have to pay fifty pounds for it. And they fetch a good figure, the real pugs do, I can tell you. Once in London there was an exhibition of 'em, and—"

"Brownie, Brownie, down!" cries Agnes.

The dog was jumping at a gentleman, a tall gentleman with red mustaches and beard, who advances through the checkered shade, under the ponderous beams, over the translucent sea.

"Pray don't mind, Brownie won't hurt me," says a perfectly well-known voice, the sound of which sends all the colors shuddering out of Miss Agnes's pink cheeks.

"You see I gave my cousin this dog, Captain Woolcomb," says the gentleman; "and the little slut remembers me. Perhaps Miss Twysden prefers the pug better."

"Sir!"

"If it has a nose you can hang your hat on, it must be a very pretty dog, and I suppose you intend to hang your hat on it a good deal."

"Oh, Philip!" says the lady; but an attack of that dreadful coughing stops further utterance.



CHAPTER XIV.

CONTAINS TWO OF PHILIP'S MISHAPS.

You know that, in some parts of India, infanticide is the common custom. It is part of the religion of the land, as, in other districts, widow-burning used to be. I can't imagine that ladies like to destroy either themselves or their children, though they submit with bravery, and even cheerfulness, to the decrees of that religion which orders them to make away with their own or their young ones' lives. Now, suppose you and I, as Europeans, happened to drive up where a young creature was just about to roast herself, under the advice of her family and the highest dignitaries of her church: what could we do? Rescue her? No such thing. We know better than to interfere with her, and the laws and usages of her country. We turn away with a sigh from the mournful scene; we pull out our pocket-handkerchiefs, tell coachman to drive on, and leave her to her sad fate.

Now about poor Agnes Twysden: how, in the name of goodness, can we help her? You see she is a well brought up and religious young

woman of the Brahminical sect. If she is to be sacrificed, that old Brahmin her father, that good and devout mother, that most special Brahmin her brother, and that admirable girl her strait-laced sister, all insist upon her undergoing the ceremony, and deck her with flowers ere they lead her to that dismal altar flame. Suppose, I say, she has made up her mind to throw over poor Philip, and take on with some one else? What sentiment ought our virtuous bosoms to entertain toward her? Anger? I have just been holding a conversation with a young fellow in rags and without shoes, whose bed is commonly a dry arch, who has been repeatedly in prison, whose father and mother were thieves, and whose grandfathers were thieves; are we to be angry with him for following the paternal profession? With one eye brimming with pity, the other steadily keeping watch over the family spoons, I listen to his artless tale. I have no anger against that child; nor toward thee, Agnes, daughter of Talbot the Brahmin.

For though duty is duty, when it comes to the pinch it is often hard to do. Though dear papa and mamma say that here is a gentleman with ever so many thousands a year, an undoubted part in So-and-So-shire, and whole islands in the western main, who is wildly in love with your fair skin and blue eyes, and is ready to fling all his treasure at your feet; yet, after all, when you consider that he is very ignorant, though very cunning; very stingy, though very rich; very ill-tempered, probably, if faces and eyes and mouths can tell truth: and as for Philip Firmin—though actually his legitimacy is dubious, as we have lately heard, in which case his maternal fortune is ours—and as for his paternal inheritance, we don't know whether the doctor is worth thirty thousand pounds or a shilling; yet, after all—as for Philip—he is a man; he is a gentleman; he has brains in his head, and a great honest heart of which he has offered to give the best feelings to his cousin; I say, when a poor girl has to be off with that old love, that honest and fair love, and be on with the new one, the dark one, I feel for her; and though the Brahmins are, as we know, the most genteel sect in Hindostan, I rather wish the poor child could have belonged to some lower and less rigid sect. Poor Agnes! to think that he has sat for hours, with mamma and Blanche or the governess, of course, in the room (for, you know, when she and Philip were quite wee wee things dear mamma had little amiable plans in view); has sat for hours by Miss Twysden's side pouring out his heart to her, has had, mayhap, little precious moments of confidential talk—little hasty whispers in corridors, on stairs, behind window-curtains, and—and so forth in fact. She must remember all this past; and can't, without some pang, listen on the same sofa, behind the same window-curtains, to her dark suitor pouring out his artless tales of barracks, boxing, horse-flesh, and the tender passion. He is dull, he is mean, he is ill-tempered, he is ignorant, and the other was.....; but she will

do her duty: oh yes! she will do her duty! Poor Agnes! *C'est à fendre le cœur.* I declare I quite feel for her.

When Philip's temper was roused, I have been compelled, as his biographer, to own how very rude and disagreeable he could be; and you must acknowledge that a young man has some reason to be displeased, when he finds the girl of his heart hand in hand with another young gentleman in an occult and shady recess of the wood-work of Brighton Pier. The green waves are softly murmuring: so is the officer of the Life-Guards Green. The waves are kissing the beach. Ah, agonizing thought! I will not pursue the simile, which may be but a jealous man's mad fantasy. Of this I am sure, no pebble on that beach is cooler than polished Agnes. But, then, Philip drunk with jealousy is not a reasonable being like Philip sober. "He had a dreadful temper," Philip's dear aunt said of him afterward—"I trembled for my dear, gentle child, united forever to a man of that violence. Never, in my secret mind, could I think that their union could be a happy one. Besides, you know, the nearness of their relationship. My scruples on that score, dear Mrs. Candor, never, never could be got quite over." And these scruples came to weigh whole tons when Mangrove Hall, the house in Berkeley Square, and Mr. Woolcomb's West India island were put into the scale along with them.

Of course there was no good in remaining among those damp, reeking timbers now that the pretty little *tête-à-tête* was over. Little Brownie hung fondling and whining round Philip's ankles, as the party ascended to the upper air. "My child, how pale you look!" cries Mrs. Penfold, putting down her volume. Out of the captain's opal eyeballs shot lurid flames, and hot blood burned behind his yellow cheeks. In a quarrel, Mr. Philip Firmin could be particularly cool and self-possessed. When Miss Agnes rather piteously introduced him to Mrs. Penfold, he made a bow as polite and gracious as any performed by his royal father. "My little dog knew me," he said, caressing the animal. "She is a faithful little thing, and she led me down to my cousin; and—Captain Woolcomb, I think, is your name, Sir!"

As Philip curls his mustache and smiles blandly, Captain Woolcomb pulls his and scowls fiercely. "Yes, Sir," he mutters, "my name is Woolcomb." Another bow and a touch of the hat from Mr. Firmin. A touch?—a gracious wave of the hat; acknowledged by no means so gracefully by Captain Woolcomb.

To these remarks Mrs. Penfold says, "Oh!" In fact, "Oh!" is about the best thing that could be said under the circumstances.

"My cousin, Miss Twysden, looks so pale because she was out very late dancing last night. I hear it was a very pretty ball. But ought she to keep such late hours, Mrs. Penfold, with her delicate health? Indeed, you ought not, Agnes! Ought she to keep late hours, Brownie? There—don't, you little foolish thing! I gave

my cousin the dog: and she's very fond of me—the dog is—still. You were saying, Captain Woolcomb, when I came up, that you would give Miss Twysden a dog on whose nose you could hang your.....I beg pardon?"

Mr. Woolcomb, as Philip made this second allusion to the peculiar nasal formation of the pug, ground his little white teeth together, and let slip a most improper monosyllable. More acute bronchial suffering was manifested on the part of Miss Twysden. Mrs. Penfold said, "The day is clouding over. I think, Agnes, I will have my chair and go home."

"May I be allowed to walk with you as far as your house?" says Philip, twiddling a little locket which he wore at his watch-chain. It was a little gold locket, with a little pale hair inside. Whose hair could it have been that was so pale and fine? As for the pretty, hieroglyphical A. T. at the back, those letters might indicate Alfred Tennyson, or Anthony Trollope, who might have given a lock of *their* golden hair to Philip, for I know he is an admirer of their works.

Agnes looked guiltily at the little locket. Captain Woolcomb pulled his mustache so, that you would have thought he would have pulled it off; and his opal eyes glared with fearful confusion and wrath.

"Will you please to fall back and let me speak to you, Agnes? Pardon me, Captain Woolcomb, I have a private message for my cousin; and I came from London expressly to deliver it."

"If Miss Twysden desires me to withdraw, I fall back in one moment," says the captain, clenching the little lemon-colored gloves.

"My cousin and I have lived together all our lives, and I bring her a family message. Have you any particular claim to hear it, Captain Woolcomb?"

"Not if Miss Twysden don't want me to hear it..... D—— the little brute."

"Don't kick poor little harmless Brownie! He sha'n't kick you, shall he, Brownie?"

"If the brute comes between my shins, I'll kick her!" shrieks the captain. "Hang her, I'll throw her into the sea!"

"Whatever you do to my dog I swear I will do to you!" whispers Philip to the captain.

"Where are you staying?" shrieks the captain. "Hang you, you shall hear from me."

"Quiet—Bedford Hotel. Easy, or I shall think you want the ladies to overhear."

"Your conduct is horrible, Sir," says Agnes, rapidly, in the French language. "Mr. does not comprehend it."

"—it! If you have any secrets to talk, I'll withdraw fast enough, Miss Agnes," says Othello.

"Oh, Grenville! can I have any secrets from you? Mr. Firmin is my first-cousin. We have lived together all our lives. Philip, I—I don't know whether mamma announced to you—my—my engagement with Captain Grenville Woolcomb." The agitation has brought on another

severe bronchial attack. Poor little Agnes! What it is to have a delicate throat!

The pier tosses up to the skies, as though it had left its moorings—the houses on the cliff dance and reel, as though an earthquake was driving them—the sea walks up into the lodging-houses—and Philip's legs are failing from under him: it is only for a moment. When you have a large, tough double tooth out, doesn't the chair go up to the ceiling, and your head come off too? But in the next instant there is a grave gentleman before you making you a bow, and concealing something in his right sleeve. The crash is over. You are a man again. Philip clutches hold of the chain pier for a minute: it does not sink under him. The houses, after reeling for a second or two, reassume the perpendicular and bulge their bow-windows toward the main. He can see the people looking from the windows, the carriages passing, Professor Spurrier riding on the cliff with eighteen young ladies, his pupils. In long after-days he remembers those absurd little incidents with a curious tenacity.

"This news," Philip says, "was not—not altogether unexpected. I congratulate my cousin, I am sure. Captain Woolcomb, had I known this for certain, I am sure I should not have interrupted you. You were going, perhaps, to ask me to your hospitable house, Mrs. Penfold?"

"Was she though?" cries the captain.

"I have asked a friend to dine with me at the Bedford, and shall go to town, I hope, in the morning. Can I take any thing for you, Agnes? Good-by:" and he kisses his hand in quite a *dégage* manner, as Mrs. Penfold's chair turns eastward and he goes to the west. Silently the tall Agnes sweeps along, a fair hand laid upon her friend's chair.

It's over! it's over! She has done it. He was bound, and kept his honor, but she did not: it was she who forsook him. And I fear very much Mr. Philip's heart leaps with pleasure and an immense sensation of relief at thinking he is free. He meets half a dozen acquaintances on the cliff. He laughs, jokes, shakes hands, invites two or three to dinner in the gayest manner. He sits down on that green, not very far from his inn, and is laughing to himself, when he suddenly feels something nestling at his knee—rubbing, and nestling, and whining plaintively. "What, is that you?" It is little Brownie, who has followed him. Poor little rogue!

Then Philip bent down his head over the dog, and as it jumped on him, with little bleats, and whines, and innocent caresses, he broke out into a sob, and a great refreshing rain of tears fell from his eyes. Such a little illness! Such a mild fever! Such a speedy cure! Some people have the complaint so mildly that they are scarcely ever kept to their beds. Some bear its scars forever.

Philip sate resolutely at the hotel all night, having given special orders to the porter to say that he was at home, in case any gentleman should call. He had a faint hope, he afterward owned, that some friend of Captain Woolcomb

might wait on him on that officer's part. He had a faint hope that a letter might come explaining that treason—as people will have a sick, gnawing, yearning, foolish desire for letters—letters which contain nothing, which never did contain any thing—letters which, nevertheless, you— You know, in fact, about those letters, and there is no earthly use in asking to read Philip's. Have we not all read those love-letters which, after love-quarrels, come into court sometimes? We have all read them; and how many have written them? Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. Eleven o'clock. No challenge from the captain; no explanation from Agnes. Philip declares he slept perfectly well. But poor little Brownie the dog made a piteous howling all night in the stables. She was not a well-bred dog. You could not have hung the least hat on her nose.

We compared anon our dear Agnes to a Brahmin lady, meekly offering herself up to sacrifice according to the practice used in her highly respectable caste. Did we speak in anger or in sorrow?—surely in terms of respectful grief and sympathy. And if we pity her, ought we not likewise to pity her highly respectable parents? When the notorious Brutus ordered his sons to execution, you can't suppose he was such a brute as to be pleased? All three parties suffered by the transaction: the sons, probably, even more than their austere father; but it stands to reason that the whole trio were very melancholy. At least, were I a poet or musical composer depicting that business, I certainly should make them so. The sons, piping in a very minor key indeed; the father's manly basso, accompanied by deep wind-instruments, and interrupted by appropriate sobs. Though pretty, fair Agnes is being led to execution, I don't suppose she likes it, or that her parents are happy, who are compelled to order the tragedy.

That the rich young proprietor of Mangrove Hall should be fond of her was merely a coincidence, Mrs. Twysden afterward always averred. Not for mere wealth—ah, no! not for mines of gold—would they sacrifice their darling child! But when that sad Firmin affair happened, you see it also happened that Captain Woolcomb was much struck by dear Agnes, whom he met every where. Her scape-grace of a cousin would go nowhere. He preferred his bachelor associates, and horrible smoking and drinking habits, to the amusements and pleasures of more refined society. He neglected Agnes. There is not the slightest doubt he neglected and mortified her, and his willful and frequent absence showed how little he cared for her. Would you blame the dear girl for coldness to a man who himself showed such indifference to her? "No, my good Mrs. Candor. Had Mr. Firmin been ten times as rich as Mr. Woolcomb, I should have counseled my child to refuse him. I take the responsibility of the measure entirely on myself—I, and her father, and her brother." So Mrs. Twysden afterward spoke, in circles where an absurd and odious rumor ran, that the Twys-

dens had forced their daughter to jilt young Mr. Firmin in order to marry a wealthy quadroon. People will talk, you know, *de me, de te*. If Woolcomb's dinners had not gone off so after his marriage, I have little doubt the scandal would have died away, and he and his wife might have been pretty generally respected and visited.

Nor must you suppose, as we have said, that dear Agnes gave up her first love without a pang. That bronchitis showed how acutely the poor thing felt her position. It broke out very soon after Mr. Woolcomb's attentions became a little particular; and she actually left London in consequence. It is true that he could follow her without difficulty, but so, for the matter of that, could Philip, as we have seen, when he came down and behaved so rudely to Captain Woolcomb. And before Philip came poor Agnes could plead, "My father pressed me sair," as in the case of the notorious Mrs. Robin Gray.

Father and mother both pressed her sair. Mrs. Twysden, I think I have mentioned, wrote an admirable letter, and was aware of her accomplishment. She used to write reams of gossip regularly every week to dear uncle Ringwood when he was in the country; and when her daughter Blanche married, she is said to have written several of her new son's sermons. As a Christian mother, was she not to give her daughter her advice at this momentous period of her life? That advice went against poor Philip's chances with his cousin, who was kept acquainted with all the circumstances of the controversy of which we have just seen the issue. I do not mean to say that Mrs. Twysden gave an impartial statement of the case. What parties in a lawsuit do speak impartially on their own side or their adversaries'? Mrs. Twysden's view, as I have learned subsequently, and as imparted to her daughter, was this: That most unprincipled man, Dr. Firmin, who had already attempted, and unjustly, to deprive the Twysdens of a part of their property, had commenced in quite early life his career of outrage and wickedness against the Ringwood family. He had led dear Lord Ringwood's son, poor dear Lord Cinquars, into a career of vice and extravagance which caused the premature death of that unfortunate young nobleman. Mr. Firmin had then made a marriage, in spite of the tears and entreaties of Mrs. Twysden, with her late unhappy sister, whose whole life had been made wretched by the doctor's conduct. But the climax of outrage and wickedness was, that when he—he, a low, penniless adventurer—married Colonel Ringwood's daughter he was married already, as could be sworn by the repentant clergyman who had been forced, by threats of punishment which Dr. Firmin held over him, to perform the rite! "The mind"—Mrs. Talbot Twysden's fine mind—"shuddered at the thought of such wickedness." But most of all (for to think ill of any one whom she had once loved gave her pain) there was reason to believe that the unhappy Philip Firmin was his *father's accomplice*, and that he knew of

his *own illegitimacy*, which he was determined to set aside by any *fraud or artifice*—(she trembled, she wept to have to say this: O Heaven! that there should be such perversity in thy creatures!) And so little store did Philip set by *his mother's honor*, that he actually visited the abandoned woman who acquiesced in her own infamy, and had brought such unspeakable disgrace on the Ringwood family! The thought of this crime had caused Mrs. Twysden and her dear husband nights of sleepless anguish—had made them *years and years* older—had stricken their hearts with a grief which must endure to the *end of their days*. With people so unscrupulous, so grasping, so artful as Dr. Firmin and (must she say?) his son, they were bound to be *on their guard*; and though they had *avoided* Philip, she had deemed it right, on the rare occasions when she and the young man whom she must now call her *illegitimate* nephew met, to behave as though she knew nothing of this most dreadful controversy.

"And now, dearest child".....Surely the moral is obvious? The dearest child "must see at once that any foolish plans which were formed in childish days and under *former delusions* must be cast aside forever as impossible, as unworthy of a Twysden—of a Ringwood. Be not concerned for the young man himself," wrote Mrs. Twysden—"I blush that he should bear that dear father's name who was slain in honor on Busaco's glorious field. P. F. has *associates* among whom he has ever been much more at home than in our refined circle, and habits which will cause him to forget you only too easily. And if near you is one whose ardor shows itself in his every word and action, whose wealth and property may raise you to a place worthy of my child, need I say, a mother's, a father's blessing go with you." This letter was brought to Miss Twysden, at Brighton, by a special messenger; and the superscription announced that it was "honored by Captain Grenville Woolcomb."

Now when Miss Agnes has had a letter to this effect (I may at some time tell you how I came to be acquainted with its contents); when she remembers all the abuse her brother lavishes against Philip, as, Heaven bless some of them! dear relatives can best do; when she thinks how cold he has of late been—how he *will* come smelling of cigars—how he won't conform to the usages *du monde*, and has neglected all the decencies of society—how she often can't understand his strange rhapsodies about poetry, painting, and the like, nor how he can live with such associates as those who seem to delight him—and now how he is showing himself actually *unprincipled* and abetting his horrid father; when we consider mither pressing sair, and all these points in mither's favor, I don't think we can order Agnes to instant execution for the resolution to which she is coming. She will give him up—she will give him up. Good-by, Philip. Good-by the past. Be forgotten, be forgotten, fond words spoken in not unwilling ears! Be

still and breathe not, eager lips, that have trembled so near to one another! Unlock, hands, and part forever, that seemed to be formed for life's long journey! Ah, to part forever is hard; but harder and more humiliating still to part without regret!

That papa and mamma had influenced Miss Twysden in her behavior my wife and I could easily imagine, when Philip, in his wrath and grief, came to us and poured out the feelings of his heart. My wife is a repository of men's secrets, an untiring consoler and comforter; and she knows many a sad story which we are not at liberty to tell, like this one of which this person, Mr. Firmin, has given us possession.

"Father and mother's orders," shouts Philip, "I dare say, Mrs. Pendennis; but the wish was father to the thought of parting, and it was for the blackamoor's parks and acres that the girl jilted me. Look here. I told you just now that I slept perfectly well on that infernal night after I had said farewell to her. Well, I didn't. It was a lie. I walked ever so many times the whole length of the cliff, from Hove to Rottingdean almost, and then went to bed afterward, and slept a little out of sheer fatigue. And as I was passing by Horizontal Terrace—I happened to pass by there two or three times in the moonlight, like a great jackass—you know those verses of mine which I have hummed here sometimes?" (hummed! he used to *roar* them!) "'When the locks of burnished gold, lady, shall to silver turn!' Never mind the rest. You know the verses about fidelity and old age? She was singing them on that night, to that negro. And I heard the beggar's voice say, 'Bravo!' through the open windows."

"Ah, Philip! it was cruel," says my wife, heartily pitying our friend's anguish and misfortune. "It was cruel indeed. I am sure we can feel for you. But think what certain misery a marriage with such a person would have been! Think of your warm heart given away forever to that heartless creature."

"Laura, Laura, have you not often warned me not to speak ill of people?" says Laura's husband.

"I can't help it sometimes," cries Laura, in a transport. "I try and do my best not to speak ill of my neighbors; but the worldliness of those people shocks me so that I can't bear to be near them. They are so utterly tied and bound by conventionalities, so perfectly convinced of their own excessive high-breeding, that they seem to me more odious and more vulgar than quite low people; and I am sure Mr. Philip's friend, the Little Sister, is infinitely more ladylike than his dreary aunt or either of his supercilious cousins! Upon my word, when this lady did speak her mind, there was no mistaking her meaning."

I believe Mr. Firmin took a considerable number of people into his confidence regarding this love affair. He is one of those individuals who can't keep their secrets; and when hurt he roars so loudly that all his friends can hear. It has been remarked that the sorrows of such persons

do not endure very long; nor surely was there any great need in this instance that Philip's heart should wear a lengthened mourning. Ere long he smoked his pipes, he played his billiards, he shouted his songs; he rode in the Park for the pleasure of severely cutting his aunt and cousins when their open carriage passed, or of riding down Captain Woolcomb or his cousin Ringwood, should either of those worthies come in his way.

One day, when the old Lord Ringwood came to town for his accustomed spring visit, Philip condescended to wait upon him, and was announced to his lordship just as Talbot Twysden and Ringwood his son were taking leave of their noble kinsman. Philip looked at them with a flashing eye and a distended nostril, according to his swaggering wont. I dare say they on their part bore a very mean and hang-dog appearance; for my lord laughed at their discomfiture, and seemed immensely amused as they slunk out of the door when Philip came hectoring in.

"So, Sir, there has been a family row. Heard all about it: at least their side. Your father did me the favor to marry my niece, having another wife already?"

"Having no other wife already, Sir—though my dear relations were anxious to show that he had."

"Wanted your money; thirty thousand pound is not a trifle. Ten thousand apiece for those children. And no more need of any confounded pinching and scraping, as they have to do at Beaunash Street. Affair off between you and Agnes? Absurd affair. So much the better."

"Yes, Sir, so much the better."

"Have ten thousand apiece. Would have twenty thousand if they got yours. Quite natural to want it."

"Quite."

"Woolcomb a sort of negro, I understand. Fine property here, besides the West India rubbish. Violent man—so people tell me. Luckily Agnes seems a cool, easy-going woman, and must put up with the rough as well as the smooth in marrying a property like that. Very lucky for you that that woman persists there was no marriage with your father. Twysden says the doctor bribed her. Take it he's not got much money to bribe, unless you gave some of yours."

"I don't bribe people to bear false witness, my lord—and if—"

"Don't be in a huff; I didn't say so. Twysden says so—perhaps thinks so. When people are at law they believe any thing of one another."

"I don't know what other people may do, Sir. If I had another man's money, I should not be easy until I had paid him back. Had my share of my grandfather's property not been lawfully mine—and for a few hours I thought it was not—please God, I would have given it up to its rightful owners—at least my father would."

"Why, hang it all, man, you don't mean to say your father has not settled with you?"

Philip blushed a little. He had been rather

surprised that there had been no settlement between him and his father.

"I am only of age a few months, Sir. I am not under any apprehension. I get my dividends regularly enough. One of my grandfather's trustees, General Baynes, is in India. He is to return almost immediately, or we should have sent a power of attorney out to him. There's no hurry about the business."

Philip's maternal grandfather, and Lord Ringwood's brother, the late Colonel Philip Ringwood, had died possessed of but trifling property of his own; but his wife had brought him a fortune of sixty thousand pounds, which was settled on their children, and in the names of trustees—Mr. Briggs, a lawyer, and Colonel Baynes, an East India officer, and friend of Mrs. Philip Ringwood's family. Colonel Baynes had been in England some eight years before; and Philip remembered a kind old gentleman coming to see him at school, and leaving tokens of his bounty behind. The other trustee, Mr. Briggs, a lawyer of considerable county reputation, was dead long since, having left his affairs in an involved condition. During the trustee's absence and the son's minority Philip's father received the dividends on his son's property, and liberally spent them on the boy. Indeed, I believe that for some little time at college, and during his first journeys abroad, Mr. Philip spent rather more than the income of his maternal inheritance, being freely supplied by his father, who told him not to stint himself. He was a sumptuous man, Dr. Firmin—open-handed—subscribing to many charities—a lover of solemn good cheer. The doctor's dinners and the doctor's equipages were models in their way; and I remember the sincere respect with which my uncle the major (the family guide in such matters) used to speak of Dr. Firmin's taste. "No duchess in London, Sir," he would say, "drove better horses than Mrs. Firmin. Sir George Warrender, Sir, could not give a better dinner, Sir, than that to which we sat down yesterday." And for the exercise of these civic virtues the doctor had the hearty respect of the good major.

"Don't tell me, Sir," on the other hand, Lord Ringwood would say; "I dined with the fellow once—a swaggering fellow, Sir; but a servile fellow. The way he bowed and flattered was perfectly absurd. Those fellows think we like it—and we may. Even at my age, I like flattery—any quantity of it; and not what you call delicate, but strong, Sir. I like a man to kneel down and kiss my shoe-strings. I have my own opinion of him afterward, but that is what I like—what all men like; and that is what Firmin gave in quantities. But you could see that his house was monstrously expensive. His dinner was excellent, and you saw it was good every day—not like your dinners, my good Maria; not like your wines, Twysden, which, hang it, I can't swallow, unless I send 'em in myself. Even at my own house, I don't give that kind of wine on common occasions which Firmin used to give. I drink the best myself, of course, and give it to

some who know; but I don't give it to common fellows, who come to hunting dinners, or to girls and boys who are dancing at my balls."

"Yes; Mr. Firmin's dinners were very handsome—and a pretty end came of the handsome dinners!" sighed Mrs. Twysden.

"That's not the question; I am only speaking about the fellow's meat and drink, and they were both good. And it's my opinion that fellow will have a good dinner wherever he goes."

I had the fortune to be present at one of these feasts, which Lord Ringwood attended, and at which I met Philip's trustee, General Baynes, who had just arrived from India. I remember now the smallest details of the little dinner—the brightness of the old plate, on which the doctor prided himself, and the quiet comfort, not to say splendor, of the entertainment. The general seemed to take a great liking to Philip, whose grandfather had been his special friend and comrade in arms. He thought he saw something of Philip Ringwood in Philip Firmin's face.

"Ah, indeed!" growls Lord Ringwood.

"You ain't a bit like him," says the downright general. "Never saw a handsomer or more open-looking fellow than Philip Ringwood."

"Oh! I dare say I looked pretty open myself forty years ago," said my lord; "now I'm shut, I suppose. I don't see the least likeness in this young man to my brother."

"That is some sherry as old as the century," whispers the host; "it is the same the Prince Regent liked so at the Mansion House dinner, five-and-twenty years ago."

"Never knew any thing about wine; was always tipping liqueurs and punch. What do you give for this sherry, doctor?"

The doctor sighed, and looked up to the chandelier. "Drink it while it lasts, my good lord; but don't ask me the price. The fact is, I don't like to say what I gave for it."

"You need not stint yourself in the price of sherry, doctor," cries the general, gayly; "you have but one son, and he has a fortune of his own, as I happen to know. You haven't dipped it, master Philip?"

"I fear, Sir, I may have exceeded my income sometimes, in the last three years; but my father has helped me."

"Exceeded nine hundred a year! Upon my word! When I was a sub, my friends gave me fifty pounds a year, and I never was a shilling in debt! What are men coming to now?"

"If doctors drink Prince Regent's sherry at ten guineas a dozen, what can you expect of their sons, General Baynes?" grumbles my lord.

"My father gives you his best, my lord," says Philip, gayly; "if you know of any better, he will get it for you. *Si non his utere mecum!* Please to pass me that decanter, Pen!"

I thought the old lord did not seem ill pleased at the young man's freedom; and now, as I recall it, think I can remember that a peculiar silence and anxiety seemed to weigh upon our host—upon him whose face was commonly so anxious and sad.

The famous sherry, which had made many voyages to Indian climes before it acquired its exquisite flavor, had traveled some three or four times round the doctor's polished table, when Brice, his man, entered with a letter on his silver tray. Perhaps Philip's eyes and mine exchanged glances in which ever so small a scintilla of mischief might sparkle. The doctor often had letters when he was entertaining his friends; and his patients had a knack of falling ill at awkward times.

"Gracious Heavens!" cries the doctor, when he read the dispatch—it was a telegraphic message. "The poor Grand Duke!"

"What Grand Duke?" asks the surly lord of Ringwood.

"My earliest patron and friend—the Grand Duke of Gröningen! Seized this morning at eleven at Potzendorff! Has sent for me. I promised to go to him if ever he had need of me. I must go! I can save the night-train yet. General! our visit to the city must be deferred till my return. Get a portmanteau, Brice; and call a cab at once. Philip will entertain my friends for the evening. My dear lord, you won't mind an old doctor leaving you to attend an old patient? I will write from Gröningen. I shall be there on Friday morning. Farewell, gentlemen! Brice, another bottle of that sherry! I pray, don't let any body stir! God bless you, Philip, my boy!" And with this the doctor went up, took his son by the hand, and laid the other very kindly on the young man's shoulder. Then he made a bow round the table to his guests—one of his graceful bows, for which he was famous. I can see the sad smile on his face now, and the light from the chandelier over the dining-table glancing from his shining forehead, and casting deep shadows on to his cheek from his heavy brows.

The departure was a little abrupt, and of course cast somewhat of a gloom upon the company.

"My carriage ain't ordered till ten—must go on sitting here, I suppose. Confounded life doctors' must be! Called up any hour in the night! Get their fees! Must go!" growled the great man of the party.

"People are glad enough to have them when they are ill, my lord. I think I have heard that once, when you were at Ryde....."

The great man started back as if a little shock of cold water had fallen on him; and then looked at Philip with not unfriendly glances. "Treated for gout—so he did. Very well, too!" said my lord; and whispered, not inaudibly, "Cool hand, that boy!" And then his lordship fell to talk with General Baynes about his campaigning, and his early acquaintance with his own brother, Philip's grandfather.

The general did not care to brag about his own feats of arms, but was loud in praises of his old comrade. Philip was pleased to hear his grandsire so well spoken of. The general had known Dr. Firmin's father also, who likewise had been a colonel in the famous old Peninsular

army. "A Tartar that fellow was, and no mistake!" said the good officer. "Your father has a strong look of him; and you have a glance of him at times. But you remind me of Philip Ringwood not a little; and you could not belong to a better man."

"Ha!" says my lord. There had been differences between him and his brother. He may have been thinking of days when they were friends. Lord Ringwood now graciously asked if General Baynes was staying in London? But the general had only come to do this piece of business, which must now be delayed. He was too poor to live in London. He must look out for a country place, where he and his six children could live cheaply. "Three boys at school, and one at college, Mr. Philip—you know what that must cost; though, thank my stars, my college boy does not spend nine hundred a year. Nine hundred! Where should we be if he did?" In fact, the days of nabobs are long over, and the general had come back to his native country with only very small means for the support of a great family.

When my lord's carriage came he departed, and the other guests presently took their leave. The general, who was a bachelor for the nonce, remained a while, and we three prattled over cheroots in Philip's smoking-room. It was a night like a hundred I have spent there, and yet how well I remember it! We talked about Philip's future prospects, and he communicated his intentions to us in his lordly way. As for practicing at the bar: "No, Sir!" he said, in reply to General Baynes's queries, he should not make much hand of that: shouldn't if he were ever so poor. He had his own money, and his father's, and he condescended to say that he might, perhaps, try for Parliament should an eligible opportunity offer. "Here's a fellow born with a silver spoon in his mouth," says the general, as we walked away together. "A fortune to begin with; a fortune to inherit. My fortune was two thousand pounds and the price of my two first commissions; and when I die my children will not be quite so well off as their father was when he began!"

Having parted with the old officer at his modest sleeping quarters near his club, I walked to my own home, little thinking that yonder cigar, off which I had shaken some of the ashes in Philip's smoking-room, was to be the last tobacco I ever should smoke there. The pipe was smoked out. The wine was drunk. When that door closed on me, it closed for the last time—at least was never more to admit me as Philip's, as Dr. Firmin's, guest and friend. I pass the place often now. My youth comes back to me as I gaze at those blank, shining windows. I see myself a boy, and Philip a child; and his fair mother; and his father, the hospitable, the melancholy, the magnificent. I wish I could have helped him. I wish somehow he had borrowed money. He never did. He gave me his often. I have never seen him since that night when his own door closed upon him.

On the second day after the doctor's departure, as I was at breakfast with my family, I received the following letter:

MY DEAR PENDENNIS,—Could I have seen you in private on Tuesday night, I might have warned you of the calamity which was hanging over my house. But to what good end? That you should know a few weeks, hours, before what all the world will ring with to-morrow? Neither you nor I, nor one whom we both love, would have been the happier for knowing my misfortunes a few hours sooner. In four-and-twenty hours every club in London will be busy with talk of the departure of the celebrated Dr. Firmin—the wealthy Dr. Firmin; a few months more and (I have strict and *confidential* reason to believe) hereditary rank would have been mine; but Sir George Firmin would have been an insolvent man, and his son Sir Philip a beggar. Perhaps the thought of this honor has been one of the reasons which has determined me on expatriating myself sooner than I otherwise needed to have done.

George Firmin, the honored, the wealthy physician, and his son a beggar? I see you are startled at the news! You wonder how, with a great practice, and no great ostensible expenses, such ruin should have come upon me—upon him. It has seemed as if for years past Fate has been determined to make war upon George Brand Firmin; and who can battle against Fate? A man universally admitted to be of good judgment, I have embarked in mercantile speculations the most promising. Every thing upon which I laid my hand has crumbled to ruin; but I can say with the Roman bard, "*Impavidum ferient ruine.*" And, almost penniless, almost aged, an exile driven from my country, I seek another where I do not despair—I *even have a firm belief* that I shall be enabled to repair my shattered fortunes! My race has never been deficient in courage, and Philip and *Philip's father* must use all theirs, so as to be enabled to face the dark times which menace them. *Si celeres quatit pennas Fortuna*, we must resign what she gave us, and bear our calamity with unshaken hearts!

There is a man, I own to you, whom I can not, I must not face. General Baynes has just come from India, with but very small savings, I fear; and these are jeopardized by his imprudence and my most cruel and unexpected misfortune. I need not tell you that *my all* would have been my boy's. My will, made long since, will be found in the tortoise-shell secretaire standing in my consulting-room under the picture of Abraham offering up Isaac. In it you will see that every thing, except annuities to old and deserving servants and a legacy to one excellent and faithful woman whom I own I have wronged—my all, which once was considerable, *is left to my boy*.

I am now worth less than nothing, and have compromised Philip's property along with my own. As a man of business, General Baynes, Colonel Ringwood's old companion in arms, was culpably careless, and I—alas! that I must own it—deceived him. Being the only surviving trustee (Mrs. Philip Ringwood's other trustee was an unprincipled attorney who has been long dead), General B. signed a paper authorizing, as he imagined, my bankers to receive Philip's dividends, but, in fact, giving me the power to dispose of the capital sum. On my honor, as a man, as a gentleman, as a father, Pendennis, I hoped to replace it! I took it; I embarked it in speculations in which it sank down with ten times the amount of my own private property. Half-year after half-year, with straitened means and with the *greatest difficulty to myself*, my poor boy has had his dividend; and *he* at least has never known what was want or anxiety until now. Want? Anxiety? Pray Heaven he never may suffer the sleepless anguish, the racking care which has pursued me! "*Post equitem sedet atra cura*," our favorite poet says. Ah! how truly, too, does he remark, "*Patriæ quis exul se quoque fugit?*" Think you where I go grief and remorse will not follow me? They will never leave me until I shall return to this country—for that I *shall* return, my heart tells me—until I can reimburse General Baynes, who stands indebted to Philip through his incautiousness and my overpowering necessity; and my heart—an erring but fond *father's heart*—tells me that my boy will not eventually lose a penny by my misfortune.

I own, between ourselves, that this illness of the Grand Duke of Gröningen was a pretext which I put forward.

You will hear of me ere long from the place whither for some time past I have determined on bending my steps. I placed £100 on Saturday, to Philip's credit, at his banker's. I take little more than that sum with me; depressed, yet *full of hope*; having done wrong, yet *determined* to retrieve it, and *vowing* that ere I die my poor boy shall not have to blush at bearing the name of

GEORGE BRAND FIRMIN.

Good-by, dear Philip! Your old friend will tell you of my misfortunes. When I write again, it will be to tell you where to address me; and wherever I am, or whatever misfortunes oppress me, think of me always as your fond FATHER.

I had scarce read this awful letter when Philip Firmin himself came into our breakfast-room, looking very much disturbed.

POOR CHIPS.

"ALL hands, ahoy!"

It was my middle watch below. For a weary week and more we had been beating against the baffling sou'west winds of the Cape; but with the morning of this day came a fair northerly wind, and we were making the most of it. Contrary to the usual custom of compliment to these rough latitudes, we had not sent down our lighter spars from aloft; and so with the first breath of the favorable breeze were flying before it under a cloud of royals and stun'sails. But as the day grew the wind freshened; one by one the royals were furled and stun'sails sent in, though our Captain, whose hardihood in carrying sail had become proverbial, manfully held on every thing to the last, so that when our watch left the deck the ship was staggering under top-gallant sails, top-sails, and courses. Soon after going below we heard the other watch setting jibs and stay-sails, by which we inferred that the wind was hauling on the quarter. But I was drowsy; the creaking of the jib-sheet block overhead was soon merged in the chirping of robins round the door-way at home; in the rattling cordage I heard but the stir of autumn leaves, and the groanings of the strained masts were to my retrospective fancy but the swaying of nut-laden trees in the merry woods which we boys were wont to rifle. Thus wrapped in dreams of the past I lost all consciousness of the present until recalled to a ship's life and duty by the hoarse cry at the fore-castle hatchway, "All hands to shorten sail, ahoy!"

We were not long in getting on deck, as a sailor's toilet is soon made. He has no dainty collar to adjust, no wonderful cravat to tie; nor is he very particular as to cleansing his teeth or running the point of a marline-spike round the rims of his finger-nails, when thus hurriedly called. A growl, a shake, and he is dressed. Confusion enough was visible and audible on deck when we got there. It was "clew up!" and "clew down!" "let go halliards!" here, and "start away sheets!" there. And well they might be starting sheets, for the wind, fair when our watch went below at eight bells, had now hauled to the westward and was blowing a whole gale. The watch on deck had furled the top-

gallant sails, clewed up the courses, settled away the top-sails, and were then furling the mizzen. Our watch took its accustomed station at the fore. Many hands make light work; in a few seconds the sail was lying to the yard in loose folds, and the word was given to hand it. After belaying my clew-line, I stepped to the halliards to see that they were set well taut—not deeming it necessary to go aloft, since the yard was already alive with more men than could well work—when the mate, who, after his customary fashion, had been stamping about deck and cursing the whole crew for a lubberly set of land-crabs, sung out to know who was forward. I answered.

“Lay aloft, then, you Sandy, and see why they don’t pick up that sail, and tell me if you find any skulkers in the top.”

“Ay, ay, Sir!” and I sprang cheerily into the rigging.

On getting into the top I found Chips shivering under the lee of the fore-mast head.

“Chips! Chips!” said I, “why aren’t you out on the yard there? The mate is swearing a blue streak below, and if he learns of your being stowed away here he’ll make you ship all sorts of seas!”

“Oh, Sandy!” said Chips, “I’m too weak; the wind would strip me from the spar:” and the tremors that shook the poor fellow’s frame as he clung cowering to the eyes of the rigging confirmed his words.

“Any skulkers there on the top, Sandy?” shouted the mate from below.

“Not a soul, Sir!” I sung out, cheerily, and swinging myself to the yard above, assisted as best I could in stowing the bunt of the sail; for, as I’ve already remarked, the yard was already packed with more men than could well work.

It may have been a lie that, but if no more aggravated charge of falsehood be brought against me when this watch below is out and all hands are summoned to the great quarter-deck above, my soul will rest sufficiently easy with itself on the score of truth. Singular as it may seem, I look back at the dim face of that untruth with the most perfect satisfaction; I pet its memory somewhat as one would fondle the recollection of a dear departed child. I’ve achieved volumes since, yet I regard that sentence as a more golden one than any that I’ve written. I am sure it embodies a better sentiment than men are accustomed to utter in daily and familiar conversations.

A word here to tell the reader who Chips was all this while. The name, you know, is a generic one, and applied to all ship’s carpenters. Sailors are most sensible godfathers, and always christen with an eye to the preservation of “the unities”—thus the cooper is known as Bungs, and the blacksmith as Smut. But our Chips was of a gentler humanity than the generality of these “hewers of wood,” and, of course, a favorite with the crew. Something more than a pun was meant when a frolicsome youngster swore that our Chips was of finer grain than any that ever before floated. It was in the hope

of re-establishing his health, much impaired by some pulmonary disease, that he came to sea; and for a time, while cruising in the balmy tropical latitudes, it seemed as though his object would be attained. The soft, caressing breezes that wander in the courts of the sun, with the bewitching nights and refulgent days, would woo the weary soul back, if any temptation on earth could, from the very verge of the grave; for it almost seems impossible that any brighter heaven can lie beyond. But as we sailed southward, and the Southern Cross began to bend above our heads, and still southward until the Magellan Clouds poised themselves over the royal-truck, the rough winds and icy sleet which reveal themselves with these wonders proved too much for his frail constitution, and he failed rapidly. It was then that we began to speak of him as “Poor Chips;” and we spoke thus quite as much in love as in pity. It came out afterward that he had been engaged to a girl in Boston. I remember that often in his sleep he would murmur the name “Mary Haley;” and in our tropical cruises, through long hours of the night-watches, he would sit between the knight-heads or the windlass bitts humming a song of which I can only remember that the refrain was Aileen-a-Roon.

I have said that his gentle manners and unobtrusive disposition endeared him to all on ship-board. I should have said to all except the mate; but then to have the good-will of the latter was small credit to the man with whom it rested. Years have passed since I sailed with that mate, but looking back through their intervening vista, I see him before me now, as then, a perfect nightmare of meanness and ugliness. His quarter-deck name was Maxim, but in the fore-castle he was known as “Devil-bug.” Tall and snaky in build, with that unsightly curvature of spine which makes a ship what we call “hogged,” a man stoop-shouldered, the villainy of his face hedged in by a pair of brick-red whiskers, sure no man ever lived on whose whole exterior nature wrote “tyrant, coward, and scoundrel” more plainly. His arms, long, lean, and bowed, as they hung loosely by his side, might not inaptly be compared to a pair of parentheses; but it was a miserable affair of a heart that they inclosed. Indeed nature seemed aware that it was not worthy of appearing in the body of her work, and so inclosed it in brackets—a sort of postscript to a most miserably-constructed sentence. From the first he took a dislike to Chips, and never suffered an opportunity of venting it to pass unimproved. He reveled in that infernal delight which a mean nature ever has in degrading a nobler one. Was a ringbolt to be scoured, a mast slushed, or any other piece of drudgery, important or unimportant, to be done, to Chips it was appointed. Even at the time of which I write, in that rough weather of which all who have ever sailed around the Horn have had experience, while the poor fellow was so weak that in dressing himself he had to steady by laying one hand on his bunk,

if not on deck as soon as the others of the watch, this ever-to-be-execrated Devil-bug would rush into the forecandle, shake him from his hold, and "freshen his way," as he termed it, up the ladder with a rope's end. Many a hand longed on these occasions to drop a handspike on the rascal's head; but discipline prevailed, and his punishment was not then.

To return now to my story.

While on the top-sail yard I noticed that the pannel-band had worked loose, and notifying the mate, he ordered me to remain and make it secure. I detained Chips with me, nominally to assist, really to keep him beyond the reach of his tormentor. Having finished the little job we went down. The balance of the men were handing the mainsail, and I stood by to attend their calls to the deck, while Chips busied himself in coiling up the loose rigging. At this moment the mate came along with a spare gasket in his hand.

"Here, you Chips, take this gasket, and lay out and stow that flying-jib snug."

Now this was merely a "work-up job," and none knew it better than myself, since I had furled the sail in question the evening previous, and at his order had taken special pains to make it secure; moreover it was a task of no inconsiderable danger to a landsman like Chips, as the ship was rearing and plunging in that fierce head-sea like a crazy colt—her jib-boom one moment pointing to the zenith, the next to the nadir, and describing in every sweep a full semicircle. Accordingly I ventured to say that I myself had furled the flying-jib before our watch went below, had taken the precaution to put extra stops about it, and would stake my interest in the voyage that it was safe.

"Ah!" said the mate, "since you are so fond of working your jaw-tackle you can lay out there too."

Of course it was not for me to reply, but to obey. It is the very gospel of the sea to go when ordered, and taking the gasket in my hand I started forward. I heard Chips beg to be excused from the work, alleging that his legs were so weak they could hardly support him about deck, and he feared he should fall overboard. I also heard the rude curse and the still ruder kick given him in reply; and the fellow came crawling out after me on the long spar which stretched like a gibbet-arm far over the water. We gained the flying jib-boom, and made rapid work of it—for really there was nothing to do of furling but to go through the form commanded by the mate—and I was passing the last turn of the gasket, when the foot-rope suddenly slackened beneath my feet, a wild cry of despair rang out on the midnight air, and I was alone on the spar. Looking downward I saw Chips clinging to a piece of rigging that dangled under the bows. My God! I shall never forget the freezing horror of that face as, lit by the phosphorescent glare of the parted waters, it looked upward for a help that my arm was powerless to give. Even now it haunts me of nights,

and I often start from sleep with the cry on my lips which I then, more from instinct than volition, sent thrilling through the ship—"Man overboard!" A terrible cry that, to mingle with the whistling of the gale. For a moment only he thus hung. The ship plunged her head quivering under water, and when she again rose, shaking the spray from her hempen mane like a drenched lioness, Chips was gone. One piercing cry for help came from far to leeward, but none could be given. It would have been impossible to lower a boat in such a sea; and though the life-buoy was detached from the taffrail, it is not probable that any hand ever rose to clutch it.

With us rude sailors the name of Chips became a "household word;" and many a rough hand would wipe away a tear when it was mentioned, or when the owner looked at the empty hammock which now swung untenanted. And what said the mate?—that "the skulking scoundrel had gone where he could 'soldier' forever if he pleased."

Well, we doubled the Cape at last, and gliding along in the smooth waters of the rightly-named Pacific, soon forgot the hardships through which we had so lately passed. In the nights of brimming beauty which crown the cup of the low latitudes we drank oblivion to the manifold horrors of the Horn. One night—it was Larboline's middle-watch on deck—while bowling along at perhaps seven knots the hour, most of us lounging about deck in drowsy attitudes, Aileen-a-Roon came swelling on the air as distinctly as any human voice could give it utterance. It seemed to come from a little in advance of the ship, now dying away in plaintive melody, and anon rising in cadence, as Chips was wont to hum it. There could be no mistake about the tune; and the loungers, as by one accord, sprang to their feet to assure themselves that they were indeed awake.

"It comes from the flying-jib-boom end," quoth Old George, the Nestor of our crew. "I knew he would come again, and I know what and whom he wants."

"What's all this nonsense about?" cried the mate, angrily, coming forward, as was his wont whenever conversation drew a group together on the forecandle: he was ever fearful that the crew were hatching some conspiracy against him. He knew that he deserved to be killed, and was correspondingly suspicious that some plot might be laid to that end. Perhaps, too, he saw the shadow of his doom beckoning him on.

"Chips has come back to finish passing his gasket, Sir," said Old George. "Listen! Do you not hear him out there humming his Aileen-a-Roon?"

"Aileen-a-Roon be d—d!" said the mate; "it's the flying-jib sheet-block chafing on the topmast stay. You didn't seize that Scotchman as I told you, you old rascal. Look out for your watch below to-morrow. I'll soon clap a stop on this ghost's jaw of yours." And, taking a marline-spike in his hand, he started out on the bowsprit.

Now let no reader at this moment exult in that he has detected in his author a statement that passes the bounds of probability. None better than myself know that it is not customary for the mate of a ship to amuse himself by doing odd jobs in the rigging at night; I should never have ventured to invent such a story. But again I say, gentlemen, that the finger of Fate was in it; he was beckoned on by the shadow of his doom, and followed. Well, we watched the mate out, and, sure enough, when he seated himself crosswise on the spar, the melody ceased.

"Old Devil-bug is right about the ghost," said a merry younker; "no man once well clear of this old hulk would come back again, dead or alive!"

No one gainsayed him; and, half-ashamed of our ready superstition, we resumed our lounging postures about the deck. Time passed on, and eight bells was struck. The relief watch turned out, but where was the mate to pass the orders of the night to his second? We all saw him go out on the jib-boom, but none remembered to have seen him come in. The second mate called "Mr. Maxim!" so loudly that he woke the Captain, but no Mr. Maxim made answer. All hands were turned up, the ship hove to, and the boats lowered and sent in all directions, groping through the night, but without avail. And though we shortened sail and cruised vigilantly in that vicinity for a week no tidings came of the missing mate.

Old George shook his head and said, "I told you so." The young sailor never again laughed at the credulity of his elders.

My story is done. In all essential particulars it is true. If you doubt the assertion of the author, seek any one of the men that sailed in the whale ship *Walter Scott* on her cruise in '51, and see if the whole yarn does not have his corroboration. Or, granting the main facts, you may laugh and say that I have tortured a mere coincidence into a miracle; that the flying-jib-sheet hummed "Aileen-a-Roon;" that the mate fell overboard unheeded, and that the rushing waters stifled his cry for assistance. Very possibly you are right. Sailors reason by perception, landsmen by induction. Retribution came where it was richly deserved; the precise manner in which the bolt fell is scarcely worthy of argument. We undoubtedly agree as to the hand by which it was launched.

I have told you of Chips' death, and what came of it. You can draw your own conclusions. Certain it is that two women in New England wear black—the one mourns a husband that went down to sea and never returned; the other, a lover.

"MY NANNIE O."

THERE she is, looking straight down at us with those frank brown eyes.

"No, they are black!"

Begging your pardon, they are brown—hazel brown. I ought to know, for I have met their rays these thirteen years—ever since I began to

think and speculate. Hazel hair too; that prettiest and oddest combination—eyes and hair to match. You can see the color in the curls there, running out over her neck; how could she ever roll it back and submit to that powdering process? Yet it's pretty. The forehead shows its clear brunette tan, the cheeks their rose, "and mouth of your own geraniums red," in brighter contrast for those soft white puffs above them. There's nothing else so different from to-day. That blue silk is fashionable like your own, my lady—a square *corsage*; and the neck is as white as yours, and the shoulders shaped as finely. Yet she lived more than half a century ago.

No wonder you say, "Oh that those lips had language!" I have, hundreds of times, poring into their "own geraniums red," like a bee into a rose, yearning to have some dear old little fairy waft her down with her wand from that painted enchantment, and see her step stately in hoop and farthingale along the gallery. I call it a gallery, you know, though it's only a wide hall, with no grandeur of fresco or carving; but it is hung with these old family portraits, through and through. If my father had a passion in the world, it was for collecting these painted semblances of his race. And here they are, a motley assemblage enough, "peace to their ashes!" Here they are—man, matron, and maid, soldiers, priests, and scholars; and one or two with a ribbon across their broad breasts, starred, and otherwise ornamented with signs of a foreign service. Courtly looking cavaliers, in good sooth, with faces that remind you of those young French heroes whose pictures are scattered all through the history of Napoleon. These are *my* favorites; but my father was fonder of "My Nannie O" than all the rest.

"How came she by that title?"

Oh, you'll find out soon enough. Wait—I'm going to let her tell her own story. I've got her diary—written with her own hand—that hand whose perfect copy clasps the great fan of pheasant feathers there. Just think, my lady, while you wave and flirt that little sandal-wood bijou, besprinkled with its hundreds of flashing gems, of the cunning dexterity those other small fair fingers must have exerted in the management of that enormous thing. Yet, as Domenichino said of his early paintings, "It is not so bad, after all." You perceive how the baby proportions of the hand are enhanced by its effort to compass the fan's bulky size, and how, in the statelily movements, the soft, plummy tips would waft like some sunset cloud between the lovely girl and her adorers. I am not sure, my lady, but she had the best of it. Behind this screen of defense, what chances she held of carrying on a prolonged siege, wherein her coy resistance was charmingly relieved by a bright glance, or a blush now and then flashing out through the plummy pheasant feathers, and setting the suitor's heart in a flame, to be quenched and fired again by the same tantalizing process! What can you do, *mia cara*, with that pretty toy? You lean your pretty chin upon it in pretty attitudes, it

is true; you tap it lightly against those milky pearls, which stand in rows there between your scarlet lips; you mockingly raise it before your face in a playful threat; but "My Nannie O" had but to turn her slim wrist, and build a wall between herself and the sighing swain. Fifty years ago! What a time!

"And did she live to lose that dimpled smoothness, that bonnie brown hair, that rose-geranium color?"

No; that is the best of it. There is no bowed figure, and wrinkled face, and silver hair, that once bloomed fifty years ago, and called herself "My Nannie O." No.

"Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead."

And she is always beautiful Evelyn Hope, you know, now to us. Don't you like it better so?

Fifty years ago, then, she was twenty—a rose in bloom. A remote branch of the family—some far cousin. I am sacrilegiously unmindful of these matters, my father would tell you; he'd give you the exact relation, which you don't care for in the least. All you care for is the beautiful face there, looking down out of hazel eyes at you; and while you softly utter, "Oh that those lips had language!" I will show you what language they had fifty years ago, in

HER DIARY.

June 10, 1795.

To-day I am twenty years old, and to-day I promised to begin a diary—a daily diary to the end of my life. The end of my life! It makes me shiver! I wonder when I shall die! and I am so afraid of that thing called Death—that thing! Yes, an actual presence. Dr. Parker says I must be very wicked to feel so; and if I don't repent and love the Lord, that I shall go to hell. His words are mere words—nothing more to me. "Repent and love the Lord!" He talks as if I had only to *will* repentance and love. Let us see; what have I to repent of? Last night, in dancing with Mr. Glarney, I let my glove fall, and when he picked it up so gallantly, and asked to keep it, I pretended a great deal of propriety, and demanded it back again, when I didn't care a pin for it. Indeed, to tell the whole honest truth, which I will do in this diary, because it is between my soul and I, I wouldn't care for his keeping it *provided* he had stolen it—'twas a pretty glove, and shaped to a pretty hand! In this, then, I have acted a lie; and I ought to repent of lies. I wonder what Tom's wife would say; I'll ask her. She's very decorous and very strict. I shall ask her—"Jane, what should I have replied to Mr. Glarney, when he picked up my glove in the dance the other night, and asked to keep it?" Jane will look at me in silent amazement a moment, then she will answer, "Why, 'No,' of course!" "What, when I would rather he would have it than not? Wouldn't that be a lie, Jane?"

Then how she will talk to me. I "must be very corrupt to feel so!" I am not corrupt! I am only natural. When he picked up the glove, and asked for it, the thought came, quick as a flash, that it was a pretty thing for him to ask,

and that it would be a pretty reminder of me. Then another flash brought up all the Sister Janes and the Aunt Prudences, and I answered "No!" Eh! but what did the naughty Nannie do next? She gave him the flower that had lain on her neck through the evening; and when he kissed the flower and said, "Happy flower, who does not envy thee?" she made him a sweeping courtesy, and sent him a laughing response very softly, so that the Sister Janes and the Aunt Prudences couldn't hear!

French women do these things, Jane will tell me, and French women are coquettes. Well, but then I came honestly enough by it, Sister Jane. There is blood of the *ancien régime* in my veins, you know. Viscount Chastellux, who came over in the French fleet, was mamma's brother, dear; that's his portrait over the fireplace in mamma's room, you remember. He named me, too; and they say I look like him—have his nose and his hair. Only think—that splendid young officer! I am so vain of it my head is quite turned.

There, I had forgotten that I was to confess my sins here on this white paper. Good little page, I'll call thee a white-robed priest. That's it—I'll turn Catholic just quietly here, and tell my beads on that pearl necklace De Grémont gave me. Now, down on your knees, Nannie, to confession!

Firstly, I have told a lie. *Secondly*, I staid away from church last Sabbath because my new bonnet wasn't done. *Thirdly*, I got into a passion with Hannah for putting powder on my hair when I told her not, and boxed her ears. That's a pretty story to tell my lovers, eh? I know some of my sweet sex who would relish the telling, though. *Fourthly*, after making *beaux yeux* at young Parson Leighton, I refused him flatly yesterday. *Fifthly*, I went out on Tuesday with my young brother John, and gave him the slip while he stopped to watch the man with the puppet-show; and just at that time Mr. Glarney, whom papa does not favor, came up with me, and we went out on the old road for a walk, and didn't get back for two hours or more. *Sixthly*, When papa found this out by little John, and reproved me with sharpness, I swept him a saucy courtesy, and reminded him that I should never demean my old French blood: his first marriage, before he ever saw mamma, was a *mésalliance* with one of the provincial *bourgeoisie*. *Seventhly*, On going out of the room I encountered little John, and scolded him for tale-bearing, shaming him into tears and indignant denials. Whereupon I told him that he should die in silence, if he would be a gentleman, rather than tell secrets; and I have treated him very cruelly since. *Eighthly*, I refused to ride with Mr. Edward Overing yesterday morning because he chose to give me some advice about my conduct on the night of the ball, telling him I wished there would be another revolution, that we might see specimens of gentlemen here in America such as my mother remembers, and telling him various savage things that I'll warrant spoil

his sleep last night. *Ninthly*, When my mother asked me to go to Mrs. Overing's this afternoon with the apple-jelly for little Sally, who has the measles, I answered “No!” very unbecomingly, and said I was tired of the Overings, and wouldn't wait on them any longer. There was no one else to go then, and I saw her set out herself without a word.

Here's a list for you, good priest. Which do I repent? Which? Hear that! Well, I don't repent giving Mr. Glarney the flower, nor the courtesy; but about the lie? Oh, I'm repenting that in sackcloth and ashes! And I don't feel very bad about my bonnet sin, though I suppose that is because I am so wicked. But I am sorry I boxed Hannah's ears, for it was not becoming a gentlewoman; and Hannah is a good girl, though she tries my temper with her forgetfulness. Then I am not sorry I refused Parson Leighton, for I didn't want him, and I couldn't help making *beaux yeux* at him any more than I could help breathing; for he has *beaux yeux* himself without the making, and he is forever following me about. And I don't repent walking with Mr. Glarney, though papa frowns on him. He is a gentleman, though he is a gay British soldier and a second son; but I am sorry I spoke up to papa as I did—that was mean and cowardly in me to reflect upon his poor young wife, whom he married for love, and who died so soon. And I am sorry I treated little Johnny so cruelly, for the lad is far better than I, and loves me more than any body or any thing, save his romantic notions of right and truth. As for refusing to ride with Mr. Edward Overing, I am not repenting much. He to set himself up as my adviser! For my last offense, I repent most heartily and honestly, and long to lay it all to the door of his high mightiness, Edward Overing; for if he had but held his peace, I should never have answered my sweet mamma so rudely, and allowed her to go through the hot sun on that tedious walk. My sweet mamma, who never said a sharp word to her disobedient, disrespectful daughter. But I am to put it all down to my hot temper—my fiery Chastellux blood. I know there is no use in excuses. I will have no shoulders but my own to bear this sin. To-morrow I will do penance. I will scourge my willful spirit by spending the whole day in mamma's service; and it is house-cleaning day, so it will be bitter scourging enough, for I hate the whole thing.

So endeth the first lesson of my diary; so, good little priest, I have knelt at thy confessional. Bless me in the name of my godfather, who believed in the holy Catholic Church, the saints and the martyrs.

Saturday, 1795.

Well, I knew it would be so. I prophesied the very words. “You must be very corrupt to feel in this way.” Yet they moved me as if unexpected. Oh Jane! Jane! in your cold, unnatural presence I feel so spelled with evil that I can never talk freely. But what matter? She would not comprehend if I did. And yet she is

like most of the women one sees—so artificial, so afraid to evince emotion. Even my kind, good Mary, Henry's wife, looked quite shocked at me one day when I told her I hoped that I should marry a man I loved some time; and more than that, as I declared that I liked the society of the other sex so much. So do all women—the little hypocrites!

“Corrupt!” how the word follows me—how it angers me. My cheek flames, and yet I know it is a corrupt estimate. Yes, a corrupt estimate! Jane is a type of most of the girls I know. There are the Eldons, the Drakes, and the Cartrights—how they talk of proprieties!—how they turn up their noses (Liz Drake's is such a pug) at some poor sinner of their sex, whose steps have wandered out of *their* track! I scared them most to death one day by reading a translation I made of *La Magdalène*. If I hadn't been Judge M'Lean's daughter they would have flouted me—me, Nannie Chastellux M'Lean. As it was, Miss Miriam Eldon relieved her mind by a long rigmarole without rhyme or reason, on and concerning the sphere of woman. Then what did they do? They fell to scandalizing poor little Mrs. De Croix. Such things as they told—things that I would blush to repeat; and they relished the telling. Jane was present, and she joined in the cry! She liked it too! A madness seized me then. I broke out in a storm of indignant passion at them. I told them their minds were fouler than many a lost sinner's life: that I who could translate *La Magdalène* would scorn to talk with my own sex what I would blush for men to hear. Oh, how my fiery Chastellux blood ran over. I exult to think of it. They were so frightened they turned pale, but they never answered me—no, not a word. I conquered as truth and right must in the end. I came off victorious with the tri-colored flag of *justice, loyauté, et charité!* Huzza! *Viva la Charité!*

Wednesday, 1796.

This morning I sat to Mr. Allston for my portrait. Papa and Mr. Malbone came in in the midst of the sitting, which relieved me, for I was fast getting into a fidget; for, as papa truly says, I do not relish sitting still, or in one place long. Mr. Malbone came and looked over Mr. Allston's shoulder at Mr. Allston's request, for they are famous friends; and I heard him say:

“What a prophetic look you have put into the eyes; where did you find that lurking sadness?” “Where, indeed?” and Mr. Allston suspended his brush to look at me—a perplexed expression crossed his face, and he seemed disturbed. Then Mr. Malbone came and stood beside me, and began telling me of that dear, delightful old place Newport—told me strange and wild traditions, till I got to thinking, I remember, of a story mamma once related to us all when we were children; a story of how my uncle Chastellux was once thrown upon a curious old island not unlike our Newport, though it was in the south of France, and of a picture he brought away—a picture of a lovely court dame, who was banished for some suspected treason from the

kingdom, to this little, quaint island city, and who pined and pined for her native land, till at last, grown desperate or crazed, she took her life into her own hands, and when one morning my uncle went to pay his respects to her, he found the house in great commotion and the lady lying in state. An old servant put a package into his hands addressed in a woman's handwriting to him. In it he found the painted likeness of herself, and a touching farewell, wherein she thanked him for his friendly offices. The likeness was one he had often seen her occupied upon—one that she had painted herself—and the last touch had been given but a few hours before the rash act which terminated her existence. It was evident to him that it was the eyes that had received the latest touch, for in their mystical depths he recognized a wild, prophetic light he had never seen before. So strangely and powerfully did this impress him, that my mother said that he never looked at the picture without an inward shudder and devoutly crossing himself, gay soldier and brave man though he was. Papa was displeased that mamma had told us this story—he did not like for us to get such wild notions in our minds, he said.

I was thinking of all this, as I sat there, when I was aroused by an exclamation of Mr. Allston's "Look at her now, Edward!" And I glanced up to see Mr. Malbone regarding me earnestly. "There, you see where I got the prophetic look!"

Papa came forward from the window where he had been reading a letter, and surveyed the portrait: "My dear, of what were you thinking a while ago?" I told him readily, and was surprised to see a heavy frown settle over his face, and he uttered his usual word when vexed:

"Pshaw!" and then, "That childish story has frightened her; get that look off, Mr. Allston, or I shall not know my brave Nan." "I must take another sitting for it; she is too fatigued now." And thus it was arranged that I should go again the next day, which is to-morrow.

Mr. Malbone promised me to finish his story of Newport some time, if I would tell him mine—the one to which I alluded to papa. "He is a nice youth, but very young—too young for you, my gay little coquette; so don't be turning the boy's brain with those arch glances," Mr. Allston whispered as I went out. That's the way they go on. I can't say a civil thing to a young gentleman but I am trying to turn his brain. It's all in my blood—this fiery, Chastellux blood, that sparkles and foams like wine—so what can I do? What do I care? Yes, what do I care? I am free—free as God made me. Will I sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage? for it comes to that, this putting rein and check on word, and look, and motion, and perpetually acting a lie as Jane and the rest of them do. No, never!

"She would not dare say such things if she were other than she is; if she were not Judge M'Lean's daughter." I overheard that sly snake, Sue Cartright, say this to Hannah Carroll yes-

terday. Thank my stars I'm Judge M'Lean's daughter then! And Hannah, dear, kind little Hannah, defends me, and tells my saintly Susan I am not so much to blame, for I was actually educated in a convent—a French convent! What would papa say to that, I wonder!

Ah, but I yearn for *La belle France*; for the gay streets, the assemblées, and the warm hearts. I am only half American. I can not get used to their cold, stiff ways; they are like their cold, chilly climate. I shrink and shudder under the influence of both. Ah, it is very *triste* here, very *triste*!

Hark! what is that? A guitar. Who plays a guitar? *Mon Dieu!* can it be De Gremont?

Wednesday, 1795.

A whole week since I wrote here last. How irregular I am! Ah *Ciel*, how perplexed one gets trying to think in two ways! Ah, that I had never left *La belle France*; that I had remained with *ma grande mère*!

But I shall never make a proper diary in this way. Where did I leave off—a week since? I shall begin on Thursday then, the day I went to Mr. Allston—what am I thinking of? Shall I forget the strains of the guitar that moved me so strangely? I knew it could be no other than De Gremont, and I sat spell-bound. I could scarcely credit my ears; but when I heard that low, sweet song of Burns's he always sung to me,

"And I'll awa' to Nannie O,"

my heart gave one great bound and I wept. He had come away from sunny France, away from the grand court, the palaces, and the people of his name for me. In that moment I had forgot that I had promised papa but yesterday to retract my refusal to young Parson Leighton. I forgot that I had even fancied myself that I liked the young man; for in that moment I knew that but one love, but one passion would ever have possession of my heart; that the love I had thought time and absence had stifled was only sleeping; that De Gremont was my destiny; and I must give him some sign. What? A happy idea came to me—I caught my guitar—the very guitar he had given me in France, and began playing that sweet old melody from Favart's Opera. I did not dare to sing, but he knew the words well:

"Though young and yet untaught,
New feelings sway me now;
This love I never sought,
It came I know not how."

As I ceased he took up the strain and gave me that tenderest of all songs,

"Ma mie
Ma douce amie,
Réponds à mes amours,
Fidèle
A cette belle
Je l'aimerai toujours."

Then I heard his retreating footsteps, and I sat there quite still till they had entirely ceased. And he knew me well—he did not linger: ah, he knows every thing so well—all the little nice

shades of delicacy and courtly breeding. There is none like him here, not one; and I thought he had forgotten me perhaps. And now he has come to seek me. Will papa frown upon him or smile? The French are our friends surely—the friends of America—then De Gremont has princely blood, a noble lineage. He is not very rich, but papa is not sordid.

These thoughts, I remember, passed like lightning through my mind, and all night they kept with me in my dreams. In the morning I awoke with a new feeling. Life was no longer stale, no longer *triste* here. While I had been sighing for *La belle France*, more than its kingdom had come to me!

I dressed myself with unusual care, for I knew not at what hour he would present himself. I had many fears that he would delay until my appointment with Mr. Allston arrived, for I knew what French habits were; but *eh charmante!* at just a quarter before ten I heard a voice I knew so well asking at the door for papa. Oh, the sweet southern accent of France, how it thrilled my heart! Then the two tones together reached me from the study; then the tinkling of glasses as papa offered him wine; then—ah then, a message for me!

I ran down with such nervous haste I shook the powder from my hair upon my neck, and then I staid at the threshold in a little fright of pleasure and pain. Presently I summoned courage and opened the door. A mist came before my eyes, but through it I was conscious of a glance that rapt me from that moment away from the world. Then he started forward to meet me—he took my hand—he murmured softly,

"And I see you once more! I have prayed for this hour, Nannie." Here my father interposed: "De Gremont, you know upon what terms you meet!" I heard the words, but they sounded afar off. I did not catch their meaning. I only comprehended De Gremont's reply as he waved his hand with a little gesture as though he put away some obstacle. "Give her to me five minutes, five seconds, Monsieur M'Lean, and then—" I was in some sort of a dream for a space—severed from my common daily life and in a little sphere of rest and delight. Then my hand was released with a lingering pressure; it was like a farewell, and before he spoke I felt as if the north wind was blowing down to my southern vintage land, and I was once more alone.

"M'amselle," he said, "I have told your father that I love you—that I have good blood, good position, and respectable means. He approves all this, but refuses you to me because I am of the Mother Church; because I am not of your faith; and M'amselle, he says you are to be given in marriage to a priest of his order!"

Then I told the whole truth. Was this a time for faltering? I told of my preference long ago when we walked in the garden of the old chateau, and how it had grown to something deeper now, and that I could never consent to marry another man.

Then my father put on his iron look. Ah me! and as good as swore that I should never marry one of the corrupt Catholic Church; indeed, that I should never marry other than young Leighton. My blood rose at this—my fiery Chastellux blood—and I said some rash things; and there before us both he stood, De Gremont, looking like an angel—so kind, so sorrowful, so calm.

Into my storm of words my father's stern voice broke again: he never looked at me.

"De Gremont, you know the terms upon which you meet."

"That I would give her up if I could see her now—I remember!"

"But I will not be given up!" I cried, in a little passion of tears. "I will not be given up, De Gremont!"

Oh the light that came into his eyes, the color that mounted to his cheek; and I knew then that I had sealed my fate and his. The next moment he was gone; he had wrung my hand at parting, and left a kiss upon it, and a tear—it is my marriage ring. Then my father—how he talked to me—he called me "unmaidenly" and "forward," and sent me to my room with a fire in my heart and rebellion in my soul.

At twelve, when I came down to keep my appointment with Mr. Allston, he stood drawing on his gloves waiting to accompany me. I knew what it meant; I was to be overlooked, watched. I am afraid I have a very bad heart, for I said to myself: "Is this love that my father feels for me, this selfish determination to force me into compliance? Then I tried to remember how he had in many ways been very kind, and that he was my father and had a right to treat me thus: but I could not *make* it right; the old rebellious heart kept on.

Arrived at Mr. Allston's, we found the door ajar, and passed in: two or three persons stood with their backs toward us looking at a picture; and I heard one say,

"It is the look of those who die young—a sudden, undecaying death!"

I stepped forward—they were standing before my portrait, absorbed in the contemplation. I glanced at papa—he looked annoyed; and beyond feeling a little wicked pleasure that he had overheard this remark, I did not otherwise think of it. Afterward, when I spoke of it to mamma, she shuddered, and begged me not to think of such gloomy predictions. Somehow it does not trouble me at all—and I wonder, for I am a superstitious little thing. Ah, *mon Dieu!* nothing troubles me now but one cruel fate; and death is better than separation surely.

I sat a long while to Mr. Allston; but at last he flung his brush down.

"I do not know why it is," he said, "but I can not get that look from the eyes: the more I labor the stronger it becomes."

Papa came round and stood before it with a disturbed face, glancing at me now and then. "Your daughter is not well, perhaps, to-day, Mr. M'Lean."

"She was never better, Sir!" papa answered, with his coldest manner. "But let it rest a while; in a week or two the change may come easier."

So we went home and left it, to my great relief, for I could think of nothing but the strange event of the morning.

For the next three days I do not think papa had me out of his sight. On the morning of the fourth he called me into his study and told me something that turned me stone-cold—that De Gremont had sailed for France. "I saw him last night," he went on, "when he intrusted me with this, which I told him I would give into your hands." I remembered it—a great seal-ring which had been his father's: a new hope shot into my heart as I took it. The motto was "*Attendre et veiller*," rudely cut upon the shield of gold, and I remembered the old tradition he had once related to me. The ring had been in the family since the time of Louis Quatorze; one of his ancestors had it made for a token—a token of his constancy when separated from the lady of his love—sending it to her by a trusty servant. She understood its meaning, and watched and waited, filled with hope and faith.

I knew that he sent this ring to *me* for the same purpose, and I would wait and watch!

That very night, as I sat by the window after every one had gone to church but mamma and I, I heard a low, fine whistle—the same tune, "My Nannie O!" He had not gone then; it was all a ruse—a solemn ruse; no simple cheat of cunning, for he is the best and bravest gentleman that ever lived—a sacred stratagem to overcome the force of might, not right. Mamma was in her room, and I was alone in the parlor; again the low, fine whistle nearer yet under my very window. I leaned out, I spoke softly,

"I am here and alone; I will come out to you."

I ran around by the currant path and met him—met him alone for the first time in three years. Oh, well I remember that parting in the garden of the chateau!—well I remember how he looked as he said, "When I am my own master, Nannie, I shall ask you of your father; but you will forget me ere then, perhaps." And in all the three years, because I had no word or token, I thought I was forgotten instead. I little understood his sense of honor and delicacy.

And now he had asked my father the fatal question—fatal it had indeed proved; and here we met, the scions of the houses of De Gremont and Chastellux, in secrecy and trepidation.

He asked me to fly with him; he said, and my heart—ay, my conscience—tells me truly that we have no right to sacrifice ourselves to unjust prejudice and force. He told me of the letter my grandmother had written to my father—a letter of approval, giving her consent, her benediction on our union. And for a question of belief in certain creeds, this union must be denied and given up; ay, worse—I must enter into a marriage without love, and while my heart is another's! Ah, *mon Dieu*! what shall I do. A

marriage without love is infamy; I would die rather, for I know what love is now. Thus three days have I been tortured and fluctuating; every hour dreading discovery to De Gremont's stolen stay in the city, and to our evening interviews. To-night must witness my decision. Disobedience to my father, or a living death for years perhaps.

What next shall be recorded upon these pages I marvel. Mutiny or death? I shudder and turn cold.

Friday, 1795.

I have decided; last night, while the guests were assembled at Governor Adams's, I stole out in my gauze dress to the old pine-avenue, where I had appointed to meet him. He was waiting for me: oh so worn and haggard in these few days, yet looking so patient and kind! I put my hands in his; I said:

"Armand, I will go with you—I am yours!" He did not burst out into any extravagance of joy at this. He took it solemnly and still; for he feels with me that it is a sad and solemn thing we are to do. Solemnly and still, with hands clasping mine and eyes that grew misty with emotion, he looked down upon me and said,

"God give me grace to make your happiness, Nannie!"

Then it was arranged for our departure. On Saturday night at eleven a French vessel is to sail for Toulon. He knows the captain, the officers—they are friends, every one. There is a chaplain, too—the old chaplain of the chateau—who will marry us. All this time they have waited for us, the good, true people.

And after this interview I had to go back to the gay rooms, to answer inquiries as to my absence, and play my part in the scene. I thought we should never get away. The hours were endless, and all night I dreamed of my coming trial, yet deliverance.....

.....It is now seven o'clock; in three hours I go to meet thee, my beloved. Three hours, and I cut adrift from my father's house forever! Ah, will he curse me? He was never very soft, very gentle, but he must have loved me. I remember once when I was ill how he walked with me all night, a peevish, crying child, in his arms. I remember—God stay such memories! Oh, Lamb of God, give me consolation in this trying hour; soften my father's heart to me! And my mother, my dear French mamma, she will not utterly hate me for this act. She has *merci*, she has *charité*. She loves her race—the people of France; she will have faith in me to the last. She knows I do not demean myself by an alliance with the house of De Gremont. And little John—God bless thee, little John!—thou lovest me, *mon frère*; and I, oh, Jean! Jean! I may never see thee again!

Ten minutes of the three hours gone. I will write to the last, and leave this poor brief record of my New England life behind me, a better explanation than I could now give for my flight.

Brief record, indeed, and offering what vivid contrasts! With what lightness I began it, with

what tragic sorrow do I end it! How life, in one night, from a folded bud became a perfect flower!

How slow the minutes creep! Yet ah, *mon Dieu!* each one hastens me forever from my father's house. My father's house! To-morrow it will be all over. He will know what I have done, that I have fled from his roof and taken the actions of my life in my own hands! To-morrow! Oh, my father, forgive me! See! I leave a kiss for you on this insensible page—a kiss and a tear; and mother, my sweet French mother, you will say a prayer for me each night, and I for thee shall never cease praying! And little Johnny, little Jean, I have thee in my heart *mignon*; while it beats it will never turn cold to thee. Ah, Johnny, little Johnny, thou art all the child left now. Be brave and gentle, little Jean; and intercede for me, if hearts are hardened to me when I go. And, Jean, when thou gettest to be a man, do not judge me harshly and by the world's judgment. Believe that I acted not hastily, but with calm consideration; and remember I loved thee, Jean, to the end!.....

The wind is rising—how it sighs round the pines and maples! Ah, and there is lightning over the hills. A storm is coming down to us. Well, it is fit, my beloved, for this wild and troubled departure!

How the time goes! thoughts grow leaden, and I write but slowly as the hour approaches. Something tells me I shall never look upon thy face again my father, nor hear my mother's voice, nor kiss the lips of little Jean. Never again! Perhaps this storm may find a shroud for us. Ah, how the eyes of the portrait flashed upon me then. They are unchanged as he left them. "The look of those who die young—a sudden, undecaying death!" Is this my fate? Am I going now to meet it? Well, I would not turn back. I go to meet it calmly. The time approaches—is now here. Farewell father, mother, little Jean—I go with your images in my heart, and love for you for evermore in my soul. Again, *adieu!*.....

In family archives and town records there is a story told of a fearful night in July, 1795, a night of storm disastrous on land and sea. Many vessels went to pieces on the rocks and in the wild winds. Many sad stories were told of shipwreck and loss; but the saddest of them all was of the French ship *L'Esperance*. Not fifty miles from shore the storm burst upon her in its sudden fury, dismantling sails and driving her against the rocks, where one bolt of lightning finished the work of destruction. Guns of distress, fired at short intervals, brought the citizens from their beds down to the harbor.

On that night Judge M'Lean, contrary to his habit, was singularly wakeful and restless; he had retired early as his wont, and, waking after a brief slumber, heard the wind rising and sighing round the pines and maples. A little later a door slammed with violence! How high the

wind must be! did his wife hear it? he asked. Yes, she had heard it too. Just then the dog howled beneath the window—a wild and mournful expression of dumb emotion. Then for a brief period there was a lull; the wind sank away, and the air grew still and brooding.

Slumber again came to the Judge, held him perhaps for an hour, when an awful crash, as if the heavens were rent asunder, awakened him. He started from his bed, flung on his dressing-gown, lighted a candle, and looked out into the hall; he was not a nervous man, nor given to imaginings, but it seemed as if above the raving wind he heard the voice of his daughter Nannie calling in dire distress. He listened—again through the wide, old hall, and down the stairway once again, with tender supplication, the sweet young voice called "Father!"

He waited no longer, but more rapidly than he had moved perhaps for many a day he strode on to her room. The door was open, a candle flaring low in its socket, and the bed unoccupied. Open on the table lay the "Diary." A few words, and he knew the truth. Yet her voice! Ah! she had repented at the eleventh hour and turned back. She was waiting at the door for pardon and admittance. He would give her both: and the great oaken door was unbarred for the penitent; but only the rain claimed admittance—the rain and the wind. In vain he shouted her name and waited for a reply. None came.

Suddenly the minute-gun boomed through the night: once and yet again; and once again from afar, borne down it seemed over sea and shore, that sweet, thrilling voice calling "Father!"

Who may tell what strange, unusual promptings of the spirit stirred within that stern breast as out into the raging storm the Judge, obeying that call, took his way?

Only one boat crew dared to put out on that tossing sea, and that after the stirring appeals of one who did not belong to their number; and when they pushed off from shore at the helm there he sat, eager and watchful and still, the old Judge. Returning, they brought the freight of death. Lashed together on a floating spar, hand clasped in hand, and tresses mingling, were the dead bodies of Armand de Gremont and Nannie Chastellux M'Lean.

Long after, the sailors told how the stern old Judge sat rigid and motionless watching the pale, cold face of his dead daughter, and now and then saying, softly, "Poor little Nannie!"

Long after, my father, the last of the old house of M'Lean, brought out of manifold wrappings the portrait of the Judge's daughter. The picture being stained with mildew and must in many places, he had it retouched. When the painter returned it, the wild, prophetic look that once baffled the unerring brush of Allston was no longer there; the painter of another age had sacrilegiously stricken it out. But on twilight eves in July, when the wind is sighing through the pines and maples, looking into the lovely face there, I think I see the old, old gleam of

prophetic intelligence; and I say, softly, "The look of those who die young—a sudden, undecaying death!" Then I only recall the heroine of the French ship *L'Esperance*—Nannie Chastellux M'Lean. But when the sunshine of high noon streams down the hall I recall only the arch young girl who scolded Hannah and swept a saucy courtesy to the gay British soldier. But in her tragic hour, as in her gay young life, never a truer, tenderer heart ever beat in womanly bosom than in the breast of "My Nannie O."

LITTLE MATTIE.

DEAD! Thirteen a month ago!
 Short and narrow her life's walk.
 Lover's love she could not know
 Even by a dream or talk:
 Too young to be glad of youth;
 Missing honor, labor, rest,
 And the warmth of a babe's mouth
 At the blossom of her breast.
 Must you pity her for this,
 And for all the loss it is—
 You, her mother with wet face,
 Having had all in your case?

Just so young but yesternight,
 Now she is as old as death.
 Meek, obedient in your sight,
 Gentle to a beck or breath
 Only on last Monday! yours,
 Answering you like silver bells
 Lightly touched! an hour matures:
 You can teach her nothing else.
 She has seen the mystery hid
 Under Egypt's pyramid.
 By those eyelids pale and close
 Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

Cross her quiet hands, and smooth
 Down her patient locks of silk,
 Cold and passive as in truth
 You your fingers in spilt milk
 Drew along a marble floor;
 But her lips you can not wring
 Into saying a word more,
 "Yes" or "no," or such a thing.
 Though you call and beg and wreak
 Half your soul out in a shriek,
 She will lie there in default
 And most innocent revolt.

Ay, and if she spoke, maybe
 She would answer like the Son,
 "What is now 'twixt thee and me?"
 Dreadful answer! better none.
 Yours on Monday, God's to-day!
 Yours, your child, your blood, your heart,
 Called.....you called her, did you say,
 "Little Mattie" for your part?
 Now already it sounds strange,
 And you wonder, in this change,
 What He calls His angel-creature,
 Higher up than you can reach her.

'Twas a green and easy world
 As she took it! room to play
 (Though one's hair might get uncured
 At the far end of the day).
 What she suffered she shook off
 In the sunshine; what she sinned
 She could pray on high enough
 To keep safe above the wind.
 If reproved by God or you,
 'Twas to better her she knew;
 And, if crossed, she gathered still
 'Twas to cross out something ill.

You, you had the right, you thought,
 To survey her with sweet scorn,
 Poor gay child, who had not caught
 Yet the octave-stretch forlorn
 Of your larger wisdom! Nay,
 Now your places are changed so,
 In that same superior way
 She regards you dull and low
 As you did herself exempt
 From life's sorrows. Grand contempt
 Of the spirits risen a while,
 Who look back with such a smile!

There's the sting of 't. That, I think,
 Hurts the most, a thousandfold!
 To feel sudden, at a wink,
 Some dear child we used to scold,
 Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,
 Teach and tumble as our own,
 All its curls about our knees,
 Rise up suddenly full-grown.
 Who could wonder such a sight
 Made a woman mad outright?
 —Show me Michael with the sword
 Rather than such angels, Lord!
 ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes with the 8th of June. The facts which we chronicle, though important in themselves, derive their chief significance from their bearing upon events which must soon occur.—War-like preparations, upon both sides, have been carried on with the utmost vigor. At this date there are fully a quarter of a million of soldiers enrolled and in the pay of the United States. Of these about one half are in the immediate vicinity of the seat of

war in Virginia, and the remainder are distributed throughout various camps, in such a manner that they can be brought into immediate service. The contributions of money by States, towns, and individuals, have been on a large scale. The following summary presents the amount reported a fortnight since, distinguishing the sums voted by States and those furnished by local contributions. Since that date the amount has been largely increased, especially in those States where the sums as given below

are comparatively small, full reports not having been received in time to be incorporated in the table:

STATES	State.	Towns	Total.
Connecticut	\$2,000,000	\$160,000	\$2,160,000
Indiana	1,000,000	52,000	1,052,000
Illinois	3,500,000	53,000	3,553,000
Iowa	100,000	100,000
Kansas	20,000	20,000
Maine	1,300,000	55,000	1,355,000
Massachusetts	3,000,000	745,000	3,745,000
Michigan	1,000,000	100,000	1,100,000
New York	3,000,000	2,831,000	5,831,000
New Hampshire	58,000	58,000
New Jersey	2,000,000	231,000	2,231,000
Ohio	3,000,000	348,000	3,348,000
Pennsylvania	3,500,000	430,000	3,930,000
Rhode Island	500,000	23,000	523,000
Vermont	1,000,000	27,000	1,027,000
Wisconsin	1,000,000	77,000	1,077,000
Total	\$25,920,000	\$5,185,000	\$31,105,000

The route through Maryland to Washington, by way of Annapolis, having been secured by the troops under command of General Butler, that officer, on the 13th of May, sent a strong detachment to Baltimore. They passed through the city without opposition, and took up a position on Federal Hill, about a mile from Fort M'Henry. The commander issued a proclamation stating that the forces under him had occupied Baltimore for the purpose of enforcing obedience to the laws of the State and of the United States. No loyal citizen would be disturbed, private property would not be interfered with, unless it was used to aid those in rebellion against the Government, in which case it would be seized and confiscated. No assemblages of armed men, except the ordinary police and those organized by the State and acting under the orders of the Governor, would be permitted. The ordinary operations of the authorities would not be interfered with, but would be aided by the military force of the United States.—Governor Hicks, who had before declined to comply with the requisition of the President for a quota of troops, now issued a proclamation stating that the requisition had been made in the spirit of and in pursuance of the law; and as he had received satisfactory assurance that the troops called for would be detailed to serve only within the State, or for the defense of the capital, he therefore called upon the loyal citizens of the State to volunteer to the extent of four regiments for the term of three months, subject to the orders of the Commander-in-chief of the army of the United States.—General Butler, having been promoted to the rank of Major-General, and placed in command of the military department of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, took up his quarters at Fort Monroe, and the command of the forces at Baltimore was given to General Cadwallader, of Pennsylvania.—In Maryland several arrests of prominent persons have been made. Among these was that of John Merryman, who applied to Chief Justice Taney for a writ of *habeas corpus*. This was granted; and General Cadwallader, in answer, said that the prisoner had been arrested on charge of various acts of treason—of holding a command in a company, having in possession arms belonging to the United States, and of avowing his purpose of armed hostility to the Government of the United States. In such cases General Cadwallader said that he was authorized by the President to suspend the *habeas corpus* act; he therefore requested Judge Taney to suspend further action until instructions could be had from the President. Judge Taney thereupon issued a writ of attachment against Gen-

eral Cadwallader for contempt of Court. The Marshal, proceeding to Fort M'Henry to execute the writ, was refused admittance. Judge Taney said that the President had no right to suspend the act, or to authorize others to do so; that military officers had no right to make arrests except in aid of the judicial authority; that persons so arrested must be delivered to the civil authorities, to be dealt with according to law; that the military authority was subordinate to the civil, and under ordinary circumstances it would be the duty of the Marshal to proceed to bring the General into Court; but as in the present case it would be impossible to do so, he should prepare an opinion and forward it to the President, calling upon him to enforce the decision of the Court. This opinion was subsequently prepared, and has been published at length.

General Butler has taken up his head-quarters at Fortress Monroe, which has received large reinforcements of men and munitions. Three fugitive slaves, belonging to the commander of the Virginian troops in the neighborhood, were brought into the fortress while attempting to escape, to avoid being sent southward. Their owner sent a flag of truce, demanding the return of the slaves under the Fugitive Slave Law. General Butler refused to comply on the ground that slaves belonging to insurgents were employed in military service, and were consequently contraband of war. General Butler submitted his action to the consideration of the Government, by whom it was fully sanctioned by the following letter from the Secretary of War:

"SIR,—Your action in respect to the negroes who came within your lines, from the service of the rebels, is approved. The Department is sensible of the embarrassments which must surround officers conducting military operations in a State by the laws of which slavery is sanctioned. The Government can not recognize the rejection by any State of its federal obligation resting upon itself. Among these federal obligations, however, no one can be more important than that of suppressing and dispersing any combination of the former for the purpose of overthrowing its whole constitutional authority. While, therefore, you will permit no interference, by persons under your command, with the relations of persons held to service under the laws of any State, you will, on the other hand, so long as any State within which your military operations are conducted, remain under the control of such armed combinations, refrain from surrendering to alleged masters any persons who come within your lines. You will employ such persons in the services to which they will be best adapted, keeping an account of the labor by them performed, of the value of it, and the expenses of their maintenance. The question of their final disposition will be reserved for future determination."

The first actual movement of the forces of the United States into the hostile territory took place on the morning of the 24th of May. Shortly after midnight the New York Fireman's Zouaves, under the command of Colonel Ellsworth, embarked on steamers from the Navy-yard at Washington for Alexandria. Other regiments, from New York, New Jersey, and Michigan, were simultaneously sent over the long bridge which unites the District with Virginia. The Zouaves landed without opposition shortly after dawn, and proceeded to remove the rails from the road leading into the interior. Colonel Ellsworth, with two or three men, passing a public house, from the roof of which floated a secession flag, entered for the purpose of removing it. Coming down, with the flag in his possession, he was met in a passage-way by the proprietor of the house, James T. Jackson, and shot through the heart. At almost the same instant Jackson was killed by Francis E. Brownell, one of the Zouaves. Alexandria and its neighborhood were occupied by

the Federal troops, and a company of Virginia cavalry were captured; after a detention of some days they were released upon taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. Intrenchments were thrown up around Alexandria, and upon Arlington Heights, which command a portion of the capital. Bodies of troops were pushed forward toward the Manassas Junction, with the object of interrupting the communication between Richmond and Harper's Ferry. On the 1st of June a company of cavalry set out on a scouting expedition to Fairfax Court House, about 20 miles beyond the outposts. Some hundreds of Virginia troops were stationed here, and a sharp skirmish ensued. About twenty of the Virginians are reported to have been killed; one of the United States troops was killed, four or five wounded, among whom was the commander, Lieutenant Tompkins. The cavalry withdrew, having made five prisoners, and leaving two of their own number as prisoners. On the following day the same cavalry company made another dash to Fairfax, and rescued their comrades who had been left behind.

On the 27th of May the United States volunteers stationed at Wheeling, Virginia, marched toward Grafton, an important station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. On the same day two Ohio regiments crossed into Western Virginia. This portion of the State is strongly loyal to the United States, as is manifested by the vote on the ordinance of secession. Before the Ohio troops advanced, General McClellan, commander of the Department of Ohio, issued a proclamation saying that the Government had abstained from sending forces across the Ohio until after the State election had been held, in order that no one might be able to say that the slightest effort had been made to influence a free expression of opinion. The proclamation concludes:

"It determined to await the result of the State election, desirous that no one might be able to say that the slightest effort had been made from this side to influence the free expression of your opinions, although the many agencies brought to bear upon you by the rebels were well known. You have now shown under the most adverse circumstances that the great mass of the people of Western Virginia are true and loyal to that beneficent Government under which we and our fathers have lived so long. As soon as the result of the election was known, the traitors commenced their work of destruction. The General Government can not close its ears to the demand you have made for assistance. I have ordered troops to cross the river. They come as your friends and brothers; as enemies only to armed rebels who are preying upon you. Your homes, your families, and your property are safe under our protection. All your rights shall be religiously respected. Notwithstanding all that has been said by the traitors to induce you to believe our advent among you will be signalized by an interference with your slaves, understand one thing clearly: Not only will we abstain from all such interference, but we will, on the contrary, with an iron hand, crush any attempt at insurrection on their part. Now that we are in your midst, I call upon you to fly to arms and support the General Government; sever the connection that binds you to traitors; proclaim to the world that the faith and loyalty so long boasted by the Old Dominion are still preserved in Western Virginia, and that you remain true to the Stars and Stripes."

On the 2d of June two columns, consisting of Virginia, Ohio, and Indiana troops, set out from Grafton for Philippi, about 25 miles distant, where a body of 2000 Secession troops were posted. The march was made through a drenching rain. The columns reached their destination just at daybreak. The enemy were taken by surprise, and fled after a brief struggle, leaving behind their arms and equipments. Fifteen or twenty are reported to have been killed. Colonel Kelly, the commander of the loyal Virginia volunteers, was severely wounded.—Several indecisive engagements have taken place between the

United States vessels and the Confederate batteries erected upon the shores of the Potomac.

It is impossible to gain any reliable information of the number of the Confederate troops now in Virginia. It is known, however, that in addition to those of the State, the whole disposable force of the Confederation has been pushed northward. The estimates made vary from 75,000 to 150,000. They occupy a long irregular line from Harper's Ferry on the north to Norfolk on the South. Strong detachments are stationed at Richmond, Lynchburg, and Petersburg; while advance forces are posted in numbers at Manassas Junction almost directly west of Washington. Here, or at Harper's Ferry, it seems probable that the first serious encounter will take place. President Davis, with a portion of his cabinet, arrived at Richmond early in June, for the purpose of taking the command of the Confederate forces.

The Congress of the Confederate States adjourned on the 20th of May, to meet at Richmond, Virginia, on the 20th of July, unless some public emergency should arise which in the judgment of the President should render it impolitic to meet at that place, in which case he is to call the Congress together at some other convenient place, to be selected by him.—On the 6th of May an act was passed "recognizing the existence of war between the United States and the Confederate States, and concerning letters of marque, prizes, and prize goods." The preamble says that the efforts made to establish friendly relations between the Government of the United States and that of the Confederate States have proved unavailing; the President of the United States has issued proclamations calling for troops to recapture the forts within the Confederate States, and setting on foot a blockade of their ports; and the State of Virginia having seceded, and formed an alliance with the Confederate States; and the States of Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Missouri having refused, and it being believed that Delaware, and the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico, and the Indian Territory south of Kansas would refuse to co-operate with the Government of the United States: Therefore the President of the Confederate States is authorized to use the whole land and naval force of the Confederacy to meet the war thus commenced, and to issue letters of marque and reprisal against the vessels and property of the United States, and those of their citizens, with the exception of the States and Territories above named. The general provisions for privateers are the same as those indicated in the proclamation of Mr. Davis noted in our last Record. It is further provided that the proceeds of all prizes shall be distributed among the owners, officers, and crews of the capturing vessels according to any written agreement between them; in the absence of any written agreement, half goes to the officers and crew, and half to the owners. Prizes, before breaking bulk, must be carried into some port of the Confederate States, or of some friendly State, to be proceeded against before some competent tribunal, which may make restitution, or decree damages, in case the capture shall have been made without probable cause. All persons found on board of any captured vessel are to be placed in charge of the authorities of the Confederation, who are to take charge of their safe-keeping and support. A bounty of twenty dollars is to be paid for every person on board of any armed vessel of the United States which shall be destroyed by any vessel of equal or inferior force, and twenty-five dollars for every prisoner brought to port, and delivered

up. Upon all goods captured by any private armed ship and brought into the Confederacy a deduction of one-third is to be made in the duties imposed by law. Five per cent. upon the value of all prizes is to be retained by the Government as a fund for the support of those who have been disabled in action, and for the families of those who have been killed.—An Act was passed prohibiting the export of cotton or cotton yarn from any of the Confederate States, except through the sea-ports, under penalty of the forfeiture of all exported or attempted to be exported, and a fine of not exceeding five thousand dollars or imprisonment for not more than six months. Every steamboat or railroad car used, with the consent of the owner or person in charge, for the violation of this Act, is to be forfeited. Any person giving information of any such violation is entitled to half the proceeds of the forfeited goods: This Act, which is to continue in force so long as any ports of the Confederate States are blockaded by the United States, does not apply to the exportation by land of cotton to Mexico.—It was proposed in Congress that the cotton planters should be invited to put their crops into the hands of the Government, receiving bonds for its value, the Government to dispose of it in Europe for cash.—The Postmaster-General, on the 1st of June took charge of the transmission of the mails in the Confederate States; and the Postmaster-General of the United States announced that on that day postal communication would close with the seceding States, with the exception of some counties in Western Virginia. All letters for these States are sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington.

Two more States—Arkansas and North Carolina—have formally seceded from the Union, and joined the Confederate States. In *Arkansas* the State Convention, on the 18th of April, had passed an ordinance submitting the question of secession to the people, at an election to be held on the 3d of August, and making other provisions, as noted in our Record for May. When the requisition of President Lincoln was received, Governor Rector, on the 22d of April, replied to the Secretary of War, "In answer to your requisition for troops from Arkansas to subjugate the Southern States, I have to say that none will be furnished. The demand is only adding insult to injury. The people of this Commonwealth are freemen and not slaves, and will defend to the last extremity their honor, lives, and property against Northern mendacity and usurpation." On the same day the Governor gave orders for the seizure at Napoleon of a large quantity of military supplies belonging to the United States. On the 6th of May, the Convention, which had reassembled, unanimously passed an ordinance of secession. The preamble says:

Whereas. In addition to the well-founded causes of complaint set forth by this Convention in resolutions adopted on the 11th March, A.D., 1861, against the sectional party now in power at Washington City, headed by Abraham Lincoln, he has, in the face of resolutions passed by this Convention, pledging the State of Arkansas to resist to the last extremity any attempt on the part of such power to coerce any State that seceded from the old Union, proclaimed to the world that war should be waged against such States, until they should be compelled to submit to their rule, and large forces to accomplish this have by this same power been called out, and are now being marshaled to carry out this inhuman design, any longer to submit to such rule or remain in the old Union of the United States would be disgraceful and ruinous to the State of Arkansas.

The ordinance then goes on to repeal the ordinance and laws by which Arkansas became a member of the Federal Union.—In *North Carolina* the ordinance of secession, and one ratifying the Provisional

Government of the Confederate States, was passed on the 21st of May, by unanimous votes of the Convention; a proposition to submit the matter to the people having been defeated by a vote of 73 to 34.—*Tennessee* has also virtually, though not in form, joined the Southern Confederacy. The Legislature has passed a Declaration of Independence, which is to be submitted to the people on the day (June 8) upon which we close this month's Record. Meanwhile a military league has been formed with the Confederate Government, in virtue of which the forces of Tennessee are to be employed to aid the Confederate States.

In *Kentucky* a determined effort is still made to preserve a strict neutrality. Governor Magoffin, as before noted, refused peremptorily to comply with the President's requisition for troops. On the 20th of May he issued a proclamation declaring that every indication of public sentiment in Kentucky showed a fixed determination of the people to take neither side, but to maintain a posture of self-defense, forbidding the quartering upon her soil of troops from either section, in the hope that the State might yet become a mediator between the parties. He therefore warns all States, whether separate or united, and especially the Confederate and the United States, against making any occupation within the State of Kentucky, without the permission of the Legislature and Executive authorities. All citizens of Kentucky are forbidden to make any demonstration against either of the sovereignties, but are directed to make prompt and efficient preparations for the defense of the State.—Of similar purport are the proceedings of the "Border States Convention," held at Frankfort. Virginia, North Carolina, and Arkansas, having joined the Southern Confederacy, of course sent no delegates; none appeared from Maryland, and only one from Tennessee, and four from Missouri. The remainder were from Kentucky. Senator Crittenden was chosen President. Two addresses, one to the People of the United States, and the other to the People of Kentucky, were adopted. The essential point in the first address is the recommendation that Congress shall propose such Constitutional amendments as will secure the legal rights of slaveholders; and if this should fail to bring about a pacification, that a Convention be called composed of delegates from all the States, to devise measures of peaceable adjustment.

The address to the people of Kentucky defends the action of the Executive in refusing troops to the Federal Government, as called for by the peculiar circumstances in which the State was placed. "In all things," says the address, "she is as loyal as ever to the constitutional administration of the Government. She will follow the stars and the stripes to the utmost regions of the earth, and defend it from foreign insult. She refuses alliance with any who would destroy the Union. All she asks is permission to keep out of this unnatural strife. She has announced her intention to refrain from aggression upon others, and she must protest against her soil being made the theatre of military operations by any belligerent." The address goes on to censure the conduct of the States who have withdrawn from the Union, affirming that there was in the Constitution a remedy for every wrong, and provisions to check every encroachment by the majority upon the minority. In withdrawing the States committed "a great wrong, for which they must answer to posterity. But Kentucky remained true to herself, contending with all her might for what were con-

sidered to be the rights of the people, and although one after another of the States that should have been by her side ungenerously deserted her, leaving her almost alone in the field, yet she did not surrender her rights under the Constitution, and never will surrender them. She will appear again in the Congress of the United States, not having conceded the least atom of power to the Government that had not heretofore been granted, and retaining every power she had reserved. She will insist upon her constitutional rights in the Union, and not out of it." The address goes on to say that if the war is transferred to Kentucky, it will matter little to her which party succeeds; her destruction will be the inevitable result; "and even the institution to preserve or control which this wretched war was undertaken, will be exterminated in the general ruin."

In *Virginia* the vote upon Secession has resulted in a large majority in its favor. In the northwestern part of the State the vote was largely in favor of the Union. A Convention of the Western Counties convened at Wheeling on the 13th of May, at which resolutions were passed pronouncing the ordinance of secession null and void. The Convention adjourned to meet on the 11th of June.

The position of *Missouri* is similar to that of Kentucky. The State endeavors to avoid taking part in the war. Troops had been organized with hostile designs against the Government. These were forced to surrender by Captain Lyon (since appointed General). At St. Louis an attack was made by the populace, on the 10th of May, upon the United States volunteers; they returned the fire, killing some twenty; an *émeute* on the next day resulted in the loss of several lives. General Harney, who had been put in command of this district, entered into an agreement with the State authorities, which seems to have been disapproved, as he has been relieved from the command, which has been given to General Lyon.

EUROPE.

The attitude to be assumed by the Great Powers of Europe in relation to the American war is of high importance. That of England is indicated by the Royal proclamation, issued on the 14th of May, which says that, "Whereas hostilities have unhappily commenced between the United States of America and certain States styling themselves the Confederate States of America, and whereas we being at peace with the Government of the United States, have declared our royal determination to maintain a strict neutrality in the contest between the said contending parties, we therefore have thought fit to issue this our royal proclamation." The pro-

clamation then goes on to forbid all British subjects from taking part in any way in the contest, by enlisting in the army or navy of either party; by fitting out or arming any vessel; by breaking any lawfully established blockade; by carrying to either troops or any articles contraband of war. All subjects violating any of the provisions of this proclamation are warned that they will incur the penalties provided by law, and will moreover do so at their own peril, forfeiting any protection from any liabilities or penal consequences.—This proclamation, taken in connection with the explanations of the Ministers and the speeches in Parliament, has an unfriendly aspect toward the United States, recognizing, as it does, the Confederate States, as belligerents, and, by implication, entitled equally to the right of carrying prizes into the ports of Great Britain.—In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell said that the character of belligerency was not so much a principle as a fact; that a certain amount of force and consistency acquired by any mass of population engaged in war entitled them to be treated as a belligerent. A power or a community which was at war with another, and which covered the sea with its cruisers, must either be acknowledged as a belligerent or dealt with as a pirate. The Government had come to the opinion that the Southern Confederacy, according to those principles which were considered just, must be treated as a belligerent.—In reply to questions in the House of Lords, the Earl of Granville said that a lawful blockade must be maintained by a force sufficient to make ingress or egress not indeed strictly impossible, but certainly extremely difficult. With respect to what articles were contraband of war, he said that in many cases this depended upon contingencies which could only be decided by a prize Court.—The Earl of Derby said that there were two points on which it was desirable that an understanding should be had with the United States. It had proclaimed a blockade of the whole Southern coast, which it could not maintain. It had also declared that it should treat privateers as pirates; but it could not do so by the law of nations; and it was desirable that it should be declared that the infliction of such a penalty on British subjects would not be viewed with indifference by England. Lord Campbell said that a subject of another Power, holding letters of marque, was not guilty of piracy. Lord Kingsdown said that the United States might hold the people of the Southern States to be rebels, and guilty of high treason; but this would not apply to the subjects of other Powers who had become privateers.—The French Government has not yet defined its position.

Literary Notices.

Seasons with the Sea-Horses; or, Sporting Adventures in the Northern Seas, by JAMES LAMONT, Esq., F.G.S. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of this volume is a jolly Scotch sportsman, with all the natural shrewdness and enterprise of his countrymen, a keen love of adventure, and a certain vivacity of temperament which he never fails to exhibit, whether in running down a walrus on the ice, or in penning a description of the eager pursuit. He starts on his exciting trip in quest of the strange game which had touched his fancy in a former experience on the coast of Spitzbergen in the spring of 1859, and, accompanied by a brother sportsman, no

less gay and resolute than himself, arrives at Hammerfest, "the most northerly town in the world, and the most unsavory place in the universe," soon after the middle of June.

The party, including the crew of the sloop which was to be the head-quarters of the expedition, consisted of sixteen souls. They were amply provided with the necessary outfit for their hazardous adventures; and after reaching the extensive submarine banks to the northeast of the Thousand Islands, were ready to commence operations. Attached to the sloop were two walrus boats, twenty-one feet long by five feet beam, each carrying five or six men.

These boats are among the curiosities of Arctic navigation, and well deserved the elaborate description given of them by the author. They are bow-shaped at both ends, strong, light, swift to row, and easily turned on the centre. They have a very thick and strong stem-piece and stern-piece, to resist concussions with the ice. Each man rows with a pair of oars hung in grumnets to stout single thole-pins; the steersman directs the boat by also rowing a pair of oars with his face to the bow; the harpooner, who has the command, always rows the bow oars, and he alone uses the weapons and the telescope. The strongest man in the boat usually sits next to the harpooner; he holds and hauls in the line when a walrus is struck, and hands the harpoons and lances to the harpooner when required. The boats are invariably painted white outside, to make them look as much as possible like the ice.

The pursuit of the great Spitzbergen seal, though not so exciting as the chase of the sea-horse, is regarded by the author—certainly no mean judge of such matters—as a very delightful amusement. These animals are a wary tribe, sleeping as lightly as the weasel, and in the deepest slumber raising their heads from the ice every three or four minutes, and looking round with a most uneasy expression, to assure themselves that they are not in danger. It is no easy thing to make good work with them. If a seal is not shot stone-dead on the ice he is almost certain to roll or jerk himself into the water, and sink or escape. As he never lies more than about a foot from the edge of the ice, the most trifling spark of life is enough to secure his disappearance. The only part of his huge carcass in which a bullet will take mortal effect suddenly is the brain, and this, in the biggest, is no larger than an orange. It is well to harpoon him even after he seems to be shot quite dead, for he will often give a convulsive kick over the brink of the ice, and go to the bottom like a stone, while his proprietors, as they delusively consider themselves, are standing within a few feet of him. When the seal is fairly dead all the men except one get on the ice, and in a very few minutes strip off the skin and blubber, in one sheet, with their knives. A full-sized Spitzbergen seal, in good condition, is about nine and a half or ten feet long, by six or six and a half feet in circumference, and weighs at least six hundred pounds. The skin and fat amount to about one half the total weight. The blubber lies in one layer of two or three inches thick underneath the skin, and yields about one half of its own weight of fine oil.

The great sport, however, for which the party had tempted their fate in these regions of "thick-ribbed ice" was the pursuit of the walrus. These huge monsters were sometimes found lying two deep on the ice, with not less than three hundred in a single troop. They were shy and restless, difficult of approach, and some of them always on the look-out while the others slept. When there are so many together there is a pretty fair chance of securing some by rowing after them as hard as possible, and keeping on in the same direction which they appear to take when they dive. The calves can not go much faster than the boat, and as they must come up to breathe much oftener than the old ones, the whole herd generally accommodate their pace to that of the old cows with young ones. There is an almost frantic excitement as the boat, driven through the water by five pair of oars, actually seems to fly; while perhaps a hundred walruses, roaring, bellowing, snorting, and splashing, make an acre of the sea

all in a foam before and around her. The harpooner stands with one foot on the thwart and the other on the front locker, with the line coiled in his right hand, and the long weapon in both hands ready balanced for a dart, while he shouts to the crew which direction to take, as he frequently can see the walruses under water as he stands upright in the boat. The herd generally keep close together, diving and reappearing at the same time. One moment you see a hundred grizzly heads and long gleaming white tusks above the waves; they give one spout from their blow-holes, take one breath of fresh air, and the next moment you see a hundred brown hemispherical backs, the next a hundred pair of hind flippers flourishing, and then they are all down. The old bulls are always very light-colored, from being nearly without hair; their skins are rough and furrowed, like that of the rhinoceros; and they are generally covered with scars and wounds inflicted by harpoons, lances, and bullets, as well as by the tusks of one another in mutual fights. In these battles, which are often severe, especially in the amatory season, they use their tusks against one another in the same manner that game-cocks use their beaks. Notwithstanding their unwieldy proportions and the position of their tusks, which would seem to be fitted only for a downward blow, they can turn their necks with great rapidity, and strike either upward or downward or sideways with equal dexterity. The tusks of the walrus are simply an enlargement of the eye-teeth, firmly imbedded, for six or seven inches of their length, in a mass of very hard and solid bone, forming the front of the animal's head. They are composed of fine white ivory, varying in size and shape, according to the age and sex of the animal. The upper lip of the walrus is thickly set with strong, transparent, bristly hairs, about six inches long, and as thick as a crow-quill. This terrific mustache, together with his long white tusks, and fierce, blood-shot eyes, gives him a most unearthly and demoniacal appearance as he rears his head above the waves. The old fable of the mermaid, in the opinion of the author, may have originated in the grim resemblance of this animal to the head of a human being when in this position.

Mr. Lamont does not confine his pages to the description of his own exploits in dealing destruction to the huge inhabitants of these frozen seas. He now and then indulges in speculations in physical geography and natural history, which, although of not much importance in themselves, serve to give a by no means disagreeable variety to his narrative, the excessive liveliness of which is its principal fault. For instance, he is a thorough skeptic with regard to reaching the north pole by water, and pleasantly discusses the reasons of his unbelief. The extreme north reached by the Spitzbergen adventurers is about 81° . Very few people have ever succeeded in reaching a higher latitude. The accounts of some of the early Dutch navigators having sailed to 83° or 84° are either apocryphal or founded on erroneous observations. Scoresby, who had spent his life in the Polar seas, and who was not likely to be left behind by any seaman, admits that $81^{\circ} 30'$ was the utmost that he had succeeded in gaining. The story of a great open sea around the pole, so firmly believed by our countryman, Dr. Kane, is pronounced by the author to be entirely chimerical. He maintains that nothing exists within a radius of six hundred miles of the pole but vast masses of eternal ice, unless, indeed a portion of land may happen to intervene. But hopeless as all attempts to sail to the

pole must ever continue to be, he thinks it not impossible to reach it by land, or rather, by ice. The distance from the extreme northern point of Spitzbergen is about six hundred miles. The method to overcome this is lucidly described by Mr. Lamont, and we wonder that he does not undertake the experiment himself, instead of confining his ambition to the ignoble pursuit of harpooning seals and sea-horses. A well-provided vessel should proceed to Spitzbergen in summer with sledges and plenty of good dogs. Selecting a sheltered harbor as far to the north as they could get, they should pass the remainder of the season in killing rein-deer and wild-fowl for their own provisions, and walrus and seals to keep the dogs fat and in good condition. A hundred tons of deer, seals, and walrus might easily be laid in in two months. After wintering in Spitzbergen, a plenty of hardy volunteers could be enlisted in Tromsøe and Hammerfest to act as hunters and harpooners to the expedition. During the early spring it would be necessary to exercise the teams, and bring them into the highest possible condition and discipline. At the same time dépôts of provisions should be established, as far as practicable, on their intended route to the north. Advantage being taken of the first available fine weather in March or April, they might reach the pole and regain their ship, according to Mr. Lamont's delightful programme, in about a month or six weeks from the time of their departure.

Not less edifying are the speculations of the author on certain moot points of natural history, in which he endeavors to illustrate Mr. Darwin's famous theory of the origin of species. Just look, for example, at the walrus. The original paternity of that delicate monster may be clearly traced to some wonderful polar beast prior to the polar bear, which, by-the-way, is nothing but a variety of the bears inhabiting Northern Europe, Asia, and America. Some individuals of the latter tribes, finding they were getting short of food, ventured on the ice, when pressed by hunger, and caught a few seals which they were able to reach. These fortunate bears were not without a certain modicum of common sense. They found they could get a better living in their new quarters than at the old homestead. Thus, their eye-teeth being already cut and ready to be transformed into walrus' tusks, they took up their residence on the shore, with a view to business on the ice. Brown bears by birth and lineage, those of the lightest color (and even now silver-grays are found among the species, as well as among the ancient fossil Whigs), would have the best chance of surprising seals, while the fattest of them would best stand the cold. The process of "natural selection" would do the rest, and in a few million of years more or less, dating from the epoch of *Weissnichtwenn*, the old brown bear would be transformed into a genuine white bear, catching seals instead of squirrels, and in his whole nature and all his habits "suffering a sea-change." Now fancy an immense land animal, long before the metamorphosis of the bear, living on the borders of the then existing Polar Sea. It is easy to believe that, in the perpetual struggle for existence, this primeval bear, or whatever he was, may have been compelled to take to the sea-shore, and among other things add shell-fish to his bill of fare. At first he would only go into shallow water; by-and-by success and habit would embolden him to go deeper; and he would soon acquire the talent of digging up shells with his feet and teeth. Natural selection would now come into play; those animals

which had the longest and strongest teeth would meet with the best success, and would transmit that style of teeth to their descendants. Now the tusks of the walrus are not a pair of extra teeth, but merely an enormous development of the eye-teeth, such as any large carnivorous animal, compelled to subsist on shell-fish under water, would naturally acquire in the course of a few million of years. He would also soon learn to dive and to hold his breath under water (the author once saw a white bear dive in true walrus fashion); and from generation to generation he would be able to stay longer below. He would certainly have very little use for his legs: hence they would gradually become abortive, and resemble fins; the hind legs would grow like the tail of a fish; and the real tail, having no function in the new element, would almost disappear, as is the case with the seal and the walrus. The legs of the walrus—this clenches the argument—although almost abortive, are still legs, and not fins, as he can walk on all-fours on land or ice.

Whatever may be thought of this precious reasoning as a contribution to natural history, no one can deny the skill of the author as a lively and entertaining narrator, and his volume will be regarded as one of the most readable books of travels for which we have recently been indebted to the love of adventure characteristic of so many British sportsmen.

The Alchemist, or The House of Claes, translated from the French of Balzac by O. W. WIGHT and F. B. GOODRICH, is published by Rudd and Carleton, a fantastic, but powerful story of an infatuated adept, who sacrifices his fortune, his character, and the happiness of a devoted wife and family in the vain search for the philosopher's stone.

A Manual of Military Surgery, by S. D. GROSS, M.D. (published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.), is a brief and valuable treatise intended for the use of young physicians in the volunteer service. In addition to the surgical details, which it ably treats, it contains a variety of important practical directions for the preservation of the health of soldiers on march or in the camp.

The Eighth volume of Sheldon's beautiful edition of MILMAN'S *History of Latin Christianity* has been recently issued, completing the work. In point of general interest, this volume surpasses those which have preceded it, containing an admirably condensed view of theology, literature, painting, sculpture, and architecture of the Middle Ages. The work occupies a high place in the modern historical literature of Great Britain, and the manner in which it is now brought out is an honor to the American press.

Chambers's Encyclopædia. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.) The second title of this work, "A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People," indicates its design and character. In six or seven volumes it proposes to give a digest of those branches of human knowledge most important for the great mass of intelligent readers. This leading object has been kept steadily in view. In Biography obscure names are not recorded; in Geography unimportant places are not described; in Philosophy exploded theories are not revived. The space thus saved is devoted to full articles upon Natural History and Science. These are treated in such a manner as to be intelligible to the non-professional reader, while they are strictly accurate as far as they go. The work will be found admirably adapted to the wants of those who are unable to avail themselves of the larger and more costly publications of a similar kind.

Editor's Table.

THE MASSES.—This is a very common word, and one that has a deepening meaning upon our lips. Perhaps its substitution in place of the words that were formerly employed to mark the many from the few is one of the signs of our democratic times. We do not speak now of the "vulgar," the "plebs," the "rabble," and the like; nor is it thought the part of a gentleman in any good society, or in any book or periodical, to speak with contempt of the multitude. Nor are we satisfied to call them the people merely, for this term is too closely allied with political cant, and gives a suspicion of electioneering aims or partisan adulation. We speak of the *masses* in a way that marks them not only as the *many* but as the *weighty*, and the statesman and the moralist look with mingled solicitude and respect upon them as in number and gravity representing the future of the nation. The most obvious measure of them is *number*, and we may justly say that they are called the masses who are to be counted instead of being named. The memorable persons of an age are comparatively few, and their names are recorded in biographical dictionaries, official rolls, etc., while the great majority of people are not named to the public ear or known to the public eye, but are counted by thousands or millions. In fact, of those who think themselves among the notables, very few are known out of their own circle or town; and in a country so full of newspapers and facilities of travel as our own, it is often very disheartening to the supposed hero, orator, or author of one section to find that he has not been heard of a hundred miles from home; and on the hotel register or in the rail-cars he is as much one of the masses as any stereotype Mr. Green or Brown. If we test reputation by household fame, very few can lay claim to it; and if men of note are exclusive in their estimate of themselves in relation to the many, these are quite as exclusive in return, and the masses have but a very small number of names upon their list of public acquaintance, and coolly cut the acquaintance of the rank and file of literary and political greatness. Probably a hundred would be a large number of names to record as being known to our people at large; and perhaps the number required to save Sodom from destruction—the number ten—would comprise the first-class notables whose presence would make a sensation in any village in the land.

It may be, indeed, that first-class character does not win popularity in its own day, and the highest quality of merit can only be appreciated by the few, and must rely upon their influence with posterity to reach the many. Yet the dependence, although remote, is none the less important, and true genius will care far more to live in the homes of the people than at the courts of kings, and count a loving place in the farmer's cottage as a far higher reward than a stately shelf in the library of universities. So close is the relation between the many and the few, and so sure are they to need each other's service. And if this relation holds with poets, orators, historians, and the master minds in letters, much more with the thinkers, reformers, and heroes who work more directly upon the common conscience, and whose mission it is to lead the people to better things. Certainly the great question in the world now is, How shall we get hold of the masses? Princes and nobles—nay, even the great despots of our time—are studying the temper of the people, and ready to

confess, that however little should be done *by* the people, every thing should be done *for* the people. It is not becoming in us, who write as one of the people, to take a position outside or above them, or venture to patronize the masses to which we belong. Yet, taking our stand among them, we are none the less moved to speak of their elements, characteristics, and destiny, and we may perhaps win the ear of not a few of them to some honest and timely thoughts upon the position of the American people at this time.

We confess at the outset that we have respect for the masses in their most obvious aspect, or regarded simply as quantity. If a great mountain impresses us with its grandeur, why not that vastly more mighty and significant mass, a million of human beings—such, for instance, as makes up the population of this great city? Of course the nature of our respect for this mass must depend very much upon the mind they have or the life they live; but considered as so much mere volume of human existence, they have an immense importance in our eyes. Viewing them merely in their physical relations as indicated by the word *proletaire*, or as the classes that produce *proles*, or offspring, they give us the idea of wonderful power. A million of creatures who can propagate the human species, and continue to time without end this mysterious gift of life, with all its circumstances and attributes, both personal and social—what a startling spectacle! When, moreover, we connect with this view of their reproductive functions all the offices of nursing, feeding, clothing, shelter that are connected with it, and try to embrace in one view all the natural history and economy of this mass of beings, the contemplation becomes overwhelming, and the fields, forests, waters, air, and skies seem to wait their bidding as willing servitors, ready to pay their tribute. Viewed merely as the highest of animals, man is a most impressive creature, more than a match for the lion or the elephant. What shall we say, then, of a million, or thirty millions, of these creatures gathered as one people?

We know very well that men do not rise in character of necessity as they spread in numbers, and many of the most densely peopled cities and countries are the feeblest and least significant. Yet there will always be enough of social and religious life in the multitude to suggest, if they do not present, the higher characteristics of our race. If, indeed, the million persons were made, like so many bullets, in one mould, and were kept, like bullets, by their own torpor, or by artificial inclosures, from knowing any thing of each other, increase of numbers would not imply any increase of social life; and if one man had no social feeling, a thousand such men would have no more, since, as we were taught at school, a thousand times nothing is just nothing. Sometimes we are tempted to estimate numbers thus when we are among persons who have no enlarged views, no public spirit; and if one of these, by the absence of true human worth, is fitly called nobody, a thousand such nobodies are but nobody. But generally a multitude of people will have some kind of corporate consciousness that makes the many one—one mass at least, if not always one living body or one animated soul. Now, surely this sense of being one mass, or this consciousness of being part of the multitude, gives us an interesting and important view of mere numbers, even without ascending into

the higher forms of consciousness that deal with qualities of character rather than with numbers of persons. Thus, the feeling that we belong to a nation of thirty-one millions of people has within it a certain meaning and power before we begin to study the character of our people or consider the grounds of our fellowship and progress. In fact, a certain emotion seems to wait upon the presence of numbers, viewed merely as numbers, and a man feels himself to be a different creature according as he finds himself alone, or with one, or two, or three, or a dozen companions. When the number increases so to make exact counting impossible, he changes his unit of computation to hundreds or thousands, and his feeling rises as the new units swell. Thus an orator breathes more deeply when one of a thousand than of a hundred, and a general's courage rises as the regiments multiply. Generally, indeed, with this sense of numbers, certain qualities of character are appreciated and social affinities are developed. Yet we are justified in maintaining that, apart from any such consideration, there is power in the mere aggregation of numbers; and man, like nature, has a certain life in the mass, as the globe on which we live, before we speculate upon its electric functions or its animated tribes, has unity in its mere bulk, and the gravitation and cohesion of its matter are a type of the gravitation and cohesion that holds multitudes together before they are fused and assimilated by higher forces.

Certainly the most obvious ground of interest in an assembly is in its numbers, and the first question that is asked when we have been to a political, literary, or religious meeting is, "How many were there?" If we analyze the feeling we probably find that, before we discover any peculiar characteristics in the assembly, or enjoy any peculiar fellowship from diverse minds in combination, we find ourselves enlarged by being one of the many, and each man estimates himself by the size of the body to which he belongs. It is important to use this fact in our dealing with the people, and endeavor as far as we can to make mere numbers tell on the right side. Thus popular meetings are of great use apart from any thing that is said, and a vast work is done for any cause when two or three thousand persons come together and look upon each other and their leaders, although no novel ideas may be started and no startling measures may be initiated. We are convinced that many valuable movements have sadly languished from the neglect of this truth; and reformers, statesmen, and moralists have foolishly trusted their cause wholly to abstract reasoning or private conversation, while they overlook the immense power of numbers when gathered together under some commanding mind, or some exciting symbol of patriotism or religion.

It is necessary to be thoughtful, however, in using the power of numbers; and especially there is need of remembering that beyond a certain point multiplicity weakens, or at least confuses, the spectator, instead of strengthening or impressing him. Thus there is a limit to the size of an assembly that can be commanded by one voice or by one eye. Two or three thousand are enough for one man to speak to; and if the aim be to impress the eye, it is wiser to divide a hundred thousand men into ten divisions of ten thousand each than to crowd them together into one immense and unwieldy mass. Indeed, beyond a certain point, size fails to make any impression upon us, and as soon as an assembly is large enough to overflow our field of vision it becomes a mere

crowd; and a million of men in one assembly gives us no more idea of multitude, so far as we can judge from the midst of them, than a company of ten thousand men. Hence the superior power of numbers as presented by judicious divisions of the population into towns and states. Merely in a rhetorical or emotional point of view, our American Union is most happily adjusted; and every citizen, as he thinks of the thirty-four States that make up the nation, has a far more distinct and effective idea of the greatness of the people than if the whole population were crowded together in one enormous city, and he tried in vain to take in the whole mass at one view. It is as when we try to see the ocean, and find that we can sweep but a few miles of it with our eye; and we can far better appreciate its extent by looking upon some lake or gulf whose limits we can discern, and then taking this as the unit which is to be multiplied times enough to equal the great sea. Only in this way can we ever begin to appreciate great magnitudes; such, for example, as the entire population of the globe. Most persons get no satisfactory idea from the statement that there are about a thousand millions of human beings on the earth, and they can conceive of a tenth of the number or ten times the number as easily. We come much nearer the mark by riding through the streets and around the suburbs of a great city like ours, and then trying to imagine a thousand cities of about the same number of inhabitants, which must run very near the thousand millions of people assigned to the entire globe.

Perhaps we in this country have our keenest sense of the power of numbers by *comparison*, especially through the rivalry of sects and parties. We count by majorities and minorities, and where suffrage is so nearly universal as in America, our people are estimated mainly according to the number of votes cast. Yet the absolute number is not thought so important as the relative number, and the question at an election is not so much how many votes were cast, as who had the majority, and how large was the majority. Here comes in the important consideration of the neutralizing of numbers by numbers, or the counterbalancing of masses by masses. Politicians, and in time the people, have a very close sense of the size of parties from this mode of comparison; and when, as is generally the case, this ready estimate of the magnitude of the opposing ranks is connected with the excitement of political opinions and local interests and personal influence, *mass* is made to appear something far more than mere *bulk*, and rival parties shine with all the various lights and move with all the various electric forces that appear in the bodies more celestial that star the heavens above us, although sometimes they may remind us more of the glaring meteors that blaze a moment through the darkness to explode and vanish forever.

It should not be forgotten that we are now able to feel the existence and virtual presence of great numbers as never before, and the magnetic telegraph, the locomotive engine, and the press give each of us a ubiquity unknown in the old time. Thus we not only believe from documentary testimony that millions of people live in the great Western Valley, and are pushing on toward the Rocky Mountains, but we almost feel their touch; and when we pay our dollar and send a message to a friend at St. Louis, the answer seems to come to us warm and thrilling with the life of the whole intervening population, and we are vitally one of the million

ourselves. This new sense of oneness or solidarity is one of the memorable features of our age, and with all its advantages, it does not fail to suggest some misgivings as to its perils. Certainly since the father of lies began his infernal work, lying was never done on so gigantic a scale as now; and almost every week some monstrous falsehood puts on its more than seven-league boots, and travels from Florida to Maine, or from New Orleans to St. John's, in one electric flash. Rapidity of communication, indeed, does not of itself make more incidents to be transmitted, but simply makes the transmission nearly simultaneous with the occurrence—a fact in itself most significant, since much that passes as news, and is very exciting, would have very little importance if it were left to travel by the slow coach of the old lines of transportation. The peculiar characteristic of our time is the pressure of news from simultaneous occurrences, so that we all live not only our own life, but the life of the whole world, so far as its memorable experiences are concerned; and Europe is but a few days from us, while civilized America is pretty much all at our door, and certainly looks in upon us with our morning and evening paper. This fact must surely give us a new idea of our solidarity, and rid us of the vanity of that poor individualism that sometimes tempts us to set ourselves apart from our race, as if we could live for ourselves or from ourselves alone. It is a new question how this facility of communication shall be employed, and we may well be startled when we think of the power put into the hands of our press of acting upon the mind of the whole nation by telegraphic signals that throw the old beacon fires into contempt, and kindle the whole continent into flame at a single electric word. It may be that necessity and not choice must regulate this mode of communication, and all messages must be sent that business and actual life demand. Yet even in what is called positive news, what room there is for selection, and what frequent cause for suppression! And now that documents, opinions, and speeches are transmitted, what opportunity there is for bringing higher moral and intellectual forces to bear upon the people, and giving sound principles and timely truths the marvelous power of simultaneous publication and popular sympathy throughout the land! But we are advancing before we know it in our discussion, and passing from our view of the masses as numbers or *quantity*, and considering their *quality*, or the character of the influence to be brought to bear upon them.

Turn now to the higher view of the subject, and regard the many, not merely as brought together in space, but as united by some prevailing spirit; or, in other words, not merely as *aggregated*, but as *congregated* and *assimilated*. They may, of course, be assimilated by a good or a bad spirit, according as a hero or a buccaneer, an apostle or a fanatic, animates and leads them. If the question be asked whether it is easier to move great companies of men by good or by bad motives, we reply at once that popular passions always have in them decided elements of nobleness; and however blinded and mistaken the multitude may be in their ideas, their purposes are never wholly evil. Even the mob of the Reign of Terror thought that they were doing right, and were far more eager to avenge themselves upon those whom they considered as the enemies of liberty and humanity than to fill their own pockets with plunder. The very lowest class of motives do not show themselves in large assemblies, unless these

are wholly imbruted and infuriated by war and bloodshed in its most fearful forms. Thus any exhibition of lustful passion is most offensive to the multitude; and whatever may be the secret sins or private vices of the constituents, the mob, in its corporate capacity, has an utter contempt and hatred for harlots and their retinue of followers. We allow that animosities are more contagious among the many than friendships, and nothing so stirs the crowd as the sight of a common enemy. Yet the animosity thus inflamed is not general or lasting, unless connected with some nobler passion, or some absorbing affection; and if Demosthenes, by his terrible invective against the King of Macedon, kindles in the city a fire of wrath that burns to march against Philip, and to conquer or to die, we must remember that this fire is fed out of the deep love of old Athens, and if hatred touches the match to the lamp, it is patriotism that supplies the oil and feeds it continually. A certain element of antagonism is needed to give zest to all popular movements and emotions; but the greatest power is evolved when the people are united by common interests and affections, and the rise of an enemy brings their union to a decided point, and gives them a common indignation and aim. Such is the effect of war upon nations well civilized and governed, but where public spirit has been permitted to languish during a long period of money-making and self-indulgence, and, perhaps, of selfish partisanship. With all the evils of war—and certainly there are more than we will undertake to rehearse—it evidently brings out patriotic feeling in a marvelous manner; and the first gun fired against our flag has been the reveille of a new age of national enthusiasm—the signal, in fact, that the nation is new born.

But we need not look to such extreme and fearful means to find a wholesome antagonism. All social life comes from a meeting of apparent antagonisms, and every new force rises from the combination of two or more diverse elements. Nature illustrates this law, and air, water, and all the leading substances and organisms of nature show the working of the principle of polarity that educes power by the harmony of opposites. The higher the life evolved, the more wide and wonderful the range and diversity of the materials to be assimilated or combined. The organic substances unite more elements than the inorganic; the plant more than the mineral; the animal more than the plant; the human more than the animal; and man, who is the crown of creation, unites in his constitution the elements of all substances and faculties of all beings beneath him. Human society has the same unity in complexity that the human constitution has; and if we consider the organism and functions of a great nation, we shall be struck with the wonderful assimilation of parts apparently antagonistic. In fact, the nation begins with the union of beings the opposites of each other, and marriage which founds the family, unites for life the sexes, who, in a state of undisciplined nature, are always annoying each other, and in a virtual warfare of aggression and resistance. Business rests upon a similar assimilation, and its work goes on by the harmony between labor and capital, or numbers and wealth, the very powers that constantly tend to make war upon each other in a state of lawlessness. Loyalty, whether under a republican or a monarchical form of government, rests upon a like basis; and by it the weak and the strong, the small and the great, are brought together in a common allegiance: so that the greatest nation is not that which

is made up of entire equals, but that which combines the largest number of wholesome diversities in the most vital unity.

The statesman and the moralist, therefore, should bear this principle in mind, and endeavor so to unite and assimilate the various elements of the population as to produce the most comprehensive unity in diversity. They will see that a true method will find a place for the material apparently the most hopeless; and while our social polity thus far has not succeeded in working all the refuse population into the social fabric, and still a portion is set aside in the poor-house as helpless, or in the prison as dangerous, we are more willingly leaving people to their own affinities, and trusting less and less in arbitrary forces, such as the bayonet and the lash, to restrain them. Many whose unruly tempers might make them bad subjects in our city find better use for their reckless daring at sea or in the backwoods, and the more refined and attractive arts of peace waken into usefulness many timid natures, who under rude sway might be frightened into imbecility and pauperism. We can not go with the Socialists in affirming that a new method of living in community would neutralize all unwholesome social elements, and harmonize all antagonisms, for we believe that great responsibility rests with each man, and society can not take his work or his doom off his shoulders; but we are quite sure that a more enlarged system would point toward such results, and bring under wholesome motives numbers who are now given over to idleness or vice.

Our nationality is a marvelous example of the assimilation of diverse materials by one spirit and one constitution. For nearly a century we have lived together in virtual peace and prosperity, and the widest differences of climate and race have been combined under one powerful government. The East and the West, the North and the South differ in the temperament of their people, yet not enough to compel alienation. Nay, the Eastern man in his stability, and the Western man in his restlessness, are all the better friends by being able to give and receive each in exchange for what is received and given, as the slow and careful man is cheered by a companion more free and fast than himself, and nothing is more marked than the great good feeling between the extremes of our country. New England and the Mississippi Valley are great friends, and New York is hand in glove with San Francisco. Between North and South there are, we know, other elements of antagonism than those of climate and pulse, and some of these are too perplexing to be handled here now. But so far as the characteristics of the Northerner and Southerner are concerned, as growing out of cooler and warmer temperaments, or more balanced and more impulsive natures, they are fitted for being the best friends in the world; and if harsh political questions could be adjusted, or utterly removed from public debate, interesting affinities would show themselves, and friendship and marriage would join North and South in close ties both social and national. We need a better understanding between the good and true men of both sections; and it is much to be lamented that these two great communities have been interpreted to each other, not by the wisest and calmest, but by the most extreme and hot-headed agitators in both sections.

We are certainly agreeably disappointed in the disposition of the new Europeans who have lately come to live with us, and there is far less fear than

of old that they will make war upon our institutions. The Irish and the Germans are the most conspicuous in numbers and influence; yet they make very good Americans, and are ready to stand by our constitution and laws, even to take arms in their defense. The most dangerous disorganizers have not sprung from them, nor from the ranks of the common people, but rather from disappointed aspirants for political power, who mingle the pride of aristocrats with the passions and vulgarity of demagogues. We do not fear any great trouble from such difference of race, but apprehend rather that our national life will be enlarged and enriched from such a range and diversity of materials. In fact, our original States, although mainly English, had representatives from all nations; and the majority of English colonists, instead of being of one stereotype class, were so various in creed, politics, and habit, as to make the thirteen colonies most interesting specimens of unity in difference, and models of the principle and the policy that should now and ever carry out the old motto that out of the *many* ever makes the *one*.

We have not space to illustrate at length the philosophy of social assimilation, or to point out the means to be used to develop the highest order of life from the different elements in our country and our people. We can have little hope from any measures that look merely to immediate effect, and do not consider the perpetuity of the national life. The national life is perpetuated by stability and progress; the one being the root, the other the branches and the fruit of its prosperity. He is the wise leader of the masses who looks judiciously to these two ruling powers, and adjusts them effectively. Without stability, progress is restless, reckless, fruitless; and without progress, stability is sluggish, stagnant, lifeless. Our nation, in its fixed law and in its changing and animating men, has signally combined the two. Every patriot must strive and pray that the old constitution and laws may be maintained, and that the nation may be fixed in the steadfastness of a sound conservatism, and quickened by the fire of progressive courage. God has given us our guiding law and our moving mind, and he will continue and renew them still. More deeply perhaps than we are conscious, we feel this two-fold gift when we look at the flag of our Union, as we have so often done of late, and our hearts beat quicker, and our eyes fill with tears of joy and hope as we gaze upon its stripes and stars. Those stars speak to us of laws of equity as fixed as the eternal heavens; and those stripes, as they wave in the breeze, tell us of that mysterious breath which moves through men and nations, that they may be born, not of the flesh, but of God.

Editor's Easy Chair.

TOWN TALK has but one topic in these days, and can not well have any other. There is little social gayety; few books are published; the Gallery of the National Academy is closed, and Church's picture of "The North" is the chief representative of the Fine Arts. But the great city was never more thronged and busy, and never so earnest in the experience of the younger citizens. Possibly in the old days, when the Sons of Liberty met in the building near the Bowling Green, long known as the Atlantic Garden; or in the later times, when the British fleet sailed up the Chesapeake and the Brit-

ish army marched upon Washington, there was a similar public excitement.

How little Americans of this generation supposed that they should ever hear the alarm of war! Our whole system is so peaceful—the doctrine of our institutions has always been so opposed to the traditions of other nations—that we have proudly felt how softly, by the mild voice of law, all our differences would be adjusted, and civilization secured and perpetuated by the ministries of peace.

We were too eager. When vital differences prevail among men there can be but one final solution—that of force. It seems to be a blind appeal to Providence, upon Fichte's doctrine that the right cause is sure to triumph. Hence, also, the old battle-cry, *God for the right!* Hence, also, the old hand-shaking before the encounter, in sign that there was no personal enmity, but that each combatant felt himself to be but an agent.

"Non-resistance won't work," said Fountain to the Easy Chair, the other day. Fountain has cherished for a long time a secret conviction that the world had unconsciously drifted into the Millennium. The Crimean war shook his faith sadly. The Sepoy rebellion staggered him. But in the days upon which we have fallen in this country, he has abandoned the Millennial theory altogether.

It is said again that Thackeray is to take up Macaulay's History, and bring it through the eighteenth century; and it is added that some people are very much disturbed by the intention.

"Some people" are disturbed by every thing that happens. Is there any reason why Thackeray should not do it? His studies and sympathies peculiarly fit him for the work; and his pictures, to say the worst of it, could not be more unfaithful than Macaulay's. Macaulay painted for the sake of the picture, not of the likeness. His gallery of portraits, extending through all his works, glows with splendor of color, vigor of drawing, and glitter of accessories. But when his great merits have been conceded, and the student proceeds to inquire whether they are the merits of a truthful chronicler or of a consummate literary artist—do you think Thackeray need be nervous?

Hear what one of his recent critics says—of course, a Tory critic:

"As a specimen of style—at once vivid and correct—it will last till the New Zealander himself shall appear on London Bridge; but every day its assumption of fact and its appraisal of character are being called into question. The Scotch swear the historian has belied them. The Quakers affirm the same. Tories read the book because they say the caricature of conservatism can scarcely go farther, and the gorgeousness of the libels must abash smaller lampoonists for all time to come. Not even the Whigs, however, can rely on it; Lord John Russell would scarcely dare quote the fulsome portrait of his great idol, Lord Somers. 'Paint me,' said Cromwell to Lely, 'warts and all.' Macaulay's Whigs are wartless—his Tories are all warts. In his fifth volume he fails to see a solitary vice in Charles Montague. In the fourth he failed to perceive a single virtue in the Duke of Marlborough. This is not the way to write our annals. It may be made very pleasant reading, especially when relieved with well-grouped pictures and elaborate processions, but it is not history."

It is a fair reply to this to say that the History of England is necessarily a history of parties—or, in

other words, of a certain policy, upon which the people have divided into parties; and every man who is competent to write a history must have his opinion of the right or wrong in the matter, and he will naturally favor those with whom he sympathizes. For example, Froude gives one view of Henry the Eighth and the Reformation, and the Protestant historians of England another. Which is right? How are you to reconcile them? The English Jacobites long drank to Charles the Martyr. The English Whigs secretly approved the doom of Charles the Traitor. Will you have Jacobite history or Whig history?

It does not follow, indeed, that a historian shall be unjust because he believes one party to have been in the wrong; and this is the force of the objection to Macaulay. "We do not complain," say the Tories, "that he was a Whig. But we do complain that he paints us as devils, and not as Tories. Lord Somers may have been a great man, but surely Marlborough was not a fool."

And so much must be allowed. Macaulay was not fair. He was not fair, for instance, as Motley is, whose sympathies for the Dutch in the struggle he records are quite as warm as Macaulay's could have been for the Whigs. A curious and remarkable illustration of Macaulay's subordination of the fact to the brilliant and effective account of it is given in the lately published "Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi." Macaulay wrote a paper upon Dr. Johnson for the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It was one of his most admirable performances, and as a piece of brief and effective biography it was masterly. Dr. Johnson's intimacy with Mrs. Thrale, afterward Mrs. Piozzi, is one of the pleasantest episodes of his melancholy life. He seems to have been happier in her house than any where else in the world. Some time after Mr. Thrale's death his widow married Mr. Piozzi. There was a great outcry and surprise among her friends. Johnson wrote her an unpardonable letter. He insulted her, and she returned a most womanly and noble reply. Then she went with her husband to Italy, his native country; and before she returned Dr. Johnson was dead. Macaulay tells this story with his bitterest brilliancy. "She, meanwhile," he says, "fled from the laughter and hisses of her countrymen and countrywomen to a land where she was unknown, hastened across Mount Cenis, and learned, while passing a merry Christmas of concerts and lemonade parties at Milan, that the great man with whose name hers is inseparably associated had ceased to exist."

This is well turned, but unluckily it is not quite true. On the contrary, it is entirely untrue. The actual facts of the story are told in the Diary and Letters of Mrs. Piozzi, and they differ substantially from the vivid and pointed description of the historian. "Give Archimedes a place to stand on," says Mrs. Piozzi's editor, "and he would move the world. Give Talleyrand a line of a man's handwriting, and he would engage to ruin him. Give Lord Macaulay a hint, a fancy, an insulated fact or phrase, a scrap of a journal or the tag end of a song, and on it, by the abused prerogative of genius, he would construct a theory of national or personal character which should confer undying glory or inflict indelible disgrace."

Thackeray differs entirely from Macaulay in precisely this requisite for historical composition. He is no partisan, because of his singular intellectual impartiality. His style is exquisitely lucid and

idiomatic, and his narrative power remarkable. If he does continue Macaulay's History, it will be the best continuation in literature—better than Martin Farquhar Tupper's completion of "Christabel."

IN these stirring times many persons have very crude ideas of what it is to break the peace. Why should people fight? they ask. Hasn't the world got beyond fighting? Isn't peace the most desirable of all things? And ought we not to sacrifice a great deal for the sake of peace?

Certainly we ought. But it is the question of cowardice and baseness as well as of a sincere desire. It very readily degenerates into a cry for peace every where, at all hazards, and at every cost. But is there a noble man or nation any where that would take such ground?

Peace can always be bought if you will pay the price. If a robber stops you upon the road, if a burglar stands over your child and threatens, you need not break the peace, you have only to give them all they ask and there need be no blows, no disturbance. You may have peace if you will pay the price. A man leads you by the nose through the street—you have only to go quietly. A man kicks you—you have only to wait for more. A man grasps your throat—you have only to stand still. He throttles you—you have only to drop dead.

In all these cases there need be no breach of the peace if you cheerfully submit. But now see—if a man assaults you in your person or your rights, who is the breaker of the peace if you defend yourself? There is no need of serving the devil with the Lord's weapons. No man is called upon to favor anarchy under the plea of preserving peace. In fact, if you would have peace, be ready to maintain and defend it. Peace is a good thing—but only an honorable and manly peace. There is the peace of industrious activity, and there is the peace of death; a tree in a windless summer day is peaceful, so is a stagnant pool. When a man buys peace with dishonor does he not buy it too dearly?

IN Dickens's novel of "Great Expectations," which is now appearing in *Harper's Weekly*, the novelist returns to his earlier manner. There is more of his peculiar humor in the work than in any he has recently written. The characters are singularly original, and the plot striking and entirely new. The extravagance is a Dickens extravagance, bearing the same relation to life as the portraits of which it is said that they are more like the sitter than he is to himself. The extravagance of Dickens is like a tune played an octave above. It is the perfect melody, although nobody can sing it so high.

Pip, the hero of the book, is a youth suddenly promoted from the smithy of his brother-in-law, Joe Gargery, upon the edge of the marshes somewhere in England, to the position of a young gentleman of great expectations. But neither Pip nor the reader suspect, until they are told, whence these expectations are derived, and then Pip and the reader are equally surprised. Joe Gargery is one of the uncouth beings with a heart as huge as his body, of whom Dickens is so fond, whose simplicity of nature confounds the worldly sagacity of shrewd men. And Dickens makes his readers no less fond of him. The great, blundering, ungrammatical, overgrown Joe, a kind of domestic Titan, helpless in speech, and of no education, is pathetic from his affectionate fidelity, and sublime through the naked instinct of duty.

Miss Havisham is the next most emphatic sketch

of character. She was the victim of some bitter nuptial disappointment, and in her gray age her crazed brain holds her the prisoner of that tragical moment. She lives in her chamber garnished for the bridal, wearing her nuptial veil and dress which have grown yellow with time, tottering upon her cane about the table upon which the bride-cake moulds and the ghastly candles burn the whole year round. The object of her life is to destroy the peace of men—to break their hearts in revenge for her own grief. She is old and withered, and can inflame no heart with her own beauty, so she cherishes a young and superb girl, whom she has educated to be her avenger. A young, superb girl, Estella, like Maud, "Passionless, pale, cold face, star sweet on a gloom profound;

Woman-like, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong."

Her part in the story, thus far, has been to ensnare the affections of Pip, but without effort. She evidently does not wish that he should love her, and for some reason spares him the intentional torture of her charms. But for all that, Pip is hopelessly enamored.

The convict is a bold picture in Dickens's most vigorous vein; and Wemmick, the clerk of the criminal lawyer, who is a lawyer's clerk in town and a quaint, simple human being in the country, is one of those exquisitely humane touches which show the master of his art. Mr. Jaggers, the criminal lawyer, who knows all the evil-doers and who seems capable of all their crimes, is curiously contrasted with his clerk, suggesting, without any especial resemblance, the relation of Ralph Nickleby and Newman Noggs.

The plot of the story is thus far capitally concealed. The breadth and humor of the style are in the old manner. The richness of imagination, the affluence of invention, are as remarkable as ever. In these days of little new reading "Great Expectations" is peculiarly welcome.

SEVERAL of the best known and most benevolent of the men and women of Boston have been interesting themselves in the foundation of an Institution for Homeless and Outcast Women. "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more." Upon the list of names are merchants, lawyers, poets, clergymen, and people of all pursuits, with women who are to be found wherever the unfortunate are.

Of course the first emotion of all who read such a statement is that the project is amiable enough, but wholly impracticable. If a sin can only contrive to become monstrous enough it is finally regarded as a part of the natural order of things; and any attempt to remove it, or to obviate its effects, is looked upon like the effort to dig away a mountain. But this is always understood by those who have a little experience of any kind of reform. The nuisance is so comfortably entrenched, the world has become so used to it, that really it seems a very gratuitous task to try to abate it. If it be a profitable nuisance, the course of reform is like that of true love.

Let us suppose a bone-boiling shop which poisons a neighborhood with its noisome breath. When the question is first asked, the shop, which thinks that mild concession is the best way to paralyze the hostile movement, says plaintively, "Well, unluckily, I probably *am* a nuisance; I suppose I *do* smell rather strong. Pity, pity! Since bones must be boiled, it were to be wished that they could be boiled without smell. But, alas! in this world," sighs the fetid old shop, "what is perfect?"

The opposition is staggered by this courteous reception and confession. "After all," bleat some of the weaker brethren, "the old shop puts it very reasonably. It *does* smell. It confesses it. 'Tis the nature of boiling bones. Now bones must be boiled, and they will smell; but certainly this shop smells badly with the utmost politeness and regret. It would be very ill-natured to trouble such a courteous nuisance."

If the matter is pushed—and, somehow, it always is pushed—the shop becomes truculent in the degree that it perceives the effort at removal to be earnest. "Pooh! pooh! what are you talking about? The smell of boiling bones is peculiarly healthy. It is a very lucky neighborhood that can secure a good, rank, bone-boiling shop and smell!"

So at last it is kicked out.

Moral nuisances follow the same law. If the pressure against them is strong they usually succeed by a compromise: "Regulate us—don't abate us." Society, as a whole, capitulates under that name of compromise. But a few are unwilling still, and as they are entirely in earnest, they finally carry the day. It is a good rule, therefore, when you wish to do men service, to seek some unblazoned, struggling, apparently hopeless movement for relief, and help that. It is never difficult to follow the fashion. To set the fashion is quite another thing. John Howard is a heroic philanthropist whom we are inclined to undervalue, because prison reform is one of the accepted fashions of charity. (It is not said unkindly; and there is plenty more work to do in that direction.) But when Howard plunged into the dungeons of Europe, and brought the sunshine of human sympathy with him, his coming was like his whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains.

Our charity is languid so long as it is skeptical of any reform. The methods may be matters of difference and debate, but not the object.

It was not more a matter of course, a century ago, that debtors should be imprisoned than it is now that the friendless and outcast women of our society should be utterly lost. But we have grown wiser about imprisonment for debt: why should we indulge any foolish skepticism or despair of any other enlightenment?

It is proposed to found a self-sustaining and industrial institution for forsaken and homeless women. There have been many attempts to help this unhappy class, but they have failed for many reasons. Placing them in families is a method defeated by the prejudice of society. Then many kinds of employment devised for them are chosen regardless of their inevitable restlessness. "In work-rooms and female associations generally, the scorn of the untempted and the suffering of the fallen stamp every attempt to employ them with mortification and failure."

The general plan of this movement contemplates the culture of fruits, vegetables, and flowers; the care of the dairy and of poultry; of green-houses and nurseries; the preparation of seeds and herbs, of pickles, preserves, and jellies, etc.; the cutting and making of common garments. Ten thousand dollars are wanted to begin with, which is to be raised by voluntary subscriptions in various ways.

The persons who are interested in this movement are precisely those who understand the peculiar difficulties of any such effort. They are neither Utopians, nor infidels, nor Sybarites. They are of the kind by which the work of the world is done. The least we can do is to cheer them by our hope, if we

can not muster faith enough. And if we can not hope, we can at least pray.

Is honor, then, mere froth and quibble, F. B.? Is there nothing meant by the word but the maudlin conceit of blackguards and duelists? Is there no such thing as national honor, and is the honor of a gentleman a chimera? I do not mean by gentleman a person who thinks it is his business to devote himself to horses and billiards and his own comfort, and who is ready to kill any body who calls him liar; but a man who lives for others as he best may. When you speak of the honor of a man, do you mean something contemptible or something visionary? No, F. B.: we mean by honor that which is right and just and manly. A man is dishonored, not when a drunkard throws a glass of wine in his face, or when a ribald calls him liar, but when he is mean, false, and unmanly. And so a nation is dishonored when it is recreant to the same great and eternal principles which ought to mould private character and guide private conduct.

A war can not be properly compared to a duel, because it is based upon denial of necessary rights or invasion. National honor, justly speaking, is the national loyalty to the principles of its Government. A nation may dishonor itself, as an individual may, by recreancy to principle, whether political or moral; and it is the most deadly of errors for the citizen of any Government to suppose that peace at all hazards is the duty of that Government; and equally unjust to assume that the war it wages is merely a quarrel upon a perilous point of honor.

F. B. will not have forgotten how well Tennyson puts this in his abused poem "Maud." He was charged with betrayal of the vocation of the poet because he denounced peace. But he did not. In the passages quoted against him he does not denounce peace. But he insisted, as every clear-sighted man must, that there may easily arise an occasion in which war is the noblest and most peaceful part. He knew when the savage has raised his tomahawk over your child, that he who cries to you "Peace, hold your hand!" is a more mortal foe than the murderer. He knew that under the name and form of peace the most annihilating war may be waged upon all that makes society tolerable.

Let us refresh our remembrance of the closing lines of the poem in which, during the Crimean war, the poet laureate of England sang his hopes and fears of his country. There is no citizen in any land in our day who may not be warned by the words. True to his duty as a poet, a creative singer, Tennyson unfolds the eternal law of human nature and human society, that storm is better than stagnation, and that the spiritual laws of this world are just as resolute and sure in their operation as the laws of chemistry or the stock market. He insists that a seed planted in the ground is not so sure to germinate as wrongs and corruptions in society to rend and tear it at last like departing devils. And in saying it the poet only echoes the lesson of all history.

The poet dreams. The vision

"Spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars.

* * * * *
And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair
When I thought that a war would arise in defense of the
right,
That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire.
* * * * *

And as months ran on and rumor of battle grew,
 'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I
 (For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true)
 'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
 That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
 And I stood on a giant deck, and mixed my breath
 With a loyal people shouting a battle cry
 Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
 Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
 Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
 And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames
 Horrible, hateful, monstrous—not to be told;
 And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!
 Though many a light shall darken and many shall weep
 For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims,
 Yet God's just doom shall be wreaked on a giant liar:
 And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
 And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
 And noble thought be freer under the sun,
 And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
 For the long, long canker of peace is over and done,
 And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
 And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
 The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire."

EASY CHAIRS have a natural sympathy for Loun-
 gers. They seem almost made for them. Loiter-
 ers, lazy people, vagabonds, have all a kinship with
 the expansive arms and the comfortable cushions of
 the Chair. This Chair, of course, is no exception.
 So strong is the fellow-feeling that he always feels
 self-reproached if he rolls by an organ-grinder with-
 out giving him something for his melodious vaga-
 bondage—easy enough to others, but so wearisome
 to himself. A man is always so naturally suspicious
 that his virtuous indignation with a beggar is only
 an ingenious swindle of selfishness—a kind of Mr.
 Jenkinson of an emotion. You remember that Mr.
 J. was the moral scoundrel in green spectacles in
 "Pelham." And there are so many of those sleek,
 green-spectacled, *ex-officio* virtuous, scoundrels among
 our emotions!

I am trying to smooth the way to say that I am
 consciously and outrageously humbugged four times
 a year, once a quarter, by the most abominable Ital-
 ian mendicant that ever went unwashed from Monte
 Rosa to Tarentum. It was about four years ago,
 one summer afternoon, hazy and languid as Capri
 in July, that I first saw this dreadful sinner. I was
 sitting quietly, as Easy Chairs do on warm after-
 noons, with all my four feet extended, and smoke
 exuding from where a mouth should be, if Easy
 Chairs had mouths. As I sat dreaming, I saw a
 seedy, utterly filthy, and obsequious figure approach-
 ing; an old man, evidently, and with his remnant
 of a hat in his hand, bowing almost to the ground,
 as he caught my eye, and leering upon me with
 fawning servility, as if wondering whether I should
 think him worth spitting upon. His hair was a
 mass of white bristles, and the combination of age
 and servility inspired a feeling of curious and pain-
 ful loathing. The man's clothes hung tattered about
 him, and as he came near enough to speak he leered
 at me, his body still bent, and the head turning rest-
 lessly and appealingly toward me like that of an
 abject animal; and still grimacing, I saw his lips
 move and heard the words:

"*Per amor' di Dio, Signore.*"

What I was to do for the love of God he did not say,
 and there was no need of saying. The man actually
 squirmed as he spoke it; but the words came out full
 and clear and crisp, and his knee seemed longing to
 touch the ground that he might worship me.

I looked without speaking, and he handed a piece
 of paper that had the complexion of small-pox,
 cholera, and the plague. There was no mortal or
 disgusting disease that might not have been taken
 from that paper. However, I glanced at it, and
 saw that it was one of the certificates which are is-
 sued by some bureau of Mendicancy, and which sol-
 emnly attest innumerable absurd lies.

Still, I could not help feeling that however the
 paper might lie, and the man's tongue lie, and his
 beastly sycophancy lie, they did all tell the most
 tremendous truth. The man as he stood there could
 not lie. He could not prevaricate, nor hide the fact
 that he was an utterly disgusting and deplorable
 Italian beggar; and not only that, but a profession-
 al beggar, and a skillful but still hackneyed art-
 ist in his melancholy and miserable vocation. It
 was clearly up-hill with him in the world. He may
 have been in the country thirty years instead of the
 two which his paper set forth; he may never have
 lost his wife and children by something or other, as
 was also stated in his diseased credentials. It might
 be all a lie in the details; but the truth was unde-
 niable, he was having a rough passage over the great
 ocean that we are sailing, and if any man probably
 had excuses for lying he was the man.

Probably there was something of this faint touch
 of sympathy in the sound of my voice, when I re-
 plied to him—mustering the best Italian I could re-
 call, and asking him what he wanted.

There was a little less grimace as he answered,
 "A little money."

"But you are lying; and this paper is a lie: and
 you are a regular old vagabond and beggar."

I said it blandly, and it sounded like a musical
 compliment in my vaguely reminiscent Italian.

He relapsed instantly into cringing depreciation:

"*No, Signore! Per l'amor' di Dio!*"

I gravely asked him how long he had been in the
 country, and he instantly departed from the state-
 ment of the certificate, while his head gradually rose
 and his voice whined much less. He gave me a
 mouthful of ringing Italian, and ended by asking
 "Had the Signore been in Italy?"

Yes, the Signore had been there.

Sicuro: nothing could be plainer from the won-
 derful fluency and classic purity with which the
 dearest Excellency spoke Italian. He must have
 been every where in Italy! In Genoa?

Yes.

Gia! In Florence?

Yes.

Wonderful! In Rome?

Yes.

Dear saints! But not in Naples?

Yes.

Gran' Dio! It is a miracle!

I said the old reprobate was an artist. He man-
 aged the details of his profession with perfect skill.
 At the least hint of familiarity his head rose and his
 voice began to lose its obsequious whine. At the
 least tone of superiority down went the head, out
 came the leer at the eyes, and the voice canted back
 again into the treble drawl. At some time of his
 life the man may have done some work. He said
 that he had once been a vine-dresser in Tuscany.
 He said so; but talking with some men is like walk-
 ing upon quicksand. He was an idler by nature;
 a minion of the sun. He was ready to cringe and
 squirm his way through life, but not to work his
 passage. Yet he was such a thorough lazaroni,
 such a demoralized Edie Ochiltree, that beside the

Emerald beggars, who compose the great army of our paupers, he seemed actually poetic.

The shilling that he got stood for a great many things besides Christian charity, and as he took it in his hand he tried to stoop and kiss mine. But his hand was cold, and mine escaped from it as soon as possible. Then bowing to the ground he limped and hustled away.

Just four months afterward he reappeared. He had evidently quite forgotten the dearest Excellency, and began to tell the same old Sardinian lie. A few words restored his recollection, and he assumed a tone of old acquaintance. He chattered on for some time, and finally collected his shilling and departed. I wished for an invisible cap to follow him.

One or two more visits and he was fairly installed as my Italian pensioner. He came as regularly and successfully as the tax-gatherer. Only yesterday I was holding my neighbor's horses while he helped his wife out of the carriage, when I heard a scuffling along the avenue and beheld the pensioner. I was concealed in front of the horses, but I saw the half-alarmed air with which my neighbor's wife looked at the Italian, while her husband reminded her that it was only the friend of Mr. Easy Chair. Mrs. Neighbor did not seem relieved, but hastily gave him two shillings, as if she were ridding herself of some evil spirit. The old rascal grinned and grimaced, and shambled off, while I ran across the grounds to my own door, and leaned against the side, awaiting him as he came round by the road.

I saw him through the shrubs as he unlatched the gate and came in. He took his hat off as he entered, and surveyed the ground as if suspecting dogs; for I suppose he felt, as every one who saw him must have known, that there was no blind, old, toothless cur in the world so dull as not to bark at him. When he saw me he stopped and cringed. I looked steadily at him, without speaking. He came wriggling up the path, and in the most pathetic whine began his appeal.

"How much have you received to-day?" I asked, cutting him short.

The old chap held up two fingers.

"*Sette soldi, che!*"

Seven cents! And I had just seen the two shillings slip into his pocket!

"You hardened old vagabond, you dreadful liar, you hopelessly lost sinner," I answered, with a perfectly smiling face, and the gray-beard smiled in return—"what fire do you think will be hot enough for such a scamp as you? Didn't you just get two shillings?"

He looked at me a moment narrowly. He had come straight by the road from the other house. He knew of no private path, and I had the air of an Easy Chair which has been leaning against the door for a month; so he ventured,

"*No, Signore, che!*"

It was done with great skill; but I laughed so skeptically, and told him so distinctly what I had just seen, that he instantly recanted:

"*Si, Signore, due shillings!*" and smiled as if there were no escaping so excellent a joke.

I talked with him and presently paid his fee. An Easy Chair can not excuse itself for doing so. If you reproach it with encouraging idleness—*ma che!* shall a man starve? If you know he will steal from somebody if you don't give him something, will you withhold your alms? Let us be reasonable. The old pensioner is lazy and tells lies—that is the worst of it. The extenuation of the Easy

Chair's weakness is, that there are a great many people who are not amusing, and who do not beg, yet who do just what the old pensioner does.

Our Foreign Bureau.

FROM a recent Report of the Council of Public Health for the Department of the Seine, for the ten years last past, we extract a few facts which may be of service to your metropolitan advisers—of double service if they serve to waken your public men to the importance of establishing a similar commission of scientific and honest inquirers in all your large cities.

First of all, the Paris Board condemns the system of warming houses with furnace heat, particularly the large lodging-houses which are intended for the poorer classes. It objects to the system that it does not supply ready means of ventilation, besides affording no means of economizing the heat according to the hours during which the apartments are occupied, or for rendering it serviceable for cooking purposes.

In regard to sewers, the Commission reports the entire feasibility of disinfecting all the impure waters discharged through them. It is further suggested that these disinfected waters be diverted from the river, according to a plan submitted by an eminent engineer, and the sediment reserved for agricultural purposes.

Certain cheap disinfectants recommended by the Board we copy:

"1. Dissolve sulphate of zinc in water, and add a sufficient quantity of boiled rice-water; also a few drops of some aromatic essence: this produces a *white liquid* for the disinfection of liquids. Take, on the other hand, a solution of sulphate of iron, and add a solution of tannin, some raw pyroligneous acid, a little charcoal, and a few drops of an aromatic essence; this will give a *black liquid* for the disinfection of solid matter. 2. Or else, dissolve 25 parts of sulphate of zinc, and two parts of sulphate of copper, in 973 parts of water. This, besides disinfecting fetid matter, may also be usefully applied in disinfecting places where many people are constantly crowded together, by aspersion with a watering-pot. 3. Lastly, a mixture of charcoal in grains and chloride of lime may be used, but this is more bulky and costly."

In speaking of the comparative healthfulness of different trades, the Board signalizes the manufacture of white-lead as the most deleterious; and strongly urges the adoption of oxyd of zinc in place of white-lead. It instances a large house-painting establishment of Paris where the use of lead colors has been wholly abandoned, and their places supplied by the chromate of zinc, the sulphuret of antimony, and a combination of oxyd of cobalt and zinc, which has the name of *riman* green. These are innocent, and yield beautiful shades of color. The manufacture of lucifer matches is characterized as excessively harmful.

The question of horse-flesh is considered, and the importance of it as an alimentary substance doubted. Good horse-flesh may be palatable, but good horse-flesh is worth more for other purposes; whereas the grain or food which would go to build up broken-down hacks is much better bestowed upon sheep and bullocks. Twelve thousand horses are annually killed in the suburbs; but of these not one in a hundred are fit to furnish food.

The Board further condemns the custom of supplying poultry with animal food.

The report mentions an alimentary substance called *Revalesscière Dubarry*, said to come from India, which it declares to be nothing else but a mixture

of the flour of beans and lentils; while the *Ervalenta* or *Revalenta Arabica* is the flour of lentils alone. The sale of these pretended specifics has been forbidden by the Board, except under their real names. In the same manner "*Solenta*" is henceforth to be sold only as potato flour; and the famous "*Racahout des Arabes*," and "*Palamout des Turcs*," are to resume their original names of flour of acorns and flour of maize, with or without aroma or sugar. Tapioca also is henceforward to be sold according to its real origin, and labeled "*Tapioca of exotic fecula*," or "*of indigenous fecula*." Thus likewise the adulterations practiced on olive-oil have been unmasked by the Board. On the subject of wine, the Report condemns the use of what is called *vin de teinte de Fismes*, for giving wines a dark color. It is a liquid extracted from elder-berries, with an addition of alum. Regarding milk, the Board declares that there are sufficient means for testing its purity, but that it would be prejudicial to the public to publish any instructions on the matter. It admits the addition of a little bicarbonate of soda to milk which is to be sent a great way, because it prevents its turning, and can not injure the health of the consumer. The use of potash, however, should be prohibited. A vast number of frauds on coffee, chocolate, and tea are further exposed, from which we learn that the finer and more high-sounding the name given to the compound, the more filthy and villainous it generally is, containing husks of cocoa, burned rye or beans, the refuse of beet-root sugar manufactories, etc. The only way, it appears, of being sure of the coffee one drinks is to buy it in the grain. Regarding sugar-plums, all kinds of fancy-paper colored with deleterious substances are forbidden. The coloring substances the use of which is permitted, are indigo, Prussian blue, ultramarine, cochineal, carmine, Brazil lake, saffron, French berries (*grana Avenionensis*), and their compounds for green and violet. The substances prohibited are—all oxyds of copper or lead, Sanders blue, sulphuret of copper or vermilion, chromate of lead, Schweinfurth green, Scheele's and metis green and white-lead.

The same Board of Health from which we derive these suggestions remarks upon the feasibility of bringing salt-water to Paris from the neighborhood of Honfleur, for the establishment of sea-water baths. As a preliminary step, and to test the efficacy of such baths in a metropolitan district, the old school-frigate has been moored near to the Pont Royal, and is now being fitted for a bathing establishment, the sea-water being brought each day by rail from Havre.

It is not over yet in the late Kingdom of Naples. The reactionists are fully at work; the *camorristi* are taking advantage of the disturbed condition of the country to levy heavy tribute upon all chance travelers. A Lombard reports, in a journal of Turin, that having occasion to pass from Nola, distant only a few leagues, into the city of Naples, he was strongly advised against it by a captain in the royal carabineers. But his business being urgent, he availed himself of a guide and protector (armed only with a stout bludgeon), who was a native of the country. Every picket of soldiery advised him of the risk he ran, at all which his protector of the bludgeon only shrugged his shoulders. And it proved that the bludgeon, made effective by a heavy *douceur*, carried him through safely, it appearing at the end that the protector was none other than an agent of the brigands, among whom the price of safe-conduct was duly divided. The same pleasant system

is understood to be duly inaugurated just now on all the great roads of the south of Italy.

As for the young King, he is safely and delightfully posted for the summer near to Albano, upon that chain of purple hills which sweep round the campagna of Rome to the westward. Near him, at Castel Gondolfo, is the dowager Queen, his mother, a guest of the hospitable Pope. The royal officers who remain loyal are renewing their oaths, and preparing themselves, under the instructions of their august master and of the subtle Antonelli, for a summer of intrigue against the royalty of Italy.

Nor is this the only or the greatest danger which the new kingdom has to contend with. The Mazzinists are every where busy; they have urged the rupture of Garibaldi with the Administration; and had they not been met by the severe and self-sacrificing patriotism of the Count Cavour, would have embroiled Italy afresh. The parliamentary passages of the great minister with the great soldier are now a matter of gone-by news. The result was a quasi victory for the patriot chieftain; but not by any reason of his parliamentary strategy or courtesy. Never, indeed, did a great man so forget himself to acrimony, and abate his reputation by violence. Nobody looked for an accomplished debater or a suave talker; but all who admired him and valued him had reason to look for more of dignity, and that calm self-restraint which his elevation ought to bestow. The King, with a bonhomie and good sense that were admirable, healed the breach between the rivals. Garibaldi's wishes in respect to the army of Southern Italy were regarded; and he has gone back to Caprera to bide quietly the occasion for more worthy service than he can render in the House of Deputies.

It is noteworthy in these times of war, that the the volunteer army of the south is to keep by its Garibaldian uniform of red; and, paradoxical as it may seem, the great general is understood to urge it as the safest and least *royant* of colors for the field. A writer in one of the journals of Turin details a personal conversation with Garibaldi, in which the chieftain sets forth warmly this strange opinion.

We have alluded to the troubles in the South of Italy, the active schemes of the reactionists, favored by a recreant priesthood and the growing audacity of Calabrian brigands; but, on the other hand, we find cause for hope in the inauguration of new measures of justice, and the effective engraftment of a valid jury system upon the judicial administration of the South. Under this the conductor of a noisy paper, the *Pietra Infernale*, was arraigned for "indecent attacks on our holy religion and on good morals." The Judge, in opening the Court, said, "Grand and beautiful is the scene which I am permitted this day to witness, and I rejoice that I have lived long enough to see this triumph of freedom. Hitherto we have administered justice while surrounded by the sbirri of the police, and have spoken and acted under the menace of imprisonment and ruin. We have trembled under the despotism of perjured kings, but now—let us be thankful for it!—we speak and act our honest convictions under the government of a loyal and upright prince. Italian citizens, let me urge upon you the wise and moderate exercise of your high privileges; and you, gentlemen of the jury, prove yourselves worthy of the high account in which you are held, and administer justice with the strictest impartiality."

The Attorney-General, too, in opening his case expressed himself as overwhelmed by sentiments of

satisfaction and gratitude at being at length able to speak in a Neapolitan court of justice with perfect freedom. He eloquently contrasted the old Government of suspicion and tyrannous exaction with the new one which symbolized freedom and progress; but exhorted all Italians to use their liberty with discretion and charity. "The press," he said, "was one of the great bulwarks of liberty, and should be guarded with the utmost scrupulousness; but there were limits to its action, when it violated public decency and insulted the religion of the state and of the great mass of the people; then it was for the law to interfere, and the articles of the *Pietra Infernale*, now indicted, had been guilty of this offense. He did not come there to argue theological points, or to question the right of individuals to believe as they chose, but to enforce the law and respect for public opinion. The law had declared the Roman Catholic religion to be the religion of the state, and it must be respected."

THE political relations of the various countries of Europe, each with the others, are just now in a somewhat anomalous condition. Thus Russia and France, which have been growing into a very tender and confidential alliance, are just now set at variance by the suspicion shrewdly entertained at Moscow, if not at St. Petersburg, that French influence has not been silent in provoking the recent national demonstrations in Poland.

Again, England and Spain, which maintain a kind of *ex-officio* alliance, are just now manifesting more coolness, not to say hostility, toward one another than for years: partly by reason of the old sore of the Spanish dues, and partly—and more particularly just now—by the rigid adherence of Spain to her intolerant Popish prejudices, which persist in denying all favor and all grace to British Protestants.

England, too, is having its quarrel with Prussia, specially fostered by the Captain McDonald case, which, from the newspapers, has now reached the dignity of an inter-state quarrel. This quarrel is too old now for us to sum it up except in a half dozen lines. A British captain, traveling in a rail-car on the Rhine banks, makes claim to a privilege which the station-master denies. The captain is testy and choleric; the station-master brutal and insistent. But the captain proves to be connected in some way with her Majesty's household. Yet he goes to jail. There is protest from the British residents of Bonn, indignantly worded; and the protestants are treated even more harshly than the captain.

All the British action is in strict conformance with British pride; and all the Prussian action, though brutal and uncourteous, is in strict conformity with Prussian law. The affair reaches diplomacy, which expresses itself in a roundabout interchange of notes that mean nothing. Next it reaches Parliament, where Lord Palmerston gives a smart slap at the boorishness of the Prussian ally; which the Prussian Foreign Minister resents by declaring it rhodomontade, and by asserting that England is too dependent on her Continental alliances to bandy insults in that manner. So the affair stands; England weaned away from Prussia, and disposed just now to cultivate particular amity with Austria. Indeed she finds a fair excuse for this new love in the fact that Austria has now put on a semi-constitutional form of government; and furthermore, is earnest in declaring, with England, against the continued French occupation of Syria. The truth is that, in view of the new complications on the shores of the Mediter-

anean—the doubt of France, the dislike of Spain, the Ionian troubles, the progress of the Lesseps canal, and the Syrian occupation—England is largely in need of an ally whose ships shall command the Adriatic. The Suez Canal project has latterly commanded a new share of attention. In the British House of Lords the Earl of Caernarvon violently attacked the scheme, and called upon the Government for explanation; to which Lord Wodehouse replied that Turkey, in obedience to advices from England, had never legally given its sanction; and furthermore, reiterated the old reply that the project was a commercial, and so a political, absurdity. Yet nothing is more certain, as we learn from French and Italian papers, than that the managers have secured most ample funds; that the Pacha of Egypt has given it his sanction, besides rendering himself largely responsible pecuniarily; and that some thousands of laborers have been for a considerable time actively employed upon the work. M. Lesseps himself, the adroit and indefatigable manager, promises that in less than six months the "New Bosphorus," which is to divide the Isthmus of Suez, shall be complete.

A further indication of the present good understanding between England and Austria may be found in the fact, that an action recently brought by the Emperor of Austria in the English law-courts against Louis Kossuth, for the issue of Hungarian paper money, has been decided in favor of the Imperial plaintiff, and the Court has ordered the condemned bills, amounting to a very large sum, to be given up. Of course the British journals declare it to be a strictly legal decision, under which the Emperor has received no more favor than if he had been a ditch-digger of Lincolnshire. This is certainly a pleasant view of it, and we hope it may be true; but we can not escape the belief that if the action had been brought when Austria was playing fast-and-loose during the Crimean campaign, that the decision would have been different.

UPON the whole, perhaps, English justice is surer than the justice of any other country; but it is none the less true, that in all that regards her external policy, the action of Great Britain is measured unswervingly by her interest, with a magnificent disdain of sentiment of whatever sort. The Government of Victoria looks with a very maternal fondness after the good of its children of India, and the Canadas, and Lancashire, and London; and we Americans may be assured that it always will.

Great Britain is religious and Christian and sends missionaries to India; but all the while her Government humors and protects the Hindoo superstitions, which her private enterprise seeks to undermine. Great Britain is a friend to the poor crushed Poland, and chants sentimental regrets for the martyrs of Warsaw; but her Government (through Lord John Russell) does not send any diplomatic protest against imperial cruelty. "If I were to write a dispatch on the subject to the Court of St. Petersburg," says Lord John, "I have no doubt whatever what the answer of that Court would be: that the Emperor of Russia had made the most liberal concessions to his Polish subjects, and that all he required was that tranquillity should prevail in the country, but that he meant not to withdraw those concessions or to go beyond that which he thought necessary for the preservation of peace in his dominions. There would be a dispatch, and there would be an answer, but is there any party in this country, is there any Government

that could be formed in this country that is likely to take up arms in behalf of Poland, and to endeavor to restore her nationality? and if we are not prepared to do that, although we might sympathize with Poland, I do not think it is a case for diplomatic dispatches or diplomatic exertion. What had happened lately was no doubt very lamentable."

And it is very lamentable that Venice should writhe as she does under the heel of the Austrian ally of England; and Great Britain pities her with her great, far-off pity. That is all; and the Government of England will do nothing for her until such time as the Austrian alliance is worth nothing to her. We can never forget the bitterness with which, upon a time, we heard the late sincere patriot, Daniel Manin, express his loathing for what he called the selfish policy of England in the days of 1849. "We had heard so much," he said, "of her friendliness; there had been such outspoken declaration of sympathy, such hearty greetings, as we met the brunt of the storm; and when we held the tyrant at bay—the world looking on, we fainting from weariness, and imploring aid in the name of humanity, in the name of Christ—England hesitates, measures cost of interference, sinks her brave sympathies, leaves us to desolation and slaughter."

And yet, what is a Government for if not to look after the temporal interests of its subjects? Is it part of the *rôle* of a good government to make war for an idea? France says yes! France has tried it over and over; but France has left deep traces of her outside heroism in the spilt blood of a million children. Has a Government any right to be heroic if the heroism is to sacrifice the interests of those specially under care? What is the end of Government except to look singly, persistently, unflinchingly after the interests of those who fashion it and endow it? England represents, perhaps, more than any country in the world Christian civilization, and the office of its Government is to secure the blessings of that civilization to its own people—but not to all peoples. And if the prosperity or growth or well-being of any great class of her population is maintained at the manifest expense and damage of any foreign population, does the British Government consider it a duty to abate straightway the home prosperity for the sake of ending the harm accruing to outsiders? Does it forbear export of opium when opium is brutalizing the Chinese? Does it forbid the coolie-trade when it is manifest that the coolie-trade involves incredible hardships and cruelty? Does a world-wide humanity invariably direct and control the policy of the Government? The popular sympathies of Great Britain may be always in favor of liberty and progress and religion; but its political sagacity does by no means always keep step with its sympathies. Has Great Britain ever proposed to give a bounty on free-grown cotton?

We may depend upon it that, in all that concerns British relations with the two American parties in the field, the English Government will be guided purely and thoroughly by what it shall count the best interest of the mass of the British people.

APROPOS of the humanities of the British Government, much attention has been called within a short time to the frightful persecution of the native population in Bengal, in prosecution of the indigo culture, through the instrumentality of the *ryots*. The subject elicits the very warm treatment of such Anglo-phobic prints as the *Nord* of Belgium, and has received the earnest attention and reprobation

of such men as Mr. Layard in the House of Commons. We are prepared to see a very decided expression of the public sympathy in favor of the maltreated East Indians, and a very sagacious and diplomatic entertainment of the "unfortunate business" on the part of her Majesty's ministers. About the well-ordered household of our friend Mr. Bull there are a great many small dogs that bark; but the mastiff, which only bites, is chained very close.

A SIGNIFICANT episode in connection with the unfortunate Polish outbreak has just now excited largely the wonderment of the curious in Paris. It was half believed that men high in the confidence of the Emperor (shall we name Walewski?) were privy to the late outbreak of Warsaw; but it is none the less certain that Paris diplomacy expresses regret at the rupture, and expresses confidence in the good intentions of the Muscovite Emperor. Well, the Polish sympathizers who live in Paris asked authorization of the government for a funeral ceremony in honor of the martyrs. It was granted, upon the condition that there should be no political demonstration. The committee of arrangement appealed to the Père Lacordaire for a commemorative discourse; the Franciscan orator declined, but suggested the name of a brother of his order, of Toulouse, M. Minjard. M. Minjard accepted the office; but, to the great scandal and discontent of his Polish mourners, counseled complete submission to the fatherly government of Russia, and rounded his funeral oration with an eloquent anti-Imperial appeal in favor of the temporal authority of the Pope. Poland is Popish, without a doubt—which Russia is not; and the drift of the theological plea seemed to be this: Let the Poles and all who suffer stand by the Holy Father, and see first to his reinstatement in his old sovereignty, and the Holy Father will then stand by them.

AMONG the things of city interest in Paris must be mentioned the Art-exhibition of the World Palace upon the Champs-Élysées. You enter it from gardens upon gardens. Chestnuts and lindens, and wide sweep of carriage-way without. Within, great blaze of garnished glazing, and fragrant exotics, with miniature streams that counterfeit the dash and frolic of the waters of the Bretagne hills. Birds singing as they sing on the meadows of Nancy; flowers breaking cover as they burst into blossom at the Luxembourg. It is altogether a rich twin-array of nature and art that makes the flowers cheat our passion for the pictures, and the pictures cheat our passion for the flowers. It is a show of living artists, the Exhibition Triennial. There are those we miss since the last. Decamps, and Ary Schaffer, and Delaroche. But Art marches, though dead ones strew the way. Of the old heroes of the brush Ingres is still alive, and so is Horace Vernet; of the new ones a host contribute to make the galleries gorgeous. But the particular art-attraction of the spring in Paris has been the exhibition and sale of the famous "Soltykoff" collection, made by a Russian millionaire and prince, and enriched with the rarest objects of porcelain, carving, enamel, armor, furniture, manuscripts dating from the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. Unbounded means and a severe taste, added to very large and accurate historic knowledge of the times put under contribution, had made this collection the most complete and valuable ever brought to public sale. The Emperor of Russia secured all the armor drawn from Eastern countries

before the public sale commenced, at the price of two hundred thousand francs; the armor of the Western nations was taken by Napoleon at two hundred and fifty thousand; while the balance sold for something over two millions of francs—making a total of half a million of dollars. Among the high prices we may instance an early book which was purchased by the eminent publisher Didot at twenty thousand francs. A carved “toilette” brought thirty thousand francs; and a ewer and bowl of early Limoges manufacture brought the enormous price of twenty and odd thousand francs.

IN French literature there is just now particularly noticeable a history of the Revolution of 1848, by M. Garnier Pagés—a man fully competent to give a just record, and as willing as competent. As yet only the first volume has appeared, which treats almost exclusively of Italy, and shows the author's ardent love for Republican institutions, and his unabated faith in them, as compared with the weakness of all monarchical ones. He does not pardon the late Savoyard King, Charles Albert, for not embracing and defending the Republican opinions of the insurrectionists of Milan, and he artfully excuses the republicanism of revolutionary Venice, which periled their city and freedom rather than succumb to the monarchical opinions of Sardinia. Had there been more unity of purpose, whether republican or monarchic, among the states of Italy, in 1848-'49, they might have achieved the conquest (Venice included) which they wrought eleven years later by favor of the Emperor of France. M. Garnier Pagés was an active and enthusiastic member of the Provisional Government of Paris in 1848; and he tells his story with the earnestness of a man who feels keenly the great glory and the great failure of his life. There is something pathetic almost in listening to the story of a man who has so long outlived the great epoch of his life. We remember well when the portrait of M. Garnier Pagés, in lithograph, was in all the shop-windows upon the Boulevards. We remember when our neighbors, in the *parquette* or the *orchestre* (as the francs were plenty or few), nudged us, and said, “*Le voici*, the man yonder with the mole on his cheek and the straight hair, that is Monsieur Pagés, of the Provisional Government.” But nobody has pointed at him these many a day. If you had asked (before this book) is he alive, or is he not alive? nine in ten would not have known what answer to make you. It was the same thing with poor Marc Caussidière, who one time held the “top of the street” hereabout; but the times tumbled him out of sight. We knew of him as a fat fellow in a steeple-crowned hat in a red sash, who had thousands in just such steeple-crowned hats at his bidding, but he vanished; and we never saw his name again, until one day, in New York it flashed upon our vision, in gilt, with the affix of “Wine Merchant.” In Paris it was never known again until he died.

Editor's Drawer.

PIPING times are times of peace. There is little that makes merry in war; but the Drawer holds on its way brimful of the humor that flows in steadily from all parts of the land.

In the camp as well as in the cottage the Drawer is read with zest; and if our soldiers had the hang of the pen as well as the sword, and a chance to

write, they would fill the Drawer with the stories of their new and exciting life.

“PREVIOUS to the breaking out of hostilities at Charleston,” a Wisconsin correspondent writes, “we had in our county three companies of United States militia, fully armed and equipped, composed altogether of our German fellow-citizens. Upon receiving the requisition of President Lincoln for volunteer troops, the Governor called upon these companies to join the regiment, whereupon they very promptly and unanimously surrendered their arms and equipments back to the State, as did also their officers their commissions. Among them was one Captain Jahns, who had figured largely in times of peace as Chairman of the Military Committee in the Legislature of the State, and in other ways had for eight or ten years been laboring to establish for himself a military reputation. Soon after resigning his commission he was met by Colonel Teall, who very coolly inquired of him ‘if the track was getting too fresh?’ The Captain not understanding what was meant, the Colonel told him his military career reminded him of a California hunter, who started out with his gun in the morning upon the track of a *grizzly*, and pursued it hard all day. When it became evident he had nearly overtaken his game, he turned aside into a miner's shanty, very much excited. The miner inquired what was the matter, as he looked agitated and alarmed. The hunter replied that he had been pursuing a *grizzly* all day, but the track was *getting too fresh*, and he didn't think it safe to follow it any further!”

DURING the war of 1812, as the Northwestern army was engaged in one of its toilsome expeditions, a private soldier sunk down beneath the hardships of the march and died. General William H. Harrison was careful to arrest the progress of the forces, in order to give this man a Christian burial with coffin and funeral. As some of the military carpenters were engaged in preparing the coffin, he entered the shop and paced the floor in silence, watching the progress of the work, evidently with his feelings aroused by the circumstance. One of the soldiers, presuming perhaps on this exhibition of humane feeling, asked the General as to his plans for the future operations of the army. Pausing in his walk, and elevating himself to commanding height, Harrison asked,

“Are you a soldier, Sir?”

“Yes.”

“Then, Sir, *be one!*” was the reply; which, with the tone and eye of the speaker, gave the daring soldier a lesson in subordination doubtless never forgotten.

“A FEW weeks ago, being on a visit to Elizabeth, New Jersey, I was the guest of Captain Blank, who has become famous in consequence of his connection with the first attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter. He is the proud father of a very intelligent little girl of some six or seven summers, who is remarkable for her smart little speeches. On one occasion, at the dinner-table, she was in her usual happy humor, when her little brother, a lad several years her senior, ventured to tease her a little. He said: ‘Tillie, doesn't your head feel as if it were cracked, or not altogether right, when you knock upon it in this way?’ at the same time tapping his forehead with his fingers, and looking around mischievously, thinking he had quite silenced her. She looked at him a

few moments, and replied: 'Why no, Willie. Is that the way yours feels?' The laugh was turned on poor Willie, and he took the first opportunity to leave the room."

SAYS a young correspondent:

"I am a clerk in a country store in the wilds of Michigan, in a locality where a railroad is being laid. Of course Irishmen are plenty. A Patlander and his Biddy came in to make a few purchases. Their attention was at last called to a piece of flannel which I offered at cost—seventy cents—it being a remnant. After bantering some time Biddy said, 'And faith, Sir, we will give yees jist six shillin's, and not a cint more, ony how.' My first impulse was to laugh; but I kept straight, and told her it was almost giving her the goods; but I would not stand about a few cents, and she might take it along. Paying the money, they left chuckling over their good bargain, and saying, 'Be jabers! and we know how to dale wid the blatherin' Yankees.'"

THE following singular circumstance occurred in this city some time ago, and was duly reported in the Drawer. It seems to have happened again in Boston. A correspondent writes:

"Near the Revere House, in Boston, is a block of several fine houses, all having their street finish precisely alike. One of these houses is owned and occupied by Mr. Fusilbury, who has a cheerful round of friends living in the country; and when they visit Boston Mr. F. is usually invited to 'make one' for a few hours at the Revere. One night, not long since, he had been making one till the clock had made two or three in the morning; and soon after he was in a dream of philosophy, bucking a lamp-post, and gazing intently at that block of houses. A woman soon appeared at an open window, to whom he put the anxious inquiry,

"Marm, will you tell me where—in which—Mr. Fusilbury lives?"

"Why, you are Mr. Fusilbury."

"I know that, Marm; but I want to know where he lives."

"He lives here, and I am his wife. You better come in quick!"

"Mr. Fusilbury went in."

"WE have with us in Wisconsin a lusty Hibernian of corpulent dimensions, who, like most *manufactured* Yankees, has a strong desire for official position. Having gained the important office of constable, he received an execution for collection, and was directed to levy upon a cow and calf in a certain field. He accordingly proceeded to the place designated, and having succeeded in driving the cow into a corner of the fence, laid his execution upon her and read it aloud, at the same time informing the cow that he had *levied* the execution upon her. He then proceeded to secure the calf, but the youngster was too active for him; and after having pursued it at full speed several times around the field, returned in an excited and heated condition to his employer, and informed him that he had *levied* the execution upon the cow, but the calf run so he could not levy it upon him."

A MASSACHUSETTS correspondent writes:

"As you indulge the readers of your *Monthly* with a few pages of anti-hypochondriacal matter, I send the following; and if you think it worthy of a corner in your Drawer, you are at liberty to use it. It

has been published in Dr. Holland's 'History of Western Massachusetts,' and was furnished him by a successor in the ministry of the reverend gentleman spoken of, but will bear repeating. I give it in his own words:

"Amusing stories are told illustrative of the character of some of the pastors who have lived in New Salem, and among them the following: Rev. Mr. Foster was a facetious man, and usually ready at joke and repartee. He had a parishioner, a carpenter by trade, pretty well stocked with ready wit, and withal somewhat given to boasting. One day, while at work for his minister hewing a stick of timber, the carpenter was boasting, in his usual style, of the marvels that he could perform. The pastor, to put an extinguisher upon him, said: 'Governor' (his nickname), 'do you think you could make a devil?'—"Make a devil?" responded the Governor; "why yes, oh yes" (his broad axe moving a little more rapidly). "Here, put up your foot! You want the least alteration of any man I ever saw!" It was rare that the minister came off second best in an encounter of this character, but he did this time."

"OWN cousin to the boy, in April's Drawer, who wanted to know 'Where is the shop?' must be our five-year-old Eddie.

"He attends Sabbath-school, and has learned, from Genesis and the Catechism, that the principal ingredient of humanity is *dust*—a material which he delights of all things to work in.

"On week-days the dining-room sofa serves as a milk-wagon, with a chair for horse; but on Sunday he turns it into a pulpit, and preaches, extempore, for the benefit of the assembled chairs and sister Lillie. On a recent occasion his subject was cruelty, and the discourse ran as follows:

"What a wicked, wicked boy he was, to catch flies and pull off their wings and legs! How would he like to have his arms pulled out and legs cut off? Then he was sorry he had treated the poor flies so. A bad man threw him right into the river. He was so *lame* he could not get out, but he went right to heaven."

"Careful, careful, Eddie,' says mamma, who had been quiet but observant.

"A pause ensued, during which he seemed to be trying to realize the scene to which he had introduced the lame boy. Soon, however, the discourse was finished, with an emphasis and a flourish, in these words: 'And there he saw how folks are made—and they've got a lot of dust up there!'"

"OUR little Johnny, going to dine with his grandmother on his birthday, partook so freely of the good things on the table that a second piece of pudding became an utter impossibility. The old lady, seeing his eye dwelling on the tempting object, said, 'Johnny, don't you think you could manage another piece?' Johnny looked doubtful for a moment, but a light breaking over his face, immediately exclaimed, 'Perhaps if I was to *stand up* I might eat another!'"

"My father tells a great many old Scotch stories," says a correspondent in Ramapo, "a few of which I here send you:

"The family of Mr. Torrance were about leaving the town of Strathaven, in Lanarkshire, Scotland, for America. Tibby Torrance, an old maiden sister of Mr. Torrance's, was to accompany them. Before

they left some of the neighbors were talking to Tibby of the dangers of the 'great deep,' when she suddenly exclaimed,

"'Aweel, aweel, it's been a gae dry simmer, and I think the sea 'll no be very deep!'"

"JEAN M'GOWN had been telling a story to some friends who seemed inclined to doubt the truth thereof, when Jean, turning around quite indignant-ly, said, 'It mon be true, for father read it out o' a bound book!'"

"SOME singular inquiries were made by Scotch people last year while I was traveling in Scotland. One asked me, 'Have you any fresh water in America?—I thought it was all salt.' Another asked me, 'Do you know a Mrs. Walker in America?' 'Yes, I know a Mrs. Walker in New York city, but perhaps she will not be the person you are acquainted with. Where does she live; for America is a very large country, you know?' 'Well, I believe she lives in a place called Wisconsin!'"

"LITTLE CHARLIE says some smart things in his way. The other day he was somewhat saucy to his mother, and when she rebuked him he showed the fire of the eye, and told her she '*had better look out.*' He saw he had committed the unpardonable, and as she was about to take the matter in hand, he added, 'I mean—*out the window!*' That will do for a three-year-old, which was his age."

"A FINE old Irish gentleman of my acquaintance called on me just as we were seating ourselves at dinner. He remarked that he was always lucky. 'Born under a lucky star,' said I. 'Yes,' said he; '*sometimes I am.*'"

"THE pulpits of the churches in old times in New Jersey were very much the size and shape of large tubs, or hogsheds, and were reached by some few steps to a landing a few feet square, and another flight to the pulpit."

"At that time slaves were held in that and other Northern States, and Parson L—— had one, who was regarded by the neighbors as a good man. This negro occupied a seat on the landing, and of course was seen by the congregation. In another locality, out of the view of Parson L——, but in that of the people and the negro, a large, noble dog, the property of the negro, had his station."

"The pastor, like others, had a mischievous son, who one Sunday kept the dog at home, and dressed him in a part of his father's clerical robes and wig, powdered and set off until the dog assumed a most ludicrous appearance, then released him in time to reach his place in the church before the end of the long prayer. Parson L—— commenced reading a psalm, when he observed an unusual smile on the face of many of his people. This increased and spread, until the parson became so disconcerted that he stopped in amazement, and stood wondering what could move his people to such untimely excitement. The negro kept his white woolly head, with eyes rolling in dismay, turning back and forth from his master and the innocent dog; but the culminating point soon came, and the scene it produced must be left to the imagination of the readers of the Drawer, when the negro exclaimed, 'Massa, look at Cuff!'"

IN —, Connecticut, Mr. Ewing had borrowed twenty dollars of his neighbor, Squire Robinson,

and had failed to make payment according to promise. Two or three times he had failed; and at length he told the Squire that he would certainly pay him on Saturday next if his life was spared till that day. The day came and went, and no money came. The next morning, bright and early, the Squire sent word to the sexton of the church that Mr. Ewing was dead, and, as was customary in those days, the bell should be tolled. The sexton tolled forty-nine times, the deceased being in his fiftieth year. "Who is dead?" the neighbors asked. "Mr. Ewing," said the sexton. But in the course of the morning Mr. Ewing was out as usual, on his way to church, and learned that he was dead, and the town had been told of it when the sexton tolled the bell in the morning. The joke soon leaked out, and the next day the Squire got his money."

A BOSTON correspondent sends the following Choatiana:

In a speech at the beginning of the Mexican war Mr. Choate opposed an invasion of the Mexican territory, advocating the policy of keeping the United States army within the line of boundary claimed by our Government. In answer to this it was urged that such a policy would prolong the war: that the Mexicans did not agree to this boundary, and that they would be sending armies continually into the field to harass our troops. This Mr. Choate energetically denied. "No, Sir," said he; "draw a line with the sword where the United States are resolved it should be drawn, and *no Mexican army will dare come within a thousand miles of that line for a thousand years!*"

In maintaining the worthlessness of certain testimony offered upon the other side, in a cause in which he was engaged, Mr. Choate said, "It would be as difficult to find a grain of truth in that testimony as to find *a drop of water spilled in the Desert of Sahara in the times of the Crusaders!*"

Speaking in excuse of a man who had borrowed largely in the prosecution of an enterprise that failed of success, and thus cruelly disappointed his creditors, Mr. Choate said, "Suddenly, as the lightning blazes in the summer sky, *all his vernal hopes of promise perished in autumnal rigor.*"

THE following "Rules" are issued by the Board of Health of the city of Matanzas, Cuba, for the benefit of "foreignness." The copy was forwarded by an American lady residing in Matanzas. We omit two or three of the rules, which the foreigner would do well to find and add:

RULES

that ought to be observed by foreignness which come to this Island in the warmer season to prevent of being invaded by the yellow fever, well assured, that if they follow these rules recommended here, as the result of a long experience, even if they were attacked by the yellow fever they will be cured with more facility.

1. Those persons just arrived to this country, ought to avoid to get wet, they ought not to be exposed to the sun, not to make excess in eating or drinking: not to eat green fruits, nor any thin piquant, not to drink spirits, and if they could, would be better for them, not to drink but pure water, or if necessary a little red wine mixed with fresh water at dinner time.

2. They will take great care not to expose themselves to the fresh wind changing clothes when in transpiration and not to get wet when they are sweating and procuring, to keep always an equal temperament avoiding the suddenly changes from warm to cold weather.

3. When the Thermometer of Farenheit will mark 75 to 80 degrees of heat in any season of the year they will bath

themselves before taking any meals in temperate water, not cold nor warm, and during the hot season they will be seated in temperate water for some minutes taking care not to be in perspiration at that time.

4. Dinners and breakfasts will be moderate and at regular times, and at 12 o'clock in the noon they will take a glass of limonade, barley water, orange or tamarind water, without being transpiring at that time.

5. If foreignness ought to remain in this country, it would be good for them to live in the interior for the first 2 or 3 years, procuring to live in the most higher climates during the hot season and not to come back to the ports until December or January when the cold weather is come.

Following these rules and advises they will by degrees get acclimation, and if yellow fever will come it will be very moderate and easily to be cured.

6. Those whose temperament is very sanguinous ought to be bled moderately by doctor's advises as they arrive to this country, and when they feel some kidneyach and headach, with white colour in the tongue and heaviness in the eyes they will call the doctor immediately without loss of time if the wish to conserve their lives as some time after may be late. If the attack is violent they will drink immediately a glass of sweet olive oil with some drops of limon or bitter orange mean time the doctor comes drinking afterwards linseed or white mallow, or tamarind boiled water cold moderately and procuring perspiration in bed.

Approved by the Board of health and City council.

Redacted and published by

JOHN CRESPO DE LA SERNA.

MATANZAS.—FERRO CARRIL PRINTING OFFICE.

MANY persons, when wanting a marriage-license, would go by mistake into Phil Hoyne's instead of Charley Farwell's, the County Clerk's, for it, in Chicago.

One day a candidate for matrimony having made his appearance in Phil's office, was severely cross-examined as to his ability to support a wife, and faithfully promised to never let her want for any thing, and treat her kindly, etc., and then gave him the following note to the County Clerk:

"CHARLEY FARWELL,—Give this man a license.—O.K.—Able to support as many wives as the law requires. Poor fellow!

PHIL HOYNE."

"I HAVE a little wee cousin about three years old, full of fun and life. I paid his parents a visit not long ago, and the first face that I saw at the door was little George's, beaming with pleasure. I went up to him, and exclaimed, playfully, 'Why, George, what do you do for a living now?' Without a moment's hesitation he answered, 'I eats!'"

A LITTLE boy once had committed to memory, for recitation at a Sunday-school, that beautiful Psalm of David, the Twenty-third. When he got to the verse which says, "Thou anointest my head with oil," he sort of stumbled; but recovering himself he said, "Thou anointest my head with *cologne*!"

"GOING into the room of my friend Wm. B. S—— the other morning suddenly, I found him engaged at his toilet. He said, 'You have found *dis here Bill* in *dishabille*!'"

JUDGE ROWAN, of Kentucky, was one of the most remarkable men of that State, and one of the few who approached Mr. Clay in his manners and great power of conversation. We had the good fortune of being fascinated by his intellectual powers, and shall ever remember how he held spell-bound all who came within the magic circle of his voice. He stated on one occasion that he was present when Aaron Burr was a prisoner in Louisville, on his way to Richmond to be tried for treason. The populace

outside the building was excited to the highest degree, and made a demonstration as if they would seize and maltreat the distinguished prisoner. Mr. Clay, then just rising into fame, became somewhat alarmed for Burr's safety; and in that courtly manner for which he was always so remarkable, said, "Mr. Burr, whatever may be the excitement in the street, depend upon it I will be answerable for your personal safety." At the remark the fine eye of Burr flashed with lurid fire, and drawing himself up with a dignity that seemed overpowering, he replied, "Mr. Clay, I have never been placed in any circumstances where I could not protect myself."

SOME of the finest specimens of oratory in the world are to be found among the Western stump speakers. They excel particularly in a style not set down in the books, which may be termed "the inference." Can any thing be more to the purpose than the following passages?

"Gentlemen, I have heard of some persons who hold to the opinion that just at the precise moment one human being dies another is born, and that the just-departed soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now, I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent there, and I find that for some time previous to his nativity *nobody died!*"

"Colonel Skinner, of Texas," who was going it on "a high figure" before the right kind of audience, thus settled a long-disputed fact in history and "elevated" himself.

"Feller-citizens," said he, with a very knowing look, "I was at the battle where Tecumsey was killed—I was! I commanded a regiment there—I did! I'm not gwine to say who *did* kill Tecumsey—I won't! But this much I will say: Tecumsey was killed by one of *my* pistols; and, gentlemen, I leave it to your knowledge of human nature if a man would be very *apt* to lend out his pistol on an occasion of that sort."

MANY years ago, upon a Western steamer, a group of strange beings sat about a table gambling. For the want of their usual prey they were "eating each other up." Without a word they steadily performed their work, and as one after another lost his all they sullenly retired into the back-ground. Presently one of the "unfortunates" came back to the table, and speaking to the seemingly acknowledged leader, said,

"Bill, I want you to do me a favor."

"What is it?" was the gruff response.

"Why, I want you to lend me your pistol to blow my brains out."

The gambler addressed coolly drew out the weapon and handed it over, remarking, "Why, Jim, when you said something about doing you a favor, I thought you wanted to borrow some money. That, you know, you couldn't do. But if it is only to have my shooting-iron to blow yer head off, you know you are welcome to it."

The gambler then went upon the lower-deck of the boat, and deliberately seating himself with his feet over the bows, he drove the fatal bullet through his head and fell into the water. The powerful steamer plowed over the place where he disappeared, but the passengers, as they looked back, saw no evidence that the body ever escaped the embrace of the under whirlpool currents of the Mississippi. The gamblers about the table pursued their avocation, and never displayed the least curiosity to learn the

fate of their companion; and long before the day was passed the circumstance was apparently forgotten, for among the desperadoes of the Southwest there had been witnessed no uncommon tragedy.

"KIRBY'S DYING" is still the standard of all death scenes among the theatre-goers, and any one who pays the last debt of nature, on the theatrical stage, in a becoming manner, is considered a "slow engine" and treated with due contempt. Every one admires the heroism in a sea-fight where the ship's crew nail the ensign to the mast; and Kirby's introduction of the American flag in Richard the Third, and wrapping it around the kingly person just before he "pegged out," had a touch of the heroic about it, after all. Garrick died decently and in order when he played the hump-backed tyrant, and it was not until Edmund Kean changed the taste of the public that the "modern gyrations" and "hyfalutens" were considered by critics of taste "just the thing." The following extract, which illustrates this idea, was written before the "Kirby school" had any existence, and lets the reader into the mental operations of a cultivated man who, in England, witnessed Kean for the first time, entirely unprepared for the "physical exhibition" by any precedent. The gentleman says:

"I have seen critics convulsed with ecstasy, and the whole house in a roar of delight at a death scene of Roscius Kean. On receiving his first wound, he doubled himself up like a tobacco-worm, and announced the accident by a broad grin. Anon he received another poke, which caused him to stagger and fall upon one knee, where he delighted the audience with several displays of determined valor, grinning terribly all the while. On receiving the third push, he wheeled round, staggered, stamped, and fenced with the air like a blind game-cock, until finally he received the *coup de grace*, which caused him to jump up two yards, and fall down in the most affecting manner. Now, Heaven be praised! thought I, the man is dead at last. But I was out of my reckoning, for then began the cream of the affair; the rollings, the contortions, the gnashings of teeth, the bitings of the dust, the gropings about for the sword, and finally the great flip-flap which crowns all. I vow to you one of these first-rate actors is as hard to kill as our Missouri bears, which, it is said, are so tenacious of life that a bullet or two through the vitals is a mere flea-bite."

Now who ever said harder things of Kirby in his "best estate?" And yet this was written by a very clever man about Kean, and might be repeated as characteristic of some living celebrities.

IN the rage for making fortunes in the California trade, Charley Peck bought, among other truck to take out and sell in the new world, a large lot of pease, and sent them from New York around the Horn. He went by the way of Panama, and arrived ahead of his pease.

When they did come nobody wanted them, and Charley was stuck, as the pease were when growing. What should he do? He must mind his pease, and get rid of them some way. He soon learned that feed for mules was very scarce, and the thought struck him that pease would be the thing. He went to a neighbor and hired a mule for ten days; starved him till he took to pease like-thistles or clover. Off went Charley to a feed store, and offered his pease for mule feed. The dealer objected, as he had never heard that mules would eat

pease. They adjourned to the yard, where Charley's mule was munching them. This settled the matter, and Charley sold his pease at a grand profit. But the rest of the mules would not eat them, and the dealer found his pease on hand and no sale.

KISSING is not to be talked about; one practical demonstration is worth a thousand prosaic descriptions. The emotions of anger, fear, doubt, hope, and joy have been appropriately described; but no one has done justice to a warm, loving kiss. We find in the Drawer several attempts. One is by a young lady still in the dreamy regions of girlhood. She sings:

"Let thy arms twine
Around me like a zone of love;
And thy fond lip, so soft,
To mine be passionately pressed,
As it has been so oft."

This is cold enough, surely. We next have something better; the heart has made advances, and speaks from experience:

"Sweetest love,
Place thy dear arm beneath my drooping head,
And let me lowly nestle in thy heart;
Then turn those soul-lit orbs on me, and press
My panting lips, to taste the ecstasy
Imparted by each long, lingering kiss."

Alexander Smith seems to have been electrified by a kiss; one made him feel as if he were "walking on thrones"—a figure quite as remarkable as the old deacon's, who, upon taking too much cider-brandy, likened his sensations to being on top of a meeting-house, and having every shingle turned into a Jews-harp. But let us hear Alexander:

"My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss;
What then to me were groans,
Or pain, or death? Earth was a round of bliss,
I seemed to walk on thrones!"

It has been reserved, however, for an editor to make the manner of kissing a business; for we hear of one—hailing, we believe, from the State of Delaware—who gives the recipe with a business air that would do honor to a cookery-book. He says: "Of course you must be taller than the lady you kiss: take her right hand in yours, and draw her so gently toward you that you do not derange the economy of her tippet or ruffle—your left arm will find its place without instruction; at the same time the lady will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but to lean a little forward, and the thing is done. Don't make a noise about it, as if you were firing percussion caps; don't pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk after an innocent dove; but silently revel in the sweet blissfulness of your opportunity, without ever once smacking your lips as you would over a bowl of turtle-soup, or the glorious appearance of a well-roasted duck."

THE Rev. Mr. Bennett, of —, was making prayer at the funeral of a child. Two sisters of the child's mother had come from abroad to make her a visit. When the minister would make special allusion to the family, he said, "Here are three sisters gathered together; they came expecting to have a joyful meeting, and to spend much time pleasantly together; but the Lord has seen fit to afflict that one which *we judge to be the youngest!*"

"WE have among us an old gentleman noted for the many sharp things he has done and said, and

whose name is Sewell. He formerly kept a store, and I believe could *keep a hotel* if required. He used to sell *very cheap*, if we might believe his constant assertion of the fact. One day, when the store was crowded, he was trying to persuade a customer to take a 'whole bolt' of very cheap muslin, which he declared he was selling a quarter of a cent a yard 'under cost.'

"'But I can't see how you can afford to do that, Mr. Sewell.'

"'I couldn't, if I didn't sell *so much of it!*' replied Sewell."

"THE Hon. William Johnson was our candidate for State Senator last fall. His private character is not faultless, and though he is often called 'Old Billy Johnson,' it is not from any special reverence the people feel for him. One day during the canvass he was speaking, and in his bitter, sharp tone blazed out, 'And here they are talking of "Honest old Abe!" I'd like to know, now, what kind of an argument that is? Why don't they call me "Honest old Billy?"' An Irishman shouted out, 'Kase they know ye too well!' Old Billy was satisfied."

ELSIE GREY.

WHAT was it that you talk'd about,
Elsie Grey, Elsie Grey,
Coming through the clover-field
That sweet summer day?
What was it that he whisper'd you,
That took so long to say?
'Twas evening ere we saw you home,
Little Elsie Grey.

Back you came all rosy red,
Elsie Grey, Elsie Grey;
It must have been sweet words he said,
To make your smile so gay.
Was it of the birds and flowers,
The busy, laboring bees,
The murmur of the brooklet's tide,
Or the wind among the trees?

Very happy then you look'd,
Elsie Grey, Elsie Grey;
Never blither looks the fawn
In its woodland play;
But your lip trembled, though it wore
A deeper, richer hue,
And on your cheek a tiny tear
Lay like a drop of dew.

Child, I guess'd what he had said
To thee, dear Elsie Grey;
Guess'd the soft, sweet tale of love
Reveal'd that summer day.
Ah, beware! for sweetest moments
Are shortest in their stay;
And love is not the joy it seems
To thee, sweet Elsie Grey.

FROM young Iowa we have the next two anecdotes:

"In 1855, when the whole West was, we might say, inundated with emigrants, speculators, etc., with the usual accompaniment of a large delegation of rowdies, our worthy friend Squire Blank officiated as Justice of the Peace. At that time our City was small, comparatively. We had no Mayor or Police Courts proper, and the offenders against the peace and good order of our city were handed over by our excellent Marshal to the tender mercies of venerable Squire Blank, who had a very summary manner of disposing of them. From six to a dozen hard cases were brought before him nearly every morning.

The Squire, with all dignity, went through with them thus:

"'Mr. Marshal, what's the charge against this feller?"

"'Drunk and disorderly, your Honor.'

"'Stand up here,' says the Squire to the culprit. 'Guilty or not guilty? Mind, now, ef you say *Not guilty* we'll call a witness, and that'll be *half a dollar more.*'

"'Culprit pleads guilty generally, and the Squire relieves his mind by pronouncing the judgment of the Court to be three dollars and costs.

"CAPTAIN KING—a gentleman of great good sense, and who places all reliance on the words of Holy Writ, with which he is exceedingly familiar—was elected last year a Justice of the Peace. A few days since an Irishman brought a replevin suit against another to recover possession of a hog. The case came on with a long array of witnesses. The witnesses on both sides were equal in number, of equal credibility, and the defendant's witnesses swore as strong that hog was defendant's as plaintiff's witnesses that hog was plaintiff's. Captain King was in a quandary: number of witnesses, credibility of testimony, and strength of swearing all equal. After stating his difficulty in making a decision, he said:

"'Gentlemen, as I am compelled to decide this matter one way or the other, and since I can find nothing in the Code of Iowa to meet just such a case, I shall be compelled to follow the only precedent I know of that comes near applying, and which was resorted to by that eminently wise and good man Solomon, of whom, I think, very few of you ever heard; and in so doing the judgment of this Court is that you *divide the hog*, and each man pay one half the costs.'

"And he made them divide it."

AN Arkansas correspondent says that his particular friend, Benton Greene, will not thank him for telling the following true story:

Not long ago Mr. Greene became the husband of a beautiful Mississippi lady, and the happy pair were installed as lord and mistress of a fine plantation fronting upon the great Father of Waters. Shortly after a party was given, and Mr. G. and several ladies who were visiting him were invited. The distance being five or six miles, the party set off in a carriage just at twilight. The driver being unacquainted with the route, Mr. Greene undertook to act as pilot. The scene of festivities seemed more distant than they had supposed; but the gentleman was confident in his knowledge of the road, and was quite sure that they were close to the place. At last they came to a negro quarter, where some son of Ethiopia was extracting doleful tunes from a fiddle. "There's the music," said Mr. G.; "dancing has begun." As they approached the mansion it seemed to wear a familiar aspect.

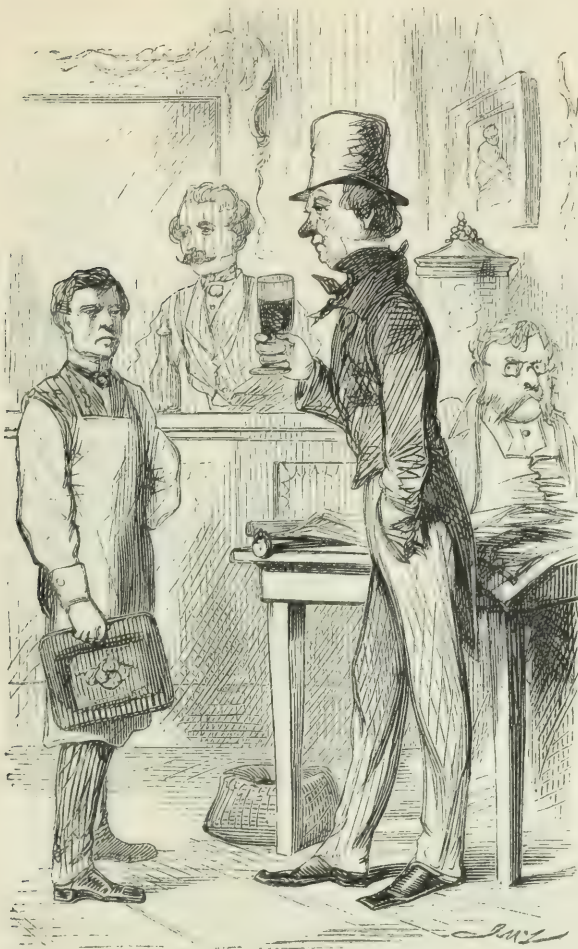
"Whose place is this, boy?" asked the gentleman, alighting and hailing a servant who made his appearance.

"Why, dis Massa Greene's, Sir."

"Greene's! What Greene's?"

"Massa Benton Greene's, Sir."

Mr. Greene looked again. Sure enough it was his own house, and the grinning darkey was one of his servants. He had made the circuit of his own plantation. He "owned the corn," flung Cæsar a dollar to pay for the information, and passed the remainder of the night *at home* with his guests.



A LADY in Boston writes :

"A good story is told of a certain inhabitant of this metropolis, which seems to me worthy of being embalmed in the memories of the million readers, more or less, of the incomparable Drawer.

"Our friend being thirsty, and having a decided antipathy to the sparkling Cochituate, concluded that a glass of fresh and foaming ale would satisfy his desires. But how shall it be procured? for a reference to his finances discloses the unwelcome fact that he has no money. However, the liquor must be had by fair means or by foul. Firmly convinced of the justice of such a decision, he repairs to the W— House, and boldly calls for a glass. Tasting the nectar, our friend blandly remarks to the waiter :

"'Excellent ale—most excellent ale! Pray tell me, waiter, whose ale is this?'

"'That, Sir, is Richardson's ale,' was the prompt reply.

"Drinking the rest, he coolly remarks :

"'Richardson's ale—indeed—ahem! Well, I'm pretty well acquainted with Richardson, and when I see him again I'll pay him for this. Good-morning!'

"'LITTLE IDA is three years and a half old, and is quite an observer of matters and things in general. She is domiciled with her grandmother, a devout old lady, who, on the fourth of January, felt it her duty to observe the day as designated by the President, and attended church, or, as it was explained to Ida, 'went to fast meeting.' The service happened to be quite short. The next Sunday 'Grandma' attended church again, and this time went early in the morning, and the church being at some little distance, remained at a friend's, not returning until after the

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afternoon service. No sooner did she enter the door than she was greeted by these words from Ida, who had been impatiently awaiting her return : 'Grandma, you have been to *slow* meeting to-day, haven't you?'

"CLARA S—, a little Buffa.onian, about three and a half years old, has no very well defined notions of the *modus operandi* of imparting color to the 'ladies from Africa.' One day, being at the house of a neighbor, who has an old, fat, and very black female domestic, after looking at her intently for a moment, propounded the following :

"'Aunty, would you been so brack ef you'd allers minded your mamma, and wored your "shaker" every time when you run'd out doors?'

"'LITTLE ANNIE, my neighbor's child, had the misfortune of losing a little dog of which she was very fond. After shedding many tears over its lifeless body, she at length said, with a long-drawn sigh, 'Well, I suppose God wanted the little thing, so he took it home!'

In Newark, New Jersey, during the Millerite excitement in 1844, a cobbler, about the time fixed for the consummation of all earthly things, being strong in the faith, shut up his shop, and posted a notice outside—"No more work done here. The Lord is coming." As the Lord did not come according to expectation, and not being a second Elijah, he was soon fain to reopen his shop and peg away as usual ; but to keep his faith lively, as well as to admonish the world, he placed on the wall opposite his bench—"The end of all things is at hand." One of his customers read it over, and repeated it musingly : "'The end of all things it at hand.' What?" said he, "the *waxed end*?"





In one of the interior towns of Massachusetts resided a thrifty family of Friends (or Quakers), whose family of well-grown-up sons and daughters were ripe for the enjoyment of parties in their neighborhood.

Their worthy parents, Timothy and Comfort, had arranged to attend Quarterly Meeting about twenty miles from their house, and as it was their custom not to return home the same night, the young people of the neighborhood had concluded to have a frolic at Friend Timothy's house. It was winter; and at an early hour the sleigh-bells were heard merrily arriving, and the party was soon in full blast, and were having a play called *Disguise*, where one of the girls would go to Friend Comfort's wardrobe, and one of the boys go to Friend Timothy's, and then appear in the room of the party. While that play was in full blast Friend Timothy and Comfort unexpectedly returned home; and while Timothy was tying and covering his horse, Comfort hastened to the house, and entering all muffled up, was taken to be one of the party, whereat all began to gather about and embrace her; when she made out to show her face, a stampede ensued which baffles description. George Jones rushed out on the porch and ran off at the wrong end of it, which was about four feet from the ground, and fell sliding down the sloping yard toward the gate, on his hands and knees, encountering Friend Timothy and upsetting him, where he bawled out, at the top of his voice,

"Samwell! Samwell! didn't I tell thee when I left home to be sure and shut up the calf at night; now see what he has done!"

George Jones did not blaat, but got his sleigh ready, and he and his partner were soon off, and that party ended for that night.

LAST January a friend in Boston wrote to the Drawer in such pleasant words as these:

"Having just finished the last Number of *Harper's* at the quiet home out of town 'where I sleep,' away from noisy and confusing scenes incident to a business life at the 'Hub of the Universe,' the usual conviction comes over me with renewed force that I owe you, not *one*, but *many*, for the store of 'good fat things' presented monthly, and which have accumulated until a 'pile' of the Magazines, containing a copy of nearly every issue since it was first published, cry out against me, 'Pay what thou owest!'

"Speaking of the 'pile' of Magazines I am reminded of a conversation they occasioned the other day. Jem, my factotum, whom we Yankees designate as 'help'—a regular gem of the 'Gem of the Sea'—had occasion to replenish the wood-box in the room containing my treasures; and as the cold weather requires the use of much wood, he brought it in a large basket, being assisted by Mike, another gem, who acts as first-assistant to the original Jem. They were depositing the wood carefully in the box, stick by stick—for we don't allow things thrown, dust kicked up, or other unseemly actions *there*—when Mike espied the stack of *Harper's*, and said,

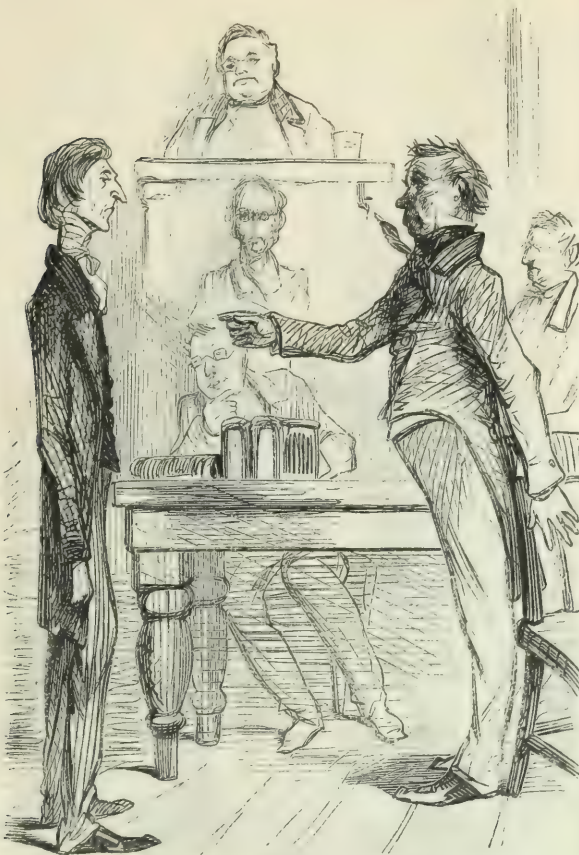
"'Sure, what is them, Jem?'

"'Them is the books you get for him sometimes, was the reply.

"'Oh, murder! ain't there *gobs* of them!' said Mike.

"If you know what quantity or numeral is equivalent to 'gobs' write me, and I will credit you with that much for favors received. That was not what I intended to write at the commencement. I designed to enter for record an anecdote of old Colonel Weston, now dead, as I believe are all of his immediate family.





"The Colonel would at times get *drunk*—yes, that is the word that best expresses the fact. When under 'ardent' inspiration he was eloquent, much given to the use of big words, kind to his family, and invariably peaceable. Such being the case, he was unmolested by the neighbors, constables, and people generally troublesome to bibulous characters. But drunk or sober, the Colonel despised his neighbor Thaxter—a sneaking, hypocritical person, whom every one disliked, and a specimen of which can be found in most every village.

"This Thaxter had made himself especially obnoxious by professing religion, evidently for the sole purpose of insnaring the heart of a rich maiden lady, who thought no one good unless a member of some church of the denomination of which she was an active member. Thaxter joined her church, and immediately commenced his wooing.

"The Colonel 'went on a drunk on the strength of it;' and Thaxter, to prove to the community his abhorrence of that which had heretofore been unnoticed, entered a complaint against the Colonel as a common drunkard.

"Being arraigned before a Justice of the Peace, the Colonel sat mute, allowing the witnesses to testify without questioning. The last witness was Thaxter. When he had resumed his seat, the Justice said the accused would be allowed to make any remarks, or ask any questions of the witnesses, previous to his announcing the fine to be imposed.

"The room was crowded with neighbors, and as the Colonel's pressure of steam had not exhausted itself, fun was expected.

"Rising slowly from his seat, the Colonel commenced:

" 'May it please your Honor, if you will call the last witness I would like to propound a few queries.'

"Thaxter took the stand. Steadying himself by his chair, the Colonel sternly commenced:

" 'Thaxter, look me in the eye.' Reluctantly he

complied—at least as well as a sheep-faced man can. The Colonel continued: 'Do you understand the nature of an oath?'

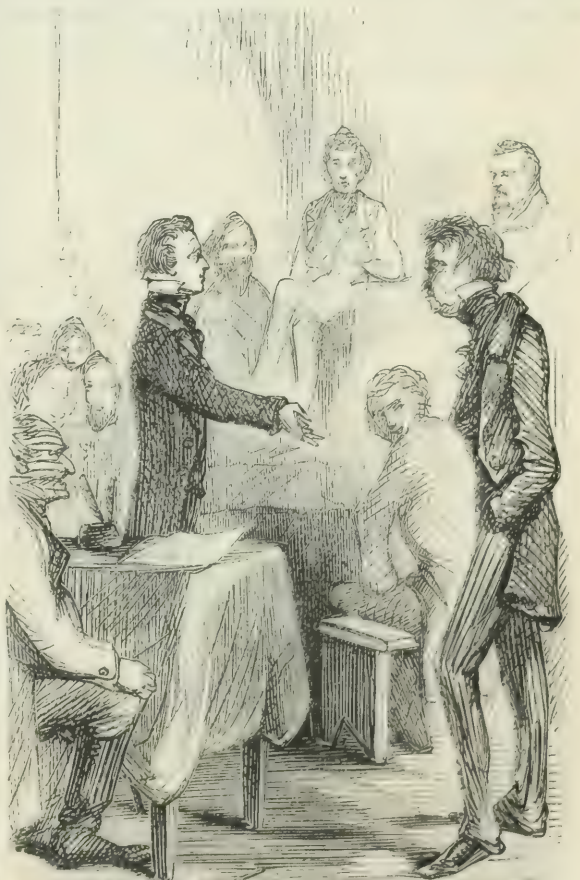
"THAXTER. 'I do.'

" 'Now, Thaxter, on your solemn oath, bearing in mind the pains and penalties of its violation—look me in the eye!—do you suppose, remembering what you have here testified, that you ever passed from nater to grace?'

"Sympathy was with the Colonel, and the explosion which followed prevented me from hearing the reply. It is consoling to remember that, soon after, Thaxter was expelled from the church, and that the lady concerned remained until the day of her death 'in maiden meditation fancy free.'"

A PIKE'S PEAKER writes to the Drawer:

"Let me give you a *snatch* of the humanity of the Rocky Mountains. Dr. B——, once well known as a noisy, but an unsuccessful politician in Eastern Nebraska, and more recently known as such in the Pike's Peak region, stood 'six feet ten' in his hat and boots. His impudence, which 'brazed' his countenance over with a hue brighter than that of the gold of his spectacles, was equaled only by his vanity, which his friends feared might some day take him off like a balloon. Not a Convention could be held here—called for whatever purpose, or by whatever clique or faction—but that the Doctor had his credentials prepared for the occasion. He was the inevitable, but ever unsuccessful candidate for the presidency of every Convention that met. Failing in his aspiration, he invariably resolved himself into the director and dictator of the committees, the debates, and the ballots. Unfortunately no Convention ever could appreciate the immaculate wisdom of his motives. Judge B——, a young magistrate of one of the mining districts, finally put a quietus



upon him. At the Golden City Convention, held last year, the Doctor had, as usual, been one of the candidates for the presidency; failing in attaining which he had, for several days, to the utter disgust of the delegates, occupied almost the entire time on the floor, brawling the most inconceivable nonsense, and shifting his position on every new subject that was introduced for consideration. At length Judge B——, for the first time during the sessions, obtained the floor. He had proceeded with his remarks but a few moments when the inevitable Doctor rose to a point of order, and asked if it were proper that the Convention should any longer be bored with a small auger? 'I will answer the question,' said the Judge. 'Yes! for what execution can a small auger do, *where the big auger has already bored the Convention to the verge of dissolution?*'

"The Doctor subsided—he had nothing more to say during the sitting of the Convention.

"THE Doctor was very fond of his dram and his 'little game of poker.' One Sunday morning, riding (pretty well filled with the 'extract of corn') through Central City, on his way to his home in Missouri City, he passed a Jew selling 'a few small tricks' at auction on the public street. A happy thought occurred to him. He turned back, alighted from his horse, mounted the dry-goods box occupied by the Jew, and to the unutterable consternation of the perplexed Israelite commenced a homily to the surrounding crowd on the wickedness of such business transactions on the Holy Day. After he had finished he remounted his horse, and riding slowly away, muttered to himself, 'Now having done that duty as a Christian, I can with a clear conscience play poker the rest of the day, as none but a Christian can.' At night he had lost upward of two hundred dollars. Returning home, his wife naturally asked him where he had been all day. 'I have preached a sermon,' he replied, '*and distributed two hundred dollars among three or four charitable institutions!*'



"THE Doctor was particularly vain of his oratorical abilities. He was always, awake or asleep, making what he dignified by the name of a 'speech.' Whenever he concluded one, he invariably went round among his listeners, with all the pomposity of another Polonius, and asked them by individuals what they thought of his speech. A favorable answer always insured a 'treat,' and the Doctor's vanity was consequently, at the expense of his pocket, daily flattered to the extent of his desire. One day, after one of his unintelligible rhodomontades, he approached, among others, a rather tough old customer, and asked the stereotyped question, 'Well, Jack, what did you think of my speech?'

"'Going to treat, Doctor?'

"'Certainly; what will you take?'

"'Whisky, straight.'

"Jack drank his whisky; and then, turning to the Doctor, said,

"'Doctor, you are a phrenological phenomenon; the biggest fool in these diggings!'

"WE have a young hopeful in our family, who, we think, has distinguished himself sufficiently to be worthy your notice. He is about nine years old, and considered by mamma a prodigy of intellect. One day during the past summer he accompanied 'Sol' to the pasture, that he might ride back home on old 'Whitey.' Arrived at the field, Whitey was duly secured, and, all things being ready, Master Andrew essayed to mount, but unintentionally he landed pretty well up on Whitey's neck. It was an awkward position for a novice in horsemanship, and our knight seemed sorely perplexed to reach the right place. But it was only for a moment. A bright idea struck him, and he shouted out, 'Start him ahead, Sol—start him ahead!'



A VIRGINIA correspondent is quite sure that the following "remarkable case" happened in his own neighborhood. The last time we heard the story the scene was laid in Alabama; the time before, the scene was in Canada, and the voucher for the efficacy of the "Universal Pills" was an Irish cook. Possibly the incident occurred in all of these places. If any one can prove that it did *not*, the Drawer is open for the refutation.

"Cuff is a gentleman's gentleman down in our region. He is a darkey of most undoubted honesty and truth; but he will sometimes tell tough stories. He met 'Kurnel Jonsing's nigg,' as he calls him, the other day, and, after discussing various matters appertaining to the masters, they fell into the following conversation:

SAM. "Well, Cuff, how you was?"

CUFF. "Oh, I isn't no wus."

SAM. "How is all de folks down at the house?"

CUFF. "Oh, dey is able to be round, 'cept de ole man's darter; she had de doctor the oder day. He came in, looked at her, kept lookin' at her, said she had bile in her, and giv her box of Ingine vegetable pills. When de doctor go, she up and trew dem out de winder. She wouldn't take no pills—no, Sah! Wa'al, de ole turkey-cock kum an' he gobbled down de pills, box an' all. Next day we had company, and had to kill dat turkey-cock, yer see. Brought him on the table biled, with 'ister sass; Massa flourish his knife and try to cut him up; couldn't get de knife into him. 'Cuff,' says he, 'how long did yer bile dis turkey?' 'Bile him an hour, Sah.' 'Take him away and bile him another hour.'"

SAM. "Did de company wait?"

CUFF. "Oh yas, de company waited. Wa'al, I brought de turkey in, an' Massa flourish his big knife agin, an' try to cut him; but he couldn't do it—no, Sah! 'Take him away an' bile him *another* hour.' So I take him down into de kitchen agin."

SAM. "Did de company wait?"

CUFF. "Of course dey waited. I brought in de turkey

agin, an' Massa try to cut. But it was no go; Massa git mad. 'Take him away an' bile him a week.' So I took him away an' bile him a week."

SAM. "Did de company wait?"

CUFF. "Oh yas, de company waited—bound to see de fun out, yer know. Wa'al, in a week I brought him dat turkey. Massa thought he got him dis time sure; but he couldn't cut a hole in him; de ole cock wouldn't be cut. Massa send for the doctor to hab de turkey examined; de doctor came, look at de turkey—look all over him. Says he, 'It's no use; you can't bile dis turkey, for he has taken a box of dese Ingine vegetable pills, an' *dare isn't any bile in him.*'"

"ONE morning last fall, while walking in a garden with Eva, a fairy of three summers, her attention was directed to some pretty flowers.

"Oh, what nice flowers!" she exclaimed; "what is the name of the pretty flowers?"

"I replied, 'Those, Eva, are morning glories.'

"She looked at them for a moment, and then, gazing into my face, said, 'Are they prayers, then, the pretty morning glories?'

"Is she not a poetess in embryo?"

LITTLE JOHN, a two-year old, was very fond of his morning-bath—his visit to the spash-tub, as he called it. When he first saw the Atlantic two of his aunts were running on the beach in their bathing-dresses for a plunge in the surf, and he clapped his hands with great exultation, exclaiming, "Oh, aunties' spash-tub—*aunties' spash-tub!*"

A "MAIDEN LADY," whose "school-keepin'" and age had made awful havoc with her beauty, said one evening to one of her little boarders, "Now, Johnny, you get to bed early, *and always do so*, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." The little codger looked up quizzically into her wrinkled countenance, and said, "Well, Aunty, I guess you used to sit up late a *good deal* when you was young—didn't you?"



WITS AND BEAUX belong to the ornamental, as distinguished from the useful members of society. Like butterflies, they were doubtless made for some good purpose, but one can not help thinking the world would be quite as well off if they were not in it.

Grace and Philip Wharton have put a score of them into a book, and a lively book it is. They shine in it; they amuse and entertain, delight and cheer. The book is a Drawer, full of the effervescence and efflorescence of society—the cream of the cream of the fashionable and the literary world. The Harpers have printed it with the cuts, from drawings by H. K. Browne and James Godwin. But it is full of cuts besides the pictures.

“Beau Brummell and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had been great friends. Dining together one day at the club, Brummell says to him, ‘Wales, ring the bell!’ The Prince thought this was being more familiar than was decent, and ringing the bell, ordered the servant to call Mr. Brummell’s carriage. This led to a breach between them, and the Prince cut the Beau thereafter.

“It is well known, in all probability, that George IV. contemplated with as much disgust and horror the increasing rotundity of his ‘presence’ as ever a maiden lady of a certain age did her first gray hair. Soon after the bell affair, the royal beau met his former friend in St. James’s Street, and resolved to cut him. This was attacking Brummell with his own pet weapon, but not with success. Each antagonist was leaning on the arm of a friend. ‘Jack Lee,’ who was thus supporting the Beau, was intimate with the Prince, who, to make the cut the more marked, stopped and talked to him without taking the slightest notice of Brummell. After a time both parties moved on, and then came the moment of triumph and revenge. It was sublime! Turning round half way, so that his words could not fail to be heard by the retreating Regent, the Beau asked of his companion, in his usual drawl, ‘Well, Jack, who’s your fat friend?’ The coolness, presumption, and impertinence of the question perhaps made it the best thing the Beau ever said, and from that time the Prince took care not to risk another encounter with him.”



THE BEST THING BEAU BRUMMELL EVER SAID.

Fashions for July.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1.—HOME TOILET.



FIGURE 2.—HOME TOILET.

WE illustrate two styles for Home toilet, the elegance and simplicity of which will commend them to favor. The fullness of detail in the illustrations precludes the necessity of verbal description.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXXV.—AUGUST, 1861.—VOL. XXIII.



THE CENTRAL PARK By TADDISON RICHARDS.

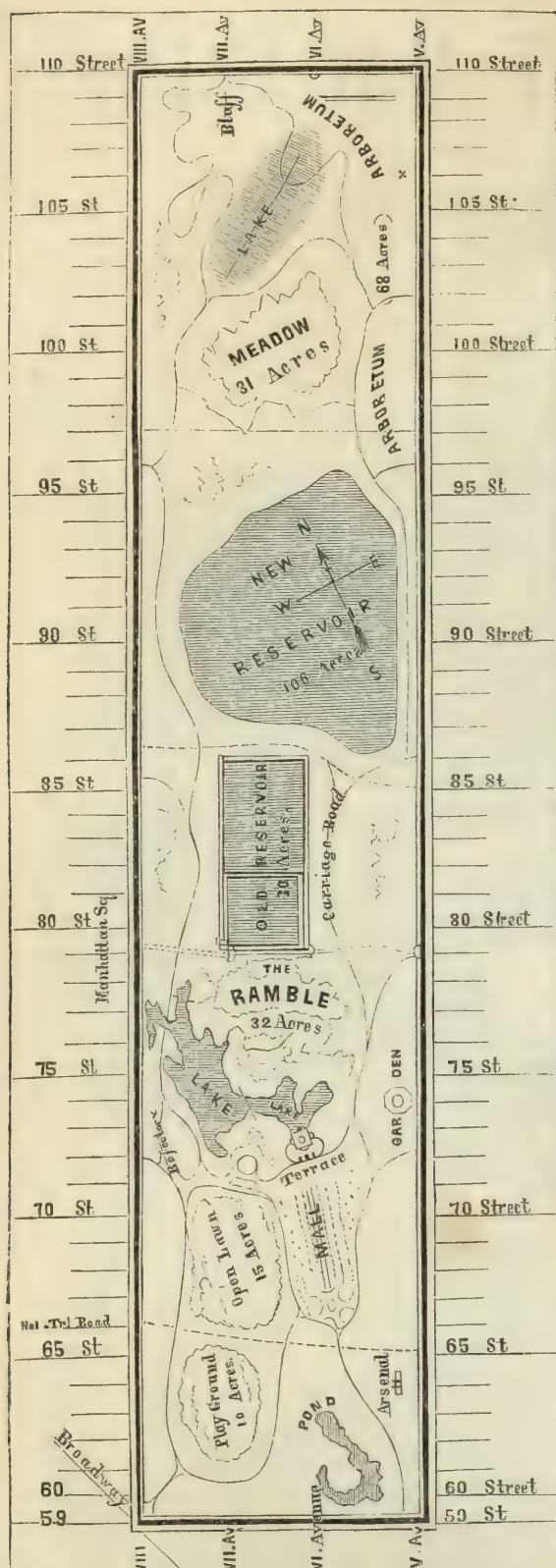
THE long-standing want in the great city of New York of suitable public pleasure-grounds, has, within the past two or three years, been amply supplied in the creation of that beautiful Arcadia known as the Central Park; a magnificent domain containing hundreds of broad acres of hill and valley, cliff and copse, lake and lawn, and miles upon miles of winding drives and winning walks, all radiant in a magic atmosphere of art and taste.

The character and consequence of this grand enterprise, and the wonderful rapidity



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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MAP OF THE CENTRAL PARK.

and success with which it has been urged forward, have made it a subject of such extraordinary curiosity and interest at home and abroad that we feel assured of doing our readers an acceptable service in presenting them with some inklings and pencillings of its history and condition past, present, and prospective.

The first public step toward the consummation so devoutly wished was a special message addressed on the 5th of April, 1851, by the Hon. Ambrose C. Kingsland, then mayor of the city,

to the Board of Aldermen, urging the utility and necessity of more liberal provision for the rural recreation and pleasure of the great and ever growing population; and that, too, before the opportunity should be lost, in the threatened absorption of the whole island and suburbs by pent-up lanes and streets.

The aldermen returned a prompt and hearty concurrence with the views and wishes of the Mayor, and the people every where said "Amen!"

So much in earnest were all concerned that before three months had followed the initiation of the project the State charter required for its execution was duly provided. This act was dated July 11, 1851, and was called the "Jones's Woods Park Bill," the original thought having been the occupation of the grounds thus named.

At this period Jones's Woods was not circumscribed within its present narrow bounds, but extended over the whole wide area lying between the Third Avenue and the East River, and between Sixty-sixth and Seventy-fifth streets, and with the addition of certain adjoining property, which it was proposed to annex, presented a surface of one hundred and sixty acres. This locality possessed many attractions, chief among which was the dense covering of forest trees, which rendered the adaptation of the place to park uses simple, speedy, and comparatively inexpensive. The minor objections were its aside position and its want of topographical variety, but the grand and insuperable obstacle was its limited extent. The people demanded ampler scope and more varied beauties for their much-desired park, as they reflected more seriously upon its high destiny—just as years before they rose from the humble idea of supplying the city with water from the little currents of the adjoining Bronx to the grander conception of leading in the floods of the far-off Croton, through the present magnificent aqueduct. "One hundred and sixty acres of park," said they, "for a city that will soon contain millions of inhabitants! It is only a child's play-ground! Five hundred acres it should be, or, better yet, a thousand!" And so from five hundred to a thousand acres they easily secured, the authorities, both city and State, graciously assenting as before.

The act authorizing the purchase of the present site passed the Legislature on the 23d of July, 1853, and at the same time another bill for the occupation of Jones's Woods, the first having, on account of material errors, been objected to in the Supreme Court. Thus it seemed for a while that the city would have two parks instead of one; but the lesser scheme was subsequently abandoned and its charter was repealed.

On the 17th of November, 1853, five Commissioners of Estimate and Assessment were appointed by the Court to take the land under the new Central Park charter. This commission completed its labors on the 2d of July, 1855, and its report was confirmed on the 5th of February, 1856. On the 19th of May the Common Council adopted—in the absence of the necessary legislation—an ordinance creating the Mayor,

the Hon. Fernando Wood, and the Street Commissioner, Joseph S. Taylor, Esq., Commissioners of the Park, with power to proceed with the work and appropriating the funds necessary therefor.

This Board entered at once with laudable zeal and intelligence upon the discharge of their important duties, calling to their aid the counsels of a number of prominent citizens, among whom were the late Washington Irving, the Hon. George Bancroft, James E. Cooley, Charles F. Briggs, James Phalen, C. A. Dana, and Stewart Brown, Esquires. These accomplished gentlemen attended the meetings of the Commissioners in the capacity of a consulting Board. They met on the 29th of May, 1856, organized by electing Mr. Irving as their President, and then arranged the preliminaries for carrying forward the work intrusted to their care. At subsequent meetings they considered the various views and the many plans which were laid before them, and in due time they unanimously agreed upon the general features of the design for the construction of the new Park, which has been since, with modifications, so admirably and satisfactorily followed.



ARBOR NEAR THE SIXTH AVENUE ENTRANCE.

With the way thus opened, an efficient corps of engineers began the necessary surveys of the grounds, under the direction of Egbert L. Viele, Esq., at that time the chief executive officer. The entire area was divided laterally into four sections, each of which was assigned to a separate squad, consisting of a surveyor-in-chief, a first and second assistant, and an axe-man. These gentlemen began their labors early in June, 1856, and sent in their reports, at the opening of the following year, after six months' earnest and arduous field-work. The history of their adventures among the rocks, and jungles, and bogs of the then rude and desolate tract would be pleasant and surprising reading now in the dainty arbors, on the flowered walks, or by the marge of the pretty lakes, into which the jungles and bogs have since been so wondrously transformed.



BRIDLE ROAD, NEAR THE ARSENAL AND LOWER POND.

After the six years of suggestion, discussion, legislation, and other preparation which we have now cursorily reviewed, every thing was prepared for an earnest commencement of the proposed enterprise; and it was accordingly begun in the spring of 1857, and has been ever since unremittingly prosecuted with the magical results indicated in our present pictures and story.

Our Park occupies the generous area of eight hundred and forty-three acres. In form, it is an elongated parallelogram, lying longitudinally in the centre of the city or island, two miles and a half long from Fifty-ninth Street on the south to One Hundred and Tenth Street on the north, and half a mile broad from the Fifth Avenue on the east to the Eighth Avenue on the west. At its lower extremity it is five miles from the Battery, at the southern point of the island, and at its upper end it is about seven miles from King's Bridge at the northern extremity of the city. The East River is a mile distant on the one hand, and the Hudson is three-quarters of a mile off upon the opposite side. Our city readers may perhaps more clearly comprehend the extent of the ground, if we add that it is seven times larger than the united area of all the other squares and public places upon the island, and that it stretches over a longer space than that lying between the Battery and Union Square. Its dimensions far exceed those of any other pleasure resort yet constructed in the New World, and it compares in this regard most favorably with the principal works of the kind in old Europe, being more than twice the size of either Regent's Park or Hyde Park in London, and being exceeded only by the

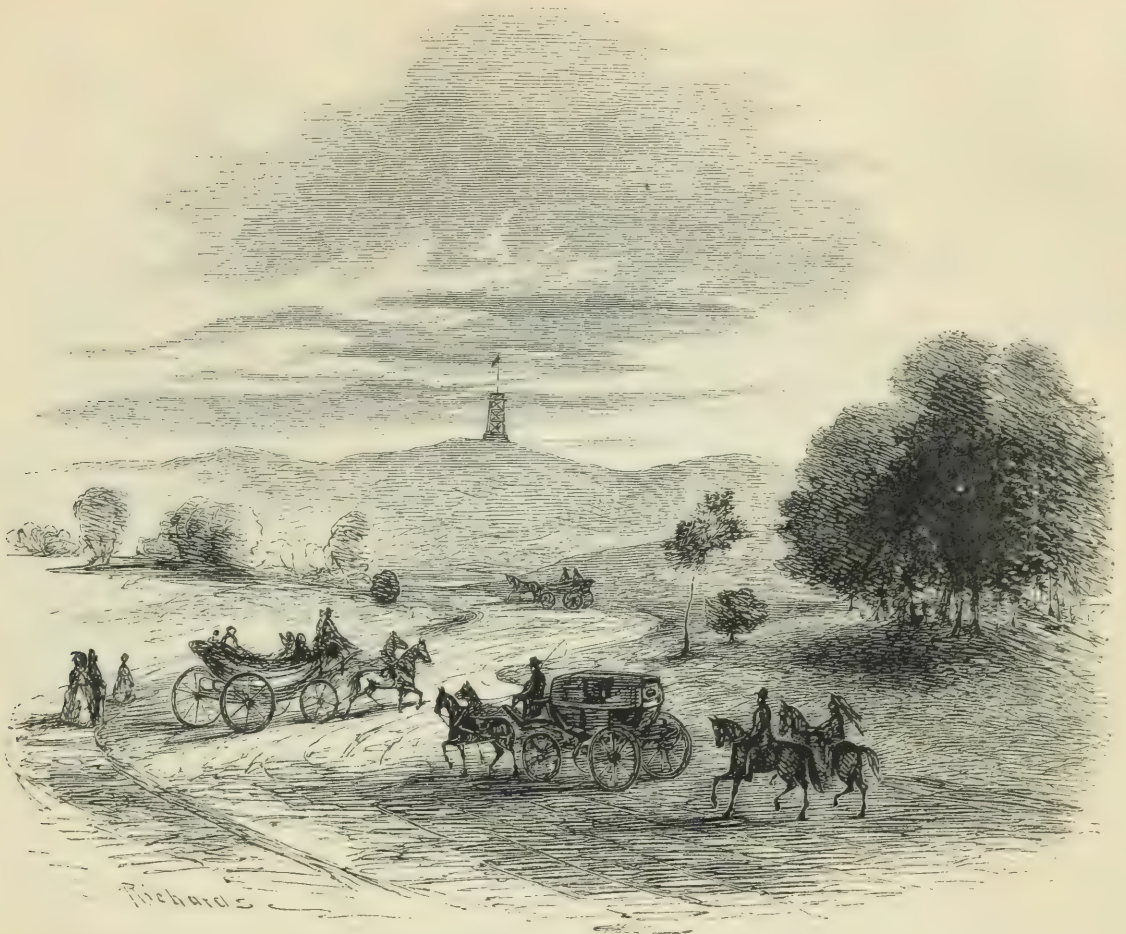
Great Park at Windsor, the grounds at Richmond, the Phoenix of Dublin, the Gardens at Versailles, the Bois de Boulogne, and the Prater at Vienna, which range in extent from fifteen hundred to thirty-five hundred acres each: all venerable achievements, royal in conception and in execution.

The total cost of the lands taken for the Central Park up to January, 1860, was about five and a half millions of dollars, from which sum there is to be deducted more than one and a half millions assessed upon contiguous lots; and to which must be added the value of that portion of the grounds lying between One Hundred and Sixth and One Hundred and Tenth streets, which was not comprised within the original charter, and is not yet fully and in due legal form in the possession of the Park commission.

The moneys thus far expended in the construction and maintenance of the Park amounted during the first season (1857), to nearly seventy-eight thousand dollars. In the year 1858 the expenditure was a little over five hundred thousand, and in 1860 nearly twelve hundred thousand dollars. With a proportionate outlay since, the entire disbursements for the lands and the improvements during the four years since the opening of the work have reached the liberal figure of some six millions of dollars—a large sum indeed, but generously and wisely considered by the people of New York as nothing when compared with the benefits of the enterprise to the public health, pleasure, pride, taste, and morals, for all future time. It must be remembered too, that the Empire City, while thus



TRANSVERSE ROAD NO. 1.—SIXTY-FIFTH STREET.



CARRIAGE-WAY—WEST OF THE MALL.

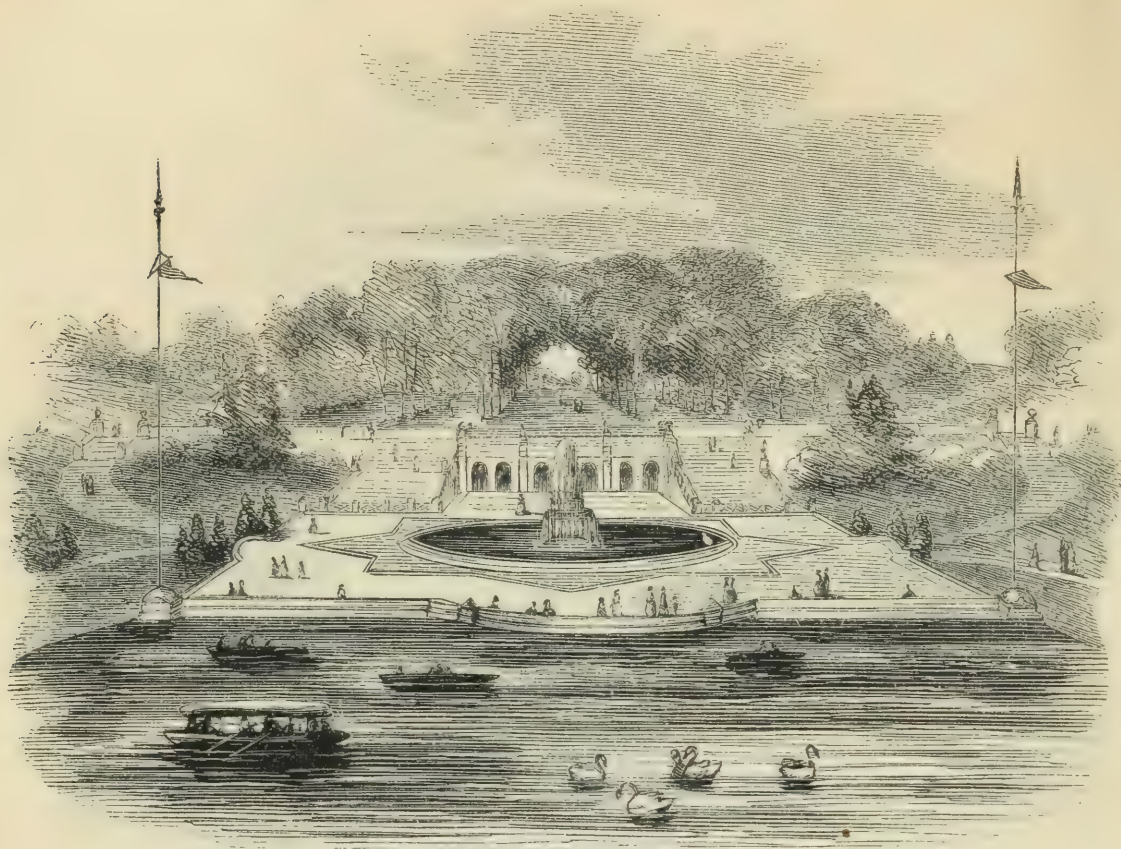
cheerfully giving the millions which we have counted, is yet giving and expects yet to give, every year, for a generation to come, other millions to develop the capacities of its Park and to perfect its beauties: and all this, too, from pure æsthetic and humane impulses, without any sordid *arriere pensée* of the ultimate reimbursement in dollars and cents, which will, no doubt, be made through the increased value which the Park will give to all the neighboring property, the business revenues it will attract to the city, the saving, through its kindly influence upon the public health and morals, and in many other ways. Upon this head the Controller of the city says, in his report for the year 1859, that "the increase in the amount of taxes accruing to the city, in consequence of the enhancement in the value of real estate situated in the upper part of the island, over and above the former value of the land now withdrawn from taxation, on account of the opening of this noble park, will, it is thought, afford more than sufficient means for the payment of interest on the debt incurred for its

purchase and improvement without any increase in the general rate of taxation."

No spot could be more dreary and forbidding than was the site of our Park before the improvements were begun three or four years ago. "The southern portion," says one of the reports of the Board of Commissioners, "was already a part of the straggling suburbs of the city—and a suburb more filthy, squalid, and disgusting can hardly be imagined. A considerable number of its inhabitants were engaged in occupations which are nuisances in the eye of the law: and



THE ALCOVE—NEAR THE MALL.



THE WATER TERRACE AND THE MALL (NOW BUILDING).

were consequently followed at night in wretched hovels, half-hidden among the rocks, where also heaps of cinders, brick-bats, potsherds, and other rubbish were deposited." The grading of streets through and across it had been commenced, and the rude embankments and ragged rock-excavations thus created added much to the natural irregularities of its surface. Large reaches of stagnant water made the aspect yet more repulsive; and so ubiquitous were the rocks that, it is said, not a square rood could be found throughout which a crow-bar could be thrust its length into the ground without encountering them. To complete the miseries of the scene, the wretched squatters had, in the process of time, ruthlessly denuded it of all its vegetation except a miserable tangled underbrush.

Still, despite this forlorn condition of the neighborhood, its great and varied capacities of beauty, under proper culture, were plainly manifest to the educated eye, in its changing hills and dales rising a hundred and forty feet above tide-water, or nestling forty feet below the grade of the surrounding streets. It was not a difficult thing to imagine the swamps of stagnant water, drained and turfed as they have been into broad verdant meadows; to collect the bright waters of the unruly brooks into peaceful lakes; to replace the vile hovels with beautiful summer-houses and arbors, and to see noble carriage-ways and inviting foot-paths stealing every where through the glens and thickets. The proximity also of the great reservoirs of the Croton Aqueduct indicated ample supplies of water, over and above the natural resources of

the region, for the seductive attractions of pond and fountain.

It was with a comprehensive and intelligent perception of these extraordinary natural advantages of the locality that the Commissioners, architects, engineers, and laborers set to work, not to torture and destroy as would have been the process in past days, but (in the more enlightened spirit of landscape-gardening which now happily obtains) to develop and enhance.

To accomplish this gigantic task three thousand men set head and heart at work, aided by all the powerful resources of art and science and an unstinted purse. This army of laborers has now been busy during four long years, and is still busy constructing roads and bridges and arch-ways; turning dreary wastes into grassy lawns, collecting the straggling brooklets into expansive lakes; here leveling the ponderous rock, and there exposing it in more striking and picturesque aspect.

Not the least agreeable feature of the Park, at the present time, is the vivid contrast between the quiet elegance and beauty of the finished and available portions, and the busy bustle and confusion of other sections still in the various stages of construction. It will be pleasant by-and-by to wander about the livelong day, meeting every where with nothing to change the spirit of one's dream of beauty and repose; but it is also most agreeable now to watch the progress of the works—expending curiosity and fancy upon this and that enigmatical beginning, and to be warned now and then against the dangers of the impending rock-blasts. This last incident is a notable



SUMMER HOUSE IN THE RAMBLE.

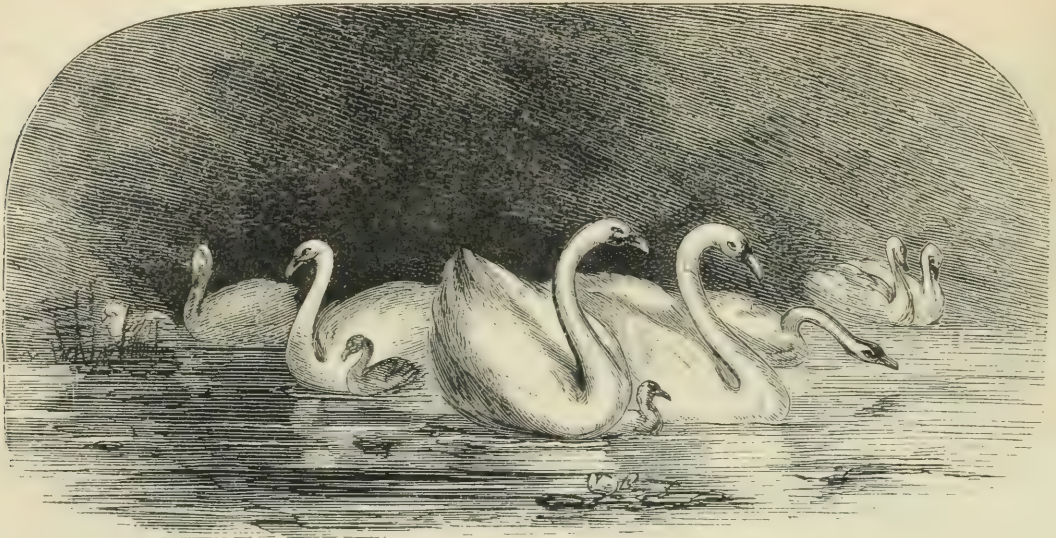
and very exciting one. It is conducted with such admirable caution that not one of the tens of thousands who daily witness it have ever received or have, indeed, been in any way exposed to the slightest injury. These blasts, which are very numerous and upon a grand scale, are made daily at the same moment all over the Park. At noon warning is rung out from the bell-tower, and visitors in carriages or on foot are suddenly brought to a halt or turned to places of security by the cries of the keepers and the shouts of the flag-men. When all is safe, the watch-word, "All clear!" is passed from one flag to another throughout the grounds; the bell tolls again and again, until the final moment at length arrives, when the word

"Fire!" is quickly shouted along the line, the matches are hastily lighted, and the air resounds as with the noise of a cannonading army. On the right and the left, before and behind, here, there, and every where, are seen the ponderous discharges, filling the air with the smoke and smell of villainous saltpetre and the huge fragments of the sundered rocks. A few minutes thus elapse, when the bell rings once more, the cry of "All over!" is echoed from flag to flag, the sudden blockade of travel is removed, and equestrians and pedestrians pursue their various again as they severally list.

The only portion of the Park which is yet much frequented, or in which any considerable improvement has been made, is that lying below the Tower and the old Reservoir at Seventy-ninth Street. This part, from the southern boundary at Fifty-ninth Street up, embraces a little more than a third of the whole area, and will probably be known as the "Lower Park," in contradistinction to the upper section, from which it is partially separated through the occupation of much of the central third—speaking in general terms—by the reservoirs of the Croton Aqueduct. This lower division is a noble park of itself, quite sufficient in its extent and attractions to exhaust the hours of the longest and busiest summer day. Being the most easily accessible to the masses of the population below, it has naturally received the earliest attention, even to the temporary neglect of the more remote portions. Its capabilities are, however, less—as its beauties will ultimately be—than those of the



CARRIAGE BRIDGE OVER THE WEST ARM OF THE LAKE.



THE HAMBURG SWANS.

Upper Park, reaching from the northern end of the new Reservoir at Ninety-sixth Street to the boundary at One Hundred and Tenth Street.

The leading points of attraction and resort up to the present time are the Grand Circuit, or the Tour, as the broad carriage-road is differently called, the Glen, or Bridle Road, the Ramble, the Central Lakes, the Mall, and the superb Water Terrace.

The Tour, or Drive, is a spacious Macadamized road for vehicles, with a wide foot-path on either side. It makes the entire circuit of the grounds, commencing at the corner of the Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. In its serpentine course it embraces all the great architectural and scenic features of the Park: the lakes, bridges, lawns, and reservoirs, and all the beautiful vistas beyond. In November, 1859, about three miles of this noble avenue were opened for public use. At this time more than twice that distance is completed, or is in immediate process of construction. Its entire length, when finished, will be nine and a half miles. It is substantially and elegantly built, in part upon the Macadam and in part upon the Telford methods. In its course—which will be found traced upon our “Map of the Park”—it crosses many fine bridges and arch-ways, now over and now under the foot-paths and bridle-roads, and across the sunken and tunneled passages which give public transit, here and there, through the Park. It presents a brilliant and inspiring spectacle, as seen upon sunny afternoons, when alive with the whirl of a thousand gay and gorgeous carriages, bearing the *élite* and fashion of the city through their daily airing.

The Bridle Road follows the great carriage-way, with many capricious *détours*, through all the long circuit of the Park. It is entirely shut out, however, from the carriage route, which it never crosses except upon arch-ways above or below. It is intended exclusively for horsemen, and is nowhere accessible to vehicles, though equestrians may enter the carriage-roads when they please. In width it varies from twenty to

twenty-five feet. Some considerable portion of this picturesque ride is now in use, and when completed its total length will be between five and six miles.

The Commissioners propose to add a winter drive to the present picturesque net-work of road, which, when covered with snow and merry sleighs, will be one of the most unique and beautiful incidents of Park experience and enjoyment. It is to be about a mile and a half in length, upon the west side of the grounds between Seventy-second and One Hundred and Second streets. It will be thickly planted with evergreens, with such deciduous trees and shrubs only as may be needful to prevent a monotonous and gloomy effect. Open glades of grass will break the uniformity of these masses of evergreen, so as to produce the effect of a richly wooded and varied landscape, rather than of an unbroken forest-land.

The Ramble is a charmingly wooded labyrinth of thirty-two acres, lying upon the broad hill-slope which drops down from the lower end of the old Reservoir at Seventy-ninth Street to the margin of the Central Lakes. It is a wonderfully secluded and quiet spot, quite undisturbed in all its generous extent by any road except the intricate foot-paths, which dance merrily and coquettishly hither and thither, through rich shrubbery of ever-changing form and tint, leading the willing wanderer, amidst their inexplicable mazes, now into the grateful shade of some Arcadian bower, and anon to the crest of some rocky cliff, overlooking the sunlit landscape far and near. It is the spot of all spots in the great Park for dreams and reverie, and will naturally become sacred to sentiment and love. Of its capabilities in this wise under the soft spell of summer moonlight, glinting through the parting verdure upon the gentle ripples of the silvery lake below, we can not trust ourselves to speak. For the delights of the Ramble—which, with all their beauty, are as yet only in the bud of brighter promise—we are especially indebted to the rare taste and skill of Mr. Olm-



RUSTIC BRIDGE IN THE RAMBLE.

ted, the accomplished architect-in-chief of the Park.

The Central Lake is an exquisite reach of bright waters, covering an area of twenty acres, and bounded by a shore of infinite variety and beauty. Upon the upper side are the wooded slopes of the Ramble, stealing down with gentle grassy step, or jutting out in bold, rocky promontory. At the southeast is the grand marble esplanade of the Terrace, with its gorgeous arches, fountains, steps, and statues. At its narrow waist beyond—where it is almost cut in two,

like a modern belle—it is spanned by a noble wrought-iron foot-bridge, with a single arch of eighty-seven and a half feet. This structure is called the Bow Bridge, from its general likeness in form to a long bow; and sometimes the Flower Bridge, in consideration of the heavy vases of trailing plants which surmount its abutments. Another beautiful bridge carries a carriage-road and walk over the channel connecting the main and western portion of the lake, and yet another, near by—most picturesquely constructed of wood—conducts a foot-path across the little bay-



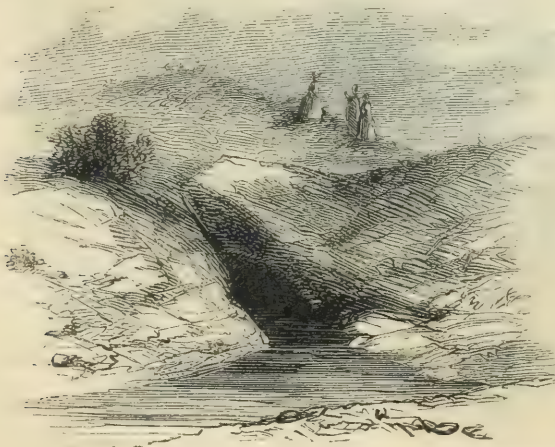
WINTER SPORTS.



THE LAKE, FROM THE WEST SIDE OF THE RAMBLE.

on which approaches the western edge of the Ramble. Pictures of all these interesting structures are included in our present port-folio.

Pretty boats dot the surface of the lake, bearing visitors, for a moderate fee, hither and thither as they list. These little vessels make a winning incident in the scene, especially when filled on summer nights with a ringing chorus of happy hearts and voices. Whole fleets of snow-white swans, too, are ever gliding in stately progress through the winding waters. The manners and habits of these ghostly gentry are excellent examples of demeanor and conduct, teaching lessons worth the learning by their dignified and graceful movements, their thorough-bred ease and happy content, and their ready courtesy toward all the world. Our Park is indebted for this pleasing item in its catalogue of attractions to the liberality and sympathy of the good people of Hamburg, who generously sent us, from across the seas, some fine specimens of their own unrivaled breed.



THE CAVE.

The excellent facilities which the frozen waters of the lake afford for the noble exercise of skating have, of late, given such a marvelous impetus to that merry sport as to have made it one of the most attractive social features of winter life in the city.

When the ice is in suitable condition, the fact is announced by the elevation of a red ball upon the heights of the Tower Hill, above. The welcome news is immediately repeated by proper signs upon all the cars of the city railways leading to the Park; it is further whispered in the streets, the counting-rooms, and the shops, at firesides and tables, and in boudoirs. Every man tells his neighbor fervently that the "Ball is up!" whereupon, no matter how cold it may be, all the world, young and old, rich and poor, men and maidens, rush pell-mell to the Park, forthwith put on skates, and hold high saturnalia there from earliest morn to latest night. It is not, indeed, until the dark hours that the fun culminates—such hours better suiting, perhaps, the convenience of the lads, and the flirting proclivities of the lassies and lads both—skating being, in one of its phases, essentially a love-making medium, involving such timorous reliance of the trembling novice upon the trusty arm of the bold practitioner, such gallant arrests of tripping steps, such tender cautions against dangers seen and unseen, every where and always. At night, too, the dramatic aspect of the jubilee is greatly increased by the sparkle of the moonbeams and the glare of the Drummond lights, which flood the scene with startling brilliance. At the height of the warm season no less than eighty or ninety thousand people visit the Park daily, and the winter sport is often shared by as many as ten thousand at the same moment. Those who do not skate may run about upon the

ice, or they may be propelled over the glassy surface by their friends who do, seated in comfortable arm-chairs placed upon runners, or they may watch the shifting scene within the temporary booths where skates and chairs are hired, and where creature-comforts are dispensed.

At the southern extremity of the Park, between the old Arsenal and the Sixth Avenue entrance, there is another pond called the South Lake. In area it is about five acres, and in form not unlike the top of an ancient pastoral crook—a very oddly contrived piece of water—Nature's contriving—where the incomprehensible twistings of the shore hide you every where from every body else. This lake is also a winter skating-ground; but it has, thus far, been given over to that more sturdy exercise known among the bonnie Scots, who especially affect it, as the "Curling Game."

At the upper end of the Park, in the great ravine known in Revolutionary days as M'Gowan's Pass, a suitable space has been assigned as the locality of another fine sheet of water, to be called the North Lake. It will, from the varied topography of that section, be of a much wilder and more striking character than the present lakes below. It is to be crossed by the main carriage-road upon a noble bridge of three bold stone arches.

The Mall is a beautiful lawn in the southwest, between Sixty-fifth and Seventy-second streets, and upon the right of the Sixth Avenue. It is traversed longitudinally by a grand promenade, thirty-five feet broad and twelve hundred and



STONE ARCH-WAY NEAR THE CAVE.

twelve feet long, flanked on either side by rustic seats and by a double row of overarching elms. One of the southern approaches to the Mall is under the elegant marble arch-way called the Alcove, and thence by broad steps ascending on either hand. Northward, the spacious walk terminates in a scene of unwonted beauty upon the upper esplanade of that imposing structure known as the Water Terrace. At this happy point seats are arranged for the cozy enjoyment of the orchestral strains which fill the grateful air at appointed days and hours. Overlooking the site of the "Orchestra" there is a great circle or concourse where carriages may congregate in rest, and their occupants thus see and hear without the inconvenience of descending;



FOOT-BRIDGE OVER THE WEST ARM OF THE LAKE.

and from it charming access may be had to the margin of the Central Lake close by, either beneath the richly walled and paved arch-ways of the Terrace Bridge, or by the massive stone steps which sweep down in sculptured pomp on the right and on the left.

The design and construction of the Terrace have been intrusted to Mr. Calvert Vaux, the assistant architect, and Mr. J. Wrey Mould. The work is already well advanced, and will be completed with all proper dispatch. Our sketch presents it as it will be seen—when finished and in connection with the Mall, when the trees there shall be more fully grown—from the higher points of the Ramble and the Tower beyond. Its elegance and stateliness, together with the grace and symmetry of the Mall, and the studied charms of the proposed geometrical Flower Garden close by, will give to this portion of the Park a feeling of the beautiful which will be in most grateful contrast to that vagrant and *laissez aller* humor of the picturesque which prevails through the rest of the grounds.

The Flower Garden, just referred to, will occupy the area upon the Fifth Avenue between Seventy-third and Seventy-fifth streets. Its fountained walls and floral beauties will make it a holy of holies within the great Temple of Nature, into which our Park is so rapidly growing.

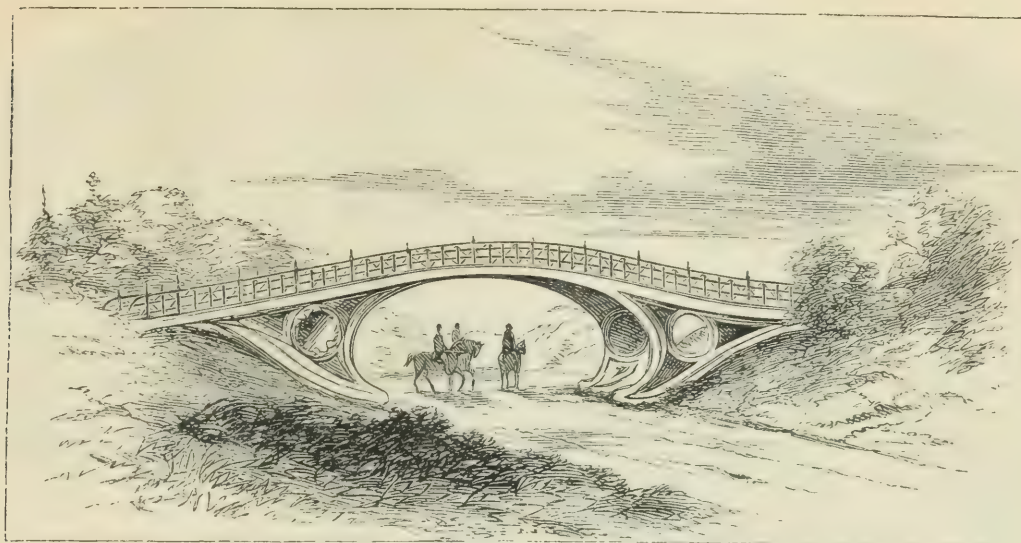
We have already spoken of the walks in the Ramble and by the sides of the carriage-roads. There are so many other of these pleasant ways leading among scenes of delight beyond the general view, that the sum of them all told will

make a comfortable walk of twenty-one and three-quarter miles; and in all this great stretch the wanderer will meet with no intrusion whatever of vehicle or horse to disturb the quiet tenor of his way. These foot-paths vary in width from three and a half to sixteen feet, the main walk being from twelve to sixteen feet.

To overcome, in some degree, that interruption to the general travel of the town caused by the long break in the streets which the Park necessarily makes, four thoroughfares will cross the grounds from east to west. These roads, say the Commissioners in one of their Annual Reports, "are to be so constructed by means of tunnels and other contrivances, as not to interrupt the landscape or practically effect any division of the Park. Roads and walks will cross them in such a manner, that, when the trees and shrubbery by their side are somewhat grown, they will not be seen by the casual observer. They will be noticeable from no part of the Park, except at their extremities, where they unite with the exterior streets at a higher grade than the surface of the Park, appearing as causeways a few hundred feet in length, terminating upon a hill-side. They will thus furnish the means of direct transit across the Park for business purposes, without causing inconvenience to visitors. The Park not being directly accessible from these covered ways, it will be unnecessary to close them at night, when the public are shut out from the Park itself. The Transverse Roads, as these public transits are called, enter from the Fifth Avenue at Sixty-fifth, Seventy-ninth, Eighty-fifth, and Ninety-seventh streets; and upon the Eighth Avenue



THE LAKE, FROM THE WEST SHORE.



ARCH-WAY FOR BRIDLE ROAD SOUTH OF PLAY-GROUND.

at Sixty-sixth Street, Manhattan Square, Eighty-sixth and Ninety-seventh streets. The Sixty-fifth and the Seventy-ninth Street roads are completed and in use. The "Tunnel," represented in one of our pictures, carries the Seventy-ninth Street road under the high ground above the Ramble and at the foot of the smaller Reservoir.

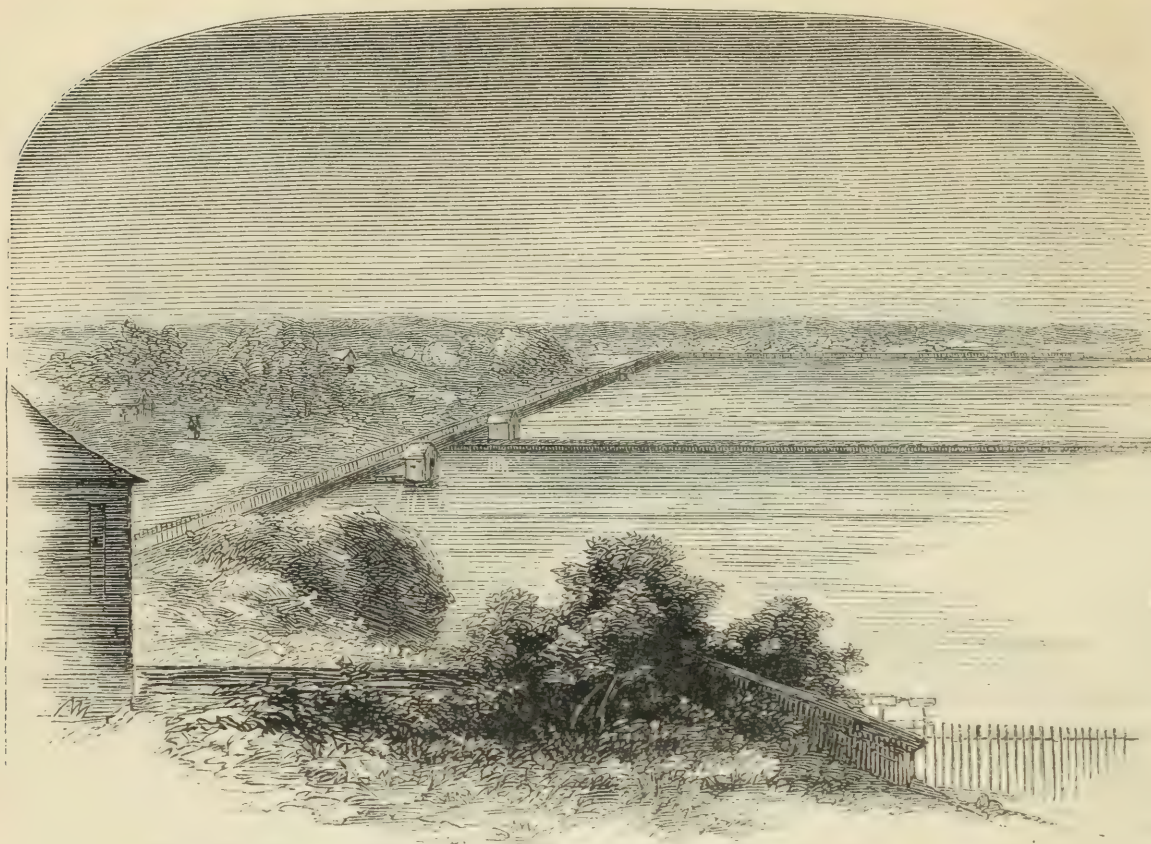
Very much of the southwest quarter of the Lower Park is occupied by large open lawns, which are to be used as play-grounds for children, for cricket, and other sports of bat and ball, and for occasional military parades and reviews. This area has been filled out and reclaimed from the swamps which originally covered the region. The larger and more northerly of these beautiful commons contains fifteen acres lying between Sixty-sixth and Seventy-first streets. Except upon the south, where it is bounded by the first Transverse Road, it is all encircled by the main carriage-way. The smaller lawn between Sixty-first and Sixty-fifth streets occupies ten acres, which is the general size of the old parks and squares scattered through the city.

In the Upper Park, between Ninety-seventh and One Hundred and Second streets, there is yet another charming meadow of thirty-one acres. These broad fields being unobstructed by trees, excepting upon their margins, will afford space and verge enough for the freest and wildest of country frolics.

The picturesque forms and positions of the little arbors and summer-houses which dot the grounds are most winning passages, and very grateful to the wearied wanderer. Their number will, of course, increase as the work of embellishment and enrichment goes on. Other apropos structures will no doubt also peep up here and there, as shelters from sun and shower, and for purposes of refreshment and regalement—both solid and fluid. The site reserved for the chief edifice of the latter order—to be known as the "Refectory"—is in the open space upon the southwestern shore of the Central Lakes. The precise character and extent of its gastronomic capacities are things yet to be determined, but we have no doubt that our Park Commissioners will pay due respect to the material wants



THE LAKE, FROM THE EAST SHORE.



WEST SIDE OF THE OLD RESERVOIR.

as well as to the æsthetic tastes of their visitors.

The numerous bridges and arch-ways of the Park form one of its pleasantest and most unique features. These structures were required for the crossing of the traffic roads, the passage of the brooks and lakes, and for the carrying of the carriage, bridle, and foot paths over or under each other. The whole number of ornamental bridges designed for the grounds is about thirty, besides the plainer arch-ways used over the Transverse Roads, and the many smaller works.

For the variety and elegance in the design, and for the excellence and durability of the construction of these bridges, the Park is indebted to Mr. Calvert Vaux, the assistant architect. Of the three beautiful fabrics over the Central Lake we have already spoken, as also of the arch-ways of the Tunnel and the Alcove. After seeing these works, one may turn with continued pleasure to the unique iron arch-way which car-

ries the foot-path over the Bridle Road south of the play-ground; to the ornate arch-way for the Bridle Road under the carriage-drive west of the play-ground; to the graceful bridge for the foot-path *under* the Transverse or Traffic Road south-east of the Mall; the arch-way for the carriage-drive, for the foot-path east of the Ramble; that under the carriage-drive for the Bridle Road near the entrance from the Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street; the charming rustic bridge which crosses a little rocky brooklet as it enters the lake on the west side of the Ramble, and the picturesque stone arch-way near the Cave.

The Cave is a bold and romantic rock chamber, which opens northward at the base of the western slope of the Ramble, and southward upon a little arm of the lake. It was discovered by chance, but not in its present spacious and accessible form, for it owes all its availability to the judicious assistance of art.

Tower Hill, above the Ramble, is one of the highest points in the Park. Its topography naturally suggested the use which has been made of it as a general observatory. It is crowned by a bell-tower, which greatly assists in the direction of the Park labors, and at the same time affords to visitors a fine general survey of the grounds. The present rude tower is to be supplanted in due time by a more elegant and permanent structure.

With this glance at the characteristics of the Lower Park we now pass on to the central area, chiefly occupied by the Croton Reservoirs.

These colossal works cover a space of one hundred and thirty-six acres, thirty of which



THE LAKE, FROM THE NORTHWEST.



A VINE TRELLIS IN THE RAMBLE.

are occupied by the old or Lower Reservoir, and one hundred and six by the new fabric now in process of construction. The old work is a parallelogram, reaching lengthwise from Seventy-ninth to Eighty-sixth Street, and taking from the centre of the grounds a little more than one-fourth of their whole width. The new and larger basin begins just above the lower one, and extends to Ninety-sixth Street. It is irregular in contour, and at some points stretches so nearly across the entire breadth of the Park as scarcely to leave good elbow-room for the carriage and bridle roads and foot-paths. The Reservoirs are too much elevated to form a part of the Park landscape; on the contrary, they obstruct the view so much that the best way to treat them would be to *plant them out* as much as possible. Yet when the visitor leaves the roads and walks below, and trudges up their green slopes to the grand promenade upon the top of the ponderous walls, and looks thence into or across the vast reaches of crystal waters, or beyond to the distant glimpses of the city and its surroundings, he will find himself in a new and beautiful world, and will thank Fortune for the Reservoirs after all! More especially will he rejoice and be glad

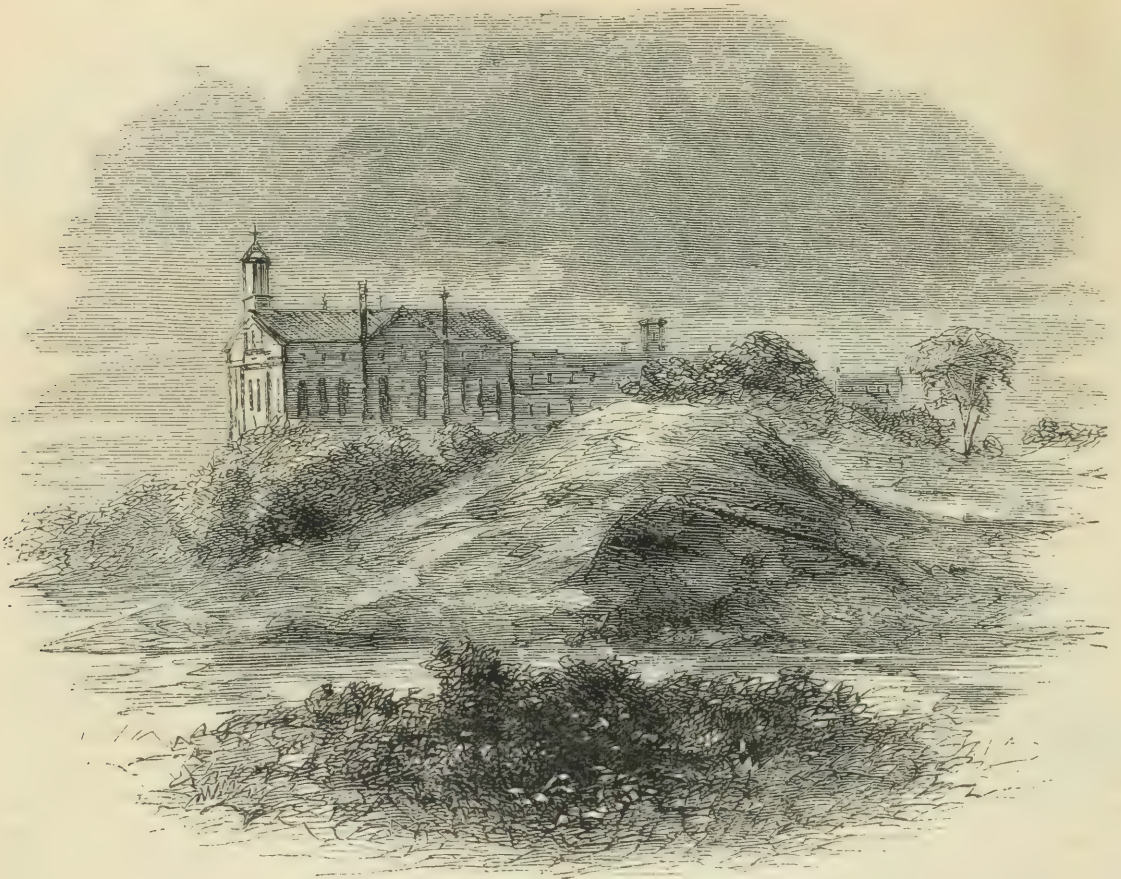
if he should happen to remember that upon the priceless treasure which they hold, or will hold when filled, of nearly a thousand millions of gallons of pure water, not only the great city below, but the lakes and fountains and verdure of the Park itself depend for refreshment and sustenance. It may be instructive to say here that the quantity of Croton water expended, or to be expended, each year, upon the lakes, fountains, drives, and walks, and for the general irrigation of that part of the Park lying below Eighty-sixth Street, is nearly one hundred and thirteen millions of gallons; and that the supply which will be required by the entire Park will be not less than two hundred millions of gallons per annum.

The construction of the new Reservoir is a gigantic undertaking, employing a thousand men, in addition to the three or four thousand engaged upon the Park outside. It advances slowly—so slowly as to delay the embellishment of the surrounding grounds, which are cumbered and obstructed by its materials and débris.

We come now to the district lying north of the Reservoirs, and popularly known as the Upper Park. This section of the ground possesses eminent capabilities for the production of

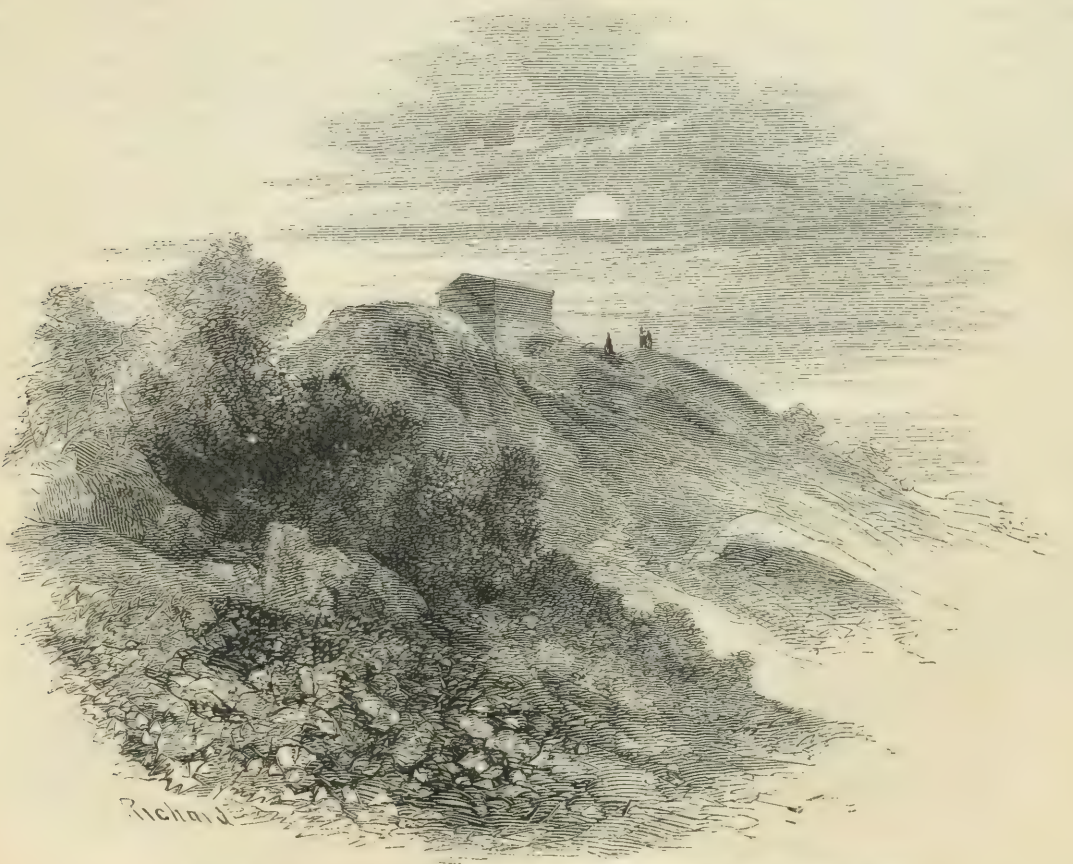


ARCH-WAY UNDER CARRIAGE-DRIVE, FOR FOOT-PATH EAST OF THE RAMBLE.



MOUNT ST. VINCENT—SCENE IN THE UPPER PARK.

wild mountain and glen effects. Its chief topographical incident is the deep and narrow ravine known in history as M'Gowan's Pass. This gorge, which traverses the district in a general southwesterly direction, is about thirty feet wide and some eight hundred feet in length. Bold hills flank it upon either side, terminating abruptly, at the upper extremity of the grounds, in a



THE BLUFF AT THE UPPER END OF THE PARK, ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET.

grand rocky bluff which looks out, far and wide, over the broad stretch of the Harlem plains; the view to the right taking in the city, villages of Yorkville and Harlem, the East River and its municipal institutions, the Sound and the shores of Long Island; the vista northward, including the High Bridge of the Croton Aqueduct and the lands of Westchester County; and, in the northwest, wandering over the village of Manhattanville to the Hudson and its famous Palisades—altogether a noble panorama, such as no other park in the wide world may approach.

The bluff of which we were speaking may be well devoted, at some future day, to the uses of an observatory. At the present time it is capped by a venerable gray-stone powder-magazine, and makes an impressive picture, seen from the plain below, and particularly under the weird effect of moonlight.

The Pass is traversed by a fine brook, which is to be exploited in the formation of the proposed North Lake. There still exist in the neighborhood some traces of the fortifications that



THE TUNNEL IN THE TRANSVERSE ROAD.

by the Catholic Seminary of Mount St. Vincent, together with the old M'Gowan's mansion. One of the Seminary buildings is a new and picturesque brick structure containing a fine chapel. This will probably be preserved, and converted

to some pleasant use—maybe a Picture Gallery, just as the old State Arsenal in the Lower Park is to be retained and transmuted into a Museum.—The older wooden buildings at present serve a good purpose as offices for the Commissioners, the architects, and other employés of the Park. It is the temporary residence also of Mr. Olmsted, the architect-in-chief, and of Mr. Vaux, the assistant-architect,



ARBOR IN THE RAMBLE.

abounded at the period of the Revolution, among which is the fine knoll, with the lines of a redoubt, seen in our view of the old site of Mount St. Vincent, from the exterior of the grounds upon the northeast.

The only improvements, thus far, within the limits of the Upper Park, are in the partial construction of roads—in the great meadow already mentioned, and in the preparations for an arboretum in the northeast angle, to cover an area of no less than sixty-eight acres, which will contain specimens of every tree and shrub that it may be possible to grow upon the site in the open air.

Upon the east side, near the line of One Hundred and Sixth Street, there yet stand the edifices vacated

and their families, and the head-quarters of the great police force of the Park. Here the little army of Park-keepers—already between fifty and sixty in number, all classes and ranks included—are daily trained in the way in which they should



THE HUDSON PALISADES, FROM THE BLUFF.

go ; and an excellent way it is too, as the marked intelligence, courtesy, and kindness of the corps when on duty may testify.

If by chance we have, in anywise, at all over-painted the present aspect of our noble Park, let the reader remember how short will be the time before its daily developing charms will far exceed all we have or could have said. Wonders have been achieved, it is true, but still the work is, after all, only begun. Much of the grand area is yet scarcely touched, and the finished portions will yet be embellished a hundred-fold. Before long pretty lodges for the homes of the superintendent and the head keeper will spring up ; the attractions of a Museum, a Gallery of Art, of Zoological and Botanical Gardens, are anticipated ; fountains will send up their cool,

silvery spray, and stately statuary will arise to make the verdure brighter by its marble whiteness. The present rude exterior wall will give way to a structure of fitting elegance, and the surrounding streets and avenues will be graded and paved, and lined with beautiful trees and splendid mansions. The ample capabilities of the grounds, and the equally ample experience, taste, and industry of the architects in charge, are so clearly seen in what has already been accomplished, that we may be sure the great work will go on prospering and to prosper. Our Park is not for the present day alone, but for all the generations yet to come ; and if the generous people of New York shall be remembered and blessed by their posterity for any good deed, above all others it will be for this inestimable gift.



THE DIGGERS AT HOME.

THE COAST RANGERS.

A CHRONICLE OF EVENTS IN CALIFORNIA.

II.—THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

WHEN the State of California was admitted into the Union, the number of Indians within its borders was estimated at one hundred thousand. Of these, some five or six thousand, residing in the vicinity of the Missions, were partially civilized, and subsisted chiefly by begging and stealing. A few of the better class contrived to avoid starvation by casual labor in the vineyards and on the farms of the settlers. They were very poor and very corrupt, given to gam-

bling, drinking, and other vices prevailing among white men, and to which Indians have a natural inclination. As the country became more settled, it was considered profitable, owing to the high rate of compensation for white labor, to encourage these Christian tribes to adopt habits of industry, and they were employed very generally throughout the State. In the vine-growing districts they were usually paid in native brandy every Saturday night, put in jail next morning for getting drunk, and bailed out on Monday to work out the fine imposed upon them by the

local authorities. This system still prevails in Los Angeles, where I have often seen a dozen of these miserable wretches carried to jail roaring drunk of a Sunday morning. The inhabitants of Los Angeles are a moral and intelligent people, and many of them disapprove of the custom on principle, and hope it will be abolished as soon as the Indians are all killed off. Practically, it is not a bad way of bettering their condition; for some of them die every week from the effects of debauchery, or kill one another in the nocturnal brawls which prevail in the outskirts of the Pueblo.

The settlers in the northern portions of the State had a still more effectual method of encouraging the Indians to adopt habits of civilization. In general, they engaged them at a fixed rate of wages to cultivate the ground, and during the season of labor fed them on beans and gave them a blanket or a shirt each; after which, when the harvest was secured, the account was considered squared, and the Indians were driven off to forage in the woods for themselves and families during the winter. Starvation usually wound up a considerable number of the old and decrepit ones every season; and of those that failed to perish from hunger or exposure, some were killed on the general principle that they must have subsisted by stealing cattle, for it was well known that cattle ranged in the vicinity; while others were not unfrequently slaughtered by their employers for helping themselves to the refuse portions of the crop which had been left in the ground. It may be said that these were exceptions to the general rule; but if ever an Indian was fully and honestly paid for his labor by a white settler, it was not my luck to hear of it. Certainly, it could not have been of frequent occurrence.

The wild Indians inhabiting the Coast Range, the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and the Western slope of the Sierra Nevada, became troublesome at a very early period after the discovery of the gold mines. It was found convenient to take possession of their country without recompense, rob them of their wives and children, kill them in every cowardly and barbarous manner that could be devised, and when that was impracticable, drive them as far as possible out of the way. Such treatment was not consistent with their rude ideas of justice. At best they were an ignorant race of Diggers, wholly unacquainted with our enlightened institutions. They could not understand why they should be murdered, robbed, and hunted down in this way, without any other pretense of provocation than the color of their skin and the habits of life to which they had always been accustomed. In the traditionary researches of their most learned sages they had never heard of the snakes in Ireland that were exterminated for the public benefit by the great and good St. Patrick. They were utterly ignorant of the sublime doctrine of General Welfare. The idea, strange as it may appear, never occurred to them that they were suffering for the great cause of civilization, which,

in the natural course of things, must exterminate Indians. Actuated by base motives of resentment, a few of them occasionally rallied, preferring rather to die than submit to these imaginary wrongs. White men were killed from time to time; cattle were driven off; horses were stolen, and various other iniquitous offenses were committed.

The Federal Government, as is usual in cases where the lives of valuable voters are at stake, was forced to interfere. Troops were sent out to aid the settlers in slaughtering the Indians. By means of mounted howitzers, muskets, Minié rifles, dragoon pistols, and sabres, a good many were cut to pieces. But, on the whole, the general policy of the Government was pacific. It was not designed to kill any more Indians than might be necessary to secure the adhesion of the honest yeomanry of the State, and thus furnish an example of the practical working of our political system to the savages of the forest, by which it was hoped they might profit. Congress took the matter in hand at an early day, and appropriated large sums of money for the purchase of cattle and agricultural implements. From the wording of the law, it would appear that these useful articles were designed for the relief and maintenance of the Indians. Commissioners were appointed at handsome salaries to treat with them, and sub-agents employed to superintend the distribution of the purchases. In virtue of this munificent policy, treaties were made in which the various tribes were promised a great many valuable presents, which of course they never got. There was no reason to suppose they ever should; it being a fixed principle with strong powers never to ratify treaties made by their own agents with weaker ones, when there is money to pay and nothing to be had in return.

The cattle were purchased, however, to the number of many thousands. Here arose another difficulty. The honest miners must have something to eat, and what could they have more nourishing than fat cattle? Good beef has been a favorite article of subsistence with men of bone and muscle ever since the days of the ancient Romans. So the cattle, or the greater part of them, were driven up to the mines, and sold at satisfactory rates—probably for the benefit of the Indians, though I never could understand in what way their necessities were relieved by this speculation, unless it might be that the parties interested turned over to them the funds received for the cattle. It is very certain they continued to starve and commit depredations in the most ungrateful manner for some time after; and, indeed, to such a pitch of audacity did they carry their rebellious spirit against the constituted authorities, that many of the chiefs protested if the white people would only let them alone, and give them the least possible chance to make a living, they would esteem it a much greater favor than any relief they had experienced from the munificent donations of Congress.

But Government was not to be defeated in its

benevolent intentions. Voluminous reports were made to Congress, showing that a general reservation system, on the plan so successfully pursued by the Spanish missionaries, would best accomplish the object. It was known that the Missions of California had been built chiefly by Indian labor; that during their existence the priests had fully demonstrated the capacity of this race for the acquisition of civilized habits; that extensive vineyards and large tracts of land had been cultivated solely by Indian labor, under their instruction; and that by this humane system of teaching many hostile tribes had been subdued, and enabled not only to support themselves but to render the Missions highly profitable establishments.

No aid was given by Government beyond the grants of land necessary for Missionary purposes; yet they soon grew wealthy, owned immense herds of cattle, supplied agricultural products to the rancheros, and carried on a considerable trade in hides and tallow with the United States. If the Spanish priests could do this without arms or assistance, in the midst of a savage country, at a period when the Indians were more numerous and more powerful than they are now, surely it could be done in a comparatively civilized country by intelligent Americans, with all the lights of experience and the co-operation of a beneficent Government.

At least Congress thought so; and in 1853 laws were passed for the establishment of a reservation system in California, and large appropriations were made to carry it into effect. Tracts of land of twenty-five thousand acres were ordered to be set apart for the use of the Indians; officers were appointed to supervise the affairs of the service; clothing, cattle, seeds, and agricultural implements were purchased; and a general invitation was extended to the various tribes to come in and learn how to work like white men. The first reservation was established at the Tejon, a beautiful and fertile valley in the southern part of the State. Head-quarters for the employés, and large granaries for the crops, were erected. The Indians were feasted on cattle, and every thing promised favorably. True, it cost a great deal to get started, about \$250,000; but a considerable crop was raised, and there was every reason to hope that the experiment would prove successful. In the course of time other reservations were established, one in the foot-hills of the Sacramento Valley, at a place called Nome Lackee; one at the mouth of the Noyo River, south of Cape Mendocino; and one on the Klamath, below Crescent City; besides which, there were Indian farms, or adjuncts, of these reservations at the Fresno, Nome Cult or Round Valley, the Mattole Valley, near Cape Mendocino, and other points where it was deemed advisable to give aid and instruction to the Indians. The cost of these establishments was such as to justify the most sanguine anticipations of their success.

In order that the appropriations might be devoted to their legitimate purpose, and the great-

est possible amount of instruction furnished at the least expense, the Executive Department adopted the policy of selecting officers experienced in the art of public speaking, and thoroughly acquainted with the prevailing systems of primary elections. A similar policy had been found to operate beneficially in the case of Collectors of Customs, and there was no reason why it should not in other branches of the public service. Gentlemen skilled in the tactics of State Legislatures, and capable of influencing those refractory bodies by the exercise of moral suasion, could be relied upon to deal with the Indians, who are not so far advanced in the arts of civilization, and whose necessities, in a pecuniary point of view, are not usually so urgent. Besides, it was known that the Digger tribes were exceedingly ignorant of our political institutions; and required more instruction, perhaps, in this branch of knowledge than in any other. The most intelligent of the chiefs actually had no more idea of the respective merits of the great candidates for Senatorial honors in California than if those distinguished gentlemen had never been born. As to primary meetings and caucuses, the poor Diggers, in their simplicity, were just as apt to mistake them for some favorite game of thimble-rig or pitch-penny as for the practical exercise of the great system of free suffrage. They could not make out why men should drink so much whisky and swear so hard unless they were gambling; and if any further proof was necessary, it was plain to see that the game was one of hazard, because the players were constantly whispering to each other and passing money from hand to hand, and from pocket to pocket. The only difference they could see between the different parties was that some had more money than others, but they had no idea where it came from. To enlighten them on all these points was, doubtless, the object of the great appointing powers in selecting good political speakers to preside over them. After building their houses, it was presumed that there would be plenty of stumps left in the woods from which they could be taught to make speeches on the great questions of the day; and where a gratifying scene might be witnessed, at no remote period, of big and little Diggers holding forth from every stump in support of the presiding administration. For men who possessed an extraordinary capacity for drinking ardent spirits; who could number among their select friends the most notorious vagrants and gamblers in the State; who spent their days in idleness and their nights in brawling grog-shops—whose habits, in short, were in every way disreputable—the authorities in Washington entertained a very profound antipathy. I know this to be the case, because the most stringent regulations were established prohibiting persons in the service from getting drunk, and official orders written warning them that they would be promptly removed in case of any misconduct. Circular letters were also issued, and posted up at the different reservations, forbidding the employés to adopt the wives of the

Indians, which it was supposed they might attempt to do from too zealous a disposition to cultivate friendly relations with both sexes. In support of this policy, the California delegation made it a point never to indorse any person for office in the service who was not considered peculiarly deserving of patronage. They knew exactly the kind of men that were wanted, because they lived in the State and had read about the Indians in the newspapers. Some of them had even visited a few of the wigwams. Having the public welfare at heart—a fact that can not be doubted, since they repeatedly asserted it in their speeches—they saw where the great difficulty lay, and did all in their power to aid the executive. They indorsed the very best friends they had—gentlemen who had contributed to their election, and fought for them through thick and thin. The capacity of such persons for conducting the affairs of a reservation could not be doubted. If they had cultivated an extensive acquaintance among pot-house voters, of course they must understand the cultivation of potatoes and onions; if they could control half a dozen members of the Legislature in a Senatorial contest, why not be able to control Indians, who were not near so difficult to manage? if they could swallow obnoxious measures of the administration, were they not qualified to teach savages how to swallow Government provisions? if they were honest enough to avow, in the face of corrupt and hostile factions, that they stood by the Constitution, and always meant to stand by the same broad platform, were they not honest enough to disburse public funds?

In one respect, I think the policy of the Government was unfortunate—that is, in the disfavor with which persons of intemperate and disreputable habits were regarded. Men of this kind—and they are not difficult to find in California—could do a great deal toward meliorating the moral condition of the Indians by drinking up all the whisky that might be smuggled on the reservations, and behaving so disreputably in general that no Indian, however degraded in his propensities, could fail to become ashamed of such low vices.

In accordance with the views of the Department, it was deemed to be consistent with decency that these untutored savages should be clothed in a more becoming costume than Nature had bestowed upon them. Most of them were as ignorant of covering as they were of the Lecompton Constitution. With the exception of a few who had worked for the settlers, they made their first appearance on the reservations very much as they appeared when they first saw daylight. It was a great object to make them sensible of the advantages of civilization by covering their backs while cultivating their brains. Blankets, shirts, and pantaloons, therefore, were purchased for them in large quantities. It is presumed that when the Department read the vouchers for these articles and for the potatoes, beans, and cattle that were so plentifully sprinkled through the accounts, it imagined that it

was “clothing the naked and feeding the hungry!”

The blankets, to be sure, were very thin, and cost a great deal of money in proportion to their value; but, then, peculiar advantages were to be derived from the transparency of the fabric. In some respects the worst material might be considered the most economical. By holding his blanket to the light an Indian could enjoy the contemplation of both sides of it at the same time; and it would only require a little instruction in architecture to enable him to use it occasionally as a window to his wigwam. Every blanket being marked by a number of blotches, he could carry his window on his back whenever he went out on a foraging expedition, so as to know the number of his residence when he returned, as the citizens of Schilda carried their doors when they went away from home, in order that they should not forget where they lived. Nor was it the least important consideration, that when he gambled it away, or sold it for whisky, he would not be subject to any inconvenience from a change of temperature. The shirts and pantaloons were in general equally transparent, and possessed this additional advantage, that they very soon cracked open in the seams, and thereby enabled the squaws to learn how to sew.

As many of the poor wretches were afflicted with diseases incident to their mode of life, and likely to contract others from the white employes of the reservations, physicians were appointed to give them medicine. Of course Indians required a peculiar mode of treatment. They spoke a barbarous jargon, and it was not possible that any thing but barbarous compounds could operate on their bowels. Of what use would it be to waste good medicines on stomachs that were incapable of comprehending their use? Accordingly, any deficiency in the quality was made up by the quantity and variety. Old drug stores were cleared of their rubbish, and vast quantities of croton oil, saltpetre, alum, paint, scent-bottles, mustard, vinegar, and other valuable laxatives, diaphoretics, and condiments were supplied for their use. The result was, that, aided by the peculiar system of diet adopted, the physicians were enabled very soon to show a considerable roll of patients. In cases where the blood was ascertained to be scorbutic, the patients were allowed to go out in the valleys, and subsist for a few months on clover or grass, which was regarded as a sovereign remedy. I was assured at one reservation that fresh spring grass had a more beneficial effect on them than the medicines, as it generally purged them. The Department was fully advised of these facts in elaborate reports made by its special emissaries, and congratulated itself upon the satisfactory progress of the system. The elections were going all right—the country was safe. Feeding Indians on grass was advancing them at least one step toward a knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures. It was following the time-honored precedent of Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon,

who was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen, and was wet with the dews of heaven till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws. An ounce of croton oil would go a great way in lubricating the intestines of an entire tribe of Indians; and if the paint could not be strictly classed with any of the medicines known in the official dispensary, it might at least be used for purposes of clothing during the summer months. Red or green pantaloons painted on the legs of the Indians, and striped blue shirts artistically marked out on their bodies, would be at once cool, economical, and picturesque. If these things cost a great deal of money, as appeared by the vouchers, it was a consolation to know that, money being the root of all evil, no injurious effects could grow out of such a root after it had been once thoroughly eradicated.

The Indians were also taught the advantages to be derived from the cultivation of the earth. Large supplies of potatoes were purchased in San Francisco, at about double what they were worth in the vicinity of the reservations. There were only twenty-five thousand acres of public land available at each place for the growth of potatoes or any other esculent for which the hungry natives might have a preference; but it was much easier to purchase potatoes than to make farmers out of the white men employed to teach them how to cultivate the earth. Sixteen or seventeen men on each reservation had about as much as they could do to attend to their own private claims, and keep the natives from eating their private crops. It was not the policy of Government to reward its friends for their "adhesion to the Constitution" by requiring them to perform any practical labor at seventy-five or a hundred dollars a month, which was scarcely double the current wages of the day. Good men could obtain employment any where by working for their wages; but it required the best kind of administration men to earn extraordinary compensations by an extraordinary amount of idleness. Not that they were all absolutely worthless. On the contrary, some spent their time in hunting, others in riding about the country, and a considerable number in laying out and supervising private claims, aided by Indian labor and government provisions.

The official reports transmitted to Congress from time to time gave flattering accounts of the progress of the system. The extent and variety of the crops were fabulously grand. Immense numbers of Indians were fed and clothed—on paper. Like little children who cry for medicines, it would appear that the whole red race were so charmed with the new schools of industry that they were weeping to be removed there and set to work. Indeed many of them had already learned to work "like white men;" they were bending to it cheerfully, and could handle the plow and the sickle very skillfully, casting away their bows and arrows and adopting the more effective instruments of agriculture. No mention was made of the fact that these work-

ing Indians had acquired their knowledge from the settlers, and that if they worked after the fashion of the white men on the reservations, it was rarely any of them were obliged to go to the hospital in consequence of injuries resulting to the spinal column. The favorite prediction of the officers in charge was, that in a very short time these institutions would be self-sustaining—that is to say, that neither they nor the Indians would want any more money after a while.

It may seem strange that the appropriations demanded of Congress did not decrease in a ratio commensurate with these flattering reports. The self-sustaining period had not yet come. On the contrary, as the Indians were advancing into the higher branches of education—music, dancing, and the fine arts, moral philosophy and ethics, political economy, etc.—it required more money to teach them. The number had been considerably diminished by death and desertion; but then their appetites had improved, and they were getting a great deal smarter. Besides, politics were becoming sadly entangled in the State, and many agents had to be employed in the principal cities to protect the women and children from any sudden invasion of the natives, while the patriotic male citizens were at the polls depositing their votes.

The Department, no doubt, esteemed all this to be a close approximation to the Spanish Mission system, and in some respects it was. The priests sought the conversion of heathens, who believed neither in the Divinity nor the Holy Ghost; the Department the conversion of infidels, who had no faith in the measures of the administration. If there was any material difference, it was in the Head of the Church and the missionaries appointed to carry its views into effect.

But the most extraordinary feature in the history of this service in California was the interpretation given by the Federal authorities in Washington to the Independent Treasury Act of 1846. That stringent provision, prohibiting any public officer from using for private purposes, loaning, or depositing in any bank or banking institution any public funds committed to his charge; transmitting for settlement any voucher for a greater amount than that actually paid; or appropriating such funds to any other purpose than that prescribed by law, was so amended in the construction of the Department as to mean, "except in cases where such officer has rendered peculiar services to the party and possesses strong influences in Congress." When any infraction of the law was reported, it was subjected to the test of this amended reading; and if the conditions were found satisfactory, the matter was disposed of in a pigeon-hole. An adroit system of accountability was established by which no property return, abstract of issues, account current, or voucher, was understood to mean what it expressed upon its face, so that no accounting officer possessing a clew to the policy adopted could be deceived by the figures. Thus it was perfectly well understood that five hun-

dred or a thousand head of cattle did not necessarily mean real cattle with horns, legs, and tails, actually born in the usual course of nature, purchased for money, and delivered on the reservations; but prospective cattle, that might come into existence and be wanted at some future period. For all the good the Indians got of them, it might as well be five hundred or a thousand head of voters, for they no more fed upon beef, as a general thing, than they did upon human flesh.

Neither was it beyond the capacity of the Department to comprehend that traveling expenses, on special Indian service, might just as well mean a trip to the Convention at Sacramento; that guides and assistants were a very indefinite class of gentlemen of a roving turn of mind; that expenses incurred in visiting wild tribes and settling difficulties among them did not necessarily involve the exclusion of difficulties among the party factions in the Legislature. In short, the original purpose of language was so perverted in the official correspondence that it had no more to do with the expression of facts than many of the employés had to do with the Indians. The reports and regulations of the Department actually bordered on the poetical. It was enough to bring tears into the eyes of any feeling man to read the affecting dissertations that were transmitted to Congress on the woes of the red men, and the labors of the public functionaries to meliorate their unhappy condition. Faith, hope, and charity abounded in them. "See what we are doing for these poor children of the forest!" was the burden of the song, in a strain worthy the most pathetic flights of Mr. Pecksniff; "see how faithful we are to our trusts, and how judiciously we expend the appropriations! Yet they die off in spite of us—wither away as the leaves of the trees in autumn! Let us hope, nevertheless, that the beneficent intentions of Congress may yet be realized. We are the guardians of these unfortunate and defenseless beings; they are our wards; it is our duty to take care of them; we can afford to be liberal, and spend a little more money on them. Through the judicious efforts of our public functionaries, and the moral influences spread around them, there is reason to believe they will yet embrace civilization and Christianity, and become useful members of society." In accordance with these views the regulations issued by the Department were of the most stringent character—encouraging economy, industry, and fidelity; holding all agents and employés to a strict accountability; with here and there some instructive maxim of morality—all of which, upon being translated, meant that politicians are very smart fellows, and it was not possible for them to humbug one another. "Do your duty to the Indians as far as you can conveniently, and without too great a sacrifice of money; but stand by our friends, and save the party by all means and at all hazards. *Verbum sap!*" was the practical construction.

When public clamor called attention to these supposed abuses, and it became necessary to make

some effective demonstration of honesty, a special agent was directed to examine into the affairs of the service and report the result. It was particularly enjoined upon him to investigate every complaint affecting the integrity of public officers, collect and transmit the proofs of malfeasance with his own views in the premises, so that every abuse might be uprooted and cast out of the service. Decency in official conduct must be respected and the public eye regarded! Peremptory measures would be taken to suppress all frauds upon the Treasury. It was the sincere desire of the Administration to preserve purity and integrity in the public service.

From mail to mail, during a period of three years, the agent made his reports; piling up proof upon proof, and covering acres of valuable paper with protests and remonstrances against the policy pursued; racking his brains to do his duty faithfully; subjecting himself to newspaper abuse for neglecting it, because no beneficial result was perceptible, and making enemies as a matter of course. Reader, if ever you aspire to official honors, let the fate of that unfortunate agent be a warning to you. He did exactly what he was instructed to do, which was exactly what he was not wanted to do. In order to save time and expense, as well as further loss of money in the various branches of public service upon which he had reported, other agents were sent out to ascertain if he had told the truth; and when they were forced to admit that he had, there was a good deal of trouble in the Wigwam of the Great Chief. Not only did poor Yorick incur the hostility of powerful senatorial influences, but by persevering in his error, and insisting that he had told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he eventually lost the respect and confidence of the "powers that be," together with his official head. I knew him well. He was a fellow of infinite jest. There was something so exquisitely comic in the idea of taking official instructions literally, and carrying them into effect, that he could not resist it. The humor of the thing kept him in a constant chuckle of internal satisfaction; but it was the most serious jest he ever perpetrated, for it cost him, besides the trouble of carrying it out, the loss of a very comfortable per diem.

The results of the policy pursued were precisely such as might have been expected. A very large amount of money was annually expended in feeding white men and starving Indians. Such of the latter as were physically able took advantage of the tickets-of-leave granted them so freely, and left. Very few ever remained at these benevolent institutions when there was a possibility of getting any thing to eat in the woods. Every year numbers of them perished from neglect and disease, and some from absolute starvation. When it was represented in the official reports that two or three thousand enjoyed the benefit of aid from Government within the limits of each district—conveying the idea that they were fed and clothed at public expense—it must have meant that the



OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Territory of California originally cost the United States fifteen millions of dollars, and that the nuts and berries upon which the Indians subsisted, and the fig-leaves in which they were supposed to be clothed, were embraced within the cessions made by Mexico. At all events, it invariably happened, when a visitor appeared on the reservations, that the Indians were "out in the mountains gathering nuts and berries." This was the case in spring, summer, autumn, and winter. They certainly possessed a remarkable predilection for staying out a long time. Very few of them, indeed, have yet come back. The only difference between the existing state of things and that which existed prior to the inauguration of the system is, that there were then some thousands of Indians living within the limits of the districts set apart for reservation purposes, whereas there are now only some hundreds. In the brief period of six years they have been very nearly destroyed by the generosity of Government. What neglect, starvation, and disease have not done, has been achieved by the co-operation of the white settlers in the great work of extermination.

No pretext has been wanted; no opportunity lost, whenever it has been deemed necessary to get them out of the way. At Nome Cult Valley, during the winter of 1858-'59, more than a hundred and fifty peaceable Indians, including women and children, were cruelly slaughtered by the whites who had settled there under official authority, and most of whom derived their support either from actual or indirect connection with the reservation. Many of them had been in public employ, and now enjoyed the rewards

of their meritorious services. True, a notice was posted up on the trees that the valley was public land reserved for Indian purposes, and not open to settlement; but nobody, either in or out of the service, paid any attention to that, as a matter of course. When the Indians were informed that it was their home, and were invited there on the pretext that they would be protected, it was very well understood that as soon as Government had spent money enough there to build up a settlement sufficiently strong to maintain itself, they would enjoy very slender chances of protection. It was alleged that they had driven off and eaten private cattle. There were some three or four hundred head of public cattle on the property returns, all supposed to be ranging in the same vicinity; but the private cattle must have been a great deal better, owing to some superior capacity for eating grass. Upon an investigation of this charge, made by the officers of the army, it was found to be entirely destitute of truth: a few cattle had been lost, or probably killed by white men, and this was the whole basis of the massacre. Armed parties went into the rancherias in open day, when no evil was apprehended, and shot the Indians down—weak, harmless, and defenseless as they were—without distinction of age or sex; shot down women with sucking babes at their breasts; killed or crippled the naked children that were running about; and, after they had achieved this brave exploit, appealed to the State Government for aid! Oh, shame, shame! where is thy blush, that white men should do this with impunity in a civilized country, under the very eyes of an enlightened Government! They did it, and

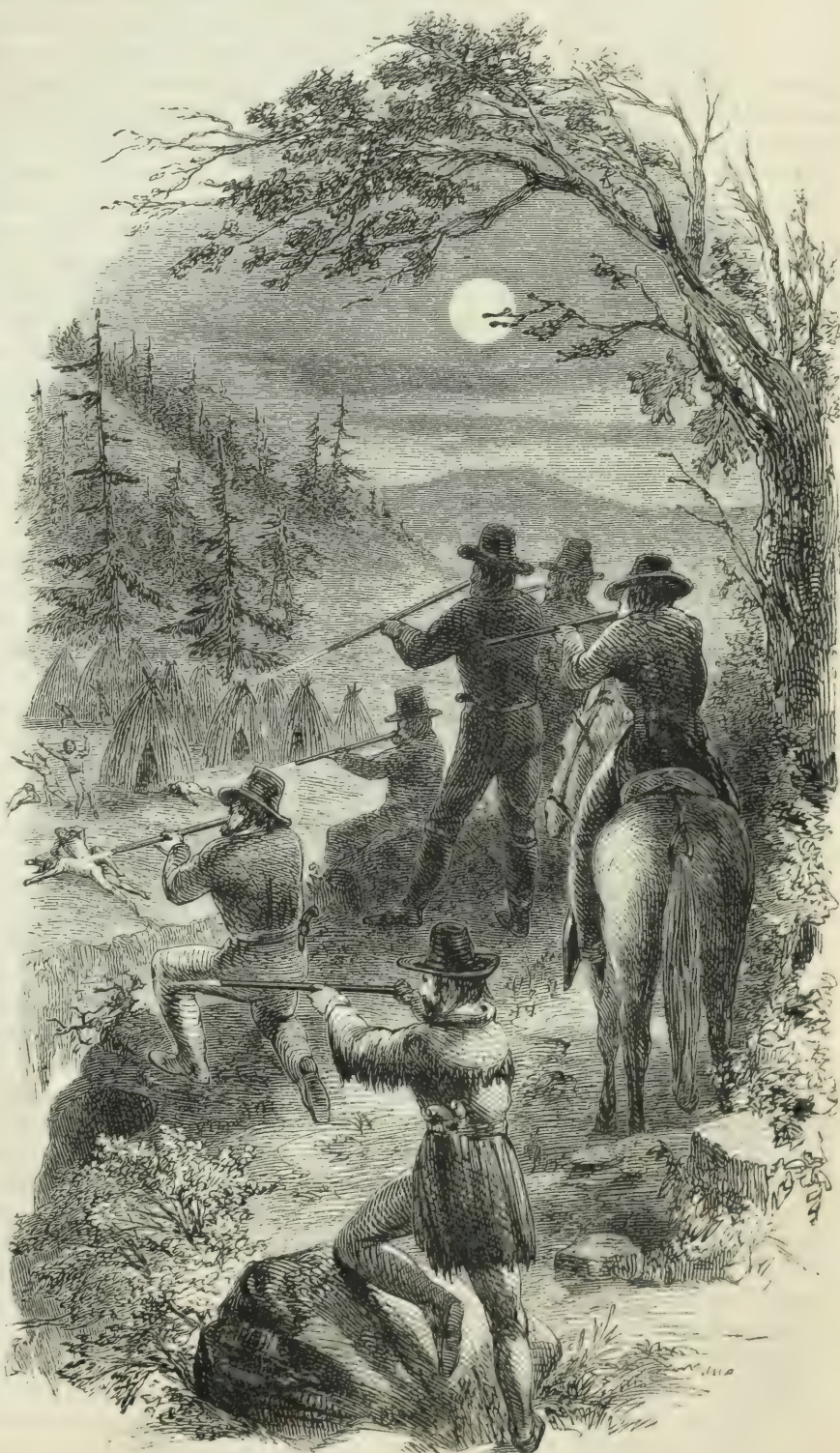
they did more! For days, weeks, and months they ranged the hills of Nome Cult, killing every Indian that was too weak to escape; and, what is worse, they did it under a State Commission, which in all charity I must believe was issued upon false representations. A more cruel series of outrages than those perpetrated upon the poor Indians of Nome Cult never disgraced a community of white men. The State said the settlers must be protected, and it protected them—protected them from women and children, for the men are too imbecile and too abject to fight. The General Government folded its arms and said, "What can we do? We can not chastise the citizens of a State. Are we not feeding and clothing the savages, and teaching them to be moral, and is not that as much as the civilized world can ask of us?"

At King's River, where there was a public farm maintained at considerable expense, the Indians were collected in a body of two or three hundred, and the white settlers, who complained that Government would not do any thing for them, drove them over to the Agency at the Fresno. After an expenditure of some thirty thousand dollars a year for six years, that farm had scarcely produced six blades of grass, and was entirely unable to support over a few dozen Indians who had always lived there, and who generally foraged for their own subsistence. The new-comers, therefore, stood a poor chance till the agent purchased from the white settlers, on public account, the acorns which they (the Indians) had gathered and laid up for winter use at King's River. Notwithstanding the acorns they were very soon starved out at the Fresno, and wandered away to find a subsistence wherever they could. Many of them perished of hunger on the plains of the San Joaquin.—The rest are presumed to be in the mountains gathering berries.

At the Mattole Station, near Cape Mendocino,

a number of Indians were murdered on the public farm within a few hundred yards of the head-quarters. The settlers in the valley alleged that Government would not support them, or take any care of them; and as settlers were not paid for doing it, they must kill them to get rid of them.

At Humboldt Bay, and in the vicinity, a series of Indian massacres by white men continued for over two years. The citizens held public meetings, and protested against the action of the General Government in leaving these Indians to prowl upon them for a support. It was alleged that the reservations cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and yet nothing was



PROTECTING THE SETTLERS.

done to relieve the people of this burden. Petitions were finally sent to the State authorities, asking for the removal of the Indians from that vicinity; and the State sent out its militia, killed a good many, and captured a good many others, who were finally carried down to the Mendocino reservation. They liked that place so well that they left it very soon, and went back to their old places of resort, preferring a chance of life to the certainty of starvation. During the winter of last year a number of them were gathered at Humboldt. The whites thought it was a favorable opportunity to get rid of them altogether. So they went in a body to the Indian camp, during the night when the poor wretches were asleep, shot all the men, women, and children they could at the first onslaught, and cut the throats of the remainder. Very few escaped. Next morning sixty bodies lay weltering in their blood—the old and the young, male and female—with every wound gaping a tale of horror to the civilized world. Children climbed upon their mothers' breasts, and sought nourishment from the fountains that death had drained; girls and boys lay here and there with their throats cut from ear to ear; men and women, clinging to each other in their terror, were found perforated with bullets or cut to pieces with knives—all were cruelly murdered! Let any who doubt this read the newspapers of San Francisco of that date. It will be found there in its most bloody and tragic details. Let them read of the Pitt River massacre, and of all the massacres that for the past three years have darkened the records of the State.

I will do the white people who were engaged in these massacres the justice to say that they were not so much to blame as the General Government. They had at least given due warning of their intention. For years they had burdened the mails with complaints of the inefficiency of the agents; they had protested in the newspapers, in public meetings, in every conceivable way, and on every possible occasion, against the impolicy of permitting these Indians to roam about the settlements, picking up a subsistence in whatever way they could, when there was a fund of \$250,000 a year appropriated by Congress for their removal to and support on the reservations. What were these establishments for? Why did they not take charge of the Indians? Where were the agents? What was done with the money? It was repeatedly represented that unless something was done the Indians would soon all be killed. They could no longer make a subsistence in their old haunts. The progress of settlement had driven them from place to place till there was no longer a spot on earth they could call their own. Their next move could only be into the Pacific Ocean. If ever an unfortunate people needed a few acres of ground to stand upon, and the poor privilege of making a living for themselves, it was these hapless Diggers. As often as they tried the reservations sad experience taught them that these were institutions for the benefit of white men,

not Indians. It was wonderful how the employés had prospered on their salaries. They owned fine ranches in the vicinity; in fact, the reservations themselves were pretty much covered with the claims of persons in the service, who thought they would make nice farms for white men. The principal work done was to attend to sheep and cattle speculations, and make shepherds out of the few Indians that were left.

What did it signify that thirty thousand dollars a year had been expended at the Tejon? thirty thousand at the Fresno? fifty thousand at Nome Lackee? ten thousand at Nome Cult? forty-eight thousand at Mendocino? sixteen thousand at the Klamath? and some fifty or sixty thousand for miscellaneous purposes? that all this had resulted in the reduction of a hundred thousand Indians to about thirty thousand? Meritorious services had been rewarded, and a premium in favor of public integrity issued to an admiring world.

I am satisfied, from an acquaintance of eleven years with the Indians of California, that had the least care been taken of them these disgraceful massacres would never have occurred. A more inoffensive and harmless race of beings does not exist on the face of the earth. But wherever they attempted to procure a subsistence they were hunted down; driven from the reservations by the instinct of self-preservation; shot down by the settlers upon the most frivolous pretexts; and abandoned to their fate by the only power that could have afforded them protection.

This was the result, in plain terms, of the inefficient and discreditable manner in which public affairs were administered by the Federal authorities in Washington. It was the natural consequence of a corrupt political system, which, for the credit of humanity, it is to be hoped will be abandoned in future so far as the Indians are concerned. They have no voice in public affairs. So long as they are permitted to exist, party discipline is a matter of very little moment to them. All they ask is the privilege of breathing the air that God gave to us all, and living in peace wherever it may be convenient to remove them. Their history in California is a melancholy record of neglect and cruelty; and the part taken by public men high in position in wresting from them the very means of subsistence, is one of which any other than professional politicians would be ashamed. For the Executive Department there is no excuse. There lay the power and the remedy; but a paltry and servile spirit, an abject submission to every shifting influence, an utter absence of that high moral tone which is the characteristic trait of genuine statesmen and patriots, have been the distinguishing features of this branch of our Government for some time past. Disgusted with their own handiwork; involved in debt throughout the State, after wasting all the money appropriated by Congress; the accounts in an inextricable state of confusion; the creditors of the Government clamoring to be paid; the "honest yeomanry" turning against the party in power; political affairs entangled



BEACH FISHING.

beyond remedy; it was admitted to be a very bad business—not at all such as to meet the approval of the Administration. The appropriation was cut down to fifty thousand dollars. That would do damage enough. Two hundred and fifty thousand a year, for six or seven years, had inflicted sufficient injury upon the poor Indians. Now it was time to let them alone on fifty thousand, or turn them over to the State. So the end of it is, that the reservations are practically abandoned—the remainder of the Indians are being exterminated every day, and the Spanish Mission System has signally failed.

So much—and I could not say less—concerning the Indians of California. I now proceed in my account of the adventures of the Coast Rangers.

On leaving the head-quarters of the reservation we struck the beach about four miles to the northward, where we had a magnificent stretch of hard sand for five or six miles to the crossing at Ten Mile River. The whole party were in fine spirits, plunging their animals into the surf, running away from the heavy breakers, and racing over the sand-hills after the pack-mules. It was a morning to inspire enthusiastic visions of adventure. The air was fresh and bracing, and seemed almost to sparkle with the invigorating spray of the ocean. Every breath of it was worth a day's journey. Along the beach, at intervals of a few hundred yards, groups of In-

dians were engaged in catching and packing away in baskets a small species of fish resembling the sardine, which, at particular periods during the summer, abound in vast numbers on this part of the coast. The Indians catch them by means of a small hand-net, which they use in a peculiar and very dexterous manner. Holding the pole of the net in both hands, they watch the breakers as they roll in, and when they see one of suitable force and magnitude coming, they plunge into the surf and turn their backs upon the incoming wave. The moment it breaks they set their nets down firmly in the sand, and the fish are forced into it by the velocity of the receding current. I have seen them take out at a single catch an ordinary-sized bucket full. The old women of the different tribes take away the fish in large baskets to the rancherias, where they are dried in the sun and used as necessity requires. The coast Indians carry on a small trade with those of the mountains and interior valleys, in fish, dried abalone, mussels, shells, and various marine productions, in exchange for which they receive dried berries, acorns, and different kinds of nuts and roots. Of late years, however, they have been so harshly dealt with by the settlers that it is with great difficulty they can procure a scanty subsistence. They are in constant dread of being murdered, and even in the vicinity of the reservations have a startled and distrustful look whenever they are approached by white men.

At Ten Mile River we found the crossing a little dangerous on account of the tide, which sometimes renders it impassable for several hours, except by swimming. With some plunging, spurring, and kicking, the opposite side was gained in due time; and now commenced what might be considered the grand panorama of the coast. For a distance of more than a hundred miles, to Humboldt Bay, it is an almost constant series of ridges, spurs, cañons, and jagged rocks jutting out into the sea, over which runs the worst trail perhaps that ever was traveled by man on the back of any four-footed animal. The mountains that we, the Coast Rangers, climbed up in the course of our perilous expedition through this region; the fearful precipices that we slid down to the bottom of and reached alive; the endless intricacies of winding ridges, pine forests, brush, jungle, and chaparral, that we forced our way through without the loss of a single member; the bottomless gulches into which Captain Toby led us and induced us to pitch our camp, where man nor beast was never known to spend a night before, save Digger Indians and grizzly bears; the extraordinary amount of game that we slaughtered, including the most formidable wild beasts of the forest, and the roaring lions of the ocean—all these it is entirely beyond my powers to describe, and, indeed, if I possessed the faculty, it would be impossible to enter into a detail of each day's wonderful experiences. I can only here and there dash into the grand vortex of events, and rescue from oblivion some incident that may be floating upon the surface.

By referring to a rough note-book kept by Captain Toby, and politely furnished me by that gentleman at the close of the expedition, I find the following entry, under date of Monday, July 6th:

"This day, at 6 A.M., killed two fine bucks and wounded a large grizzly. Discovered a new trail during the forenoon which cuts off ten miles of the day's journey. At 4 P.M. saved the blue keg containing the vinegar."

There is nothing peculiar in the entry, except the main fact connected with the saving of the vinegar, which is altogether omitted. Captain Toby on the same occasion saved the life of our excellent friend Tom Fry, and as he is too modest to mention the incident, I will state the particulars.

But these must be reserved for another chapter.

INSECTS DESTRUCTIVE OF MAIZE.

—"Old Time's on wing,
And would ye partake of Heaven's joys,
The corn must be sown in Spring."

German Seed-sowing Song.

IF we, in imagination, could stand upon any of those high cliffs overlooking the rocky iron-bound shore around Plymouth: if our introspective faculties are sufficiently strong to bring before our vision the panorama of that momentous period when the white and the red man met for the first time on a continent whose existence

men still thought a wondrous dream—what a picture it would be of antagonistic shadows, most gloomy and sad in every line, albeit the blue heavens were beaming above and the sea glowing in light beneath!

Those tall, lithe-limbed men of muscle, the dark-skinned flashing-eyed warriors of a dozen tribes, standing in their strength and power, bedizened with the barbaric spoils of a hundred victories in the forest, watching with silent eloquence the little heavy-laden storm-tossed skiff—the *Mayflower* of immortal name—gliding slowly over the phosphorescent sea, coming nearer and nearer, until those amazed and wondering heroes discern "the pale faces," can almost understand that their glory was even now vanishing away like the phantoms conjured up in the dark hours of the forest-night. Even now they feel the touch of the stronger arm, and shrink away from the intellect, intelligence, and indomitable will of the invading band gathered at the stem of that little ship, and looking defiance at the swarthy warriors who stand so silently watching those whose iron heels will soon crush out their identity, their individuality, even their names and language.

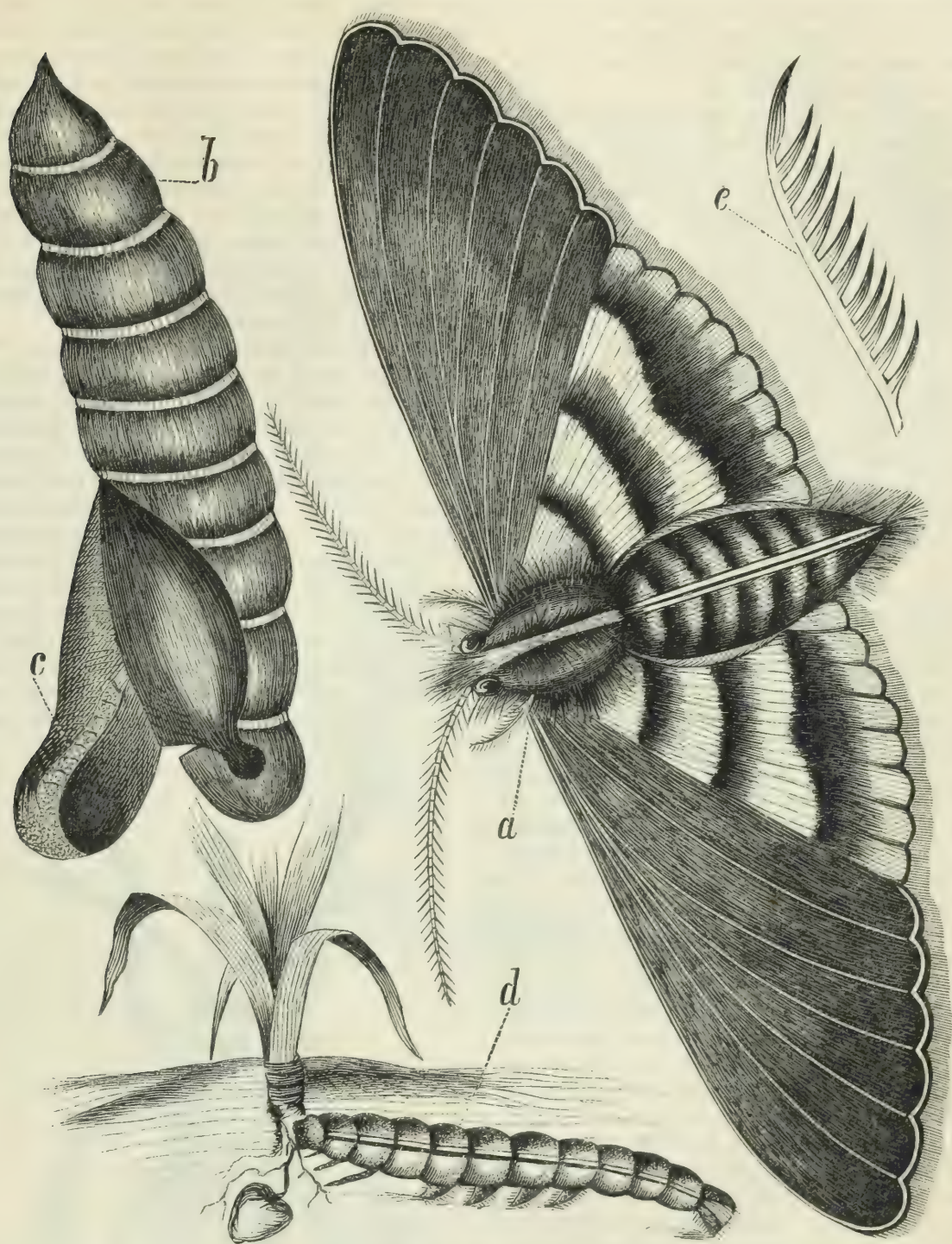
Slowly, but ever nearer, comes the tempest-tossed ship, her weary wings longing to be folded that she might know a little rest; and most gladly does the anchor slide into its oozy bed, and the *Mayflower* slumbers, lulled by the gentle waves which break in music upon the pebbly beach and against the sides of towering cliffs. Soon light and darkness meet—the civilized Christian and the barbarous, unrelenting savage.

The "pale face" has much to give, much to teach; the red man has little to give and much to learn, and oblivion to endure. Good-will must be encouraged on both sides: the "pale face" shows the wonders of the murderous weapon, and the red man gives his treasure—ears of Indian corn.

Fancy the offering made to these bold, fiery men. How they must have turned with disdain from these artless, impoverished children of the streams and valleys! How easy the conquest must have appeared—how near the result of annihilation when their places would know them no more, and the winds would find no echo when they called them in the forest glades, or beside the glowing rivers! But what a contrast is in these offerings—how significant, how suggestive of the Past and Present, and indicative of the overruling of a Supreme Power! What a glorious gift this was of the red man—how necessary to the existence of millions of human beings—for maize, in some form or another, is the daily subsistence of the greater part of the population of this country! Dismay and fear would seize the hearts of men if the corn crop should fail: and every American must say as did "enraptured Barlow,"

"All my bones are made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain!"

Maize, or Indian corn, the *Zea Mays* of Lin-

FIGURE 1.—*AGROTIS MAXIA* (CORN OUT-WORM).

a. The Moth — *b.* Pupa Case — *c.* Case of Haustellum. — *d.* Larva of the Moth. — *e.* Antenna of the Male.

næus, is a grass, one of the large family of *Gramineæ*. It is allowed by all botanists to be a native of America, although now distributed throughout every warm climate. Nothing can be more beautiful than a field of Indian corn, with its long, dazzlingly green, flag-like leaves, and the silken tassels hanging from the orifices of the ears, each so carefully wrapped in its protecting sheath.

There are many varieties of maize, red, chocolate-colored, yellow, crimson, and white: all of these are well known to the American planter. It does not thrive in Europe any where north of the basin of the Mediterranean, and poorly any where south of it. But in this country it grows luxuriantly, varying in height from two to eight

feet, according to its variety. The albumen is sufficiently abundant and farinaceous to yield a flour. It does not contain so much starch as rice, but possesses mucilaginous substances found, equally nourishing to man and beast. It has been proved by trial that a man will work longer fed solely on Indian corn than on any other grain, and will retain his health unimpaired. Many men, West and South, live mostly the year round with very little addition to their bill of fare. A dish of good hominy is all the laborer asks at the South; and a bowl of "Sepawn" suffices for the wood-cutter and tiller of the ground "out West." The passion for it in a green state is extravagantly exhibited by men, women, and children all over the land during the summer months,

and is no less active during winter for "Pop Corn." It is considered indispensable, under some form, on every table throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Corn is a precious, inexhaustible legacy left to the white man by his red-skinned brother; more lasting and eloquent than all the tumuli of their dead ancestors. Every ear of Indian corn is but a living epitaph to the memory of these fast fading wild children of the woods and winds; and when even their names have passed away from among us, a field of Indian corn will call them up to our fancy from every glade and valley in all their majesty and barbaric pomp.

Any thing injuring or militating against the quality and abundance of a staple second only to cotton in the estimation of the country becomes of paramount importance; and I propose to show you a few of the host which, if not kept under subjection by Omniscience, would soon render the land a desert, a vast grave-yard for man and beast.

The first on my list (Figure 1) is a large and beautiful moth, belonging to the *Noctuæ*. I can not suppose this insect to be so rare but that it may be found in almost any considerable collection in this country; but it is not described by any of our own entomologists, and is not known as a *cut-worm*. It would not be classed among the *Agrotidæ* if we accepted the imago alone, but its larva proclaims its affinity to this class so distinctly that it must be acceded. The specimen here represented is larger than ordinarily occurs, the larva having been well fed and tended. The *Agrotis* (*i. e.* "belonging to the country") *Mayia*—"Corn Cut-worm," has its fore-wings shaded in light and dark brown, deepening into black; the nervures are all white. The hind-wings are of a delicate brown; the bands heavy and black. The thorax is brown, with a lighter line running down it; the body is white, with black bands, a brown line running its length, a black one in the centre. The antennæ are pectinated in the males, and filiform in the females.

She appears in August and September, and deposits her eggs while the harvest is ripening; the small worm comes forth generally above ground, and feeds around on grass and other vegetation until it has cast its skin twice, when autumn finds it well advanced. As soon as the cold sets in it descends into the earth, and remains coiled up until the spring, when its food is prepared. We need not be amazed at finding every rootlet devoured, when we consider what their appetites must be after such a fast. But this cut-worm has a great deal of caution and moderation in its proceedings. It is a brown worm, naked (that is, free of hairs), with a horny, yellowish head, and a black line running through the segments. It first devours one side of the root of the corn, carefully abstaining from touching the main root springing from the grain. It then moves round to the other side. When it has obtained all it dares take without killing the plant outright, it moves off to another hill, leaving the first to turn yellow in leaf, droop, and

almost die; but still sufficiently alive to cause the farmer to think "a nice little shower or more sun will bring all right." These come in time, but produce a dwarfish stem, and ears with spaces where no grains grow at all: in a word, yielding only the third of a crop. In this respect it differs from many other cut-worms which generally clip off the plant close to the surface, devouring all beneath it. It usually grows to the length of two inches, quite thick in the body, and changes its skin four times. When about to transform, it descends into the earth, where it takes nearly three days to go into pupa.

The pupa-case is represented in Figure 1, *b*. When the insect is ready to emerge, the lid bursts open, as you perceive, the moth having withdrawn its tube from the case (at *c*) before the division takes place. It creeps out wet, weak, and languid, grasping at any thing near by, to which it clings, gradually moving its wings to and fro and discharging a quantity of liquid of a dark-brown color. This continues three or four hours before the imago has gained its full expansion. When in the open air, she would now seek her mate; but if kept in confinement, she commences to deposit her eggs in a few days on any thing, and then dies. These eggs are sterile, being unimpreg-

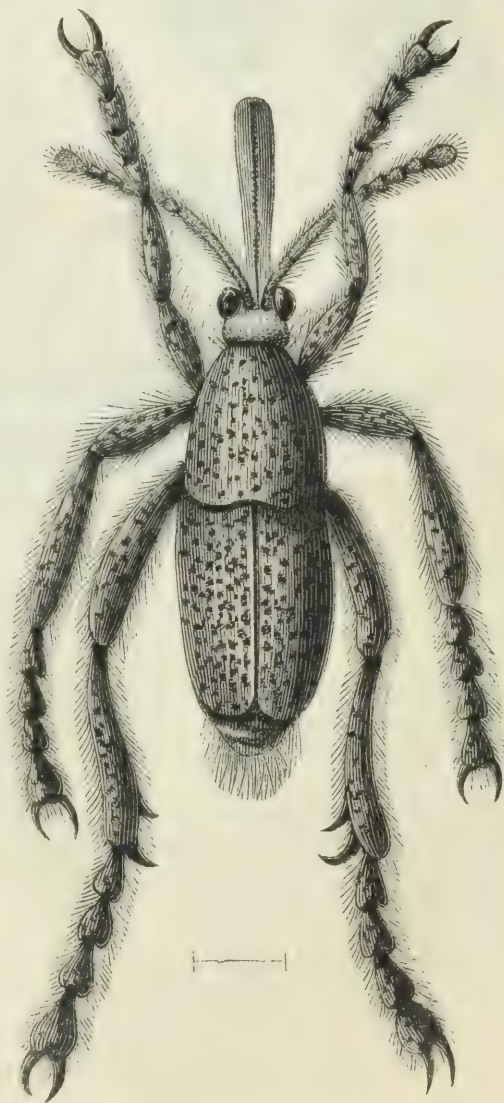


FIGURE 2.—*RHYNCHOPHORUS IMMUNIS* (CORN WEEVIL).

nated. The pupa-case is of a rich claret-red color, with lighter segments.

There is a singular provision allowed the moths which come out during warm weather. They can manage—but how, I can not tell you—to rise to the surface of the earth, so as to obtain as much heat as possible. You may bury them a foot below, but in a little while you will find them reposing on the surface. They seem to be aware that they have no time to lose. Again, with the moths that remain over the winter, you can not keep them *on* the surface. These you can see descending. They roll, and wriggle, and twist themselves until they are hid from the light. The colder the weather the lower they descend. How beautiful are all these provisions made by Providence for creatures esteemed by many so very useless and insignificant!

The next (Figures 2, 3) belongs to the family of *Rhyncophorus*, or “Weevils;” order, *Coleoptera*; sub-genus, *Sphenaphorus*. It corresponds in so many particulars with Say’s *R. Immunis*, that there is little doubt that it is the same insect seen at different stages. Early in the season it is quite brown, growing darker with age until it is very nearly black. It is familiarly called at the South and West, “Bill-bug,” “Corn-borer,” and “Cane-piercer”—it is a great nuisance under any name. The mother weevil bores into the stalk just above the ground, where she deposits her eggs. The grubs, when hatched, work up the stalk, eating their way in runs, if it is far enough advanced to allow of many inhabitants. In time the stalk dies, when suckers shoot up which, of course, give but half a crop at most.

The grub at first is short and cylindrical—whitish, with a brown head. It changes its skin four times, and becomes more slender and of a darker color. When ready to transform it throws out a few loose threads; gathering up the debris of its food it packs it around, making a cavity where it passes into pupa, remaining until the next season, when it comes out a perfect insect. The antennæ are placed on the rostrum, or beak, and are always elbowed, or bent, at an angle. The beak is horny and strong, and has the mouth at its extremity. The mandibles, or jaws, are obtuse or blunt. The other parts are very

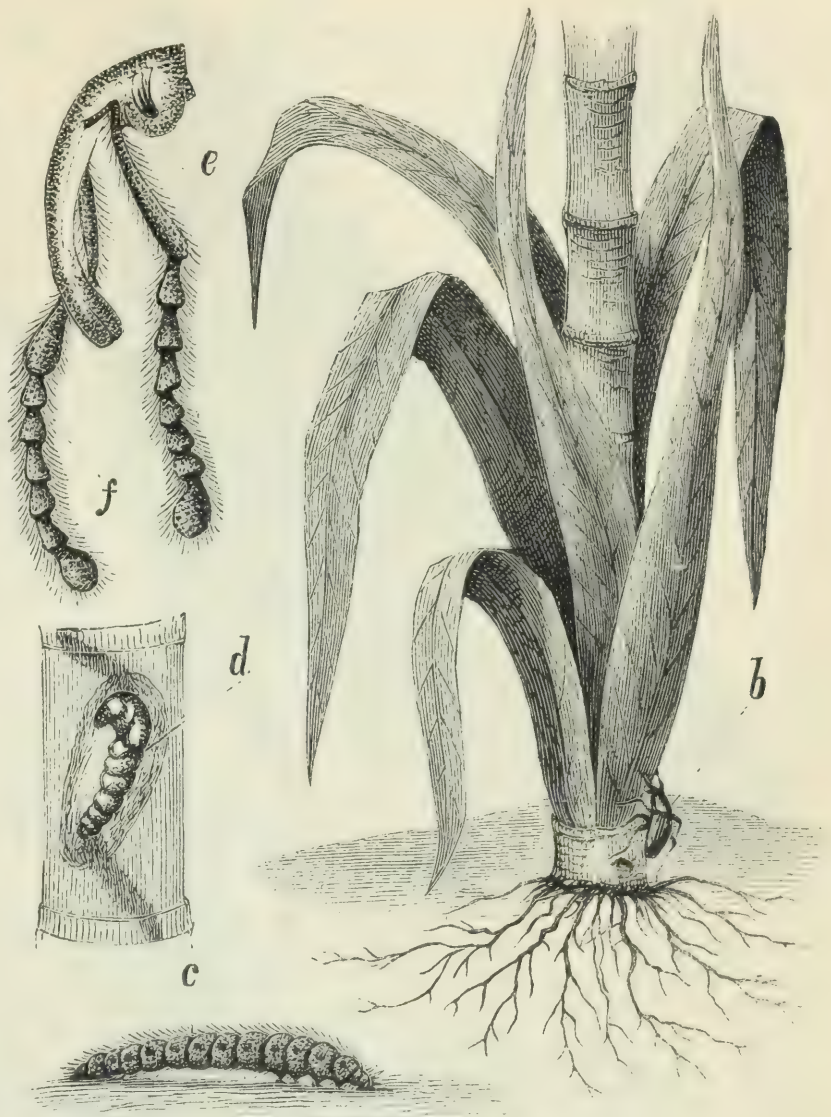


FIGURE 3.—THE CORN WEEVIL.

b. The Bug.—c. Larva.—d. Pupa.—e. Rostrum.—f. Antennæ.

indistinct. The weevil is not punctured very roughly on the thorax, which gives it rather a polished appearance, very different from many of its confrères. The wing-cases are very full of punctures, and do not at all times quite cover the abdomen. It is apt to be distended more or less before she deposits her eggs. They are easily destroyed by burning the corn-stalks, or placing them in pits, covering them with lime or ashes; the insects are thus killed, and a good manure remains from the stalks.

The third insect on my list is the *Gortyna Zea*, the famous “Spindle-Worm”—(Figure 4)—so called from its destroying the “spindle,” or small stalk, which is hidden between the leaves when the corn is very young. If you examine the corn closely you will see a small hole in the side of the stalk through which the worm has entered, when hatched from the egg, on the exterior. When you discover the mischief you may draw the whole up—spindle, leaves, and all—for they are all detached by this little creature. Cut the spindle open, and then you will see the cause of the trouble. It will be perforated every way, up and down, by the caterpillar, whose castings will be packed cunningly around the hole, to

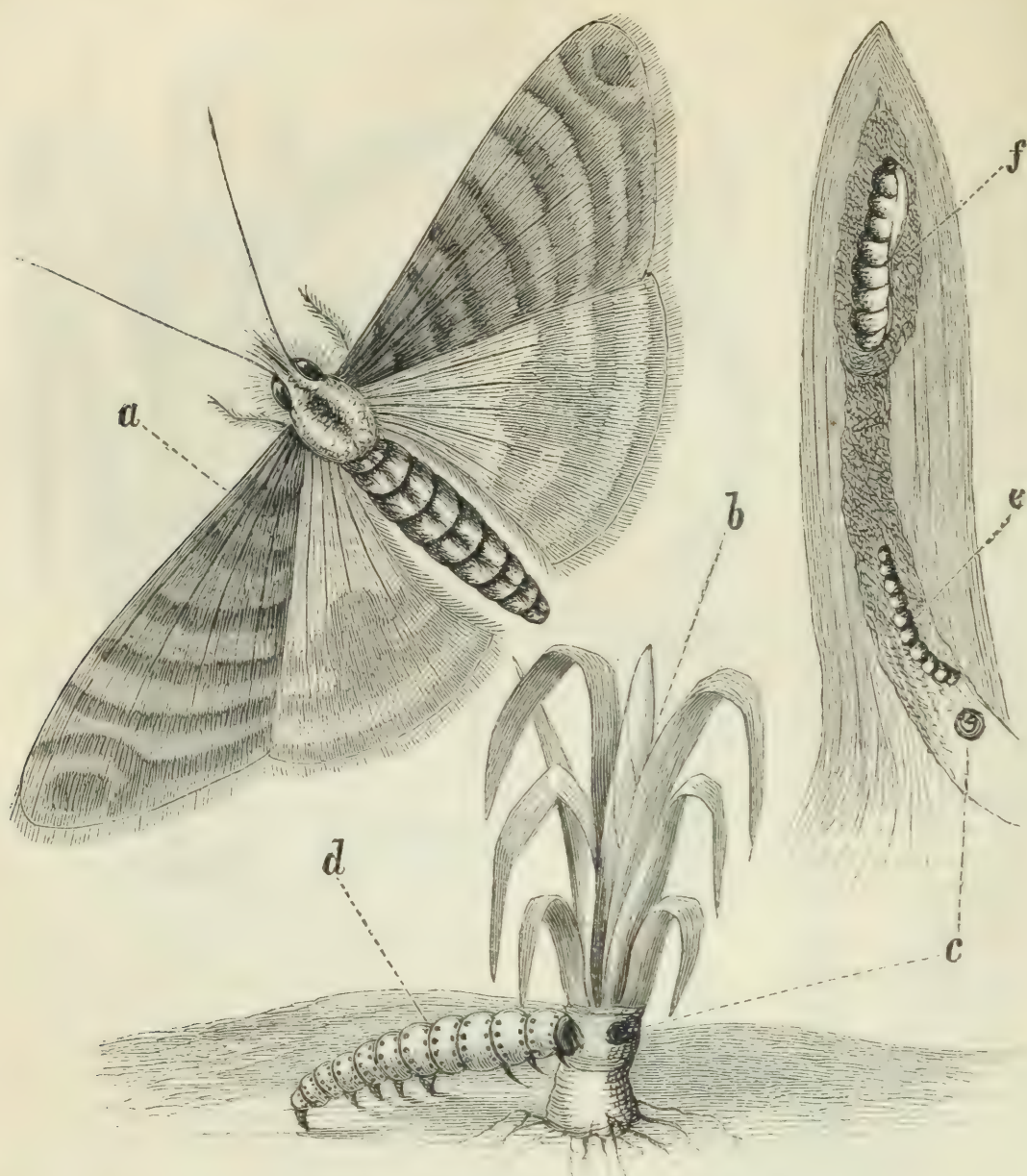


FIGURE 4.—GORTYNA ZEA (SPINDLE-WORM MOTH).

a. The Moth.—b. Spindle of the Corn.—c. Entrance Holes —d. The Larva.—e, f Larva in its Run, and Chrysalis in its Cavity.

prevent the evaporation of the juices. It is smooth, naked, and yellowish, with the head and first and last rings of the top black. There are bands of black dots running double round each segment. From each of these, with a high magnifier, you will perceive a strong black hair, growing to the length of an inch and a half. When full grown, is in bulk the size of a quill. When ready to transform, it spins a loose cocoon in the cavity which it has eaten out, and there turns into a chrysalis; it is of a dark reddish-brown; the edges of the last four segments are made irregular by small points, and four short spines turn up on the back extremity of the body.

This *Gortyna Zea*—"Spindle-moth of the Corn"—is a very pretty creature. The forewings are a rusty red, marked in bands, and mottled over with gray. There is a tawny spot at the tip of each fore-wing, which are to be seen distinctly only when the insect has newly emerged. The hind-wings are gray, mixed with yellow, with dark grayish spots in the centre, from which run two slight bands of gray. The

head and thorax are reddish, with tufts of tawny feathers on each, the body is pale brown with the tawny tufts in a row down the centre. It expands, when a fine specimen, over an inch and a half.

You perceive, by comparing them, how very similar are the destructive habits of the two last insects of which I have treated, in the larva state; but examine closer, and you will note that the moth can only commit her injuries when the stalk is very young and tender, while the mission of the weevil's grub is to be carried out when it becomes stronger and harder in texture. There are yet three more of each of these insects, who, at alternate seasons, assist in this destruction.

You have before you (Figure 5) one of the wonders of creation—a very common, everyday production, but not the less marvelous on this account. The *Aphis Mayis*, the "Plant-louse of the Corn," as it is familiarly called, belongs to the order *Hemiptera*—the genus *Aphis*—sub-genus *Eriosoma*. The Aphidæ are scattered throughout the vegetable kingdom. Every plant,

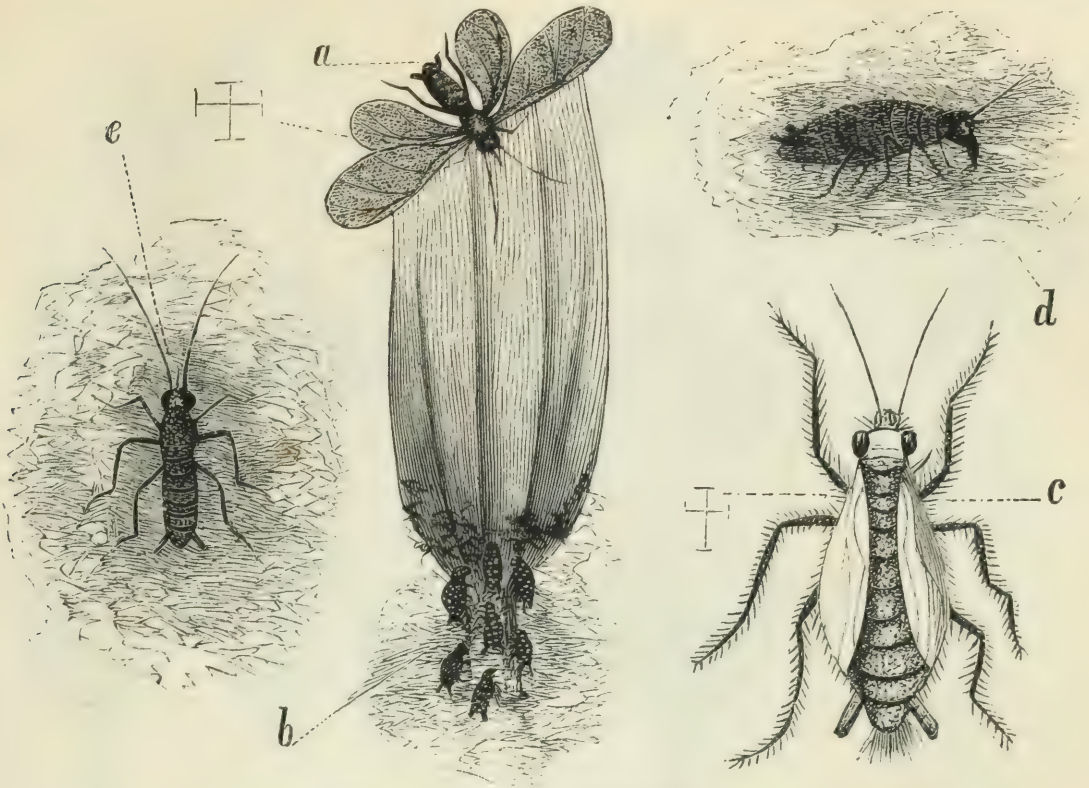


FIGURE 5.—APHIS MAYIS (CORN-PLANT LOUSE).

a. Imago.—b. Aphidæ on the Stem.—c. Aphis before the last Change.—d. Aphis with Young.

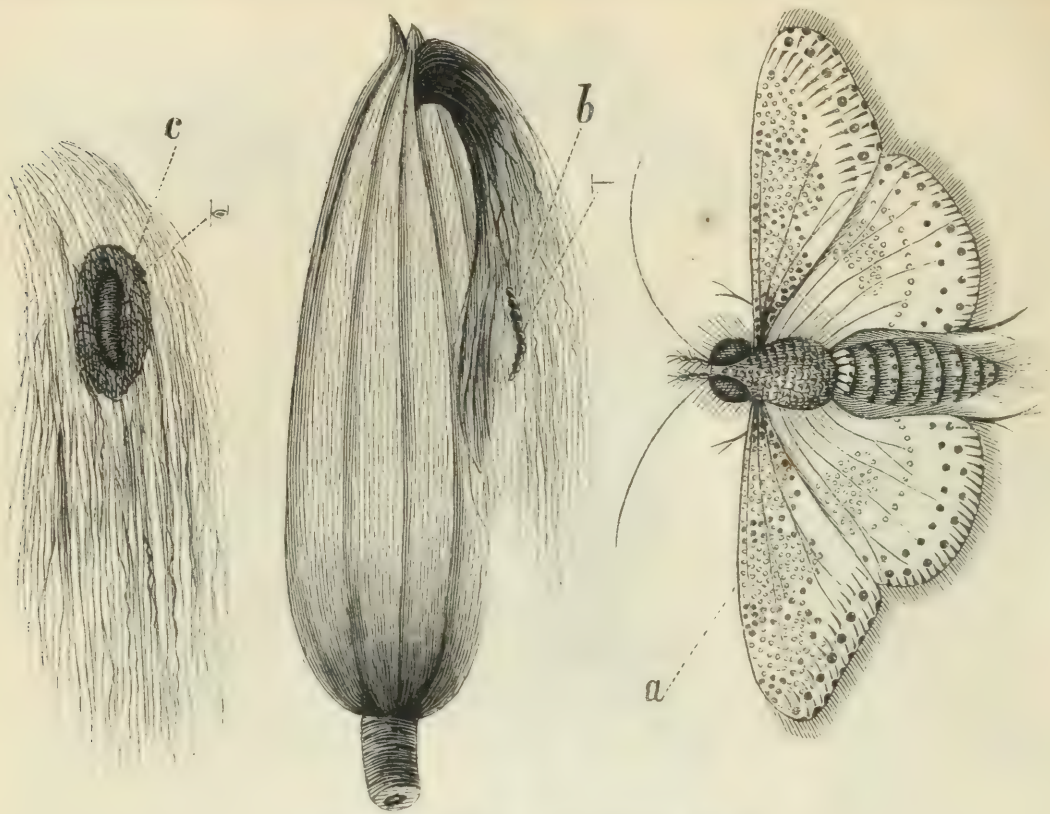
flower, bush, and tree, has its own peculiar Aphis attendant, differing somewhat in appearance but still retaining their individual habits and similitudes. They serve to keep down the redundancy of vegetation, and are the bonbons of the insect kingdom, serving as food to a great number of other insects.

This little creature, minute, common, and justly considered by us a great nuisance, has occupied the attention of naturalists of every age—has had treatises upon it read before the *Académie des Sciences* at Paris—has consumed months of their valuable time in experiments—Bazin, Lyonnet, Trembley, Bonnet, Reaumur, and a dozen others have found them a marvel and most worthy their deepest study. The first three were appointed by the Academy to test the experiments made by Bonnet, who proved that they brought forth young *without pairing*; “that the mother of ninety-five Aphides had never *paired*.” Trembley affirmed that they paired before birth, but this is considered now very erroneous. In subsequent experiments Bonnet ascertained (having seen up to the fifth generation in succession produce young without pairing) that the female after a time is deprived of her fecundity and becomes exhausted, when pairing is absolutely necessary to fertilize the female. And strange it is, after pairing she is no longer *viviparous*—that is, producing her young alive—but deposits *eggs*. This, you perceive, is a beautiful provision of nature. The tender young would be killed by the severity of the winter; but the eggs remain unscathed, and produce the young early in spring, who go on peopling the Aphis world as their ancestors did before them, *without pairing*. Another singu-

larity is, that no males are produced until toward the close of the season.

These naturalists stopped here, but I have gone on a step farther. The female Aphis continues to bring forth young when she has changed her skin *three* times. She then becomes exhausted, which is near the time the males are produced, who gain their growth very rapidly, and obtain their wings at the fourth moulting. These exhausted females now cast their fourth skin, under which were hidden their wings; when they fly forth to meet their mates, depositing eggs for the future supply of the next year. They now pair until they have obtained their wings. Males and females are found feeding and living together until the fall is far advanced. You will find them of all shades, delicate green, almost white, dark green, pale brown, red, and nearly black, in the same crowd. But these are only individuals of different ages, and changed by the juices of the plants they are feeding upon. This is a beautiful experiment, which you can make any month in summer by closing up a large Aphis in a box with a glass cover; giving her fresh food several times a day of the plant from which you have taken her. You can convince yourself of this phenomenon occurring under your eyes every hour—nay, minute—of the day, from early spring until late in the autumn.

But let us examine this Aphis of the Corn. It differs in many particulars from those of the rose, the oak, the willow, and many others. The haustellum, or sucker, is not so long, but stouter and stronger, for it has a harder substance to penetrate. They are found only on the stem or stalk of the ear of corn, where they cluster, sucking the juice; thereby reducing the

FIGURE 6.—*TINEA MAISINIA* (CORN-SILK MOTH).

a. The Moth.—b. Larva.—c. Chrysalis.

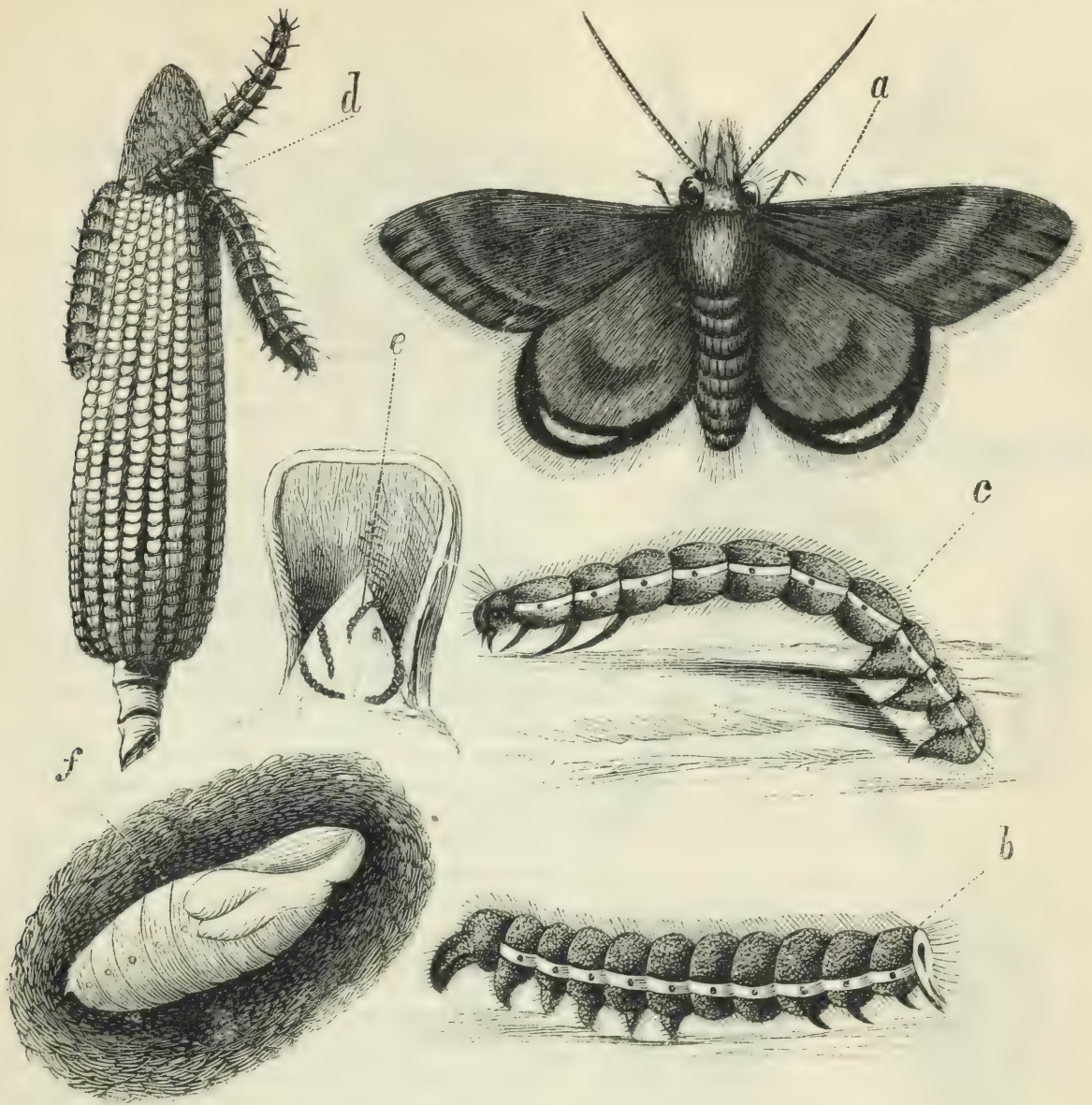
nourishment of the leaves and grains on the cob, which gives that wrinkled and withered look which ears of corn often exhibit. The sucker, when not in use, is carried, bent under, between the legs. It is a delicate transparent tube, the point acting as a perforator, and contains two small brownish looking instruments. But these are so exceedingly minute and tender that you can only prove this by pressing the sucker, which will not allow dissecting in this variety, from its flabbiness after death. When multiplied to thousands and tens of thousands they demonstrate their capabilities of injury most unmistakably. They have two tubes, called "honey-tubes," at the extremity of the body, through which passes the "honey-dew;" so long a marvelous production to naturalists, but which is now proved to be ejected from these tubes as food for the young who are not capable of perforating for themselves. This is the reason why you always find black and red ants clambering up the corn-stalks. They are accused of stealing grains from the ears when they simply have been seeking this their favorite food, and coaxing their friends, the Aphides, by every affectionate caress, to give them this delicacy—which these generous little creatures never refuse. The instinctive gourmands: it is quite amusing to see them lapping it up with such apparent delight.

This variety—the *Eriosoma*—has another peculiarity of ejecting from every segment fibres of a white cottony material; not so long and thick as that belonging to the Apple and Honey-suckle Aphides, but quite sufficient to shelter the young from extreme heat or cold. And

here, among this cottony stuff, you will find granulated lumps of honey-dew, which you will often see ants carrying off in their jaws to store away in their own nests. This variety, which is called in England "the American Apple Blight," was long considered to belong alone to this country; but it is now well ascertained to be quite as prolific in the Netherlands, France, and the south of Europe, as with us.

I hope you will look upon these little creatures with more curiosity than hitherto. They are indeed a marvel, and a subject of thought to every reflecting mind.

Tinea Maisinia—"Corn-silk Moth" (Figure 6). I wish it was in my power to place this little moth under a magnifier before the eyes of every reader. It is certainly one of the most beautiful little creatures in existence. The *Tinea Maisinia* feeds only on the efflorescence or silk of the corn. It is, indeed, a marvel of beauty. Let me describe it as well as the pen will paint. First, it is silvery white—those dots on the front wings are two shades of brown: dark and paler at the edges; the little dots on the exterior encircling them are black; they are raised like feathers on the breast of a bird, the white shimmering around them like hoar-frost. The hindwings are the same, except having only one large brown spot and a double row of black dots on each. The head and thorax are both covered with scales of burnished gold, scintillating with every ray of light, and throwing them off in shades as if from a prism. The body is silvery white, with dots of black feathers. The light is so reflected from the dazzling commingling of these colors that she looks as if incased

FIGURE 7.—*PHYTOMETRA ZEA* (HALF-LOOPER MOTH OF CORN).

a. The Moth.—b. Grown Caterpillar.—c. First Position of Walking.—d. Larvæ feeding.—e. Caterpillars feeding.—f. Chrysalis.

in spun glass, and makes your eyes ache with its brilliancy.

A friend brought me an ear of variegated corn, with a very full efflorescence of silk falling from it, upon which a minute white worm, with a pinkish head, was feeding. Four days after, it spun its cocoon amidst the silk as you see (Figure 6, c), and in two weeks it came forth this beautiful winged creature. It was the admiration of a number of persons; but one, more anxious to see it closer, approached the window, and away she flew like a golden spangle out into the world—an atom of exquisite finish and beauty. I was well pleased that I had painted her, and more so that she had flown away. I could not reconcile myself to the thought that, like other bright loved ones of earth, so much beauty must fade, perish, and become dust.

Phytometra Zea—"Half-looper Moth of the Corn" (Figure 7). This insect has exercised a vast number of minds in discussing its identity with the celebrated "Boll-worm" of the cotton plant. But on comparing the perfect moths a great discrepancy will be found, although there is so much resemblance between the larvæ.

Neither of them are what is called by entomologists "nice eaters;" that is, refusing any other but the one particular plant. The boll-worm will not starve, but she certainly has a choice. The moth *Phytometra Zea*, in the larva state, will devour young grass seeds, and thrive equally as well as upon corn, or wheat in the milk, or rice; in fact, upon any thing succulent and juicy. But you could not feed the boll-worm on corn, or on any of the Gramineæ. This moth is found throughout the country wherever Indian corn grows; but the "Boll-worm moth" never strays from the cotton-fields. The worm is at first greenish, turning to a brownish hue near the time it is about to moult, and appearing of intermediate shades in the interval. It is naked, or covered with a line of hairs on the back after the last moult: it has a yellow stripe running through the segments with black dots intervening. It is only found when corn is in the milky state, and descends into the earth for transformation when the grain hardens. It has the oddest, most uncouth position when it first starts to walk, as if the tail was not its own; but after the arch in its half-expansion is once

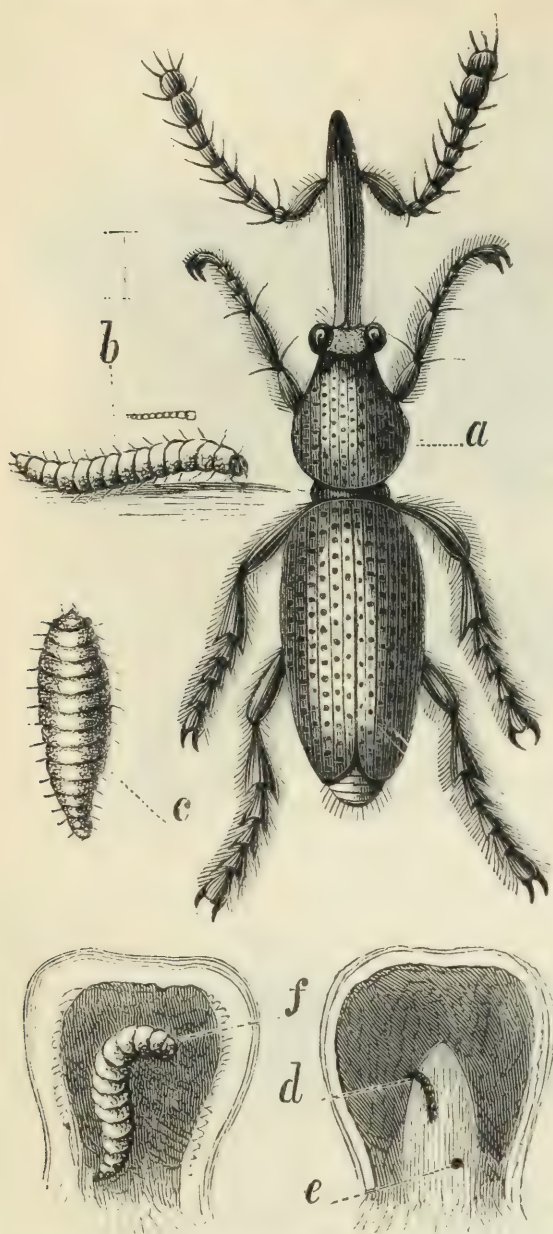


FIGURE 8.—SITOPHILUS GRANARIA (CORN WEEVIL).

a. The Weevil.—b. Grown Grub.—c. Young Grub.—d. Grub feeding.—e. Egg.—f. Pupa in the Grain

formed, it travels over the ground quite rapidly. The eggs are deposited by the moth in a cluster on the very apex of the young ear, where they are protected by the sheath leaves until the grains are forming, when they commence to eat downward, as you perceive, sheltered by the leaves, which are withdrawn to show the habit of these larvæ. They are very destructive while they last, and very wasteful, often eating out only the kernel of every grain and leaving the rest. When ready to descend it falls gently by a long thread to the ground. When on the surface it rolls and twists its body until it sinks into a cavity, which it lines with silk very slightly, binding and gumming the grains of sand over it until a rough cocoon is formed. Here it changes into a bright-brown chrysalis, with its wings very distinctly marked, and remains over until the next season.

The moth, if the worm has been well fed, expands nearly two inches. It is a leonine yellow on the upper wings, with two bands running

across of a more tawny yellow, with an irregular and darker spot in the centre of each. In some specimens they are quite crescent-shaped. The under wings are of a lighter color, with bands of brown, almost black, on the margins, with a crescent-shaped spot in the centre of each. The thorax and body are a mixture of black, dark brown, and yellow hairs.

Sitophilus Granaria—"Corn Weevil" (Figure 8). This insect, although not very common, is daily on the increase. It was first sent to me found in some seed-corn procured from the Patent-office at Washington. It belongs to the *Coleoptera* order, genus *Calandra*, and sub-genus *Sitophilus*, and is without doubt the *Curculio granarius* of Linnæus. It has a long thorax, which, as well as the wings, are deeply punctured; they do not cover the abdomen entirely. It is of a pitch-red color. They are principally found on corn which has been "husked," or shelled from the cob. The mother weevil bores a hole in the grain, in which she drops an egg, going from grain to grain until she has deposited nearly two hundred eggs. The grub is rather cylindrical at first, but as it grows older it becomes more slender. It is of a yellowish white, with a few black hairs on the head. Sometimes it has a lead-colored tinge; then, again, red or brown, if the corn is colored. It eats only the one grain it is placed in, which suffices for its larder and cradle, where it spins a slight envelope of silk, and turns into a pupa, remaining over until the next season, when it comes out a perfect weevil, ready to recommence its depredations. You may multiply this insect to any extent by leaving old grain about, or keeping dusty, unswept granaries. They will eat any kind of grain, but always prefer corn.

Pyralis Farinalis—"Meal Moth," or "Corn Moth" (Figure 9). Here is a very pretty little, brisk, active body, which resembles somewhat a pigeon when her wings are folded and she is at rest. The *Pyralis Farinalis* is indifferent whether she places her eggs on the husky portion at the base of the grain, or in the meal, or on the grooves of the barrel or box it is kept in. When she chooses the grain the caterpillars devour it entirely, and go off to others, until they have fed their appointed time. The grains are eaten in a very irregular manner, quite different from the way of eating exhibited by the grubs of the weevils. The caterpillar is pink, sometimes red, and about a quarter of an inch long when full grown. The cocoon is made of corn-dust and other particles, bound together with silk. It is oval in shape, very bushy with odds and ends. It is either attached to the outside of the grain, or between two or three shells drawn round it, or against any wood-work near by, or hid away flat in a corner of the bin or box, wherever it may be when ready to transform. The chrysalis is very delicate, of a pale brown, with the wing-cases quite transparent. It is a very pretty insect. The upper wings are of a chestnut-brown, crossed by two curved lines of white, with small dark spots near the centre, with lighter edges around

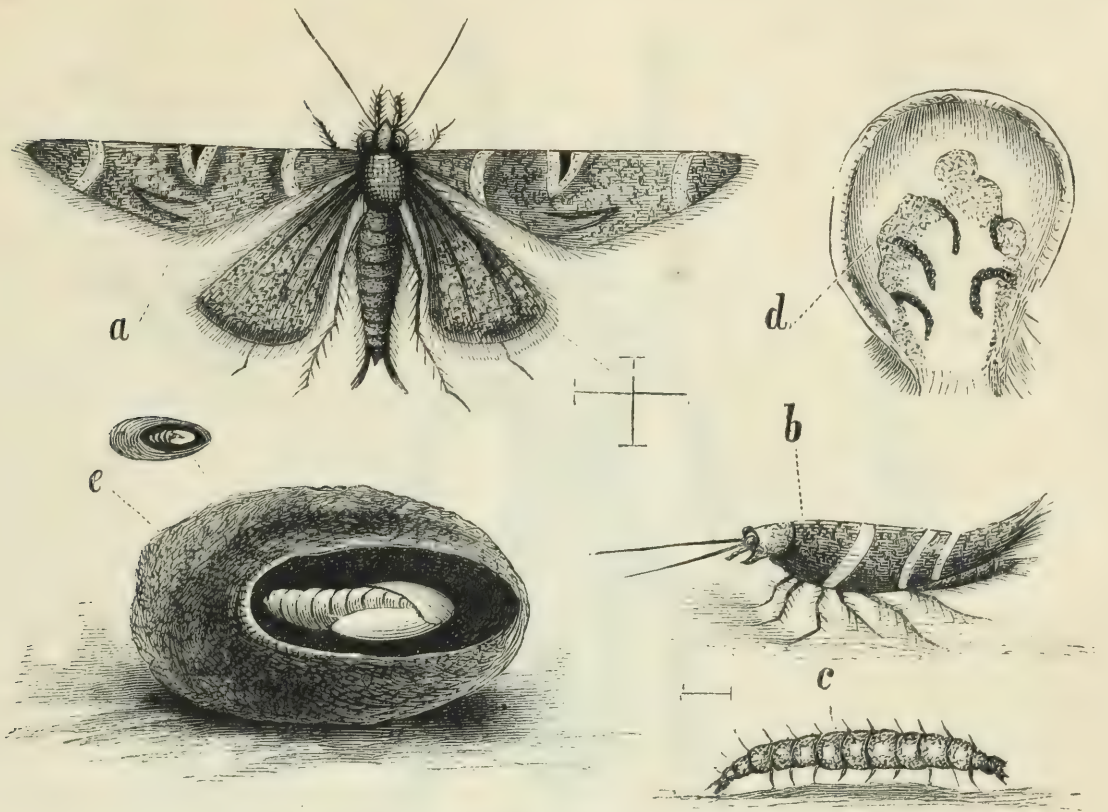


FIGURE 9.—PYRALIS FARINALIS (MEAL-MOTH).

a. The Moth.—b. Moth at Rest.—c. Caterpillar.—d. Caterpillars in a Grain of Corn.—e. Cocoon and Chrysalis.

them, and chocolate-brownish colored spots at the tip of each. The under wings are of a light brown, and deeply fringed. The head, thorax, and body are brown, with dark hairs sprinkled over them.

I know no little moth that is so fond of being perched in our parlors as this. She is very sociable, and can be seen all summer visiting our pantries, and spying into meal-boxes and corn-bins. She is, I am sorry to say, a very foolish little moth, always "allured by taper's gleaming light," and can be found in numbers around the lamps in farm-houses during the summer months.

Tinea Zea—"Meal Moth" (Fitch) (Figure 10). The Meal Moth is a very common, sedate-looking insect. Her fore-wings are gray and bluish, dappled with white; there are bands and spots of tawny yellow on the tips, but they are so very indistinct that they are scarcely perceptible, except when she has just emerged and newly dried. The hind-wings are white, with a leaden tinge over them, with long silken fringe; the body is a medley of yellow, black, white, and gray hairs. No color is paramount or in excess. The caterpillar is shining; a yellowish brown; has a hard, horny head, and sixteen feet. The eggs are scattered through the meal on which the caterpillars feed when hatched. When it is ready to transform it spins a loose cocoon against a post, or the barrel or box in which the meal is kept, and changes into a pale-yellow chrysalis, with brown lines on the

segments. The eyes are more prominent than is usually seen. The favorite place is between the cakes of yeast used in most houses, in which corn-meal is the principal ingredient on which it feeds. In one of them it will form a cavity, which it lines with silk, covering itself nicely over with the same. Here it will remain hidden, unless disturbed, until ready to creep between the interstices, and comes out a perfect insect. They are very common every where North and South.

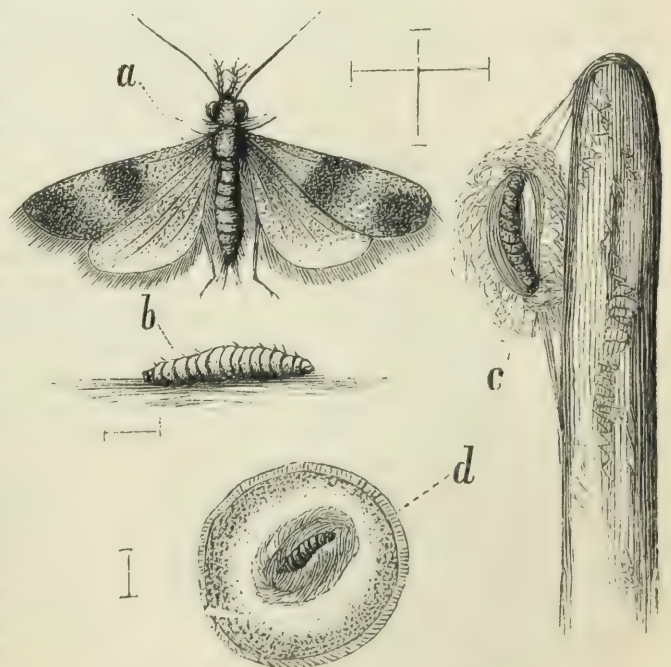


FIGURE 10.—TINEA ZEA (MEAL-MOTH).

a. The Moth.—b. Caterpillar.—c. Cocoon on a Post.—d. Chrysalis in a Yeast-Cake.

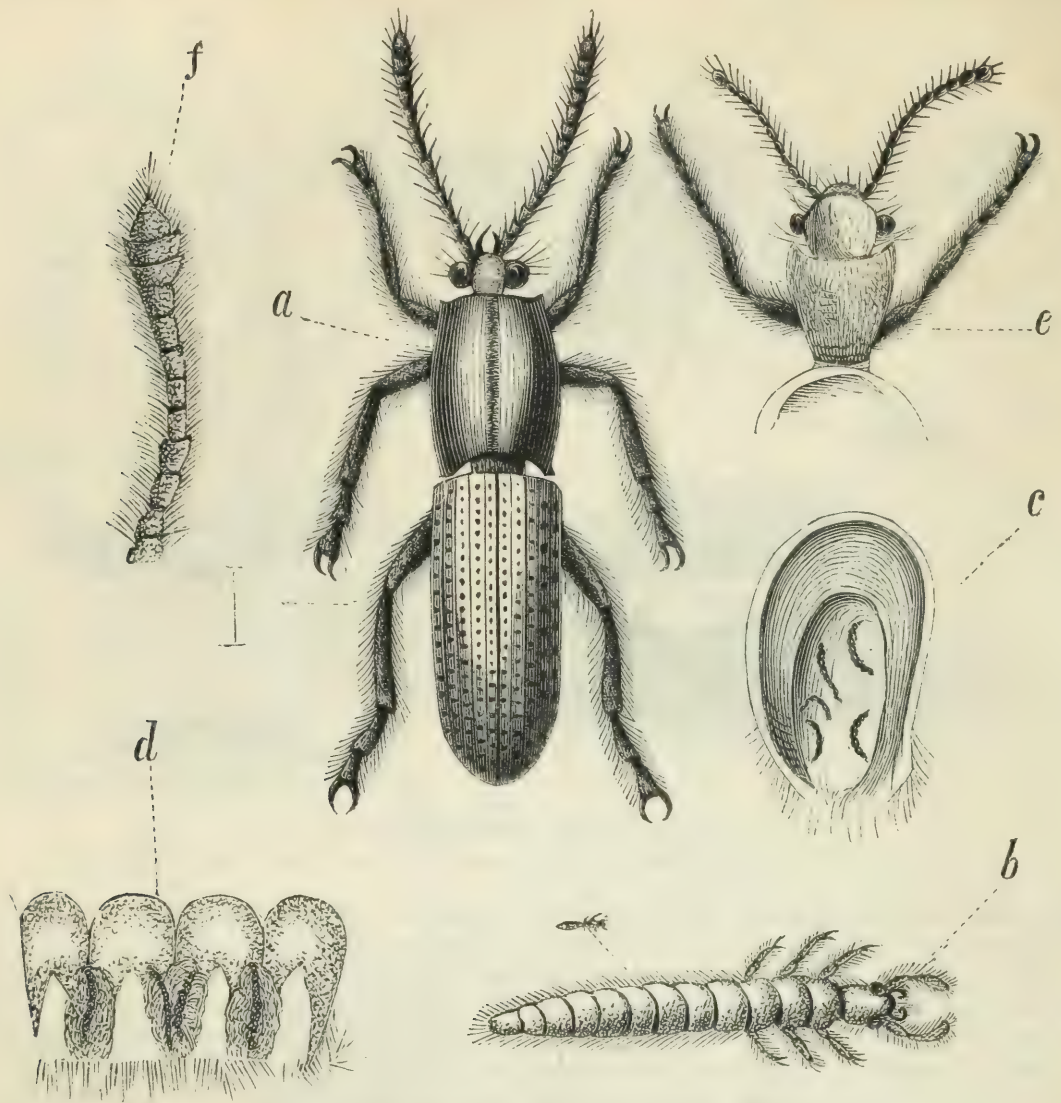


FIGURE 11.—COLYIDIUM OBLIVEATA (FLAT CORN BEETLE).

a. The Beetle.—b. The Grub.—c. Grubs feeding —d. Pupæ between Grains.—e. Head and Thorax of *Sylvanus*.—f. Antennæ.

Colydium Obliveata—"Flat Corn Beetle" (Figure 11). This belongs to the *Coleoptera* order, genus *Colydium*. It has been classed by some authors with the *Sylvanus*—a subgenus of the *Ipsites*. This is erroneous. This last has eleven joints in the antennæ; the thorax and head are broader than in the former, becoming quite narrow where it joins the abdomen. You can compare the two. The *Colydium* is very straight, flat, and narrow, and has twelve joints in the antennæ. It is of a bright chestnut-brown color; the wing-cases, or exterior wings, slightly punctured. She is so very flat that she creeps in between the grains on the cob, depositing her eggs at the base of the kernels. The grubs, as soon as hatched, eat into the grains, eventually devouring all the starchy parts of the interior, leaving the grains still standing but loosened. A whole ear can be thus destroyed, and only show exteriorly a transparent appearance when held up to the light. But strike it against something, and out they will tumble—beetles and larvæ by the hundred. The latter are very downy and whitish, scarcely differing in color from the corn itself. When ready to go into pupæ they spin a slight envelope between the

grains, and change each into a brownish red chrysalis, remaining over as long as the negligence of the planter or farmer allows them.

You must not conclude that you have here *all* the insects destructive to Indian corn. These are only a few selections from the host, which is always on the look-out to perform their missions. Some orders, which are equally injurious, are not represented at all, as my space would not allow me to treat of them. But from these you can always be able to class a goodly number; for all weevils puncture alike, and all beetles gnaw or eat in the same manner. The larvæ or caterpillars of moths exhibit their difference to those of the *Coleoptera*, which are grubs; and by a close examination of these you can know where to find their abodes in the earth around the corn and in the grain.

With thankful hearts to the Giver of all good for the immense crops spared to us, even with such odds against us, we feel willing to join in the refrain of the German seed-sowing song:

"Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed,
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed."

THE FIGHT AT ORISKANY.*

AUGUST 5, 1777.

ON the fifth of August, in the morn,
I was plowing between the rows of corn,
When I heard Dirck Bergen blow his horn.

I let the reins in quiet drop;
I bade my horse in the furrow stop,
And the sweet green leaves unheeded crop.

Down at the fence I waited till
Dirck galloped down the sloping hill,
Blowing his conch-horn with a will.

"Ho, neighbor! stop!" to Dirck I cried,
"And tell me why so fast you ride—
"What is the news you scatter wide?"

He drew the rein, and told me then
How with his seventeen hundred men
St. Leger vexed the land again.

A fiendish crew around him stood—
The Tory base, the Hessian rude,
The painted prowler of the wood—

The savage Brant was in his train,
Before whose hatchet, quick to brain,
Fell patriot blood in scarlet rain—

How all this force, to serve the crown,
And win in civil strife renown,
Before Fort Schuyler settled down,

Where Gansevoort close with Willett lay—
Their force too weak for open fray—
Bristling like hunted bucks at bay.

And Dirck, by Herkimer, the stout,
Was sent to noise the news about,
And summon all to arm and out.

Far must he spread the word that day,
So, bidding me come to join the fray,
And blowing his horn, he rode away.

I had been married then a year;
My wife to me was doubly dear,
For a child had come our home to cheer.

I had not mingled in the strife
That swept the land; my aim in life
To tend my farm, and cheer my wife.

I watched my flocks and herds increase,
And plowed my land and held my peace:
Men called me the Tory, Abner Reece.

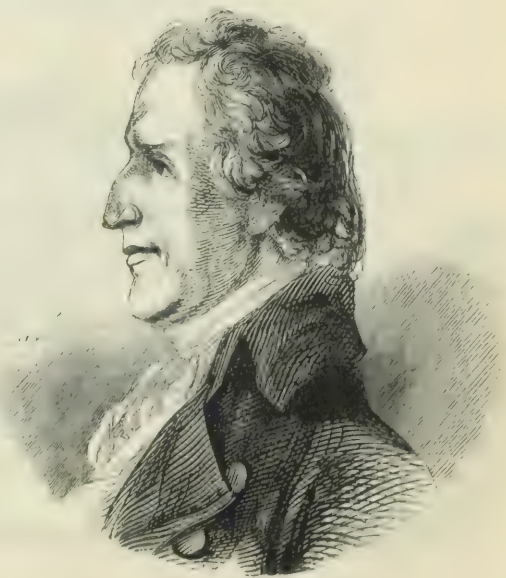
Yet now the country needed all
Her manly sons to break her thrall;
Could I be deaf to her piteous call?

I thought me of the cruel foe,
The red-skinned Mingo, skulking low,
The midnight raid, the secret blow—

* ORISKANY is a village in Central New York, about eight miles west of Utica. The battle fought here on the 5th of August, 1777, was one of the most desperate of the whole Revolutionary war. The incidents given in the following ballad are historically accurate. The taunts which forced Herkimer to advance before he wished; his reply to his officers; the ambush; the "brave old Dutchman" sorely wounded sitting under a tree, smoking his pipe, and giving his orders; the thunder-storm which for a time interrupted the fight; the stratagem of Johnson, detected by Gardinier, and the flight of the Indians, are all detailed by Mr. Lossing, in his "Field-Book of the Revolution." Herkimer died of his wound nine days after the battle. His leg, shattered by the ball which had killed his horse, was amputated. The surgeon, a young Frenchman, was drunk and unable to stanch the blood. The General seeing his end approaching called for a Bible, read aloud the 38th Psalm, then closed the book, and died. No portrait of him is known to exist. All that Mr. Lossing could learn of his appearance was that he was "a large, square-built Dutchman."—Peter Gansevoort, who commanded at Fort Schuyler, was a native of Albany. For his gallant defense of the fort he received the thanks of Congress. He died in 1812, aged sixty-two years, having held several important offices of trust.—Marinus



PETER GANSEVOORT.



MARINUS WILLETT.

Hessians and Brunswickers, the leers
Of Europe's cup of miseries,
And brutal Tories, worse than these—

Britons, with rude, relentless hand:
All these made up the cruel band
Which came to spoil and vex the land.

I felt my heart in anger leap—
"No!" cried my spirit from its deep,
"I will not here ignobly creep.

"I have a strong arm for the fray;
"I have a rifle sure to slay;
"I fear no man by night nor day.

"When prowling wolves have left their den,
"The hunter's craft is needed then—
"The country must not lack for men."

So from the corn-rows, green and tall,
I led my plow-horse to the stall,
Then took my rifle from the wall.

I slung my pouch and powder-horn,
I kissed my babe scarce three months born,
And bade my wife farewell that morn.

I journeyed steadily all that day—
Through brake and brier I made my way;
For stream or hill I did not stay.

At set of sun I made my camp,
Mid alder bushes thick and damp,
And at the dawn resumed my tramp.

I reached the meeting-place at eight,
But, though no laggard, I came too late—
They had not thought for me to wait.

Oh, fatal haste, so soon to stir!
Yet not the fault of Herkimer,
Who knew his foe too well to err.

Rash, headstrong men the others led,
Who mocked at what the General said,
And heaped contumely on his head.

"You know not what you seek," he cried;
"Those are but fools who foes deride;
"And prudence dwells with courage tried.

"My messenger left at set of sun;
"When once his errand has been done,
"Will sound Fort Schuyler's signal-gun.

"Wait till that cannon's voice you hear,
"And then we'll fall upon their rear,
"As Gansevoort to their van draws near."

Said Colonel Paris then, "Not so!
"We left our homes to strike a blow;
"So lead us quickly to the foe.

Willett, who acted such an important part at Oriskany, for which a sword was presented to him by Congress, was a native of Jamaica, Long Island. He was elected Mayor of New York in 1807; in 1824 he was President of the Electoral College of the State. He died in 1830, aged ninety-one years.

The sketch of the Battle-Field was made in 1848, by Mr. Lossing, for his "Field-Book of the Revolution." The frame-work in the centre of the picture is the remains of the platform erected for the speakers at the celebration held upon the battle-ground in 1844. Fifteen thousand people were collected. The principal speakers were Hon. D. S. Dickinson and Hon. John A. Dix, recently appointed Major-General of the United States Army. The platform was erected on the spot where Herkimer fell. A dark spot in the centre of the field behind indicates the place where the beech-tree stood, under which the wounded General sat when delivering his orders. The Indian ambush was placed upon the high ground in the middle of which the barn now stands. The hottest part of the fight took place upon the high plain between the ravine in the fore-ground and another ravine farther to the right.



THE BATTLE-GROUND AT ORISKANY.

"Else all may see those do not err
 "Who brand you as a coward cur
 "And skulking Tory, Herkimer."

But Herkimer only smiled at first—
 He knew those merely words at worst
 That from hot-headed rashness burst.

"I have been placed your path to guide,
 "And shall I lead you then," he cried,
 "To the jaws of ruin gaping wide?"

But Cox replied, "This talk is vain;
 "If Herkimer fears he may be slain,
 "Let him in safety here remain."

Flashed Herkimer's eyes with fire at this,
 And sank his voice to an angry hiss—
 "Such shafts," he cried, "my honor miss.

"March on! but if I judge aright,
 "You'll find when comes our foe in sight,
 "The loudest boaster first in flight."

And so they were marching through a glen
 Not far from the mouth of Oriskany, when
 I overtook their hindmost men.

I saw Dirck Bergen's honest face
 Among the rest; he had reached the place
 An hour before me in the race.

He wrung my hand and told me all—
 "Look out," said he, "for a rain of ball,
 "And the thickest shower that well can fall.

"For Brant is watching round about,
 "And long ere this by many a scout
 "He knows his foes are armed and out.

"We'll have it heavily, by-and-by;
 "But that's no matter—one can but die—
 "And safer it is to fight than fly."

I laughed a little my fear to hide;
 But I felt my memory backward glide
 To the home I left on the river-side.

I saw that cabin of logs once more,
 The ceiling low and the sanded floor,
 And my wife the cradle leaning o'er.

I saw her bending with girlish grace,
 And I knew the mother was trying to trace
 The father's look in the infant's face.

The house-dog pricked his watchful ear—
 He heard some traveler passing near—
 She listened my coming step to hear.

But soon dispersed that pleasant scene,
 And I glanced with vision clear and keen
 Through the close-set boughs of the forest green.

A deep ravine was in our way,
 Marshy and damp, and o'er it lay
 A causeway formed of logs and clay.

The spot was pleasant—stilly down
 Fell forest shadows cool and brown,
 From branch and bough and lofty crown.

Fringing the fore-ground of the scene,
 I saw the slender birches lean
 Lovingly o'er the tussocks green.

The leaves were thickly set o'erhead,
 The low-growth dense around was spread—
 But suddenly filled my heart with dread.

A sight, a sound the soul to shock—
 A dark face, peering past a rock,
 The clicking of a rifle lock.

Forth from a jet of fiery red
 Leapt to its mark the deadly lead—
 Dirck Bergen fell beside me dead.

To life the sleeping echoes woke,
 As from each rock and tree there broke
 A flash of fire, a wreath of smoke.

Then rang around us yell on yell,
 As though the very fiends of hell
 Had risen in that gloomy dell.

And though the foe we scarce could see,
 Still from each bush and rock and tree
 He poured his fire incessantly.

From a sheltering trunk I glanced around—
 Dying and dead bestrewed the ground,
 Though some by flight scant safety found.

Ay, flight! as Herkimer had said,
 Appalled at blood-drops raining red,
 The rear-guard all like dastards fled.

But Herkimer blenched not—clearer then
 His accents rang throughout the glen,
 Cheering the spirits of his men.

And though his horse was slain, and he
 Was wounded sorely in the knee,
 A cooler man there could not be.

He was not chafed nor stirred the least.
 But, gay as a guest at a wedding-feast,
 He bade them strip his dying beast.

A famous seat the saddle made
 Beneath a beech-tree's spreading shade,
 From whence the battle he surveyed.

All through the hottest of the fight
 He sat there with his pipe alight,
 And gave his orders left and right.

Whoever could gaze at him and flee,
 The basest of poltroons would be—
 The sight chased every fear from me.

None shrank the foe, though sore bested.
 Each from his tree the bullet sped,
 And paid them back with dead for dead.

The battle-shout, the dying groan,
 The hatchet's crash, the rifle's tone,
 Mixed with the wounded's painful moan.

Full many a stout heart bounding light,
 Full many a dark eye beaming bright,
 Were still'd in death, and closed in night.

I was not idle through the fray;
But there was one alone that day
I had a fierce desire to slay.

I had seen the face and marked it well,
That peered from the rock when Bergen fell;
And I watched for that at every yell.

No hound on scent more rapt could be,
As I scanned the fight from behind the tree;
And five I slew, but neither was he.

At length I saw a warrior brain
A neighbor's son, young Andrew Lane,
And stoop to scalp the fallen slain.

'Twas he! my brain to throb began,
My eager hands to the gun-stock ran,
And I dropped fresh priming in the pan.

His savage work was speedily through;
He raised and gave the scalp-halloo;
Sure aim I took, and the trigger drew.

Off to its mark the bullet sped;
Leapt from his breast a current red;
And the slayer of honest Dirck was dead.

Upon us closer now they came;
We formed in circles walled with flame,
Which way they moved our front the same.

Sore galled and thinned came Butler's men,
With a bayonet charge to clear the glen,
And gallantly we met them then.

Our wrath upon the curs to deal,
There, hand to hand and steel to steel,
We made their close-set column reel.

Fiercely we fought 'mid fire and smoke,
With rifle shot and hatchet stroke,
When over our heads the thunder broke.

And I have heard the oldest say
That ne'er before that bloody day
Such storm was known as stopped our fray.

'Twas one of the cloud-king's victories—
Down came the rain in gusty seas,
Driving us under the heaviest trees.

But short the respite that we got;
The rain and thunder lasted not,
And strife again grew fierce and hot.

At the foot of a bank I took my stand,
To pick out a man from a coming band,
When I felt on my throat a foeman's hand.

At the tightening grasp my eyes grew dim;
But I saw 'twas a Mingo, stout of limb,
And fierce was the struggle I made with him.

Deep peril hung upon my life;
My foot gave way in the fearful strife;
The wretch was o'er me with his knife.

In my hair his eager fingers played;
I felt the keen edge of his blade;
But I struggled the harder undismayed.

I had sunk before his deadly blow,
When suddenly o'er me fell my foe—
A friendly ball had laid him low.

The Mohawks wavered—Brant in vain
Would bring them to the charge again,
For the chiefest of their braves were slain.

We heard a firing far away
In the distance where Fort Schuyler lay—
'Twas Willett with Johnson making play.

Advancing then with friendly cries,
A band of patriots met our eyes—
The Tories of Johnson in disguise.

They came as though to aid our band,
With cheerful front and friendly hand—
An artful trick and ably planned.

We hailed their coming with a cheer;
But the keen eye of Gardinier
Saw through their mask as they drew near.

"They think," he cried, "by tricks like these
"To lock our sense, and bear the keys—
"Look! those are Johnson's Refugees!"

A deadly purpose in us rose;
There might be quarter for our foes
Of Mingo breed, but none for those.

For cabins fired, and old men slain,
And outraged women pleading vain,
Cried vengeance on those sons of Cain.

A hurtling volley made to tell,
And then, with one wild, savage yell,
Resistless on their ranks we fell.

The Mohawks see their allies die;
Dismayed, they raise the warning cry
Of "Oonah!" then they break and fly.

A panic seized the startled foe;
They show no front, they strike no blow,
As through the forest in rout they go.

We could not follow—weak and worn
We stood upon the field that morn;
Never was triumph so forlorn.

For of our band who fought that day
One half or dead or wounded lay,
When closed that fierce and fearful fray.

And on that field, ere daylight's close,
We buried our dead, but mourned not those
We laid to rest beside our foes.

Revenge, not grief our souls possess—
We heaped the earth upon each breast,
And left our brothers to their rest.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY.

UNFORTUNATELY for Mr. Furnival, the intruder was Mrs. Furnival—whether he pleased or whether he did not please. There she was in his law chamber, present in the flesh, a sight pleasing neither to her husband nor to her husband's client. She had knocked at the outside door, which, in the absence of the fag, had been opened by Mr. Crabwitz, and had immediately walked across the passage toward her husband's room, expressing her knowledge that Mr. Furnival was within. Mr. Crabwitz had all the will in the world to stop her progress, but he found that he lacked the power to stay it for a moment.

The advantages of matrimony are many and great—so many and so great that all men, doubtless, ought to marry. But even matrimony may have its drawbacks; among which unconcealed and undeserved jealousy on the part of the wife is perhaps as disagreeable as any. What is a man to do when he is accused before the world—before any small fraction of the world—of making love to some lady of his acquaintance? What is he to say? What way is he to look? “My love, I didn't. I never did, and wouldn't think of it for worlds. I say it with my hand on my heart. There is Mrs. Jones herself, and I appeal to her.” He is reduced to that! But should any innocent man be so reduced by the wife of his bosom?

I am speaking of undeserved jealousy, and it may therefore be thought that my remarks do not apply to Mrs. Furnival. They do apply to her as much as to any woman. That general idea as to the strange goddesses was on her part no more than a suspicion; and all women who so torment themselves and their husbands may plead as much as she could. And for this peculiar idea as to Lady Mason she had no ground whatever. Lady Mason may have had her faults, but a propensity to rob Mrs. Furnival of her husband's affections had not hitherto been one of them. Mr. Furnival was a clever lawyer, and she had great need of his assistance; therefore she had come to his chambers, and therefore she had placed her hand in his. That Mr. Furnival liked his client because she was good-looking may be true. I like my horse, my picture, the view from my study window for the same reason. I am inclined to think that there was nothing more in it than that.

“My dear!” said Mr. Furnival, stepping a little back, and letting his hands fall to his sides. Lady Mason also took a step backward, and then with considerable presence of mind recovered herself, and put out her hand to greet Mrs. Furnival.

“How do you do, Lady Mason?” said Mrs.

Furnival, without any presence of mind at all. “I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you very well. I did hear that you were to be in town—shopping; but I did not for a moment expect the—gratification of finding you here.” And every word that the dear, good, heart-sore woman spoke told the tale of her jealousy as plainly as though she had flown at Lady Mason's cap with all the bold, demonstrative energy of Spitalfields or St. Giles.

“I came up on purpose to see Mr. Furnival about some unfortunate law business,” said Lady Mason.

“Oh, indeed! Your son Lucius did say—shopping.”

“Yes; I told him so. When a lady is unfortunate enough to be driven to a lawyer for advice, she does not wish to make it known. I should be very sorry if my dear boy were to guess that I had this new trouble; or, indeed, if any one were to know it. I am sure that I shall be as safe with you, dear Mrs. Furnival, as I am with your husband.” And she stepped up to the angry matron, looking earnestly into her face.

To a true tale of woman's sorrow Mrs. Furnival's heart could be as soft as snow under the noonday sun. Had Lady Mason gone to her and told her all her fears and all her troubles, sought counsel and aid from her, and appealed to her motherly feelings, Mrs. Furnival would have been urgent night and day in persuading her husband to take up the widow's case. She would have bade him work his very best without fee or reward, and would herself have shown Lady Mason the way to Old Square, Lincoln's Inn. She would have been discreet too, speaking no word of idle gossip to any one. When he, in their happy days, had told his legal secrets to her, she had never gossiped, had never spoken an idle word concerning them. And she would have been constant to her friend, giving great consolation in the time of trouble, as one woman can console another. The thought that all this might be so did come across her for a moment, for there was innocence written in Lady Mason's eyes. But then she looked at her husband's face; and as she found no innocence there her heart was again hardened. The woman's face could lie—“the faces of such women are all lies,” Mrs. Furnival said to herself—but in her presence his face had been compelled to speak the truth.

“Oh dear, no; I shall say nothing of course,” she said. “I am quite sorry that I intruded. Mr. Furnival, as I happened to be in Holborn—at Mudie's for some books—I thought I would come down and ask whether you intend to dine at home to-day. You said nothing about it either last night or this morning; and nowadays one really does not know how to manage in such matters.”

"I told you that I should return to Birmingham this afternoon; I shall dine there," said Mr. Furnival, very sulkily.

"Oh, very well. I certainly knew that you were going out of town. I did not at all expect that you would remain at home; but I thought that you might, perhaps, like to have your dinner before you went. Good-morning, Lady Mason; I hope you may be successful in your—lawsuit." And then, courtesying to her husband's client, she prepared to withdraw.

"I believe I have said all that I need say, Mr. Furnival," said Lady Mason; "so that if Mrs. Furnival wishes—" And she also gathered herself up as though she were ready to leave the room.

"I hardly know what Mrs. Furnival wishes," said the husband.

"My wishes are nothing," said the wife, "and I really am quite sorry that I came in." And then she did go, leaving her husband and the woman of whom she was jealous once more alone together. Upon the whole, I think that Mr. Furnival was right in not going home that day to his dinner.

As the door closed somewhat loudly behind the angry lady—Mr. Crabwitz having rushed out hardly in time to moderate the violence of the slam—Lady Mason and her imputed lover were left looking at each other. It was certainly hard upon Lady Mason, and so she felt it. Mr. Furnival was fifty-five, and endowed with a bluish nose; and she was over forty, and had lived for twenty years as a widow without incurring a breath of scandal.

"I hope I have not been to blame," said Lady Mason in a soft, sad voice; "but perhaps Mrs. Furnival specially wished to find you alone."

"No, no; not at all."

"I shall be so unhappy if I think that I have been in the way. If Mrs. Furnival wished to speak to you on business I am not surprised that she should be angry, for I know that barristers do not usually allow themselves to be troubled by their clients in their own chambers."

"Nor by their wives," Mr. Furnival might have added, but he did not.

"Do not mind it," he said; "it is nothing. She is the best-tempered woman in the world; but at times it is impossible to answer even for the best tempered."

"I will trust you to make my peace with her."

"Yes, of course; she will not think of it after to-day; nor must you, Lady Mason."

"Oh no; except that I would not for the world be the cause of annoyance to my friends. Sometimes I am almost inclined to think that I will never trouble any one again with my sorrows, but let things come and go as they may. Were it not for poor Lucius I should do so."

Mr. Furnival, looking into her face, perceived that her eyes were full of tears. There could be no doubt as to their reality. Her eyes were full of genuine tears, brimming over and running down; and the lawyer's heart was melted. "I

do not know why you should say so," he said. "I do not think your friends begrudge any little trouble they may take for you. I am sure at least that I may so say for myself."

"You are too kind to me; but I do not on that account the less know how much it is I ask of you."

"The labor we delight in physics pain," said Mr. Furnival, gallantly. "But, to tell the truth, Lady Mason, I can not understand why you should be so much out of heart. I remember well how brave and constant you were twenty years ago when there really was cause for trembling."

"Ah, I was younger then."

"So the almanac tells us; but if the almanac did not tell us I should never know it. We are all older, of course. Twenty years does not go by without leaving its marks, as I can feel myself."

"Men do not grow old as women do, who live alone and gather rust as they feed on their own thoughts."

"I know no one whom time has touched so lightly as yourself, Lady Mason; but if I may speak to you as a friend—"

"If you may not, Mr. Furnival, who may?"

"I should tell you that you are weak to be so despondent, or rather so unhappy."

"Another lawsuit would kill me, I think. You say that I was brave and constant before, but you can not understand what I suffered. I nerved myself to bear it, telling myself that it was the first duty that I owed to the babe that was lying on my bosom. And when standing there in the Court, with that terrible array around me, with the eyes of all men on me, the eyes of men who thought that I had been guilty of so terrible a crime, for the sake of that child who was so weak I could be brave. But it nearly killed me. Mr. Furnival, I could not go through that again; no, not even for his sake. If you can save me from that, even though it be by the buying off of that ungrateful man—"

"You must not think of that."

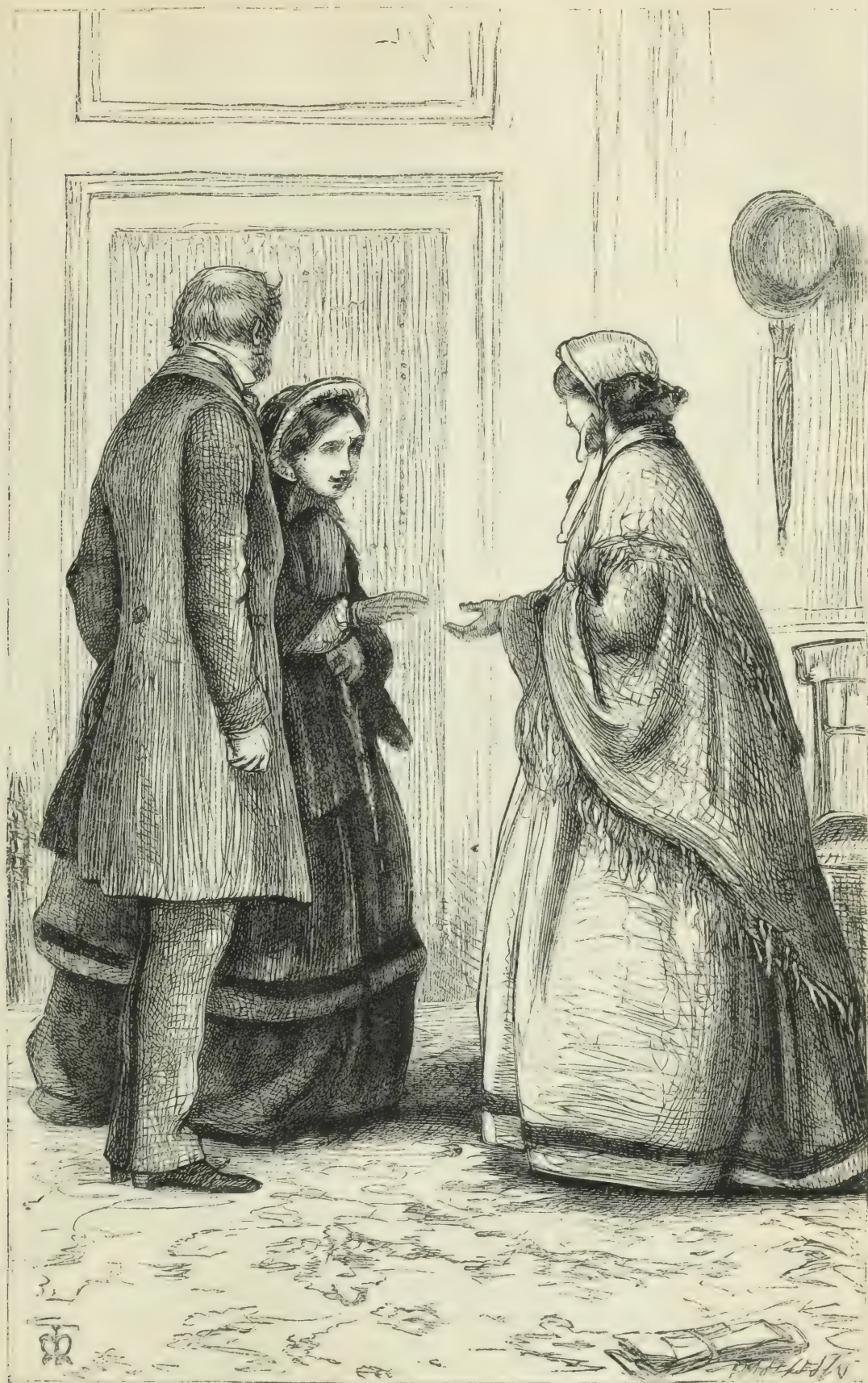
"Must I not? ah me!"

"Will you tell Lucius all this, and let him come to me?"

"No; not for worlds. He would defy every one and glory in the fight; but after all it is I that must bear the brunt. No; he shall not know it—unless it becomes so public that he must know it."

And then, with some further pressing of the hand, and further words of encouragement which were partly tender as from the man, and partly forensic as from the lawyer, Mr. Furnival permitted her to go, and she found her son at the chemist's shop in Holborn as she had appointed. There were no traces of tears or of sorrow in her face as she smiled on Lucius while giving him her hand, and then when they were in a cab together she asked him as to his success at Liverpool.

"I am very glad that I went," said he, "very glad indeed. I saw the merchants there who



LADY MASON AND THE FURNIVALS.

are the real importers of the article, and I have made arrangements with them."

"Will it be cheaper so, Lucius?"

"Cheaper! not what women generally call cheaper. If there be any thing on earth that I hate, it is a bargain. A man who looks for bargains must be a dupe or a cheat, and is probably both."

"Both, Lucius. Then he is doubly unfortunate."

"He is a cheat because he wants things for less than their value; and a dupe because, as a matter of course, he does not get what he wants. I made no bargain at Liverpool, at least no cheap bargain; but I have made arrangements for a sufficient supply of a first-rate unadulterated

article at its proper market-price, and I do not fear but the results will be remunerative." And then, as they went home in the railway carriage the mother talked to her son about his farming as though she had forgotten her other trouble, and she explained to him how he was to dine with Sir Peregrine.

"I shall be delighted to dine with Sir Peregrine," said Lucius, "and very well pleased to have an opportunity of talking to him about his own way of managing his land; but, mother, I will not promise to be guided by so very old-fashioned a professor."

Mr. Furnival, when he was left alone, sat thinking over the interview that had passed. At first, as was most natural, he bethought himself of his wife; and I regret to say that the love which he bore to her, and the gratitude which he owed to her, and the memory of all that they had suffered and enjoyed together, did not fill his heart with thoughts toward her as tender as they should have done. A black frown came across his brow as he meditated on her late intrusion, and he made some sort of resolve that that kind of thing should be prevented for the future. He did not make up his mind how he would prevent it—a point which husbands sometimes overlook in their marital resolutions. And then, instead of counting up her virtues, he counted up his own. Had he not given her every thing; a house such as she had not dreamed of in her younger days? servants, carriages, money, comforts, and luxuries of all sorts? He had begrudged her nothing, had let her have her full share of all his hard-earned gains; and yet she could be ungrateful for all this, and allow her head to be filled with whims and fancies as though she were a young girl—to his great annoyance and confusion. He would let her know that his chambers, his law chambers, should be private even from her. He would not allow himself to become a laughing-stock to his own clerks and his own brethren through the impertinent folly of a woman who owed to him every thing; and so on! I regret to say that he never once thought of those lonely evenings in Harley Street, of those long days which the poor woman was doomed to pass without the only companionship which was valuable to her. He never thought of that vow which they had both made at the altar, which she had kept so loyally, and which required of him a cherishing, comforting, enduring love. It never occurred to him that in denying her this he as much broke his promise to her as though he had taken to himself in very truth some strange goddess, leaving his wedded wife with a cold ceremony of alimony or such like. He had been open-handed to her as regards money, and therefore she ought not to be troublesome! He had done his duty by her, and therefore he would not permit her to be troublesome! Such, I regret to say, were his thoughts and resolutions as he sat thinking and resolving about Mrs. Furnival.

And then, by degrees, his mind turned away to that other lady, and they became much more

tender. Lady Mason was certainly both interesting and comely in her grief. Her color could still come and go, her hand was still soft and small, her hair was still brown and smooth. There were no wrinkles in her brow though care had passed over it; her step could still fall lightly, though it had borne a heavy weight of sorrow. I fear that he made a wicked comparison—a comparison that was wicked although it was made unconsciously.

But by degrees he ceased to think of the woman and began to think of the client, as he was in duty bound to do. What was the real truth of all this? Was it possible that she should be alarmed in that way because a small country attorney had told his wife that he had found some old paper, and because the man had then gone off to Yorkshire? Nothing could be more natural than her anxiety, supposing her to be aware of some secret which would condemn her if discovered; but nothing more unnatural if there were no such secret. And she must know! In her bosom, if in no other, must exist the knowledge whether or no that will were just. If that will were just, was it possible that she should now tremble so violently, seeing that its justice had been substantially proved in various courts of law? But if it were not just—if it were a forgery, a forgery made by her, or with her cognizance—and that now this truth was to be made known! How terrible would that be! But terrible is not the word which best describes the idea as it entered Mr. Furnival's mind. How wonderful would it be; how wonderful would it all have been! By whose hand in such case had those signatures been traced? Could it be possible that she, soft, beautiful, graceful as she was now, all but a girl as she had then been, could have done it, unaided—by herself?—that she could have sat down in the still hour of the night, with that old man on one side and her baby in his cradle on the other, and forged that will, signatures and all, in such a manner as to have carried her point for twenty years—so skillfully as to have baffled lawyers and jurymen and resisted the eager greed of her cheated kinsman? If so, was it not all wonderful! Had she not been a woman worthy of wonder!

And then Mr. Furnival's mind, keen and almost unerring at seizing legal points, went eagerly to work, considering what new evidence might now be forthcoming. He remembered at once the circumstances of those two chief witnesses, the clerk who had been so muddle-headed, and the servant-girl who had been so clear. They had certainly witnessed some deed, and they had done so on that special day. If there had been a fraud, if there had been a forgery, it had been so clever as almost to merit protection! But if there had been such fraud, the nature of the means by which it might be detected became plain to the mind of the barrister—plainer to him without knowledge of any circumstances than it had done to Mr. Mason after many of such circumstances had been explained to him.

But it was impossible. So said Mr. Furnival

to himself, out loud—speaking out loud in order that he might convince himself. It was impossible, he said again; but he did not convince himself. Should he ask her? No; it was not on the cards that he should do that. And, perhaps, if a further trial were forthcoming, it might be better for her sake that he should be ignorant. And then, having declared again that it was impossible, he rang his bell. “Crabwitz,” said he, without looking at the man, “just step over to Bedford Row, with my compliments, and learn what is Mr. Round’s present address—old Mr. Round, you know.”

Mr. Crabwitz stood for a moment or two with the door in his hand, and Mr. Furnival, going back to his own thoughts, was expecting the man’s departure. “Well,” he said, looking up and seeing that his myrmidon still stood there.

Mr. Crabwitz was not in a very good humor, and had almost made up his mind to let his master know that such was the case. Looking at his own general importance in the legal world, and the inestimable services which he had rendered to Mr. Furnival, he did not think that that gentleman was treating him well. He had been summoned back to his dingy chamber almost without an excuse, and now that he was in London was not permitted to join even for a day the other wise men of the law who were assembled at the great congress. For the last four days his heart had been yearning to go to Birmingham, but had yearned in vain; and now his master was sending him about town as though he were an errand-lad.

“Shall I step across to the lodge and send the porter’s boy to Round and Crook’s?” asked Mr. Crabwitz.

“The porter’s boy! no; go yourself; you are not busy. Why should I send the porter’s boy on my business?” The fact probably was, that Mr. Furnival forgot his clerk’s age and standing. Crabwitz had been ready to run any where when his employer had first known him, and Mr. Furnival did not perceive the change.

“Very well, Sir; certainly I will go if you wish it; on this occasion that is. But I hope, Sir, you will excuse my saying—”

“Saying what?”

“That I am not exactly a messenger, Sir. Of course I’ll go now, as the other clerk is not in.”

“Oh, you’re too great a man to walk across to Bedford Row, are you? Give me my hat, and I’ll go.”

“Oh no, Mr. Furnival, I did not mean that. I’ll step over to Bedford Row, of course—only I did think—”

“Think what?”

“That perhaps I was entitled to a little more respect, Mr. Furnival. It’s for your sake as much as my own that I speak, Sir; but if the gentlemen in the Lane see me sent about like a lad of twenty, Sir, they’ll think—”

“What will they think?”

“I hardly know what they’ll think, but I know it will be very disagreeable, Sir—very dis-

agreeable to my feelings. I did think, Sir, that perhaps—”

“I’ll tell you what it is, Crabwitz, if your situation here does not suit you, you may leave it to-morrow. I shall have no difficulty in finding another man to take your place.”

“I am sorry to hear you speak in that way, Mr. Furnival, very sorry—after fifteen years, Sir—”

“You find yourself too grand to walk to Bedford Row!”

“Oh no. I’ll go now, of course, Mr. Furnival.” And then Mr. Crabwitz did go, meditating as he went many things to himself. He knew his own value, or thought that he knew it; and might it not be possible to find some patron who would appreciate his services more justly than did Mr. Furnival?

CHAPTER XIV.

DINNER AT THE CLEEVE.

LADY MASON on her return from London found a note from Mrs. Orme asking both her and her son to dine at The Cleeve on the following day. As it had been already settled between her and Sir Peregrine that Lucius should dine there in order that he might be talked to respecting his mania for guano the invitation could not be refused; but as for Lady Mason herself, she would much have preferred to remain at home.

Indeed, her uneasiness on that guano matter had been so outweighed by worse uneasiness from another source, that she had become, if not indifferent, at any rate tranquil on the subject. It might be well that Sir Peregrine should preach his sermon, and well that Lucius should hear it; but for herself it would, she thought, have been more comfortable for her to eat her dinner alone. She felt, however, that she could not do so. Any amount of tedium would be better than the danger of offering a slight to Sir Peregrine, and therefore she wrote a pretty little note to say that both of them would be at The Cleeve at seven.

“Lucius, my dear, I want you to do me a great favor,” she said, as she sat by her son in the Hamworth fly.

“A great favor, mother! of course I will do any thing for you that I can.”

“It is that you will bear with Sir Peregrine to-night.”

“Bear with him! I do not know exactly what you mean. Of course I will remember that he is an old man, and not answer him as I would one of my own age.”

“I am sure of that, Lucius, because you are a gentleman. As much forbearance as that a young man, if he be a gentleman, will always show to an old man. But what I ask is something more than that. Sir Peregrine has been farming all his life.”

“Yes; and see what are the results! He has three or four hundred acres of uncultivated

land on his estate, all of which would grow wheat."

"I know nothing about that," said Lady Mason.

"Ah, but that's the question. My trade is to be that of a farmer, and you are sending me to school. Then comes the question, Of what sort is the schoolmaster?"

"I am not talking about farming now, Lucius."

"But he will talk of it."

"And can not you listen to him without contradicting him—for my sake? It is of the greatest consequence to me—of the very greatest, Lucius, that I should have the benefit of Sir Peregrine's friendship."

"If he would quarrel with you because I chanced to disagree with him about the management of land, his friendship would not be worth having."

"I do not say that he will do so; but I am sure you can understand that an old man may be tender on such points. At any rate I ask it from you as a favor. You can not guess how important it is to me to be on good terms with such a neighbor."

"It is always so in England," said Lucius, after pausing for a while. "Sir Peregrine is a man of family, and a baronet; of course all the world, the world of Hamworth that is, should bow down at his feet. And I too must worship the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Fashion, has set up!"

"Lucius, you are unkind to me."

"No, mother, not unkind; but like all men, I would fain act in such matters as my own judgment may direct me."

"My friendship with Sir Peregrine Orme has nothing to do with his rank; but it is of importance to me that both you and I should stand well in his sight." There was nothing more said on the matter; and then they got down at the front door, and were ushered through the low wide hall into the drawing-room.

The three generations of the family were there—Sir Peregrine, his daughter-in-law, and the heir. Lucius Mason had been at The Cleeve two or three times since his return from Germany, and on going there had always declared to himself that it was the same to him as though he were going into the house of Mrs. Arkwright, the doctor's widow at Hamworth—or even into the kitchen of Farmer Greenwood. He rejoiced to call himself a democrat, and would boast that rank could have no effect on him. But his boast was an untrue boast, and he could not carry himself at The Cleeve as he would have done and did in Mrs. Arkwright's little drawing-room. There was a majesty in the manner of Sir Peregrine which did awe him; there were tokens of birth and a certain grace of manner about Mrs. Orme which kept down his assumption; and even with young Peregrine he found that though he might be equal he could by no means be more than equal. He had learned more than Peregrine Orme, had ten times more

knowledge in his head, had read books of which Peregrine did not even know the names and probably never would know them; but on his side also young Orme possessed something which the other wanted. What that something might be Lucius Mason did not at all understand.

Mrs. Orme got up from her corner on the sofa to greet her friend, and with a soft smile and two or three all but whispered words, led her forward to the fire. Mrs. Orme was not a woman given to much speech or endowed with outward warmth of manners, but she could make her few words go very far; and then the pressure of her hand, when it was given, told more than a whole embrace from some other women. There are ladies who always kiss their female friends, and always call them "dear." In such cases one can not but pity her who is so bekissed. Mrs. Orme did not kiss Lady Mason, nor did she call her dear; but she smiled sweetly as she uttered her greeting, and looked kindness out of her marvelously blue eyes; and Lucius Mason, looking on over his mother's shoulders, thought that he would like to have her for his friend in spite of her rank. If Mrs. Orme would give him a lecture on farming it might be possible to listen to it without contradiction; but there was no chance for him in that respect. Mrs. Orme never gave lectures to any one on any subject.

"So, Master Lucius, you have been to Liverpool, I hear," said Sir Peregrine.

"Yes, Sir; I returned yesterday."

"And what is the world doing at Liverpool?"

"The world is wide awake there, Sir."

"Oh, no doubt; when the world has to make money it is always wide awake. But men sometimes may be wide awake and yet make no money—may be wide awake, or at any rate think that they are so."

"Better that, Sir Peregrine, than willfully go to sleep when there is so much work to be done."

"A man when he's asleep does no harm," said Sir Peregrine.

"What a comfortable doctrine to think of when the servant comes with the hot water at eight o'clock in the morning!" said his grandson.

"It is one that you study very constantly, I fear," said the old man, who at this time was on excellent terms with his heir. There had been no apparent hankering after rats since that last compact had been made, and Peregrine had been doing great things with the H. H.; winning golden opinions from all sorts of sportsmen, and earning a great reputation for a certain young mare which had been bred by Sir Peregrine himself. Foxes are vermin as well as rats, as Perry in his wickedness had remarked; but a young man who can break an old one's heart by a predilection for rat-catching may win it as absolutely and irretrievably by prowess after a fox. Sir Peregrine had told to four different neighbors how a fox had been run into, in the open, near Alston, after twelve desperate miles, and how on that occasion Peregrine had been in at the death with the huntsman and only one other.

"And the mare, you know, is only four years old and hardly half trained," said Sir Peregrine, with great exultation. "The young scamp, to have ridden her in that way!" It may be doubted whether he would have been a prouder man or said more about it if his grandson had taken honors.

And then the gong sounded, and Sir Peregrine led Lady Mason into the dining-room. Lucius, who as we know thought no more of the Ormes than of the Joneses and Smiths, paused in his awe before he gave his arm to Mrs. Orme; and when he did so he led her away in perfect silence, though he would have given any thing to be able to talk to her as he went. But he be-thought himself that unfortunately he could find nothing to say. And when he sat down it was not much better. He had not dined at The Cleeve before, and I am not sure whether the butler in plain clothes and the two men in livery did not help to create his confusion—in spite of his well-digested democratic ideas.

The conversation during dinner was not very bright. Sir Peregrine said a few words now and again to Lady Mason, and she replied with a few others. On subjects which did not absolutely appertain to the dinner, she perhaps was the greatest talker; but even she did not say much. Mrs. Orme, as a rule, never spoke unless she were spoken to in any company consisting of more than herself and one other; and young Peregrine seemed to imagine that carving at the top of the table, asking people if they would take stewed beef, and eating his own dinner, were occupations quite sufficient for his energies. "Have a bit more beef, Mason, do. If you will, I will." So far he went in conversation, but no farther while his work was still before him.

When the servants were gone it was a little better, but not much. "Mason, do you mean to hunt this season?" Peregrine asked.

"No," said the other.

"Well, I would if I were you. You will never know the fellows about here unless you do."

"In the first place, I can't afford the time," said Lucius; "and, in the next place, I can't afford the money." This was plucky on his part, and it was felt to be so by every body in the room; but perhaps, had he spoken all the truth, he would have said also that he was not accustomed to horsemanship.

"To a fellow who has a place of his own, as you have, it costs nothing," said Peregrine.

"Oh, does it not?" said the baronet; "I used to think differently."

"Well, not so much, I mean, as if you had every thing to buy. Besides, I look upon Mason as a sort of Croesus. What on earth has he got to do with his money? And then as to time—upon my word I don't understand what a man means when he says he has not got time for hunting."

"Lucius intends to be a farmer," said his mother.

"So do I," said Peregrine. "By Jove, I

should think so. If I had two hundred acres of land in my own hand I should not want any thing else in the world, and would never ask any one for a shilling."

"If that be so, I might make the best bargain at once that ever a man made," said the baronet. "If I might take you at your word, Master Perry—"

"Pray don't talk of it, Sir," said Mrs. Orme.

"You may be quite sure of this, my dear—that I shall not do more than talk of it." Then Sir Peregrine asked Lady Mason if she would take any more wine; after which the ladies withdrew, and the lecture commenced.

But we will in the first place accompany the ladies into the drawing-room for a few minutes. It was hinted, in one of the first chapters of this story, that Lady Mason might have become more intimate than she had done with Mrs. Orme, had she so pleased it; and by this it will of course be presumed that she had not so pleased. All this is perfectly true. Mrs. Orme had now been living at The Cleeve the greater portion of her life, and had never while there made one really well-loved friend. She had a sister of her own, and dear old friends of her childhood, who lived far away from her in the northern counties. Occasionally she did see them, and was then very happy; but this was not frequent with her. Her sister, who was married to a peer, might stay at The Cleeve for a fortnight, perhaps once in the year; but Mrs. Orme herself seldom left her own home. She thought, and certainly not without cause, that Sir Peregrine was not happy in her absence, and therefore she never left him. Then, living there so much alone, was it not natural that her heart should desire a friend?

But Lady Mason had been living much more alone. She had no sister to come to her, even though it were but once a year. She had no intimate female friend, none to whom she could really speak with the full freedom of friendship, and it would have been delightful to have bound to her by ties of love so sweet a creature as Mrs. Orme, a widow like herself—and like herself a widow with one only son. But she, warily picking her steps through life, had learned the necessity of being cautious in all things. The countenance of Sir Peregrine had been invaluable to her, and might it not be possible that she should lose that countenance? A word or two spoken now and then again, a look not intended to be noticed, an altered tone, or perhaps a change in the pressure of the old man's hand, had taught Lady Mason to think that he might disapprove such intimacy. Probably at the moment she was right, for she was quick at reading such small signs. It behooved her to be very careful, and to indulge in no pleasure which might be costly; and therefore she had denied herself in this matter—as in so many others.

But now it had occurred to her that it might be well to change her conduct. Either she felt that Sir Peregrine's friendship for her was too confirmed to be shaken, or perhaps she fancied that she might strengthen it by means of his

daughter-in-law. At any rate she resolved to accept the offer which had once been tacitly made to her, if it were still open to her to do so.

"How little changed your boy is!" she said, when they were seated near to each other, with their coffee-cups between them.

"No; he does not change quickly; and, as you say, he is a boy still in many things. I do not know whether it may not be better that it should be so."

"I did not mean to call him a boy in that sense," said Lady Mason.

"But you might; now your son is quite a man."

"Poor Lucius! yes; in his position it is necessary. His little bit of property is already his own; and then he has no one like Sir Peregrine to look out for him. Necessity makes him manly."

"He will be marrying soon, I dare say," suggested Mrs. Orme.

"Oh, I hope not. Do you think that early marriages are good for young men?"

"Yes, I think so. Why not?" said Mrs. Orme, thinking of her own year of married happiness. "Would you not wish to see Lucius marry?"

"I fancy not. I should be afraid lest I should become as nothing to him. And yet I would not have you think that I am selfish."

"I am sure that you are not that. I am sure that you love him better than all the world besides. I can feel what that is myself."

"But you are not alone with your boy as I am. If he were to send me from him, there would be nothing left for me in this world."

"Send you from him! Ah, because Orley Farm belongs to him. But he would not do that; I am sure he would not."

"He would do nothing unkind; but how could he help it if his wife wished it? But nevertheless I would not keep him single for that reason; no, nor for any reason if I knew that he wished to marry. But it would be a blow to me."

"I sincerely trust that Peregrine may marry early," said Mrs. Orme, perhaps thinking that babies were preferable either to rats or foxes.

"Yes, it would be well, I am sure, because you have ample means, and the house is large; and you would have his wife to love."

"If she were nice, it would be so sweet to have her for a daughter. I also am very much alone, though perhaps not so much as you are, Lady Mason."

"I hope not—for I am sometimes very lonely."

"I have often thought that."

"But I should be wicked beyond every thing if I were to complain, seeing that Providence has given me so much that I had no right to expect. What should I have done in my loneliness if Sir Peregrine's hand and door had never been opened to me?" And then for the next half hour the two ladies held sweet converse to-

gether, during which we will go back to the gentlemen over their wine.

"Are you drinking claret?" said Sir Peregrine, arranging himself and his bottles in the way that was usual to him. He had ever been a moderate man himself, but nevertheless he had a business-like way of going to work after dinner, as though there was a good deal to be done before the drawing-room could be visited.

"No more wine for me, Sir," said Lucius.

"No wine!" said Peregrine the elder.

"Why, Mason, you'll never get on if that's the way with you," said Peregrine the younger.

"I'll try, at any rate," said the other.

"Water-drinker, moody thinker," and Peregrine sang a word or two from an old drinking-song.

"I am not quite sure of that. We Englishmen, I suppose, are the moodiest thinkers in all the world, and yet we are not so much given to water-drinking as our lively neighbors across the Channel."

Sir Peregrine said nothing more on the subject, but he probably thought that his young friend would not be a very comfortable neighbor. His present task, however, was by no means that of teaching him to drink, and he struck off at once upon the business he had undertaken. "So your mother tells me that you are going to devote all your energies to farming."

"Hardly that, I hope. There is the land, and I mean to see what I can do with it. It is not much, and I intend to combine some other occupation with it."

"You will find that two hundred acres of land will give you a good deal to do—that is, if you mean to make money by it."

"I certainly hope to do that, in the long-run."

"It seems to me the easiest thing in the world," said Peregrine.

"You'll find out your mistake some day; but with Lucius Mason it is very important that he should make no mistake at the commencement. For a country gentleman I know no prettier amusement than experimental farming; but then a man must give up all idea of making his rent out of the land."

"I can't afford that," said Lucius.

"No; and that is why I take the liberty of speaking to you. I hope that the great friendship which I feel for your mother will be allowed to stand as my excuse."

"I am very much obliged by your kindness, Sir; I am indeed."

"The truth is, I think you are beginning wrong. You have now been to Liverpool, to buy guano, I believe."

"Yes, that and some few other things. There is a man there who has taken out a patent—"

"My dear fellow, if you lay out your money in that way, you will never see it back again. Have you considered, in the first place, what your journey to Liverpool has cost you?"



AT THE OLEIVE.

"Exactly nine and sixpence per cent. on the money that I laid out there. Now that is not much more than a penny in the pound on the sum expended; and is not for a moment to be taken into consideration in comparison with the advantage of an improved market."

There was more in this than Sir Peregrine had expected to encounter. He did not for a moment doubt the truth of his own experience, or the folly and danger of the young man's proceedings; but he did doubt his own power of proving either the one or the other to one who so accurately

computed his expenses by percentages on his outlay. Peregrine opened his eyes and sat by, wondering in silence. What on earth did Mason mean by an improved market?

"I am afraid, then," said the baronet, "that you must have laid out a large sum of money."

"A man can't do any good, Sir Peregrine, by hoarding his capital. I don't think very much of capital myself—"

"Don't you?"

"Not of the theory of capital—not so much as some people do; but if a man has got it, of course it should be expended on the trade to which it is to be applied."

"But some little knowledge—some experience is perhaps desirable before any great outlay is made."

"Yes; some little knowledge is necessary—and some great knowledge would be desirable, if it were accessible; but it is not, as I take it."

"Long years, perhaps, devoted to such pursuits—"

"Yes, Sir Peregrine; I know what you are going to say. Experience, no doubt, will teach something. A man who has walked thirty miles a day for thirty years will probably know what sort of shoes will best suit his feet, and perhaps also the kind of food that will best support him through such exertion; but there is very little chance of his inventing any quicker mode of traveling."

"But he will have earned his wages honestly," said Sir Peregrine, almost angrily. In his heart he was very angry, for he did not love to be interrupted.

"Oh, yes; and if that were sufficient we might all walk our thirty miles a day. But some of us must earn wages for other people, or the world will make no progress. Civilization, as I take it, consists in efforts made not for one's self but for others."

"If you won't take any more wine we will join the ladies," said the baronet.

"He has not taken any at all," said Peregrine, filling his own glass for the last time and emptying it.

"That young man is the most conceited puppy it was ever my misfortune to meet," said Sir Peregrine to Mrs. Orme, when she came to kiss him and to take his blessing, as she always did before leaving him for the night.

"I am sorry for that," said she, "for I like his mother so much."

"I also like her," said Sir Peregrine; "but I can not say that I shall ever be very fond of her son."

"I'll tell you what, mamma," said young Peregrine, the same evening in his mother's dressing-room, "Lucius Mason was too many for the governor this evening."

"I hope he did not tease your grandfather."

"He talked him down regularly, and it was plain enough that the governor did not like it."

And then the day was over.

CHAPTER XV.

A MORNING CALL AT MOUNT PLEASANT VILLA.

ON the following day Lady Mason made two visits, using her new vehicle for the first time. She would fain have walked had she dared; but she would have given terrible offense to her son by doing so. He had explained to her, and with some truth, that as their joint income was now a thousand a year, she was quite entitled to such a luxury; and then he went on to say that as he had bought it for her, he should be much hurt if she would not use it. She had put it off from day to day, and now she could put it off no longer.

Her first visit was by appointment at The Cleeve. She had promised Mrs. Orme that she would come up, some special purpose having been named; but with the real idea, at any rate on the part of the latter, that they might both be more comfortable together than alone. The walk across from Orley Farm to The Cleeve had always been very dear to Lady Mason. Every step of it was over beautiful ground, and a delight in scenery was one of the few pleasures which her lot in life had permitted her to enjoy. But to-day she could not allow herself the walk. Her pleasure and delight must be postponed to her son's wishes! But then she was used to that.

She found Mrs. Orme alone, and sat with her for an hour. I do not know that any thing was said between them which deserves to be specially chronicled. Mrs. Orme, though she told her many things, did not tell her what Sir Peregrine had said as he was going up to his bedroom on the preceding evening, nor did Lady Mason say much about her son's farming. She had managed to gather from Lucius that he had not been deeply impressed by any thing that had fallen from Sir Peregrine on the subject, and therefore thought it as well to hold her tongue. She soon perceived also, from the fact of Mrs. Orme saying nothing about Lucius, that he had not left behind him any very favorable impression. This was to her cause of additional sorrow, but she knew that it must be borne. Nothing that she could say would induce Lucius to make himself acceptable to Sir Peregrine.

When the hour was over she went down again to her little carriage, Mrs. Orme coming with her to look at it, and in the hall they met Sir Peregrine.

"Why does not Lady Mason stop for lunch?" said he. "It is past half-past one. I never knew any thing so inhospitable as turning her out at this moment."

"I did ask her to stay," said Mrs. Orme.

"But I command her to stay," said Sir Peregrine, knocking his stick upon the stone floor of the hall. "And let me see who will dare to disobey me. John, let Lady Mason's carriage and pony stand in the open coach-house till she is ready." So Lady Mason went back and did remain for lunch. She was painfully anxious to maintain the best possible footing in that house,

but still more anxious not to have it thought that she was intruding. She had feared that Lucius, by his offense, might have estranged Sir Peregrine against herself; but that, at any rate, was not the case.

After lunch she drove herself to Hamworth and made her second visit. On this occasion she called on one Mrs. Arkwright, who was a very old acquaintance, though hardly to be called an intimate friend. The late Mr. Arkwright—Dr. Arkwright as he used to be styled in Hamworth—had been Sir Joseph's medical attendant for many years, and therefore there had been room for an intimacy. No real friendship, that is no friendship of confidence, had sprung up; but nevertheless the doctor's wife had known enough of Lady Mason in her younger days to justify her in speaking of things which would not have been mentioned between merely ordinary acquaintance. "I am glad to see you have got promotion," said the old lady, looking out at Lady Mason's little phaeton on the gravel sweep which divided Mrs. Arkwright's house from the street. For Mrs. Arkwright's house was Mount Pleasant Villa, and therefore was entitled to a sweep.

"It was a present from Lucius," said the other, "and as such must be used. But I shall never feel myself at home in my own carriage."

"It is quite proper, my dear Lady Mason, quite proper. With his income and with yours I do not wonder that he insists upon it. It is quite proper, and just at the present moment peculiarly so."

Lady Mason did not understand this; but she would probably have passed it by without understanding it, had she not thought that there was some expression more than ordinary in Mrs. Arkwright's face. "Why peculiarly so at the present moment?" she said.

"Because it shows that this foolish report which is going about has no foundation. People won't believe it for a moment when they see you out and about, and happy-like."

"What rumor, Mrs. Arkwright?" And Lady Mason's heart sunk within her as she asked the question. She felt at once to what it must allude, though she had conceived no idea as yet that there was any rumor on the subject. Indeed, during the last forty-eight hours, since she had left the chambers of Mr. Furnival, she had been more at ease within herself than during the previous days which had elapsed subsequent to the ill-omened visit made to her by Miriam Dockwrath. It had seemed to her that Mr. Furnival anticipated no danger, and his manner and words had almost given her confidence. But now—now that a public rumor was spoken of, her heart was as low again as ever:

"Sure, haven't you heard?" said Mrs. Arkwright. "Well, I wouldn't be the first to tell you, only that I know that there is no truth in it."

"You might as well tell me now, as I shall be apt to believe worse than the truth after what you have said."

And then Mrs. Arkwright told her. "People have been saying that Mr. Mason is again going to begin those law proceedings about the farm; but I for one don't believe it."

"People have said so!" Lady Mason repeated. She meant nothing; it was nothing to her who the people were. If one said it now, all would soon be saying it. But she uttered the words because she felt herself forced to say something, and the power of thinking what she might best say was almost taken away from her.

"I am sure I don't know where it came from," said Mrs. Arkwright; "but I would not have alluded to it if I had not thought that of course you had heard it. I am very sorry if my saying it has vexed you."

"Oh no," said Lady Mason, trying to smile.

"As I said before, we all know that there is nothing in it; and your having the pony chaise just at this time will make every body see that you are quite comfortable yourself."

"Thank you, yes; good-by, Mrs. Arkwright." And then she made a great effort, feeling aware that she was betraying herself, and that it behooved her to say something which might remove the suspicion which her emotion must have created. "The very name of that lawsuit is so dreadful to me that I can hardly bear it. The memory of it is so terrible to me, that even my enemies would hardly wish that it should commence again."

"Of course it is merely a report," said Mrs. Arkwright, almost trembling at what she had done.

"That is all—at least I believe so. I had heard myself that some such threat had been made, but I did not think that any tidings of it had got abroad."

"It was Mrs. Whiting told me. She is a great busy-body, you know." Mrs. Whiting was the wife of the present doctor.

"Dear Mrs. Arkwright, it does not matter in the least. Of course I do not expect that people should hold their tongue on my account. Good-by, Mrs. Arkwright." And then she got into the little carriage, and did contrive to drive herself home to Orley Farm.

"Dear, dear, dear, dear!" said Mrs. Arkwright to herself when she was left alone. "Only to think of that; that she should be knocked in a heap by a few words—in a moment as we may say." And then she began to consider of the matter. "I wonder what there is in it! There must be something, or she would never have looked so like a ghost. What will they do if Orley Farm is taken away from them after all!" And then Mrs. Arkwright hurried out on her daily little toddle through the town, that she might talk about this and be talked to on the same subject. She was by no means an ill-natured woman, nor was she at all inclined to direct against Lady Mason any slight amount of venom which might alloy her disposition. But then the matter was of such importance? The people of Hamworth had hardly yet ceased to talk of the last Orley Farm trial; and would

it not be necessary that they should talk much more if a new trial were really pending? Looking at the matter in that light, would not such a trial be a godsend to the people of Hamworth? Therefore I beg that it may not be imputed to Mrs. Arkwright as a fault that she toddled out and sought eagerly for her gossips.

Lady Mason did manage to drive herself home; but her success in the matter was more owing to the good faith and propriety of her pony than to any skillful workmanship on her own part. Her first desire had been to get away from Mrs. Arkwright, and having made that effort she was for a time hardly able to make any other. It was fast coming upon her now. Let Sir Peregrine say what comforting words he might, let Mr. Furnival assure her that she was safe with ever so much confidence, nevertheless she could not but believe, could not but feel inwardly convinced, that that which she so dreaded was to happen. It was written in the book of her destiny that there should be a new trial.

And now, from this very moment, the misery would again begin. People would point at her, and talk of her. Her success in obtaining Orley Farm for her own child would again be canvassed at every house in Hamworth; and not only her success, but the means also by which that success had been obtained. The old people would remember and the young people would inquire; and, for her, tranquillity, repose, and that retirement of life which had been so valuable to her, were all gone.

There could be no doubt that Dockwrath had spread the report immediately on his return from Yorkshire; and had she well thought of the matter she might have taken some comfort from this. Of course he would tell the story which he did tell. His confidence in being able again to drag the case before the Courts would by no means argue that others believed as he believed. In fact, the enemies now arraigned against her were only those whom she already knew to be so arraigned. But she had not sufficient command of her thoughts to be able at first to take comfort from such a reflection as this. She felt, as she was being carried home, that the world was going from her, and that it would be well for her, were it possible, that she should die.

But she was stronger when she reached her own door than she had been at Mrs. Arkwright's. There was still within her a great power of self-maintenance, if only time were allowed to her to look about and consider how best she might support herself. Many women are in this respect as she was. With forethought and summoned patience they can endure great agonies; but a sudden pang, unexpected, overwhelms them. She got out of the pony carriage with her ordinary placid face, and walked up to her own room without having given any sign that she was uneasy; and then she had to determine how she should bear herself before her son. It had been with her a great object that both Sir Peregrine and Mr. Furnival should first hear of the tidings from her, and that they should both promise her

their aid when they had heard the story as she would tell it. In this she had been successful; and it now seemed to her that prudence would require her to act in the same way toward Lucius. Had it been possible to keep this matter from him altogether, she would have given much to do so; but now it would not be possible. It was clear that Mr. Dockwrath had chosen to make the matter public, acting no doubt with forethought in doing so; and Lucius would be sure to hear words which would become common in Hamworth. Difficult as the task would be to her, it would be best that she should prepare him. So she sat alone till dinner-time planning how she would do this. She had sat alone for hours in the same way planning how she would tell her story to Sir Peregrine; and again as to her second story for Mr. Furnival. Those whose withers are unwrung can hardly guess how absolutely a sore under the collar will imbitter every hour for the poor jade who is so tormented!

But she met him at dinner with a smiling face. He loved to see her smile, and often told her so, almost upbraiding her when she would look sad. Why should she be sad, seeing that she had every thing that a woman could desire? Her mind was burdened with no heavy thoughts as to feeding coming multitudes. She had no contests to wage with the desultory chemists of the age. His purpose was to work hard during the hours of the day—hard also during many hours of the night; and it was becoming that his mother should greet him softly during his few intervals of idleness. He told her so, in some words not badly chosen for such telling; and she, loving mother that she was, strove valiantly to obey him.

During dinner she could not speak to him, nor immediately after dinner. The evil moment she put off from half-hour to half-hour, still looking as though all were quiet within her bosom as she sat beside him with her book in her hand. He was again at work before she began her story: he thought at least that he was at work, for he had before him on the table both Prichard and Latham, and was occupied in making copies from some drawings of skulls which purposed to represent the cerebral development of certain of our more distant Asiatic brethren.

"Is it not singular," said he, "that the jaws of men born and bred in a hunter state should be differently formed from those of the agricultural tribes?"

"Are they?" said Lady Mason.

"Oh yes; the maxillary profile is quite different. You will see this especially with the Mongolians, among the Tartar tribes. It seems to me to be very much the same difference as that between a man and a sheep, but Prichard makes no such remark. Look here at this fellow: he must have been intended to eat nothing but flesh, and that raw, and without any knife or fork."

"I don't suppose they had many knives or forks."

"By close observation I do not doubt that one could tell from a single tooth not only what food the owner of it had been accustomed to eat, but what language he had spoken. I say close observation, you know. It could not be done in a day."

"I suppose not." And then the student again bent over his drawing. "You see it would have been impossible for the owner of such a jaw as that to have ground a grain of corn between his teeth, or to have masticated even a cabbage."

"Lucius," said Lady Mason, becoming courageous on the spur of the moment, "I want you to leave that for a moment and speak to me."

"Well," said he, putting down his pencil and turning round. "Here I am."

"You have heard of the lawsuit which I had with your brother when you were an infant?"

"Of course I have heard of it; but I wish you would not call that man my brother. He would not own me as such, and I most certainly would not own him. As far as I can learn, he is one of the most detestable human beings that ever existed."

"You have heard of him from an unfavorable side, Lucius; you should remember that. He is a hard man, I believe; but I do not know that he would do any thing which he thought to be unjust."

"Why, then, did he try to rob me of my property?"

"Because he thought that it should have been his own. I can not see into his breast, but I presume that it was so."

"I do not presume any thing of the kind, and never shall. I was an infant, and you were a woman—a woman at that time without many friends, and he thought that he could rob us under cover of the law. Had he been commonly honest it would have been enough for him to know what had been my father's wishes, even if the will had not been rigidly formal. I look upon him as a robber and a thief."

"I am sorry for that, Lucius, because I differ from you. What I wish to tell you now is this—that he is thinking of trying the question again."

"What! thinking of another trial now?" and Lucius Mason pushed his drawings and books from him with a vengeance.

"So I am told."

"And who told you? I can not believe it. If he intended any thing of the kind I must have been the first person to hear of it. It would be my business now, and you may be sure that he would have taken care to let me know his purpose."

And then by degrees she explained to him that the man himself, Mr. Mason of Groby, had as yet declared no such purpose. She had intended to omit all mention of the name of Mr. Dockwrath, but she was unable to do so without seeming to make a mystery with her son. When she came to explain how the rumor had arisen, and why she had thought it necessary to tell him this, she was obliged to say that it had all

arisen from the wrath of the attorney. "He has been to Groby Park," she said, "and now that he has returned he is spreading this report."

"I shall go to him to-morrow," said Lucius, very sternly.

"No, no; you must not do that. You must promise me that you will not do that."

"But I shall. You can not suppose that I shall allow such a man as that to tamper with my name without noticing it! It is my business now."

"No, Lucius. The attack will be against me rather than you—that is, if an attack be made. I have told you because I do not like to have a secret from you."

"Of course you have told me. If you are attacked, who should defend you if I do not?"

"The best defense, indeed the only defense till they take some active step, will be silence. Most probably they will not do any thing, and then we can afford to live down such reports as these. You can understand, Lucius, that the matter is grievous enough to me; and I am sure that for my sake you will not make it worse by a personal quarrel with such a man as that."

"I shall go to Mr. Furnival," said he, "and ask his advice."

"I have done that already, Lucius. I thought it best to do so when first I heard that Mr. Dockwrath was moving in the matter. It was for that that I went up to town."

"And why did you not tell me?"

"I then thought that you might be spared the pain of knowing any thing of the matter. I tell you now because I hear to-day in Hamworth that people are talking on the subject. You might be annoyed, as I was just now, if the first tidings had reached you from some stranger."

He sat silent for a while, turning his pencil in his hand, and looking as though he were going to settle the matter off-hand by his own thoughts. "I tell you what it is, mother; I shall not let the burden of this fall on your shoulders. You carried on the battle before, but I must do so now. If I can trace any word of scandal to that fellow Dockwrath, I shall indict him for a libel."

"Oh, Lucius!"

"I shall, and no mistake!"

What would he have said had he known that his mother had absolutely proposed to Mr. Furnival to buy off Mr. Dockwrath's animosity, almost at any price?

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. DOCKWRATH IN BEDFORD ROW.

MR. DOCKWRATH, as he left Leeds and proceeded to join the bosom of his family, was not discontented with what he had done. It might not improbably have been the case that Mr. Mason would altogether refuse to see him, and having seen him, Mr. Mason might altogether have declined his assistance. He might have been

forced as a witness to disclose his secret, of which he could make so much better a profit as a legal adviser. As it was, Mr. Mason had promised to pay him for his services, and would no doubt be induced to go so far as to give him a legal claim for payment. Mr. Mason had promised to come up to town, and had instructed the Hamworth attorney to meet him there; and under such circumstances the Hamworth attorney had but little doubt that time would produce a considerable bill of costs in his favor.

And then he thought that he saw his way to a great success. I should be painting the Devil too black were I to say that revenge was his chief incentive in that which he was doing. All our motives are mixed; and his wicked desire to do evil to Lady Mason in return for the evil which she had done to him was mingled with professional energy, and an ambition to win a cause that ought to be won—especially a cause which others had failed to win. He said to himself, on finding those names and dates among old Mr. Usbech's papers, that there was still an opportunity of doing something considerable in this Orley Farm Case, and he had made up his mind to do it. Professional energy, revenge, and money considerations would work hand in hand in this matter; and therefore, as he left Leeds in the second-class railway carriage for London, he thought over the result of his visit with considerable satisfaction.

He had left Leeds at ten, and Mr. Moulder had come down in the same omnibus to the station, and was traveling in the same train in a first-class carriage. Mr. Moulder was a man who despised the second-class, and was not slow to say so before other commercials who traveled at a cheaper rate than he did. "Hubbles and Grease," he said, "allowed him respectably, in order that he might go about their business respectable; and he wasn't going to give the firm a bad name by being seen in a second-class carriage, although the difference would go into his own pocket. That wasn't the way he had begun, and that wasn't the way he was going to end." He said nothing to Mr. Dockwrath in the morning, merely bowing in answer to that gentleman's salutation. "Hope you were comfortable last night in the back drawing-room," said Mr. Dockwrath; but Mr. Moulder in reply only looked at him.

At the Mansfield station, Mr. Kantwise, with his huge wooden boxes, appeared on the platform, and he got into the same carriage with Mr. Dockwrath. He had come on by a night train, and had been doing a stroke of business that morning. "Well, Kantwise," Moulder holloed out from his warm, well-padded seat, "doing it cheap and nasty, eh?"

"Not at all nasty, Mr. Moulder," said the other. "And I find myself among as respectable a class of society in the second-class as you do in the first; quite so—and perhaps a little better," Mr. Kantwise added, as he took his seat immediately opposite to Mr. Dockwrath. "I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you pretty

bobbish this morning, Sir." And he shook hands cordially with the attorney.

"Tidy, thank you," said Dockwrath. "My company last night did not do me any harm; you may swear to that."

"Ha! ha! ha! I was so delighted that you got the better of Moulder; a domineering party, isn't he? quite terrible! For myself, I can't put up with him sometimes."

"I didn't have to put up with him last night."

"No, no; it was very good, wasn't it now? very capital, indeed. All the same I wish you'd heard Busby give us 'Beautiful Venice, City of Song!' A charming voice has Busby; quite charming." And there was a pause for a minute or so, after which Mr. Kantwise resumed the conversation. "You'll allow me to put you up one of those drawing-room sets?" he said.

"Well, I am afraid not. I don't think they are strong enough where there are children."

"Dear, dear; dear, dear; to hear you say so, Mr. Dockwrath! Why, they are made for strength. They are the very things for children, because they don't break, you know."

"But they'd bend terribly."

"By no means. They're so elastic that they always recovers themselves. I didn't show you that; but you might turn the backs of them chairs nearly down to the ground, and they will come straight again. You let me send you a set for your wife to look at. If she's not charmed with them I'll—I'll—I'll eat them."

"Women are charmed with any thing," said Mr. Dockwrath. "A new bonnet does that."

"They know what they are about pretty well, as I dare say you have found out. I'll send express to Sheffield and have a completely new set put up for you."

"For twelve seventeen six, of course?"

"Oh! dear no, Mr. Dockwrath. The lowest figure for ready money, delivered free, is fifteen ten."

"I couldn't think of paying more than Mrs. Mason."

"Ah! but that was a damaged set; it was, indeed. And she merely wanted it as a present for the curate's wife. The table was quite sprung, and the music-stool wouldn't twist."

"But you'll send them to me new?"

"New from the manufactory; upon my word we will."

"A table that you have never acted upon—have never shown off on; standing in the middle, you know?"

"Yes; upon my honor. You shall have them direct from the workshop, and sent at once; you shall find them in your drawing-room on Tuesday next."

"We'll say thirteen ten."

"I couldn't do it, Mr. Dockwrath—" And so they went on, bargaining half the way up to town, till at last they came to terms for fourteen eleven. "And a very superior article your lady will find them," Mr. Kantwise said, as he shook hands with his new friend at parting.

One day Mr. Dockwrath remained at home

in the bosom of his family, saying all manner of spiteful things against Lady Mason, and on the next day he went up to town and called on Round and Crook. That one day he waited in order that Mr. Mason might have time to write; but Mr. Mason had written on the very day of the visit to Groby Park, and Mr. Round, junior, was quite ready for Mr. Dockwrath when that gentleman called.

Mr. Dockwrath when at home had again cautioned his wife to have no intercourse whatever "with that swindler at Orley Farm," wishing thereby the more thoroughly to imbue poor Miriam with a conviction that Lady Mason had committed some fraud with reference to the will. "You had better say nothing about the matter any where; d'you hear? People will talk; all the world will be talking about it before long. But that is nothing to you. If people ask you, say that you believe that I am engaged in the case professionally, but that you know nothing further." As to all which Miriam of course promised the most exact obedience. But Mr. Dockwrath, though he only remained one day in Hamworth before he went to London, took care that the curiosity of his neighbors should be sufficiently excited.

Mr. Dockwrath felt some little trepidation at the heart as he walked into the office of Messrs. Round and Crook in Bedford Row. Messrs. Round and Crook stood high in the profession, and were men who in the ordinary way of business would have had no personal dealings with such a man as Mr. Dockwrath. Had any such intercourse become necessary on commonplace subjects Messrs. Round and Crook's confidential clerk might have seen Mr. Dockwrath, but even he would have looked down upon the Hamworth attorney as from a great moral height. But now, in the matter of the Orley Farm Case, Mr. Dockwrath had determined that he would transact business only on equal terms with the Bedford Row people. The secret was his—of his finding; he knew the strength of his own position, and he would use it. But nevertheless he did tremble inwardly as he asked whether Mr. Round was within; or if not Mr. Round, then Mr. Crook.

There were at present three members in the firm, though the old name remained unaltered. The Mr. Round and the Mr. Crook of former days were still working partners—the very Round and the very Crook who had carried on the battle on the part of Mr. Mason of Groby twenty years ago; but to them had been added another Mr. Round, a son of old Round, who, though his name did not absolutely appear in the nomenclature of the firm, was, as a working man, the most important person in it. Old Mr. Round might now be said to be ornamental and communicative. He was a hale man of nearly seventy, who thought a great deal of his peaches up at Isleworth, who came to the office five times a week—not doing very much hard work, and who took the largest share in the profits. Mr. Round, senior, had enjoyed the reputation of being a

sound, honorable man, but was now considered by some to be not quite sharp enough for the practice of the present day.

Mr. Crook had usually done the dirty work of the firm, having been originally a managing clerk; and he still did the same—in a small way. He had been the man to exact penalties, look after costs, and attend to any criminal business, or business partly criminal in its nature, which might chance find its way to them. But latterly in all great matters Mr. Round, junior, Mr. Matthew Round—his father was Richard—was the member of the firm on whom the world in general placed the greatest dependence. Mr. Mason's letter had in the ordinary way of business come to him, although it had been addressed to his father, and he had resolved on acting on it himself.

When Mr. Dockwrath called Mr. Round, senior, was at Birmingham, Mr. Crook was taking his annual holiday, and Mr. Round, junior, was reigning alone in Bedford Row. Instructions had been given to the clerks that if Mr. Dockwrath called he was to be shown in, and therefore he found himself seated, with much less trouble than he had expected, in the private room of Mr. Round, junior. He had expected to see an old man, and was therefore somewhat confused, not feeling quite sure that he was in company with one of the principals; but nevertheless, looking at the room, and especially at the arm-chair and carpet, he was aware that the legal gentleman who motioned him to a seat could be no ordinary clerk.

The manner of this legal gentleman was not, as Mr. Dockwrath thought, quite so ceremoniously civil as it might be, considering the important nature of the business to be transacted between them. Mr. Dockwrath intended to treat on equal terms, and so intending would have been glad to have shaken hands with his new ally at the commencement of their joint operations. But the man before him—a man younger than himself too—did not even rise from his chair. "Ah! Mr. Dockwrath," he said, taking up a letter from the table, "will you have the goodness to sit down?" And Mr. Matthew Round wheeled his own arm-chair toward the fire, stretching out his legs comfortably, and pointing to a somewhat distant seat as that intended for the accommodation of his visitor. Mr. Dockwrath seated himself in the somewhat distant seat, and deposited his hat upon the floor, not being as yet quite at home in his position; but he made up his mind as he did so that he would be at home before he left the room.

"I find that you have been down in Yorkshire with a client of ours, Mr. Dockwrath," said Mr. Matthew Round.

"Yes, I have," said he of Hamworth.

"Ah! well—; you are in the profession yourself, I believe?"

"Yes; I am an attorney."

"Would it not have been well to have come to us first?"

"No, I think not. I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, Sir."

"My name is Round—Matthew Round."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I did not know," said Mr. Dockwrath, bowing. It was a satisfaction to him to learn that he was closeted with a Mr. Round, even if it were not the Mr. Round. "No, Mr. Round, I can't say that I should have thought of that. In the first place, I didn't know whether Mr. Mason employed any lawyer, and in the next—"

"Well, well; it does not matter. It is usual among the profession; but it does not in the least signify. Mr. Mason has written to us, and he says that you have found out something about that Orley Farm business."

"Yes; I have found out something. At least, I rather think so."

"Well, what is it, Mr. Dockwrath?"

"Ah! that's the question. It's rather a ticklish business, Mr. Round; a family affair, as I may say."

"Whose family?"

"To a certain extent my family, and to a certain extent Mr. Mason's family. I don't know how far I should be justified in laying all the facts before you—wonderful facts they are too—in an off-hand way like that. These matters have to be considered a great deal. It is not only the extent of the property. There is much more than that in it, Mr. Round."

"If you don't tell me what there is in it, I don't see what we are to do. I am sure you did not give yourself the trouble of coming up here from Hamworth merely with the object of telling us that you are going to hold your tongue."

"Certainly not, Mr. Round."

"Then what did you come to say?"

"May I ask you, Mr. Round, what Mr. Mason has told you with reference to my interview with him?"

"Yes; I will read you a part of his letter—'Mr. Dockwrath is of opinion that the will under which the estate is now enjoyed is absolutely a forgery.' I presume you mean the codicil, Mr. Dockwrath?"

"Oh yes! the codicil of course."

"And he has in his possession documents which I have not seen, but which seem to me, as described, to go far to prove that this certainly must have been the case.' And then he goes on with a description of dates, although it is clear that he does not understand the matter himself—indeed he says as much. Now of course we must see these documents before we can give our client any advice." A certain small portion of Mr. Mason's letter Mr. Round did then read, but he did not read those portions in which Mr. Mason expressed his firm determination to reopen the case against Lady Mason, and even to prosecute her for forgery if it were found that he had any thing like a fair chance of success in doing so. "I know that you were convinced," he had said, addressing himself personally to Mr. Round, senior, "that Lady Ma-

son was acting in good faith. I was always convinced of the contrary, and am more sure of it now than ever." This last paragraph, Mr. Round, junior, had not thought it necessary to read to Mr. Dockwrath.

"The documents to which I allude are in reference to my confidential family matters; and I certainly shall not produce them without knowing on what ground I am standing."

"Of course you are aware, Mr. Dockwrath, that we could compel you."

"There, Mr. Round, I must be allowed to differ."

"It won't come to that, of course. If you have any thing worth showing, you'll show it; and if we make use of you as a witness, it must be as a willing witness."

"I don't think it probable that I shall be a witness in the matter at all."

"Ah, well; perhaps not. My own impression is that no case will be made out; that there will be nothing to take before a jury."

"There again, I must differ from you, Mr. Round."

"Oh, of course! I suppose the real fact is that it is a matter of money. You want to be paid for what information you have got. That is about the long and the short of it; eh, Mr. Dockwrath?"

"I don't know what you call the long and the short of it, Mr. Round; or what may be your way of doing business. As a professional man, of course I expect to be paid for my work—and I have no doubt that you expect the same."

"No doubt, Mr. Dockwrath; but—as you have made the comparison, I hope you will excuse me for saying so—we always wait till our clients come to us."

Mr. Dockwrath drew himself up with some intention of becoming angry, but he hardly knew how to carry it out; and then it might be a question whether anger would serve his turn. "Do you mean to say, Mr. Round, if you had found documents such as these you would have done nothing about them—that you would have passed them by as worthless?"

"I can't say that till I know what the documents are. If I found papers concerning the client of another firm, I should go to that firm if I thought that they demanded attention."

"I didn't know any thing about the firm—how was I to know?"

"Well! you know now, Mr. Dockwrath. As I understand it, our client has referred you to us. If you have any thing to say, we are ready to hear it. If you have any thing to show, we are ready to look at it. If you have nothing to say, and nothing to show—"

"Ah, but I have; only—"

"Only you want us to make it worth your while. We might as well have the truth at once. Is not that about it?"

"I want to see my way, of course."

"Exactly. And now, Mr. Dockwrath, I must make you understand that we don't do business in that way."

"Then I shall see Mr. Mason again myself."

"That you can do. He will be in town next week, and, as I believe, wishes to see you. As regards your expenses, if you can show us that you have any communication to make that is worth our client's attention, we will see that you are paid what you are out of pocket, and some fair remuneration for the time you may have lost—not as an attorney, remember, for in that light we can not regard you."

"I am every bit as much an attorney as you are."

"No doubt; but you are not Mr. Mason's attorney; and as long as it suits him to honor us with his custom, you can not be so regarded."

"That's as he pleases."

"No; it is not, Mr. Dockwrath. It is as he pleases whether he employs you or us; but it is not as he pleases whether he employs both on business of the same class. He may give us his confidence, or he may withdraw it."

"Looking at the way the matter was managed before, perhaps the latter may be the better for him."

"Excuse me, Mr. Dockwrath, for saying that that is a question I shall not discuss with you."

Upon this Mr. Dockwrath jumped from his chair and took up his hat. "Good-morning to you, Sir," said Mr. Round, without moving from his chair; "I will tell Mr. Mason that you have declined making any communication to us. He will probably know your address—if he should want it."

Mr. Dockwrath paused. Was he not about to sacrifice substantial advantage to momentary anger? Would it not be better that he should carry this impudent young London lawyer with him if it were possible? "Sir," said he, "I am quite willing to tell you all that I know of this matter at present, if you will have the patience to hear it."

"Patience, Mr. Dockwrath! Why, I am made of patience. Sit down again, Mr. Dockwrath, and think of it."

Mr. Dockwrath did sit down again, and did think of it; and it ended in his telling to Mr. Round all that he had told to Mr. Mason. As he did so, he looked closely at Mr. Round's face, but there he could read nothing. "Exactly," said Mr. Round. "The fourteenth of July is the date of both. I have taken a memorandum of that. A final deed for closing partnership, was it? I have got that down. John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster. I remember the names—witnesses to both deeds, were they? I understand; nothing about this other deed was brought up at the trial? I see the point—such as it is. John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster—both believed to be living. Oh, you can give their address, can you? Decline to do so now? Very well; it does not matter. I think I understand it all now, Mr. Dockwrath; and when we want you again you shall hear from us. Samuel Dockwrath, is it? Thank you. Good-morning. If

Mr. Mason wishes to see you he will write, of course. Good-day, Mr. Dockwrath."

And so Mr. Dockwrath went home, not quite contented with his day's work.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.

I ADMIT it, O Major of the New York State Militia! This old pen-holder of mine, which, under Providence, gives me my daily bread, is an exceedingly humble instrument when matched against your long ramrod; and this short, thick roll of spoiled paper called MS.—this poem nine times the rejected of wary and, no doubt, wise booksellers, what is it to that spoonful of powder and that ounce of lead which, being neatly adjusted and manipulated, may be the very last ration, absolutely incapable of digestion, which some poor soldier may receive; a leaded article quite unlike mine, which, although I make them as fierce as ever I can, have never been known to kill any body or any thing except the unfortunate newspapers in which they were printed? To be sure, we men of the journals are not unmindful of our dignity; we, too, have our leading columns; we, too, make a great many charges, and, not seldom, in spite of our ninth story arsenals, are in danger of assault and the enemy's foot. All of us in the word-war have been wounded in our feelings; and some of us in the other way! And do we not call that conglomeration of bunting and brass bands, and bellowing and incessant bull-dog brilliancy of the leading article description—do we not call it "a campaign?"—crying out: "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" "Strike for your altars and your fires!" "Come as the waves come!"—emitting other senile slogans and flaming formulas of placard-patriotism; legitimate heir-looms of fierce Anglo-Saxon turbulence; nay, of wild "irrepressible" Greek canvasses, likened of Solon to a sea lashed into fury by the wind of orators? Old John Zisca's skin made a good drum-head enough; but what was all its noise compared with the never ending, still beginning, devil's tattoo of *The Daily Tambour*, price only two cents, and clubs furnished upon the usual terms? Who arouses the people? I do—I mean "We" do! Once aroused, who keeps them so? I do—I mean "We" do! Who secured the election of Higgins Smith, Esq., of the Hon. Smith Jones Thompson? I did—I mean "We" did! Who came in for the beef and beer after the canvass? "We" did—I mean the Hon. S. J. T. did! And who came in for simply the bones? I did—that is, "We" did! But let it go! The President knows my opinion of his conduct. Much he cares for it! Very little, I suppose. I am still at my post, while the jolly American ambassadors are packing their trunks and buying their steamer tickets, and even little Flimflam has the consulate at Deadman's Island! "There are some obligations," says Goldsmith, "too great for gratitude." The Administration's to me, for instance! But I say no more. Ha! ha! "History," says old Bernard Gilpin, "makes

mention of a people called Anthropophagi—eaters of men—which all men's hearts abhor to hear of; and yet, alas! by St. Paul's rules, England is full of such. Every man envieth another; every man biteth and grinneth upon another with venomous adder's tongues far more noisome than any teeth." What would Gilpin have said, if he had lived here and now and had remarked the recent scrambles? The foundations of the Government giving way—civil war raising its horrid front—the minds of all the good and generous and gentle full of fearful forebodings—and yet that steady stream of selfish expectants pours into Washington, every man of it crying, "Give! give!" mixed with terrible telegrams which told us that the bloody business had commenced, came such words as these: "Snooks expects the Little Peddlington Post-office, but I think that Jones has the inside track." O Heavens! that the minds of men will never rise to the dignity of the present—that the sublime of history must be seen by us through bleared antiquarian eyes, and events be recognized only when ticketed and red-taped and pigeon-holed in the Circumlocution Office! It is really refreshing to me now, though in a painfully advanced stage of impecuniosity, to think that I have asked for nothing. Especially as it is quite evident that the poor President has but little to give. Once in four years we expect the Head of the Government to re-enact the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, and as often are we notably disappointed. And yet—

Flimflam preferred to myself for the coveted Consulate! I really can not get over it. I am a victim of the popular mania! All my philosophy, of which I have a great stock, can not dissuade me from still hoping. If the President would but write to me to say that he wished to express to me the assurances of his distinguished consideration! Alas, he does not answer my letters at all! Wherefore, let me find consolation in a little slip-slop philosophy. Involving myself in my virtue, as Horace has it, let me take notice how this foolish old world permits its rheumy old eyes to tell falsehoods to its addled old brains—how it will believe in nothing upon which it can not lay its cautious finger—how it still spins about in a muddle of optical delusions—how it will still put its faith in noise drowning the still small voice—how it best likes to think in herds, and to be virtuous in copartnership—how it finds consolation in jostling crowds, and prefers to be saved in mass-meeting. We are so apt to think of men merely as millions making their finest figure in election returns, and we are so democratically disdainful of the one domineering mind; we are so accustomed to revere only what is just above a low average of mediocrity; we have such wholesome fear of subjecting our precious independence to any undue influences, that we fall into lamentable and contemptible straits in stormy weather when only a strong hand at the helm can save us from the savage shore. We have thousands and tens of thousands of politicians

who are all made after the same pattern, think the same thoughts, speak the same speeches, and tread the same routine. In the days of the Revolution, and in the earlier days of the Republic, the popular eye, educated by pressing dangers, and made wary by unceasing emergencies, was sure to recognize the true man upon the instant of his appearance. He had but to speak and all were listeners; he had but to command and all were obedient; he was a leader by the importunate election of an endangered people, and a ruler by the divine right of a superior nature.

The clear and original thinker, who, from the study of all histories, had come thrice-armed to create a new one, understood that all human action, to find a permanent embodiment in human society, must be moved by a vital principle, true of itself, and, in spite of low and temporary vicissitudes, as true in the hour of defeat as at the moment of victory. Hence the philosophical accuracy of the language of the Declaration of Independence. Hence the erudite arguments of John Adams—eloquent, indeed, and illustrated by all the fire of his passionate nature, but based upon all the learning of all the civilians, and made impregnable by the whole law of England. Hence the uncommon common-sense of Franklin, sublime in its simplicity, beautiful in its homely vigor, equable always, and equal to any fortune, our finest specimen of the unshaken, solid, Roman mind. For centuries our fathers had been accustomed to battle, but never to battle without a reason. The first great martyr of the English Revolution, from which, humanly speaking, our own arose, was its finest parliamentary debater, and by far its ablest political manager. The soldiers of these great days are indeed remembered, and should never be forgotten; but above them, for the affectionate reverence of the age, stands that sacred form of our divinest singer, and looks down upon us that face so full of light from within that we forget those darkened orbs and that blindness, which was John Milton's contribution to English liberty and the liberty of nations. Nor must we forget, in our rapt contemplation of that awful form, a lesser servant of social freedom—lesser in all else save unquestioning devotion and the greater penalty which he paid for his fidelity. All honor, say I, in the language of Tindall, his biographer, to "the worthy memory of James Harrington, a bright ornament of useful learning, a hearty lover of his native country, and a generous benefactor to the whole world; a person who obscured the false lustre of our modern politicians, and that equaled, if not exceeded, all the ancient legislators." As I write the old folio is before me, worn in the service of one hundred and sixty years of time; full of quaint learning, and of that earnest pedantry which is restless to find ancient precedents even for modern truth; confused and crude; not pleasant reading I fancy to the men of its time—very little read, I think, by the men of our time; but over its yellow pages, and in every line and circle of its antique type, there is the halo of

humanity; and from it, in sad sincerity, breathes a wail for the follies of man and an aspiration for juster methods, and a divine order in the world's affairs. Harrington, diffuse as he was, concentrated all political truth in a single aphorism. "The errors and sufferings of the people," he said, "are from their governors." The Declaration of Independence says no more. The Constitution of the United States says no more. Fresh from the study of Harrington, James Otis said no more when he thundered against Writs of Assistance. Fourth of July orators can say no more, however deftly they may embroider their rhetoric. Praise be to the honest aphorism, for it is the convenient artillery of revolutions for the right! It is the sharp, decisive wisdom which sternly silences silly contention. It is the previous question put to abate the hopeless jangle of the world's debate, and to arrange the Babel of Congressional helplessness.

One is almost ashamed, in these days of multitudinous clangor and loud-tongued pretense, to invoke the presence of still another and a saintly shade even in the seclusion of humble study. The world, which remembers with all the tenacity of a gossip's memory, and with something of a gossip's invention, the weakness of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, while it reads with salacious relish the long-drawn libels of De Quincey or the anile traditions of Cottle, shows no particular appetite for the quiet and patient speculations of "The Friend." Most men understand of this political thinker only that he was a Radical in his youth and a Tory in his old age; but of what he thought as a Radical, or of what he wrote as a Tory, they have a notion which it would be complimentary to call confused. Sharp, querulous, fussy scribblers—polyphonic performers upon platforms—dogmatic Quarterly Reviewers, all joined in scolding chorus, and with indignant scream hailed him renegade, traitor, and poltroon. Fidelity, with these men, meant fidelity to some proposed Act of Parliament, and courage consisted in braving Lord Eldon's decisions and Mr. Pitt's warrants. The Radicalism of England—with no undue disrespect be it mentioned—is wiser now, and is seeking loftier ends by larger means; and that it is so, and is doing so, is due, partly at least, to Coleridge, who was bold enough to say: "The majority of Democrats appear to me to have attained that portion of knowledge which infidels possess in religion;" and sharp enough to say of another class, not unrepresented here: "On the report of French victories they blaze into republicanism; at a tale of French excesses they darken into aristocrats." "The dough-baked patriots," as Coleridge nicknamed them, were of course indignant; but I beg leave to think that their indignation, while it may have sadly unsettled many things, really settled nothing. The thoughts of Coleridge had nothing of a party bias; for to the end of his long life he rebuked all parties by turns—a fact always conveniently forgotten by his detractors. His only partisan influence was impartially exerted to raise them

all to a more elevated ideal of rational endeavor. He secured for the two great political antagonistic parties of England such leaders as Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel. For we find that with the growth of English thought the virulence of English politics is sensibly abated; and party lines long since lost the strictness of their tension. Venerable gentlemen still snarl; Parliamentary dogs still howl for the lash of the whipper-in; but never in English history—except perhaps at the period of the Orange revolution—have honest men been so disdainful of party trammels. The words of Coleridge are now the creed of Whig, of Tory, and of Radical alike: "It is a mockery of our fellow-creatures' wrongs to call them equal in rights, when, by the bitter compulsion of their wants, we make them inferior to us in all that can soften the heart or dignify the understanding." This is the opinion of all England now; there are none left to gainsay it; the Premier agrees to it, and so does *Mr. Punch*. All thinking people have come in time to believe in "those comforts and that illumination which far beyond all political ordinances are the true equalizers of men."

There is yet another noble name which can not be forgotten in such discussions as these. It is that of one whose character has been made the subject of much impertinent criticism; of one whose sun went down not in glory but in gloom; of one who was called simply "The Dean" in his own time, but who living had more power in Ireland than the Lord-Lieutenant or the Lord-Lieutenant's Lord. All Irish men of letters—to their eternal good fame and name let it be said—have been patriotic. In song and in story, in the wail of despair or in the prophetic peans of sunrise and of hope, away from the immediate presence of Ireland's sufferings, amidst the seductions of a more fortunate civilization, or bearing at home their bitter portion of her penury with the multitude around them—poets, and statesmen, and orators have never forgotten the sore state of their weeping country, the common mother of them all. The nature of Jonathan Swift was not poetical, if it is to be judged by modern æsthetical standards or by the clever social verses with which he beguiled the solitude of his life; but no biography known to us is such a grand Æschylian tragedy as, if faithfully and artistically written, his would be. He lived—and this was one of the cruel misfortunes of his life—he lived in an age in which the statesman was shallow, the politician venal, the church a shop, and the man of letters a sycophant; and yet all his views of public duty were broad and deep; all his performance of that duty was inadequately rewarded; while all his pastoral labor was performed with rigid fidelity, and the best of his works were scornful and merciless rebukes of human folly in high places. Whatever else may be said of him, it can not with truth be said that he abased himself to coronets, or while all other men were trading away their souls around him, that he sold his country for a bishopric. If the Castle was the kindly custodian

of Irish rights and the nurse of Irish liberty, he was with the Castle; but as no project for the further enslavement of the most humble peasant escaped his attention, so no projector escaped the poisoned thong of his satire. In defiance of ministers he flung ballads into the public streets. He bombarded Mr. William Wood's brass mint with a broadside of pamphlets, and not an Irishman would touch the spurious coin of that adventurer. He loved the Church proudly if not tenderly; and when by audacious lampoons he proved his devotion, the antiquity of Rome and the novelty of dissent were involved in a common ridicule. When his position in Ireland became permanent, and that dream of preferment, the infirmity of his noble mind, had faded away, the cause of Irishmen became his own, and woeful was the fate of any man who betrayed it. His was a patriotism, if not of the highest, at least of the most passionate type; and it was the more creditable to his generosity because it was based upon resolute self-abnegation—because Dublin was not to him a place of residence voluntarily chosen or personally pleasant—because Irishmen, much as he loved them, continually vexed him, especially by their thriftlessness. At last he was left utterly alone. The friends of his youth—Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke—were far away; the fair women who once relieved by their smiling elegance the rigidity of his demeanor, lived only in sad and thick-coming memories—both had departed; a terrible disease, capable of alleviation had it been recognized by his physicians, crushed his intellect; and if not “a show,” at least a speechless “driveler,” he stalked in voiceless agony to the place prepared for him. Yet he still lives in Irish hearts and upon Irish lips, by general distinction and notoriety, as “The Dean.” If his life had but small practical influence upon the Ireland of his day—and little enough then and long after could any individual mind do for her—he is yet among her most priceless possessions: a great name in her history whenever her history shall be complete enough to write.

When Weimar saw the interview between Goethe and Napoleon there was much agreeable chat between them, as Hegel relates, concerning, among other things, the Destiny of the Greeks, which the Emperor insisted had been replaced, in modern politics, by what his Majesty was pleased to term policy. The courtly poet was too civil, without doubt, to say any thing to the great man before him, of the *impolicy* of attempting the subjugation of Germany, then not only thrilling with an affectionate patriotism, but wonderfully strengthened for philosophical endeavor and endurance by the recent revival of popular thought and intelligence. The Napoleonic notion of governing the world without ideas other than military ended in Corsica, in St. Helena, in very vulgar battles with Sir Hudson Lowe about bread, beans, and beef, in which, if we may judge by the still diminishing rations at Longwood, Providence seems to have been upon the side, not of the man who carried the

most guns—in fact, upon the side of a vulgar baronet. I presume if Bonaparte could have silenced Johann Gottlieb Fichte by the loss of a dozen of his best regiments, or by the spiking of five hundred French guns, that he would have had infinitely the best of the bargain. The great philosophic teacher, laughed at by the conqueror as a dreamer, yet pined to be a soldier. “If the orator,” he said, “must content himself with speech—if he can not fight in your ranks to prove the truth of his principles by his actions, by his contempt of danger and of death, by his presence in the most perilous places of the combat—this is only the fault of the age, which has separated the calling of the scholar from that of the warrior. But he feels that if he had been taught to carry arms he would have been behind none in courage; he laments that his age has denied him the privilege accorded to Æschylus and Cervantes, to make good his words by manlike deeds. Since he may only speak, he would speak fire and sword.” To this truth Fichte was always loyal. His was the one tongue in Germany which Napoleon never silenced. Driven from Berlin by the French occupation, he continued to speak boldly at Königsberg. The battle of Eylau drove him to Copenhagen, whence, after the partial evacuation, he returned to Berlin, still seeking only the regeneration of Prussia, and delivering his celebrated “Addresses to the People” while the French drums sounded under the windows of his lecture-room in which French spies were lurking to make due report of his patriotic language. The day of deliverance came; but alas! it was the day of Fichte's deliverance also. He lived only to learn, in a lucid interval, of the expulsion of the French from Germany. “Give me no more medicine,” said he; “I am well:” and so, in a pleasant slumber, he passed away—the chivalrous man of letters, the patriot and the philosopher.

Great events develop many different phases of character, and among these that of the *timid* conservative is the most melancholy—that of the *bold* conservative exceedingly respectable. In the frightened philosopher, be it admitted, there is often much to admire and reverence, if we do not turn away at first in sorrow, when we discover the lack of a vital and central manliness. Niebuhr, at almost every point except that of studious earnestness, was the opposite of Fichte. Niebuhr despaired—Fichte could only despair with the renunciation of his philosophy. Niebuhr brought from his wanderings among the wrecks of empire a hopelessness of reconstruction; Fichte planted himself upon the eternal present. Niebuhr trembled for rule, for religion, for race; Fichte calmly said, while all Europe was under one foot: “Every true and good action prospers, and every bad action fails; and all things must work together for good to those who truly love goodness.” In learning they were equal; perhaps in mere erudition Fichte was the inferior; but the stalwart and indomitable spirit which animated the strong frame of the giant philosopher was of the strain to enact and create

events which it is the lower duty of the historian to record. Niebuhr's timidity at last became ludicrous. Even in 1809 he thought that "the great judgment-day of the world" had come; and he added: "It is a hard task to learn how to live without hope." Only a few months before Fichte was delivering his "Addresses to the German People," surrounded by the soldiers and spies of the autocrat. Fichte was doing while Niebuhr and Goethe were dreaming. The last years of the great historian were a succession of alarming seasons. In 1828 he gloomily wrote of England: "Its rapidly accelerating decline is a very remarkable and mournful phenomenon; *it is a mortal sickness for which there is no remedy.* I liken the English of the present day to the Romans of the third century after Christ." Again, in the same letter: "Woe be to poor, divided, decaying Germany." Soon came the Second French Revolution to cap the climax of his apprehension. "We in Germany," he cried, "are rapidly hastening toward barbarism, and it is not much better in France." He died at last a martyr to his anxiety. He was strongly interested in the trial of the ministers of Charles the Tenth; in going to the news-room he caught a cold; and in a week the wonderful antiquary was himself an antiquity.

I suppose if Niebuhr had but recovered from that fatal cold, he would ever after have held newspapers in mortal contempt; and even in this land of morning and evening editions, he would have had many to share that contempt with him. It is the misfortune of the newspapers that they pretend to do, not merely more than they can do, but more than they intend to do; and that their manufacture is, of necessity, a hasty one. All that can be fairly asked of them is—1. A statement of facts; and, 2. A statement of opinion. All the rest is simply superfluous. In both these divisions, of duty and responsibility, it is *intelligence*—though in different senses of the word—that is needed. And by the statement of opinion I do not mean Mr. Raymond's opinion of Colonel Webb, nor yet Mr. Bennett's opinion of Mr. Horace Greeley. The world, trust me, can make up its mind upon these important points without assistance. Nor do I any more mean a dry, judicial summing-up of the evidence, thus without law making every man a jurymen, to the destruction of that serenity which befits the morning meal. In the delivery of his views I would by no means limit the exuberance of the honest editor, nor the exhibition of his good gifts of wit, fancy, humor, imagination, persuasion, and invective. All I ask is that the subject-matter of discussion shall be kept closely in hand, and that no little excursions shall be made for the purposes of assault and battery. When I was younger than I am now, and not so wise, an unfortunate newspaper was under my control; and, directed by me, it went triumphantly into bankruptcy in an incredibly short space of time. It was long ago; but I remember that I had but two formulas of command to my subalterns. One was, "Smash!"

and the other, "Crack up!" Since that time all things are infinitely changed for the better. In the competition of news-giving the popular mind has that which it most needs—an ample armory of substantial facts. I do not mean to say that there are no mistakes, nor that there are not too often bold, bald, prepossessing mendacities; but what I do mean to say is, that, in the long-run, a lie has no chance of life. Every newspaper stands guard over the veracity of its neighbors, to whom also its ruin would be a cheerful diversion. Out of this jealousy the public wins. To those who base opinion upon fancy—who never believe when belief will be unpleasant—who think only the thought of the caucus, and who tread scrupulously in the footsteps of the committee—who consider all men of their mind to be sheep, and all men not of their mind to be goats, the newspaper, if honestly and wisely conducted, can be of small value only. As its power is in its facts, in their clear statement and dexterous arrangement, each with its prominence philosophically determined by its importance; so, these conditions being observed, the newspaper is to the man of thought priceless and precious. The world moves fast. Railways and steamships and the telegraph give us no rest. The topic of the day, or at least certain phases of it, must be digested at once; for to-morrow will bring new occasions and new duties with them. The vulgar phrase, "posted up," expresses exactly the service which a good newspaper renders.

I have said nothing of the poets; for within the limits of this paper, upon so broad a theme, what can be worthily said—what more than mere mention can we accord to the martial or satiric singer? As I dream of these, I hear the harp of Tyrtæus resounding through the Lacedæmonian camp; and, for the love of the poetic art, I am ready to forget that Alcæus fled from battle, and that Horace left his shield at Philippi. I see Domitian writhe under the flail of Juvenal, and seeking escape from such fearful censure in the banishment of the rebuking bard. Nearer still, I hear the blood-stirring songs of Scotland's Burns, of England's Dibdin, of Ireland's Moore, and that one glorious lyric of our own Key; while through the lurid night of French delusion comes, chanted by ten thousand hoarse and hungry voices, the fitful notes of the Marseillaise. But enough of this.

Enough, because all our sweet singers have already tuned their lyres, and the Poets' Columns in the newspapers have become almost as formidable as those of General Scott. It is not given to all—ah! it is given but to few—worthily to weave the eternal lyric verses, and to sway whole peoples by the enchantment. But he who in days of public danger stands steadfast; he who yields to no sordid passion, to no selfish impulse, to no base promptings of interest; he who by the daily beauty of his life makes treason hideous; he who is true to his God, and so true to his country and his children—the soldier, in the far-away camp and thinking of his home—the states-

man, by whose prudence we are to be saved, and whose ear is shut against every venal whisper—the mother, giving her loved ones to the land—the rich man and the poor man, each offering all—the child, raising his tiny flag and saluting it with his young, fresh voice—all these are poets—patriots, if you will—yes, patriot-poets!

THE SEED PEARL.

I.

EARL HUNTER and his friend Messmate—a yellow, ugly-looking dog—lounged in the shade of the fine old hickory-trees which stood their ground, like faithful sentinels, between the grove and the High School of Liberty Street.

The old man was waiting till the recess-bell should sound; then, he knew, he would find market for the fruit and Deft's pin-cushions, which Messmate guarded with such jealous eyes. The basket also was protected by the shade, and the old man was resting while he waited. It was in truth no light burden he had brought hither on his left, his only, arm. His only arm. On the fourth day of July, just eighteen years ago, the right arm of Earl Hunter had departed this life; it perished by the premature discharge of a gun he was proudly loading. So Earl Hunter, the gallant sailor, had retired from the high road to promotion to manage his aspiring spirit as he might.

It happened not rarely that the old man waited many minutes in this place the sounding of the bell which should send the boys flying and shouting through the High School doors. When the windows of the lower floor were open he could distinctly hear the voices of lads in recitation. He had a good memory; he liked facts; his boyhood had no schooling. At home he had a daughter of whose intelligence he was justly proud; he liked to seem not ignorant in her eyes, her tender, loving eyes. If these points are rightly put together, and justly apprehended, the reader will see how Earl Hunter's memory came to bear a singular resemblance to the leaves of the "odd volume."

To-day he listened while a lad translated the story of Polycrates. A most strange tale it sounded to his ears, and peaches and pin-cushions were forgotten as he stood thinking it over. But soon the boys came swarming round him like bees about a flower-bed, for never the shout of welcome failed Earl Hunter on this ground. He might have been Socrates, by the students' eager pressing and bright looks! Alas, they were clamoring for peaches, and the sage must own to pocketing their pence in payment for his marketable treasure!

So they disturbed his reflections. Carrying an empty basket, and the old purse heavy with copper, he walked slowly from the ground when the bell had recalled the students. But Earl Hunter had made good this time of recess—he had bought cheap, with some of his best fruit, new recitation of the tale of Polycrates, from

the boy he had heard read it. He meant, as I said, to take this story home with him. He took it, but it proved a little burdensome as he sauntered along the dock with Messmate. It weighed upon him as he struck into the path that led beside the rocky shore to the stone-house and the light-house. When Deft came down to meet him and he looked into his daughter's happy face, it was almost with the relief a person feels when wakened from nightmare.

Deft was Earl Hunter's only child; born in the fiftieth year of her father's life, and the second of his residence at Light-house Corner. She was now sixteen years old, a "nut-browne mayde," in whom might be recognized, by the knowing, her father's energy and thoughtfulness, and her lost mother's feeling heart. No coarse "crockery" came of this common earth. The lamp was porcelain, and the flame quite pure. Her stature and form were noble; the winds and the waves and the unconquerable heavens had much to do with it. She had an eye that would hold such mortals to the truth as of the truth were capable; an eye calm, but not cold. It seemed to say, however narrow, and however poor her fortunes might be in this life, they *would* not cramp the spirit; it could not lose its way when it escaped its daily revolution for the circle of eternity. My school-girl, mark that passage, and turn to it again when exhausted by the splendors of your rhetoric. I can not startle you with epithets in this day of endless exaggeration, yet would fain have you understand what is here claimed for Deft.

This father and this daughter were the best of friends. They trusted each other; were contented. Such measure of helplessness as Earl Hunter suffered from the loss of his arm was made painless as possible by his daughter's efficiency. Nominally he was the keeper of the light-house, but it was Deft who performed the duties. It was she who suggested the summer marketing, when she saw how heavily time hung on the old man's hands. It was she who was ready to take the blame of extravagance upon herself when her father brought home another second-hand volume that had tempted him as he passed by the book-stall. Deft was Earl Hunter's boast when he gossiped with the dock hands; the school-boys knew her name, and bought her pin-cushions; the old man loved her better than he would have loved his ship, had the brave purpose of his manly youth been realized.

As she came to meet her father the smile that had made her face bright all day still shone from Deft. Messmate leaped at the sight of her, and barked to the purpose. Earl Hunter showed his empty basket and full purse, and laughed as heartily as Messmate barked. So they went side by side to the house, talking over business. Supper was ready on the table, and when Deft had drawn her father's mug of beer they sat down, and while they ate Earl Hunter told his daughter about old-time Polycrates, whose name he had forgotten. Supper over he must rest, and while he slept Deft went to walk on the

broad path of stone and gravel which led to the light-house.

Walking there she sang some pretty songs—songs that were favorites with Captain King. She had heard them sung so often she could but know them well. This Captain King was the master of a warehouse on the dock. He had a fine voice for singing, and was very fond of music, and whenever he came to the light-house, which was not seldom, he did not fail to visit also the stone house, where Earl Hunter lived.

He liked to talk with the gallant sailor, who never forgot that he had followed the seas; but he could talk of other things than sea-life. For a man of books was Captain King, and an author would have loved him for his reverence and discernment. There was no end to the ballads he knew and could repeat and sing. He was of course proud of his acquirements, for he had made these things his own. He possessed them—rhymes, thoughts, imaginations, all—and found abundant excuse for the display he made of his knowledge at Light-house Corner. Deft Hunter's pleasure was his full apology.

He might have been a member of the family, so pleasant was the house to him. Indeed, he regarded himself as such, and gave many an evidence of this. He believed also—it was his firm conviction, much joy he had of it!—that Deft Hunter's heart would never be won by any man but him. A high-minded, pure-hearted girl he knew her to be, and in all his calculations for the future he included her. His great aim was to acquire a fortune, and the foundation was already strongly laid. When *he* married, he often said, he meant to have a fine house of his own—a house and garden; there should be no end to the flowers of that garden. Nobody smiled when he made these remarks. Every body knew that he succeeded in every thing he set out to do. That he had found his own way out of obscurity and poverty, and was already taking rapid steps toward a prominent place among the dock-men. He was not ashamed of any fact concerning his early life; he carried with him from its poverty a pity for the poor which money-getting never could destroy.

If of those concerned by the sympathy of friendship one was prouder than the rest of his prosperity, it was Deft Hunter. The young man's life did not control, but it did influence hers mightily. She sang his songs and remembered his ballads. He could make her shudder when he would repeat "The Wandering Jew," and smile at the "Nut-browne Mayde," and her Squire of low degree. And how he would read that last verse of "Lenora,"

"Be patient, though thyne hert should breke,
Arrayne not heaven's decree;
Thou nowe art of thie bodie refte,
Thie soule forgiven bee!"

These ballads, with which he was so familiar, and which he spent many a Sunday reading to her, quickened the beat of heart, action of thought, and life of imagination. Deft loved not her home the less that it seemed to him so pleasant; and

when she observed the respect with which the Captain (they called him Captain, but he was really no more entitled to the title than are all these generals and majors we meet with every day true coin of the pure metal) always treated her father, she was grateful for the grace, and loved him none the less. For deference and respect Earl Hunter did not always meet. He was in a measure helpless, and helplessness among the enlightened is not always reverently guarded, as idiots are among those people who are just wide awake enough to see their sacredness.

Often Deft Hunter and the Captain had walked together this smooth, hard path she and her father made; they could distinctly hear at this distance the military music of the band belonging to the regiment quartered at the fort. The Captain said the stars were brighter in their shining as seen from this quiet spot: here one must watch the moon to know her beauty; here one must wait the sunset. He loved the Light-house Corner—that was the amount of it.

Now, as Deft walked alone, she thought over the story of Polycrates as her father told it. The next time Captain King came down—and a good many days had now passed since his last visit—she would ask him what that story meant. But the tale did not set her to thinking very seriously. She trembled not for the safety of any treasure. She was not a king—she had no successes that could fill her with misgiving as to the good-will of the gods.

II.

The next day, a little after noon, Messmate came barking and bounding to the house, full of joy, if one might judge; and looking from her window Deft saw her father following after; and still beyond him, and beyond the light-house, the white sails of a boat whose name she would have dared to guess. But usually, when Captain King came down, he fastened his sail-boat to the stakes and came himself on his own errand; besides, as she knew very well, other parties often landed at Light-house Corner, and sometimes climbed the tower. Whoever had now come something was wanting. Deft went to meet her father.

"Get your bonnet," said Earl Hunter. "The Captain is down there with his cousin. You are all going to the fort for some music."

"I never heard of his cousin." Deft answered the prominent point contained in the summons without manifesting any design of acting upon the invitation.

"She is a pretty girl," said her father. "Hurry! You won't have too much time; take the day while it is bright;" and he turned about and retraced his steps, leaving Deft to go into the house, get her bonnet and shawl, and follow him. He went back to see the pretty cousin.

At the helm waited King, and a very pleasing and altogether surprising sight was that upon which Deft looked when the Captain arose to help her into the boat. In the stern sat the young girl whom he introduced as his cousin

Sophie. She was not only a stranger to Deft, but a marvel to her eyes. She looked young, yet old; seemed timid, and yet her manners betokened self-possession; joyful, yet in moments of repose her face was grave and sad. Deft considered her a child, but she was older than Deft. When she stepped into the boat, and took her place between the Captain and his cousin, Sophie leaned forward and gave Deft a bunch of flowers.

"The Captain bought the basket for us," said she, "and I made this for you as we came. He told me which flowers you liked best."

Deft took the lovely flowers, and she praised them, turning the bouquet round and round, doing homage to each bud and blossom. She saw the pleased face of the child as she thus expressed her pleasure, and once or twice was near to saying—to herself—She is no child.

The young girl's face was of an olive hue, hair and eyes black, in person slender and tall, a grace in her every motion. Her voice was rich and soft and clear—a voice to exercise an influence. It could plead well, was insinuating—in joy, or in grief, or in danger, its appeals must be irresistible.

When she took off her flat, broad-brimmed straw-hat, and wound a myrtle wreath around the crown, Deft Hunter looked at the fanciful young creature with amazement. Child, fairy, woman, it was difficult for her to account for the Captain's cousin, who talked and sang in one breath, played with the flowers, and grew rapturous over the delight of sailing about on such a day. She enjoyed it as those do not enjoy who have all things at their command; who have known many pleasures; who have had no sorrows; who bear no mere responsibilities.

Captain King shared her enjoyment with a boy's generous enthusiasm. He was constantly pointing out to her whatever could attract, or had ever attracted his observation. The town, the fort, the banner of stars and stripes floating from the walls, the light-house, and the window where Deft nightly placed the lamp for the safety of all homeward-bound vessels.

By-and-by the Captain claimed his reward—he asked Sophie to sing. The instant he made the request she took up her guitar, which lay wrapped in a shawl at her feet. Deft looked on in wonder.

"I know what you like best—that first," said Sophie; and she sang a song which Captain King had often sang for Deft. "Why don't you sing?" she asked him, after the first verse. At the close of the second he joined in the chorus.

"She is a child," thought Deft Hunter. "Strange he never told me of his cousin."

At length, after much singing, Sophie put down her guitar, folded her hands, and became quiet. Neither the Captain nor Deft asked her for more. They could not in reason. The Captain steered the boat in the direction of the fort, and the wind brought them quickly to the land.

They came in silence to the shore; those songs had made them silent; but as the boat

grated against the beach, Sophie's mood, which had controlled the spirits of her companions, changed in its manifestations—the soft shadow passed from her face, she was ready again for laughter and jesting. But Deft was not quite pleased at this—if she could not resist the girl's influence, and she could not resist it; to understand her was the least she might expect. When Sophie went forward from the boat, with guitar in one hand and flower-basket in the other, she said to Captain King, who looked at her while he made the boat fast, as if he expected some remark,

"Your cousin is a pretty creature, Captain."

It seemed hardly worth saying, but it pleased him.

"She is a wonderful girl," he replied. "I wish I could tell you all about her. Be kind to her for my sake, Deft; she has seen a great deal of trouble, poor girl."

"Has she seen trouble? So young! You never told me about her; maybe I could have helped her."

"Perhaps it's not too late," answered the Captain. "Look at her, Deft. By George!"

Sophie was returning to them when Captain King bade Deft look at her. Deft's eyes were not too slow. She saw what is not seen so often by any one as to be forgotten ever again. Having beheld Rachel we know well that repetition of that genius under other name is quite impossible, though we go up and down the world gazing at all great beauty, and witnessing the marvelous achievements. We walk on foot among the mourners to that grave of Rachel in the Jew cemetery, knowing that we shall lament no other with precisely our grief for her, a Hebrew of the Hebrews. And no emotion true, legitimate, is ever repeated.

Deft Hunter, borne through every phase of passion, every circle of knowledge, could never know, or feel again, what she understood and experienced as her eyes obeyed the direction given them by Captain King's word, "Look at her!" Exceeding grace, and an almost regal beauty, that seemed atmospheric rather than defined, Deft Hunter saw. The burning bush and fiery pillar were revelations—so is a lily or a rose; so is a bee or bird; so also was this child, fairy, woman, that seemed to float and not to walk—that smiled herself, to the fancy of poor Deft, like a sunbeam in betwixt black threatening walls, whose outlet was a mystery. She joined the Captain and Deft, and they all set out together for the fort. But the child was picking up shells and pebbles, and singing snatches of song, and could not, though she tried, walk in a quiet manner. Every step seemed the preparation of a dance. She appeared to move to the sound of the music which was unheard of her companions—spiritual music, which was spiritually discerned.

They went up to see the soldiers. Their evolutions filled her with delight, the strange music, the order, the uniform, she wanted all explained. They sat on the grass to listen and to rest. The

delicious breeze, the bright day, the splendid view, the fine music, were inspiring surroundings—the pleasure he had conferred on the girls by bringing them thither was the main cause of the Captain's serene satisfaction. He told stories, recited ballads, and last of all his dire favorite, "Lenora."

It was this ballad that reminded Deft Hunter, at such a time, to repeat the story her father brought home yesterday from the classic ground of High School.

"Such a curious thing as I heard yesterday from father," she began.

"What was that?" the Captain asked.

"About an old king—I don't know his name; father don't—whose fortune was so good always, that a friend wrote to him that he must throw away the thing he valued most."

"Put it away in such a manner that he should never see it again," said the Captain, taking up the story when Deft hesitated for a second. "Because it must certainly be some tremendous bad fate that was in store for the man who was always fortunate. That man, Deft, was Polycrates."

Deft Hunter was not surprised when Captain King took the story thus out of her mouth. She felt embarrassed the moment she began to speak in the hearing of Sophie, for Sophie's eyes bent on her as no other eyes she had ever met could possibly have done. She felt relieved that he knew the story already; and was always prepared for the evidences of his learning. Perhaps he could explain this tale. She now in turn looked at Sophie while the Captain spoke. The girl was leaning against the trunk of the tree in whose shade they sat, seriously listening; no smile about her mouth—no laughter in her eyes.

"Was his name Polycrates?" asked Deft.

"Yes. When he received the letter you speak of from his friend he set to work, like a sensible fellow, to find out what it was that he valued most of all his great possessions. At last he decided. What do you think it was, Sophie?"

"What was it?" she asked, so very carelessly as to draw the attention of both listeners, and both saw her brush away a tear.

"Guess," said the Captain, with a loud voice.

Sophie looked at Deft, the expression of Deft's face made her smile, but she was not otherwise enlightened.

"Why, think for yourself," said the Captain, again.

"Maybe it was his crown—he was a king."

"No, a ring."

"A ring!" repeated the child, wondering and serious. "Tell the rest, Captain."

"Polycrates stood as stiff for ceremony as some others. He ordered out a barge manned by fifty oarsmen, and went in state to throw the ring into the sea. Having performed that feat, he thought he was safe till the judgment-day; so he went home again lamenting. But here comes the wonder: there was an odd fish in the water that was caught by the emerald—it swal-

lowed the ring, and forthwith came to destruction; for a fisherman caught the fish, and must needs make it a present to the king, it was so exceeding beautiful. But when the time came to dress the fish for dinner behold the wonderful seal-ring of Polycrates! Well, in the end the old fellow was crucified. That was the sum of his luck. If he had thrown away his rapacious temper, and kept his paltry ring, he would have done well enough. Poor fool! But it seems to me, Deft, we are rather late in the day lamenting over him. He lied about the ring worse than Ananias. He got his reward. Let him alone."

The Captain now struck from the subject, bearing down on one nearer home; but in spite of all his effort the little party seemed not as carelessly gay as it had been before. Deft had the information she desired to get by asking the Captain what the story meant; and when he manifested his wish to drop the heathen implicated without further discussion, she understood, and let Polycrates go.

While they sat in the shade of the tree the wind began to shake it, and Captain King perceived a dark cloud gathering in the West.

"We'll go home in fine style," said he, rising. "And we had better lose no time."

He lost no time in leading the way. So they all went quickly to the beach, the Captain furled the sails, and they embarked in the rocking-boat. They were like children of the sea, and felt no fear. Sophie wrapped her guitar in the folds of her dress, for the Captain insisted on her wearing her shawl, and himself pinned it around her. She sat upright, facing the gale, in tune for the increasing tumult of the storm. She felt such confidence in the Captain's skill, and Deft Hunter was so unmoved, she would have betrayed no fear much though she had felt.

The Captain watched her as they went. When he spoke, which was not often, it was to her, with some word of assurance; but in spite of the courage on board, and his own fearlessness, he heartily wished the girls ashore. When he rowed into the little cove just beyond the light-house, he said to Deft, "I am going to leave Sophie with you, if you will keep her. I can manage the boat better alone. You will keep her to-night, won't you?"

"And you, too, Captain," Deft answered, helping Sophie ashore.

"Do not go. We shall have a flood." She spoke very earnestly, and her words were instantly made good, for large drops of rain fell in their faces.

The Captain laughed at the entreaty, in which Sophie joined, and with the strong motion of his arm the boat shot out of the cove as the rain began to fall. The girls retreated into the light-house; climbing the stairs, they watched him from the balcony. When the little boat was hid from their sight by jutting rocks their eyes turned toward the sea—the great deep that was "boiling like a pot." Already the sudden storm gave signs of lessening fierceness; the clouds were breaking, the wind was not so violent,

and the rain was passing beyond them: they saw it pouring from the black masses of cloud that hung above the town. Deft found herself in a curious position while they watched the lightening of those masses. Sophie was troubled and fearful on the Captain's account; and Deft herself anxious, felt constrained to hide her anxiety, and assure her companion of the impossibility that any danger could overpower him. She had seen him out in worse storms, and if his strong boat were capsized, or even broken, he was still as safe on the water as on the land, being so good a swimmer.

Assured by Deft's confidence, Sophie made no more mention of her fear, and they went merrily up to the stone house. Earl Hunter had slept through the storm; but the sudden return of sunshine and quiet roused him and brought him to the door, and when he saw the girls he stood to meet them, wide awake.

Even the friendly feeling the day had aroused failed to inspire Deft Hunter with perfect confidence in herself as the entertainer of this girl. But she was soon relieved by the progress made by Sophie and her father. Nothing seemed to come amiss to Sophie. She was at home in the boat, or at the fort, or in this stone house of Earl Hunter. And if she had seen "trouble," it must have been of a strange character, for its effect seemed to have been the establishment of her confidence in all with whom she came in contact. She seemed to have no reserves, no cares to-night, and her face was too bright to warrant the imputation of very extreme anxiety, when now and then she went to the door or window and looked out, and was followed by Hunter's immediate

"Oh, don't bother about him! The Captain's ashore, and about his business by this time."

When the old man looked curiously at Sophie's guitar, mistaking it for a violin, she took it up and played and sang for him, without his asking her. He would have gone a long while without asking, and she divined his wish. The graceful act and the sweet voice were sufficient to invest her with an instant glory. Earl was like one enchanted. He believed in mermaids; in every thing incredible that was at the same time lovely. If not, what meant that little shelf of sea-shells, dainty as rose leaves, into which his eyes so often peered? He was the owner of those floating palaces before his Deft was born.

In the evening they sat around the fire and talked like life-long friends. Earl Hunter had many a tale to tell, and Sophie's heart was thrown wide open by his praises. Her time came when the old man began to manifest some curiosity as to her fortunes and her relationship with Captain King, for he as well as Deft had been ignorant even of her existence until to-day.

When asked about her cousin Sophie hesitated a moment. She looked at Deft; but Deft looked grave, she was so curious to hear the answer to this question.

"Oh," said she, then looking at Earl, and laughing outright, "he called me so. He did

not mean it. I thought you knew. Captain King is very kind to me, but he is not my cousin. I have had a great deal of trouble."

"You have!" exclaimed Hunter, seizing upon what seemed to him the main point of her words. "Why, you look as if you had grown in a bower like a pretty flower. There's a rhyme if you take it in time."

Sophie smiled at this, but Deft rose up quickly and walked to the window. There for many minutes she stood, looking out upon the cloudless night. Listening to the noise of breaking waves? No. Harkening to the quieter voices within. But she was not smiling as her father smiled to hear what they were hearing. Captain King had deceived her. Who and what was this girl? Presently the conversation by the fireside drew her back to her place. The old man had questioned their guest with an interest and sympathy so manifest that she was telling him her story. If Deft Hunter would know who and what the girl was, let her listen. She was telling how her father died, when she was a child, greatly in debt to the manager of a theatre for whom they played. She had been brought up a dancer, and that was her business in life, to dance. But not in a theatre now. She had a school for children. She did not, however, express any emotion of gratitude for escape from the boards of the stage.

Captain King had been very kind to her. When she first saw him she was in great distress. She trusted in the kindness of his face, and asked him to help her. And he had helped her; so greatly, that now she owed every thing to him. It seemed as if she could not say enough in his praise, and Earl Hunter attested that he was worthy of it all.

Deft Hunter, looking at the young girl while she talked of him, saw how much her heart had to do with the words spoken. She marked the changes in Sophie's voice, she saw the tears that started to Sophie's eyes when she said,

"He has done every thing for me. Saved me. I can only thank him, and wonder if there are other men like him in the world. Before I saw him every body seemed so cruel. Yes, *all*—the whole world was against me. But now every body seems to be my friend, all because of him. When you come to my room, Deft, you'll see what a happy life I lead. But you never can know, I hope, what a miserable time I had before. I owe every thing to him. But some day I shall pay him for all—except—how can I pay him! But I will wish every thing for him, and a great many times my wishes have come true. But then I don't know what I could throw away, Deft, if you told *me* to give up what I held most precious, as that king was told."

Earl Hunter believed all the girl had said. Many times while she was speaking he wiped his eyes, looked solemnly into the fire, and let the pauses in her story, which might have been properly filled by some word of his, pass without comment. Used as he was to privation, hardship, pain, the recital of what this young girl

had endured touched his heart. Deft listened in silence. Even to those last words which were addressed to her she made no answer.

Whether Sophie was troubled by this silence, or because the subject interested her so much, she did not drop it when they were left alone after old Hunter went to bed.

She had answered much—now was her time to question. And she chose to hear the Captain spoken of by Deft. So she asked if they had known each other long, and knew very well that Deft would answer, "Always."

Then she would fain learn something of his boyhood; and moved by an impulse stirred partly by pride in him and his successes, and partly by the felt right to talk of him, which she could not recognize so entirely in another, perhaps also that she saw another legitimate result of this speaking, on which she unconsciously relied, Deft told Sophie how laborious his life had been—how he had educated himself in spite of every obstacle, for Captain King's reading had made him, to Deft's thinking, a very learned man. She told how his heart's desire, when a lad, would have led him to seek his fortune on the sea; how he had staid on shore because he was his mother's only one, and she had wept so sorely when he thought of going away. She told of the struggle that decision cost him; how he had lived on docks and wharves since that time, and did seek fortune of the sea, though it must be as a landsman; and how he used to come, while his mother and hers were alive, and spend the long Sunday with them—they were all like one family. They had passed through sorrow and had wept together. With every recollection of her childhood had this Captain King to do.

She told of his decision, after his mother died, to remain on shore, and continue in the course which had her blessing; how he had prospered ever since. How he had the sailor's warm heart and courage, though he never went to sea. He knew all about the foreign lands for which the vessels sailed. Many a tale she had to tell of him.

She even told this listener how once, when her poor father was surrounded by drunken revelers who made him their sport, taking advantage of his partial helplessness, Captain King had dashed in among them and scattered the drivelers like chaff, taking such immediate and fiery vengeance as made a broad path, clear and safe, for the old man to walk in ever after.

The listener shared in the speaker's every mood as she went through these reminiscences.

"Yes, yes," came forth like an indorsement at every recital or assertion. Sophie expected all this. She was surprised by nothing, and manifestly she would not soon weary of this talk.

But Deft Hunter wearied, or else the inward passion which incited all this outbreak of speech, so strange and so unlooked-for, had, in its outflow, exhausted her. When she had told about that defense of her father, she stooped and stroked the head of Messmate, the faithful watch-dog

Captain gave her father, then she arose. Sophie, she said, must sleep and rest.

So she lighted her guest to bed, left her in the chamber that stood ready for whatever guest desired the hospitality of the stone house. But she went not to bed herself till long after midnight.

Her candle burned out; the fire turned to ashes. She sat and thought. The impulse that had urged her to this speech being exhausted, her heart was shamed by its own nakedness. She had kept back nothing. But that which Sophie thought of, smiling, as she lay wakeful on her bed, was not of any self-betrayal for which Deft Hunter had reason to blush. She had merely heard frank speech like her own.

But it was not in the nature of Deft to revolve around herself—this was not one of the laws of her being. And from herself her thoughts turned to these others whom the past day's events also concerned. Not a word that Captain King had spoken, not a look or act of his, escaped in this recapitulation. She seemed to listen with enlightened understanding now to every word of Sophie's speaking—and if there was some profanity in Deft's touch when she dealt with that gratitude the girl had been so free to confess, marvel not.

No wonder the Captain loved her, she mused in that doleful, lonesome night. She was so beautiful—she sang so wonderfully. *She* had sung sometimes for the Captain when he asked her; she blushed to think of it—she wept some bitter tears to think of it. But, marvel not.

Now she understood why his visits had been so few this summer, for she suddenly discovered that in comparison with other times and seasons those visits had been few. Envy and jealousy, whose tokens she had never known before, tormented her. She was afraid of herself, of the wishes, the thoughts, which like demons tormented this estranged self. They filled the dark room with darker shadows. She could not recognize what was unknown to her until now, the prospect which unfolds before the evil eye of jealousy. Had the fairest of all the forms of beauty she had ever looked upon appeared before her only to destroy her peace—the glad peace of Deft Hunter, who had loved beauty, and served it as she was able, until now?

Until now! But in this night there came an hour of marvel—a breaking of light long before the moment when the first ray of sunlight should flash across the sea. From the midst of her dark thinking, Deft Hunter stood up in the midnight with a thought that must have shone as far as heaven. She thought of him who was required to throw his dearest treasure, though it must be with much lamentation, into oblivion. Trembling in every nerve she stood, as before the dark presence of Fate, who called her to surrender, oh what! For she remembered Ananias, and dared not lie unto her soul. Was she not stronger than this Sophie? Had *she* ever suffered much? The girl had passed through fortunes she could not recall without a

shudder. Poor Sophie, who had found a haven at last in the deep calm life of Captain King!

"Be patient, though thyne hert should breke,
Arrayne not heaven's decree;
Thou nowe art of thie bodie refte,
Thie soule forgiven bee!"

She had no more a right to the love which fear had defined to her this night with fatal precision. Ah, no danger did she apprehend of swimming against her soul in this love's renunciation!.....*Could* it be renounced?.....But she could remove all its dross; she could destroy her *self* from out this love.....Thus, oh Poly-crates, passed that night away.

III.

No suspicion of the phantoms with which the soul of Deft had struggled, in the manner that the strong fight always with the beasts, could have crossed the mind either of Earl Hunter or of Sophie the next morning. Yes; Sophie was a child, and must be comforted with every human comfort. How kindly did the voice of Deft address her! what noble grace was in the dignity with which she moved about performing her duties preparatory to accompanying Sophie and her father part way to town! Yes; Sophie was a child, and had borne sorrow enough, and she deserved her joy, because she stood so ready with her smiling gratitude to hail the rising sun. Deft was a woman, and was magnanimous, and could endure!

As they walked together toward the town, keeping to the beach, or in the narrow path that ran between the shore-rock, as pleased Sophie best, their talk was the pleasant talk of friends. The morning was lovely; many a bird answered the caroling of the child, and Deft gathered wild flowers as they went their way. Few were those blossoms—and they gave ample evidence to the sterility from whence they sprung; but the child received them as if they were red roses like those that are the glory of Damascus.

As they approached the town Deft left her companions to go on together. The child kissed her when they parted, and took Deft's promise that she would soon come down to visit her, with grateful confidence.

Deft Hunter went home. She returned to her labors there, making the house tidy, cleaning the light-house lamp, preparing to return to the pin-cushion making, broken off yesterday, as if she were the same person who went from work pleasuring at the call of Captain King. Hard labor would have suited her, but when she sat down to sew her will was not equal to that, and so she went to walk along the light-house path.

Just before she left the house two boatmen, her father's friends, had landed from their skiff, and now came strolling toward the house. They came by a path that left them unobserved, until they had approached too near to allow her retreat, if she had desired it.

One of these men was a gossip, whom nothing possible for him to know ever escaped. He

came to Light-house Corner to-day with a special burden; came against the wish of his companion, for he found his craft too heavy for his boat.

He seemed disappointed when he had accosted Deft, to learn, in answer to his inquiry after the old man, that Hunter had gone to town. He had learned a bit of news last night while tippling in one of the wharf grog-shops, which he desired to discuss with old Earl, and he was a little put out to find that it must be with his daughter, for the occasion was not to be lost.

Knowing what her father's first question would be when she told him of the guests who came during his absence, Deft invited them to the house to try a glass of beer; they did not wait for her to repeat the invitation.

"Here's bad luck to the sneak that gets Earl Hunter's place," said the gossip; and he drank off his tumbler without pausing once for breath.

"What place is that?" asked Deft, without suspicion of the answer that would follow.

"You haven't heard they talk of rotating the light-house?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

"Pooh!" said the boatman's companion; but what he meant by that the gossip could not precisely tell, and so he flashed out a little.

"Pooh yourself! Didn't they say he had held it long enough, this snug berth? It's an older man than Earl that's going to get it, and one that's poorer; and he's served his country longer. No offense to Hunter—he didn't cut off his right arm himself. There's more than one that's disabled and poor. That's what they said. You've got it cheap as I. It's seventeen years, isn't it, Deft, since your father came down here?"

"Has any body complained of him?" asked Deft, in sad bewilderment. "Yes, it's seventeen years and more."

"Complaint!" said the gossip's companion; "I'd like to see the chap complaining of Earl Hunter! Salt or fresh, I'd skin him as I would an eel!"

"Complaint!" echoed the other; for his heart was warmed by the beer, and the expression of Deft's face—he should have a pretty picture of that face to paint when he described this scene, and he felt accordingly grateful to Deft, and had really no ill-will toward her father, being merely one of those persons who like to see things continually moving. "Complaint!" said he; "don't we always say, there goes Deft up to hang out our beacon, when we see the light struck? And I swear I've seen you up in that ere balcony, Deft, many a night when I couldn't get another man to even say he saw the light."

"Have you?" said Deft. "Do you suppose that he will hear of it in town?"

"Hear what?"

"About leaving the light-house. How very strange it seems!"

"I don't suppose you ever thought—"

"No, never. He is getting old."

"But he's got you!" suggested the younger

man of the two, and this was not the gossip. He was thinking now of quite another matter.

"Yes, so he has," replied Deft, looking at the speaker, manifestly thankful for this timely suggestion. Yet all the consolations that belonged to this great fact did not speedily make themselves evident to her.

"See, Captain King's a good deal about here, off and on, ain't he? Did he ever tell you about that girl that danced to the theatre two nights?" said the gossip, who was now through with Earl's business.

"Three," put in his companion.

"Two. I saw her both—"

"I saw her three."

"No matter. She was a stunner. Where does the Captain keep her? They say he bought her of the theatre man, and won't let her dance any more. I've kep a sharp look-out, for one. I'd know her in Indy. Did you ever see her, Deft? King turns every thing to gold he touches. I think he's sent her off to dance in the big houses, where she'd bring more pay. That is my opinion."

"Did you ever see her dance, though?" inquired the younger man of Deft.

"No, I never heard of her."

"Why, I thought Captain King—he raved, they said—"

"I never heard him," answered Deft. But she asked no questions of the men. And now, having finished the jug of beer, they said they must be off. She walked with them to the beach, and told them, as they shoved the boat from the hospitable shore, that even if her father lost the place they must not forget to come again, in remembrance of these seventeen years. So they rowed away to praise the stout heart that was breaking—to repeat what she had said—that long as she lived her father should have his light-house.

IV.

When the sun went down Deft lighted the lamp in the tower, that mariners and boatmen might hail the shore in safety. But if failure in that duty had promised the shipwreck of the world, I wonder if she would have lighted the lamp for your sake, happy reader? She stood in the door-way and watched the twilight as it advanced with steady pace toward night, who should absorb it. Her thoughts were rigid. She could do nothing with them. Was nothing to be done? Nothing. She knew of no one to whom she could apply in her father's behalf but Captain King. If what these men said was true *he* could do nothing.

But if he could do any thing should he have the privilege? Better wander with her old father over the wide earth, seeking for their graves, than look now to him for help. For Captain King was suddenly disgraced, degraded, in her eyes. She had no tender thoughts to bestow upon her sorrow. The charm of the home was rudely torn away. Her faith in him gone, there was nothing else that she could mourn.

But when Deft Hunter saw her father return-

ing home in the twilight, the rigid, dreadful thoughts relaxed—wrath and defiance went clean out of her mind. Old and maimed, bound to this nook by the love of many years, that he should be sent forth houseless, and she liable to death or disaster! She went creeping down the narrow tower stairs to meet him—trembling, fearful, but tearless.

She looked at him as she had never looked before, her eyes searching his face to discover if he knew his evil fortune. When she saw that he was happy she herself took heart, and spoke in a tongue just now unknown to her.

Earl Hunter, for his part, was so intent on the pleasant surprise intended for his daughter, that he did not observe the paleness of her face, nor that all the accustomed elasticity of her step was gone. By his side she walked more heavily, more wearily than he.

"You are late, father," she said, as they went home.

"Yes," he answered; "I—I've been visiting. Up four pair of stairs—a nice little spot too." This speech was eager as a child's.

"What's that?" asked Deft, softly.

"Sophie, you know," replied the old man, looking at his daughter sideways, with a knowing smile.

"What of Sophie?" asked Deft, and she tried not to speak, tried not to look, her inmost thought.

"Yes, I met her in the street, and she carried me off with a beck; for she said she had something for you, and here it is."

He gave his basket to Deft. A little white paper parcel lay in the corner, but Deft was in no haste to open it. Her father looked much more impatience and interest—his face, indeed, was a curious representation of delight.

"Open it, Deft," said he. So she took out the package and opened it—beautiful flowers again.

"Captain King sent 'em to her, and she was up to dividing. You must go and see her room. She wants you to come."

"Yes," Deft commented, kindly. But she had laid the flowers back in the basket. She did not care to hold them in her hand. She hardly looked at them. Their purity, their sweetness, was not dear to her.

Old Hunter could talk of nothing else but of Sophie, and her singing, and her little room, until he fell asleep. She had played for him, and sung for him, and when he set out to come home she walked with him through the street till he came to the road from which he struck into the path that led to the light-house.

As he had talked Deft's hard thoughts became pitiful. The flowers seemed to plead for that poor girl of whom her father spoke so softly. She must visit her. She must—a vague plan for the girl's salvation, or deliverance, or justification, moved her to much thinking. Very grave and calm she became, trying to shape her thought.

For a time, while she sat in silence by the

fire and her father slept his evening sleep, she quite forgot about the light-house business. But a glance at his wrinkled forehead, at his white hair, at the smile shining as a ray of sunlight over him—this glance conquered her to the overthrow of her composure. Peaceful slumber! she almost wished that he might never wake from it.

She promised her father that she would go with him to town next day. For he would have her make her vague promise that she would some day visit Sophie definite and immediate as to time. It was his pleasure that was to be consulted; besides, Deft had determined to see Captain King, even for Sophie's sake. The next morning, therefore, saw Earl Hunter and his daughter and Messmate on their way to town.

Earl went at once to market that he might secure the finest fruit. Deft left him at Sophie's door. But she only waited there upon the second landing until her father should have time to pass on beyond sight, when she descended the stairs again, hurried to the wharf, and sought for Captain King. She went straight to his warehouse on this search, but the Captain was not to be found that day; he had left town yesterday, one of his men told her, but when he would return was quite uncertain. In a week perhaps.

Deft Hunter may have felt some slight relief in hearing this. There was no other man to whom she could apply in her father's behalf; and when she left the wharf it was with a recognition of the fact that during the conversation she proposed she might have told him all. There was now no danger—no opportunity of resort to him—no blame for neglecting to seek his interference. She returned to the street and the high brick building in whose fourth story attic was Sophie's abode. She ascended the flights of stairs without pause at either landing: she looked neither to left nor right—she was thinking of but one door, one face. At that door she knocked, but neither face nor voice replied. Again, again. Then she tried the door; it opened, and she stood in the chamber her father had described. It had a cheerless look to the eyes of Deft Hunter, in spite of carpet on the floor, books on the table, and a glass of flowers. Sophie was not there.

Deft crossed the room; she looked again around her, looked from the tiny window which the sunlight never entered. She sat down as if to wait. She rose up again. She recognized those books. The name of Captain King was written in each. She had held them in her hands before now. Each one was a favorite with him. Well, why should she wait here?

So Deft went away.

V.

Nearly a week passed on, and nothing more was seen or heard of Sophie or the Captain; and the dreadful secret of the light-house business was with Deft a secret still, and a torment and a terror, or she had not kept the secret.

Was the girl's heart frozen that its surging was so noiseless?

One day, as once before, Earl Hunter, preceded by Messmate, went to call Deft out to an afternoon's sail. The Captain and Sophie were waiting in the sail-boat, the old man said, and having delivered King's message he went back to the beach as fast as his feet could carry him. Deft offered no opposition to her father or herself. She must make one of this party of pleasure; if there existed no necessity except in her own mind, it there existed. And so she followed her father once more to the boat. Sophie had brought no basket of flowers with her today; no guitar lay wrapped in shawl or dress in the bottom of the boat; no wreath of myrtle was wound around the crown of her straw-hat; no gay scarf on her shoulders; she wore a shawl that would protect her, and a dress that any where, under ordinary circumstances, would have escaped observation. But her spirits had not undergone like modification; they were greatly gayer than before, and she welcomed Deft's appearing with a smile of perfect joyfulness, both hands stretched out toward her as Deft stepped into the boat, and it was for her father's sake, and for woman's sake, that Deft bent down and kissed Sophie, while the Captain rowed them from the shore. Ah, Polycrates, what didst thou know of sacrifice?

Deft might control her heart and tongue, but she could not at will rebuke the paleness of her face, that it should leave her when Sophie or the Captain questioned her, would know what had happened—if she had been ill? Neither could she, because it was her pleasure, persuade those anxious questioners that nothing had happened—that she never was stronger in her life. Neither did her offer to prove said strength by taking the oars and managing the boat prove any thing to either mind.

They did not go to the fort this afternoon, nor stop at any point until about sunset, when the Captain brought the boat down to a remote pier of the town and announced to Deft that he should not take her home till evening. They would return by moonlight, he had told her father; there was something going on in town which he wished her to witness; but, in the first place, they must get rid of Sophie. Deft let him have his way. Still the Captain seemed in no great haste to rid himself or Deft of Sophie; he took the girls to see a famous picture then on exhibition, after that they went into a restaurant and he ordered supper, to which he alone did any justice, for since they came to shore the girls were very quiet; and one of them, the strongest and the bravest, was, moment by moment, giving way to the sad fear that oppressed her, and the conviction of the hard task she must perform ere that evening should come to an end.

Leaving the restaurant the Captain, with Deft on his left arm, and Sophie on his right, led the way down the street, and halted at the door of the house where Sophie lodged. There

he seemed to hesitate as to the further conduct of his plans, and having hesitated one moment other moments of doubt followed till Sophie, who guessed what was passing in his mind, whispered something in his ear, whereat he rallied, and said, aloud,

"So, so, Deft, you and I will go to the theatre and let this madcap look after herself. She says she will join us in time. But that's her look-out, if she won't go now."

Sophie ran up the stairs before the words were fairly out of his mouth; and Captain King wheeled about in an instant with Deft on his arm, and so they walked together in silence to the theatre.

It was not till they had taken their seats in the pit, already full of people, that the Captain spoke to Deft. But when she had recovered from the agitation of finding herself in the midst of such a glare of light, and such a buzz of talking, and Captain King had twice called her by name, endeavoring to obtain her attention, she hearing him each time, and pretending that she did not, all to gain possession of herself, which it seemed to her in this age of five minutes in which they had been alone together in the street and in the theatre, as if she never should do again, she turned her face toward him, and asked did he speak to her?

He had a folded piece of parchment in his hand when she looked, his face was full of emotion.

"Deft," said he, "you don't know how near you were to a precipice; your father came within one of losing his place. I swear I thought it was all over. But read that."

Deft Hunter took the document, but she did not open it.

"He will not lose it," she said. When she knew all, and was so cool about it, the Captain was amazed, and a little provoked.

"Here's a treat," said he. "I thought I had a surprise for you; but, by George, it's the other way!"

"I heard that an old man was trying for the situation," said Deft.

"What did you do about it?"

"Nothing."

"Did your father?—of course he knew it too."

"No."

"What! you alone? Who told you, Deft?"

She answered him. "You kept it to yourself, then. Would not even tell me!" he exclaimed. The Captain then thought over that fact in silence. She let him make the most of it unhelped.

"I heard what some folks were up to," said he, quietly, at length; "there was only one thing to do. I did it. I went to the office of the man who managed the business; I made short work of it. I would have walked a hundred miles, and begged harder than I had to beg, but Earl Hunter should have kept his post. He will keep it till the day of his death; there it is, signed and sealed."

All this was spoken in an undertone for her

ear only. It seemed to Deft as if every ear in the theatre heard—as if every eye were upon her—as if every creature saw her sorrow and her shame: she would have burst into crying had her heart been free to its own way of expression at that moment. She would have fled from the house. No, she must sit still, just there, and thank him as he did deserve. But how shall she ever say to him what duty and womanhood demand that she shall say? even to him who has saved her old father from going down in sorrow to the grave?

VI.

The stage-bell rang, the curtain was rolled up, the play began. What was it to her? She held the document which Captain King assured her secured her father's office to him while he lived; she thought of poor Sophie. She will be brave, she will be just, her duty shall be done. Yes, yes, she dares not name her name, but she will be just, trust her heart; for herself—no matter. If Sophie belongs to this man, he shall never wait till he is rich before he lets the world know that she is at least honorably his.

All at once it is to Deft as if the Captain whispered Sophie's name. Deft looked at him; he is not speaking, and manifestly has not spoken to her—is not thinking of her; his face has an expression new to her, inexplicable. Her eyes follow his as if controlled by them; there, on the stage, stands Sophie. It is she whom the audience applaud.

Deft Hunter rose up in her seat with a low cry. A voice behind her said, instantly, "Sit down!" She stood in his sight; he did not hear the cry. Obediently she sat down; and then, of all those gestures and movements which were weaving a romance for the imaginations of the people—a romance strange as beautiful—she lost not one. But her face thus gazing was not like the face of Captain King, which was now bright as if it were illuminated.

A hundred times he glanced at Deft during this performance of ten or fifteen minutes. Once she looked at him, but their eyes did not meet.

When the excitement of this scene's representation was over, and the play went quietly on, Captain King turned to Deft Hunter. "Her fortune is made," said he.

And Deft looked at him. "For her owner, do you mean?" was on her lips, but she did not say it.

The Captain observed that look; and it was in his heart to answer, for he was angry that applause was wanting from the very lips that could have spoken the best, to his thinking. "Jealous of her!" But neither did he speak the hateful reproach.

But now came to utterance words Deft could not restrain.

"Captain King, what are you going to do with Sophie?"

"I don't know," he answered slowly, looking at the questioner amazed, and yet a smile lurked close behind the amazement.

"Then I know," she answered. "You must

marry her. They say you have bought her. You own her! Good Heavens! The rest was true—is this? Then you shall marry her, I say." In the midst of the crowded, narrow seats, in the theatre's full glare, she spoke these words; standing on the beach with sea before and shore around, she could not have spoken less conscious of any presence save that of Captain King. His eyes flashed while she spoke: she was braver than a lion; for an instant his face was full of passion. He trusted himself to speak, however, and his voice trembled.

"The devil you do!" he exclaimed. "Hum—she is a pretty creature. I own her, do I? Well, she don't give me any trouble, why should I marry her? Deft, haven't I said a hundred times I wouldn't marry till I had an independence, and was able to support my wife well?"

"Yes," replied Deft, quietly; "but now you haven't a right to put it off a moment. You have no right to wait for independence. You have no right to be independent."

The Captain did not laugh, nor smile. He said, quietly, with dignity, but his anger was all gone,

"Since you say that, Deft, I won't put it off. I'll be married to-night. I thank you for your advice. Here, give me the document. It is mine. My wife shall carry it home to your father."

"Very well," said Deft, "she has a right. Thank you, Captain King. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you, Sir!"

There she sat beside him, tranquil, still as a statue—she had said all, and all was over. Duty, womanhood! she had flung love overboard; no danger of the fate of Polycrates. Self never would inform her human love again.

Just after she had thus answered the Captain the curtain was rolled up again, and Sophie appeared once more before the audience. Oh how they cheered her, because she came to show them beauty as she had found it! How they thanked her for that loyal service she was rendering, by all that was within and of her, to the truth as she perceived it! There was in this scene another person on the stage with her—a young man—and they danced together.

"Deft," said the Captain, "I may as well own up. It's all over."

"What?" she asked, as one might speak who is aroused from the unconsciousness into which he has been thrown by torture.

"I can't marry that girl. I can't marry Sophie."

"You can not, Captain King?" How gravely she spoke; there was at least no evidence of torture.

"She's married already."

"You are married to her. God—" But no, Deft did not speak that blessing, if it was blessing she had tried to pronounce.

"Not I!" said the Captain. "Don't you see, you blind girl, she's married to the stage, and nothing but death will them part, or I lose my guess. I mean that!"

"Ask her first," said Deft. "You must ask her, Captain King."

"Do you see that fellow dancing with her, Deft Hunter?"

"Of course I see him, Captain King."

"Deft, I'm getting angry. I don't understand you; by thunder you're an eclipse. That boy is her brother, or just as good and better! You don't understand relationships. I found him at last. They had lost each other, somehow. It was part of my business to find him when I went to look after the old man's light-house. Don't speak to me. Oh, you begin to see! They are going to play here, those two, for a month yet, maybe six months. I should think so, to look at this audience. Don't you see that if I marry that girl I must go on to the stage. I'd make a pretty dancer! wouldn't they applaud me! But for all that, I'm ready to be married to-night, and you're the woman to hold me to my word, if that's your game, Deft. And my wife shall carry the old man his commission. Oh, you girl! You are Deft Hunter, are you! Doubting me! But if you doubted me you did stand your ground for Sophie. Deft! I'm rich to my mind if you'll say it. Rich enough this minute. Don't girl; bear up, bear up! Hang your fine houses! where's a better than the old stone hut? See! overboard goes the ring! The fish don't swim that can catch it and be caught."

As one helpless, powerless, is borne through the fierce water that shines so bright, and looks so pure, by the strong arm of the swimmer, whom ocean can not master, to the calm, bright shore, so Deft Hunter, silent, voiceless, helpless, when there was only herself to help, let the Captain save her.

THE BAKERTOWN MILITIA.

THE townships of New England are mostly divided into parishes or ecclesiastical societies, which are subdivided into school-districts, not numbered according to age, like the Congregational Churches, but named from circumstances connected with the history of each particular section. Any native of this region will readily recall to mind some ludicrous names familiar from childhood, and if questioned, would doubtless be able to tell their histories. We had in our small parish a Bakertown district, a Palmertown district, a Brunswick, Pudding-hill, and Pinch-gut—which last always obtained a small share of the "means of grace" from the manifest aversion of ministers to making the appointments.

The origin of all these names I knew well when a child, and, harsh and vulgar as they may seem, should object much to their losing character by being exchanged for a nomenclature more euphonious and elegant. These districts are all picturesquely rugged, like the character of the English Puritan Carvers and Fullers and Robinsons, or of the French Huguenot Waldos, Devotions, and Luces, whose pilgrim feet found their way, some time toward the close of the sev-

enteenth century, to the hills of Eastern Connecticut. But, though strongly tempted, I can not wander far into the past to-day.

The home of my childhood was in one of the wildest of these wild districts, sloping down to the beautiful Shetucket. Every rock and stream, as well as every shrub and flower indigenous to the region, was as familiar to my youthful eyes as the lambs of my father's flock or the fruits of his orchards. For no sooner were the winter snows melted from the hills than a merry party of us went forth to search for the scarlet berries of the winter-green among the leaves, or for the sweet, shade-loving arbutus, with which the woods abounded. And every summer month brought some new incentive to our roving young feet. There were whole meadows of strawberries in June, thickets of whortleberries and blackberries in July, copses of hazel-nuts in August, and all the autumnal fruits in grand succession to crown the closing year.

The district school-house stood in a secluded spot—a spot too barren for the culture of any thing on earth save country lads and lasses. But these flourished well here under birchen rule, and have gone forth noble men and women to the remotest ends of the world, with a farewell to Bakertown on their lips, and rich memories of many a Bakertown frolic in their hearts. Brothers and sisters of my native district, in whatever lands the fates may have wafted you, "Long may ye wave!" Should your eyes ever fall on this simple sketch, you will be ready to bear witness to the faithfulness of the representation.

Our school-house, like the Gospel-house, was "founded on a rock." Behind it rose a lofty ledge of granite—a natural fortification of the little seat of learning below. Every winter bastions and block-houses of snow were ranged along the summit of this ledge, and youths with martial airs, armed with strange-looking weapons, were seen going hither and thither, as though the Bakertown district were threatened with some foreign invasion. Sometimes a gay "Rob Roy" banner would float for a few hours over the parapet. But when school was closed you might have seen the same modestly folded around the form of the prettiest girl in the district—sweet Carrie Waldo, whose death not long after dissolved the whole parish in tears.

But the Bakertown boys became a little obstreperous at last, and as neither Brunswickers, Pudding-hillers, nor Pinch-gutters came to meet them in "battle array," they began, as larger armies have sometimes done, to seek a home field for action. Their weapons, which have not yet been described, became instruments of *offense* altogether, and led to their own destruction.

Never in any locality has the elder-shrub (*Sambucus caprifoliæ*) grown in greater luxuriance than in Bakertown. Its hedge-rows, crowned with myriads of white, umbrella-looking clusters, were the summer fragrance of the fields. So valuable were these blossoms accounted in the nursery hygiene that huge bouquets were

hung to dry in the store-room of every farmhouse, while elderberry wine found a place in the cellar amidst the choicest domestic beverages. From some person—it must have been from the parish minister, I suppose, since no one else around knew any thing about Hebrew—we learned that that nation formerly made a musical instrument of the elder wood, called a "sambuca," whence its botanical name.

It was quite too learned a name, however, for the Bakertown boys. Their own plain elder or *pop-gun wood* suited their tastes better, and was a good deal more significant. "The oldest Jew living," they used to say, boastingly, "never begun to see any thing made of elder half equal to a Bakertown pop-gun!"

I don't know but the boys were right. I am very confident that *pop-guns* of such length and calibre were never seen elsewhere! And those were the weapons of the Bakertown Militia.

Every boy in school, and some of the girls too, if I recollect aright, had a gun suited to his size and capacity. Some of them were prodigious, and carried a double charge—and that, too, before the days of Colt's revolvers—not of fire and death, however, but only of *tow wads*. Such large arms belonged exclusively to the officers.

Some of our readers may have heard of the wag's logical way of showing the true ruler of a Connecticut community to be the Yankee school-master, "who ruled the boys, who ruled their mothers, who ruled the men, who ruled the roost!" One winter our time-honored ruler went to seek his fortune elsewhere, and we had a new teacher—a gentle, book-loving young man, reared in the neighborhood, consequently, prophet-like, without honor.

The old master had long been absolute. Insubordination never prevailed in his realm, for every symptom of disobedience was most effectually crushed in the bud. An adamant barrier rose betwixt his dignity and the turbulent waves of youth, which, surge and foam as they might, could never o'erleap that boundary wall.

But another order of things came in with the new *régime*. Was not the pale, stripling-looking youth the crazy old huckleberry woman's son, whom the children all laughed at while listening to her strange stories? Every body in the district knew "Granny Woodban." She was one of the Bakertown appurtenances, living in the berry fields all summer, and wandering off no one knew where in winter. Her son was a scholar and a genius, and had fitted himself for college behind the plow and in the chimney-corner of the farmer's kitchen, to whom he was "bound."

Such was the young man who had presumed to ask the district fathers for the privilege of guiding their sons and daughters a little way along the path of science, and for the consideration of ten dollars a month to outfit him for college. For which act of presumption the martial youths of the district voted him a suitable butt for *pop-gun* aim. As though the poor fellow's homelessness and worse than orphan lot

were not sufficient for a nature sensitive as his to contend with, without the addition of insult and injury?

Meekly the new teacher commenced his work, determined to overcome by faithful, persevering kindness, the rebellious dispositions of his young subjects, and bring them all to friendly allegiance. It was a thing much more easily conceived than accomplished, however, as the poor young man discovered afterward to his sore grief and disappointment. Night after night, and day after day, did he rack his aching head for some mild means to win the refractory boys to obedience; he could devise nothing which had not been already tried. New books awoke no enthusiasm. The evening spelling schools were fully attended; sides were chosen, and every one was praised for doing well. But then, in the very face and eyes of the instructor, the victorious side would fire a pop-gun volley at its own success.

Now in all this the young master discovered more of mischief than of malice, and acted accordingly when counseled to inflict corporeal chastisement upon the offenders.

"Flog *my* boys soundly as they deserve," said one and another of the honest farmers, to the patient preceptor; "and if that don't supple them, we'll take 'em in hand ourselves."

It was friendly advice, and well meant; but the stripling teacher had no thought of matching his strength with the sturdy young yeomanry.

"They have been driven with too tight a check-rein already, and will come into a natural pace by-and-by," was the pleasant reply of the master.

"Wa'al! wa'al! mebbeso! But mind, Charley, we charge you not to let them run away with you fust. Solomon's law was a middlin' good one: 'A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.' The lads are full on't, and no mistake."

"Full *on't*" they were indeed; but the long-suffering teacher was determined not to lose temper, though their pop-guns were the plague of his life. They greeted his morning advent to the school-room and his evening departure! Yea, sometimes in the very midst of his lessons, the *pop-pop* told that somehow one of the big guns had discharged its twin wads; by what impetus was not plain to be seen, as every boy in school appeared most intently studious at the moment.

But one day they went a step beyond even the teacher's patience and forbearance, and a crisis was the result. It was "Committee Day"—the day when the elected officers came to visit and examine the school for the first time that season. It proved a *committee of one* that afternoon, as only the parish minister made his appearance. According to custom we all rose at his entrance; but following no precedent whatever, the boys greeted his reverence with one of their *tallest* salutes, every one of them pushing his ramrod vigorously at the same moment.

A flush of mortification overspread the pale

face of the master, who for a full hour had been prescribing tasks and exhorting us to good behavior; then he became paler than before. I was a little girl, and sat on a low bench directly in front of the desk; and should have cried outright but for the merry twinkle of the minister's black eyes, and the pleasant smile with which he received the salutation as though it had all been done by order of the teacher himself, and not by a band of young rebels.

It was very kind in the old man not to frown and scowl, and make bad matters worse by unfitting the poor master for the regular exercises of the afternoon. He felt it to be so, and the boys saw it in the same light, and did their very best afterward at the lessons, and kept unusually quiet during the "remarks," and in "prayer-time." Moreover, when going home from school that night, they declared they would make Parson Fisher their chaplain, as he knew how to appreciate an honor.

But the days of the Bakertown Militia were numbered. The next morning the teacher appeared with a countenance as serenely mild as ever, though some of the boys afterward affirmed they saw a *tiger in his eye* from the first.

"We will omit the usual exercises this morning," he said, pleasantly. "I think it would be better to have a *drill*. Captain Tracy, call out your company!"

Teacher and pupil exchanged glances. There was no mistaking the word of command. The "Captain" was chief no longer, but a subordinate; and prepared to obey the order of his superior.

The roll-call was made and responded to with military precision; then the young soldiers were ordered to *fall into line* in front of the school-house, where a drill began such as the little company had never before undergone.

The command, "Right!" was given in a full voice by the master, and every urchin did his best; though two or three of the younger ones turned heads to the *left* instead, and had to be regulated. Then came the second order, "Front!" and every face was turned forward.

"Attention!" All eyes were fixed on the master.

"Right—Face!" And the movement was performed accurately.

"About—Face!" was the next command, and there was some blundering, the right feet getting too near the left heels in the first place, which the master would by no means allow.

Captain Tracy stood resolutely by the teacher's side, watching with surprise and interest his instructions, and learning more than he had ever known before of military tactics.

After the "Facings" were gone through with sufficiently, the principles of the "Ordinary Step" were explained, and the mode of executing it. This took some time, and was followed by "Forward—March!" when the twenty boys were all in motion, and kept in motion until the order "Halt!" arrested their steps.

Four in rank, elbow to elbow, the young

rogues were then drilled in the "Practice of arms;" and the way the *pop-guns* were handled for the next hour was amusing to the girlish spectators, though quite too tedious to detail. Enough that they "drew ramrods," "rammed cartridges," "made ready," "took aim," and "fired," until but one charge of tow was left. Then nothing remained for them but to "march" again at the master's command back into the school-house and fire a last gun.

It was done; and but one more order was given.

"Captain Tracy, I am satisfied with your company. Instruct your soldiers now to 'deposit arms;'" and he pointed significantly to the open Franklin stove.

There was no shrinking nor hesitation. With a proud gesture the gallant young leader advanced toward the stove and laid his own weapon first on the blazing fire, and in five minutes every *pop-gun* was reduced to ashes.

"We are your boys now for the winter, Sir," said the Captain—a great noble-hearted lad in spite of his mischief, as he bowed respectfully to the now recognized sovereign of the school-room! "We only wanted to know our master, and have found him at last, entirely to our satisfaction."

The *drill* ended in a hearty laugh, with the kindest feelings on all sides. At noon the *pop-gun* company was disbanded by mutual consent and dispersed forever. A "debating club" arose out of its ruins; and before spring those same soldier-students were gravely discussing questions of national policy and moral justice, to the infinite surprise and satisfaction of the district-fathers, and of the old parish minister also, who never, to his dying day, forgot the salute of the Bakertown Militia.

SUNSET AFTER A SHOWER.

OVER the hill-tops, fold upon fold,
Like blood-stained banners within the sky,
Braided with crimson and fringed with gold,
In a sea of amber the spent clouds lie.

Down in the valley the slumb'rous trees
Droop, heavily jeweled with fallen rain;
And a spicy scented, tremulous breeze
In ripples crosses the bending grain.

The winding river, like silver, gleams
Through dreamy vistas that melt and fade;
And the sunlight, falling in slanting beams,
Strikes deep in the heart of the forest's shade.

On distant uplands the lonely pine
Is ringed with purple and bound with fire;
The stones in the church-yard glance and shine;
And the weather-vane is a gilded wire.

The tapering cedar, like a spear,
Shoots out of the cliff, where stands revealed
The rocky ledge; and the herd appear
Like spots of color within the field.

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And the braided banners of cloud are seen
To fiercer burn, as with sudden shame;
While the vale below and the hills between
Are drowned in a yellow mist of flame.

And a farmer's boy, all aglare with light,
Looks over the cliff where the cedars grow,
And shades with his hand his dazzled sight,
And calls to his comrades down below.

Then the brazen woodlands echo and ring,
And the earth and sky seem to shout with him;

A pearly arch is the hawk's fleet wing;
And the sweltering landscape seems to swim.

On yonder hill-side a cottage shines—
The window westward flashes and glows—
It nestles amid its sheltering vines
Of glistening ivy like a rose.

And there in the porch two lovers woo—
Her slender figure his arms enfold;
While two doves in the dove-cote kiss and coo,
And ruffle their necks of green and gold.

A READING BY CHARLES DICKENS.

ON Thursday, April 13, of the present year, Charles Dickens read at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. I was in London, and went to hear him. This was the second in a series of three readings, and consisted of the "Christmas Carol" and a chapter from "Martin Chuzzlewit," introducing Mrs. Sairey Gamp.

Mr. Dickens appeared about eight o'clock, dressed in a sumptuous manner. Thus the nose-gay at his button-hole was a size larger and several hues brighter than that pleasant conceit of nature in fashionable circles is apt to be. And the area of frilled linen presented by his bosom was in extent great, and in whiteness out of the reach of suspicion. It was, moreover, studded with doubtless expensive and certainly showy buttons. In addition to which there was that in the tie of his white cravat which bespoke faculties of mind not developed, so far as I am aware, in any of the published works of its author. The handsome suit of black, with its crest of dazzling linen, was carried off well by his figure. Some men are born to dress well, some achieve fine dress, and an unfortunate majority have it thrust upon them. Most of us prefer to slouch, because conscience advises us that broadcloth and fine linen is not our clothes' line. I was not shocked by the elegance of Mr. Dickens's dress. I did not believe, as I regarded from my stall its many attractive features, that they were combined as an occasional oblation to the British aristocracy which was gathered about me and directly in front of him, in all the fullness of toilet, and all the glory of four shilling places (one stipulation of admission to which, duly "intimated" on the tickets, was the total absence of bonnet from the female head), and with which I was bravely pretending to be re-

lated, although inwardly conscious of offending the proprieties of that select circle at every button-hole and in every crease. Not shocked, because surely that man could not be accused of deferring to any poor and slavish taste; it could not be said that he needed the indorsement of good clothes to cover weak brains and empty heart. Indeed, it was gratifying to the senses to see the snug fit of his garments, for it told plainly that youth still holds hopeful and genial rule in the person of one of the world's best men, and that time has stolen from him none of the elasticity and strength which go into all of his sweet human philosophy, and give his writings their sympathetic touch. Besides, it was a handsome dress for any man. It was becoming and harmonious, and so was a piece of art as much as the finest-toned picture the writer ever drew. I am rapidly writing myself down a snob: but the English pay more attention to dress than we Americans; and in view of the comeliness and decent behavior which are imparted to all their public assemblies by attention to this matter, I am disposed to note the observance of a polite habit by Charles Dickens for the benefit of all men of letters in this country who profess an interest in æsthetics, and who hope to extend their cultivation by appearing before the public in mysterious and eccentric garb.

I would say, if closely questioned, that the crowning characteristic of Boz in print is youthfulness; just so of Boz in person. He is spry, stanch, and bright there; so he is here in St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Years have gone since his boyish form was circumvented and besieged by my eager fellow-countrymen, and time, since then, has worn upon the edges of his life as the ocean has worn upon its shores; but I believe that, if his ample beard is growing gray, and if his active brain has at last cleared a small space on the top of his head, nevertheless the glance of his eye is full as rapid, and sure, and brilliant as then, his step just as light, and his fingers just as nimble for the story of the year. Long may it be before any one of the wonderful energies which have been exerted so long only for blessing and drawing together the people is paralyzed!

But I am not, like Mr. Thackeray, writing a series of "Roundabout Papers," and should be telling about the reading.

I suppose the applause of the large and intelligent audience which followed the first spoken words of Mr. Dickens, namely, that with permission he would pause five minutes after the reading of the "Christmas Carol," was a spontaneous grant of that permission, given in entire good faith, and in ignorance of the spell of eloquence which should presently bind every heart and make it stingy of time. It had just time to die away before Mr. Dickens began to read the "Carol."

And here, at the outset, and once for all, I must protest against the word *read* in this connection. That verb could have been properly used to express the process of Mr. Thackeray in the mat-

ter of the "Four Georges." It was not by impersonation, not by tone, gesture, and attitude, that Mr. Thackeray realized to his audience the characters of those illustrious monarchs; and you would say that as that little Christmas Story had already spoken for itself to hundreds of thousands of the old and young, and had left the impress of its characters upon all hearts capable of receiving an impression at all, it would bear the gentle treatment of the lecturer's desk without loss of effect. I can imagine the "Christmas Carol" read by its author with good emphasis and a sufficiently clear voice, but without any attempt to convey the distinctive traits, or character, of each personage beyond that of the words themselves; and can imagine an audience moved irresistibly by the simple reading. Add, then, to the natural effect of any intelligent reading of the matchless sentences of Boz, the great personal interest of a reading, even the simplest, by their live and hearty author; and superadd to this the powerful influence of one of the greatest actors alive. By this compound addition only can you form a conception of the actual charm of a reading by Charles Dickens. For Dickens is an actor; and the drama is all the more wonderful because the *dramatis personæ* are sustained by one man, and presenting, as Mr. Dickens's characters eminently do, the "very form and substance of the times," varying from light to shade as truly as the natural landscape, are sustained with equal fidelity and with the same striking success.

The English are proud of Robson. To leave London any time in the last ten years without seeing Robson would have been, as it is now, a liberty taken with the Lion. His little theatre in Wych Street is permanently plethoric. It is where Parliament "lets up." The bar and the clergy go to Robson for encouragement to pursue their steep and straight ways. If the excellent Queen shows a decided preference for any one of her round of metropolitan amusements, I think it is for the Olympic, for the royal box seems always swept and garnished as if she might drop in at any time, and royal laughter has had a good deal to do in raising the roof of the house time and time again. The night before this reading I had seen Mr. Robson in one of the parts which are deemed "his own"—a serio-comic old chandler in a little drama called "The Chimney Corner," which was then crowding the Olympic every night. The effect of the performance was so strong upon me—there was such deep feeling in the whole delineation of a single-hearted, queer-spoken tradesman, subjected to the crushing suspicion that his loved son was an arrant and heartless scoundrel, and struggling to bear up a name that, humble as it was, had never been dishonored, and to sustain the spirits of his old woman while his own were fallen quite out of reach—that I was in a measure loth to experience Dickens so soon, lest the best impression he could give me would be dull beside the vivid and warm impression of Robson. Yet it was not the enthusiastic verdict based

upon some solitary stroke of mimetic skill, or particular sketch of character, but a gradually grown and ripened conviction, when the last word had been spoken and Dickens was himself again, that not only was he a greater than Robson—not only the greatest actor I had seen in England—but an artist who realized for the first time positively my highest conceptions of the art, and enfolded it so tenderly and imperceptibly with nature that it became a part of one's self—sensitive, suggestive, and intimate.

I am not a dramatic critic. But if it were my business to discriminate nicely—to play the detective upon the passions and sentiments of the human heart—I should be extremely happy to point out many of the most notable effects produced in the reading of the “Christmas Carol.” First, I should give, as concisely as possible, the plot of this interesting—No, is it not written among the bright holly-berries of every Christmas tree, and deep down amidst the uttermost plums of every Christmas pudding? Has it not sounded cheerily over thousands of leagues of winter frost, and with its Christian warmth made land and land one great hearthstone of charity and love? Will plum-puddings perish ever—will the cry of merry wishes ever be forgotten—will stockings fail of their saccharine supplies, while type holds together to tell that wondrous tale? Well could the reader omit many of the mere descriptive passages. The dramatic skeleton was clothed by his genius with flesh and blood; and the memory, not the imagination, of the hearer supplied the outer garments in which it was first introduced to society at large. Digressively, I thought that the critics who accuse Dickens of an excessive elaboration and descriptive word-spinning found some confirmation in this blotting out of all background from his pictures, and leaving his figures to stand alone against the clear blue of nature. His dramatic power is shown so great that I wonder the action was ever encumbered by episodes of the imagination, however brilliant or startling. Yet I believe that, in some theatres, the accumulation of scenery and properties is so enormous that they must be displayed on the stage in great and perhaps unwarranted profusion nightly, simply to get them out of the way.

“This is wonderful!” I said to my shilling copy of the “Christmas Carol,” when I found that certain gruff tones, like those of *Scrooge*—and so unlike the manly and pleasant tones of Mr. Charles Dickens—were actually proceeding from that gentleman's mouth. That mouth was strangely altered from the playful expression it wore a moment since. The jaw was dropped, and in falling it had pulled the corners of that mouth down with it, together with each and all the muscles of the face in general, so that the expression conveyed was one of tightness, and hardness, and coldness. What wonder that the voice which proceeded from that pucker of bad feelings should have seemed like the voice of my old master in the bill-breaking (and heart-

breaking) line, who was daily ferocious about small scraps of paper flown to the floor, and used-up pens, and who died—a snug rest to his little soul!—some years after the publication of the “Carol?” It was evident to me, after comparing this sketch of a morose old man with kindred “assumptions” (regularly critical) experienced at various theatres, that this was Mr. Dickens's forte, or, to be more professional, his line; and I regretted sincerely that I was deprived of the pleasure of seeing his Scrooge with the important auxiliaries of dress, scenery, and space more extended than that of a desk. I wished that Tavistock House were opened occasionally to the select and critical public, or that Mr. Robson might be enabled to effect an engagement with Mr. Dickens, or that Mr. Dickens might become sole lessee and proprietor of the Olympic, and engage Mr. Robson as first supernumerary.

“This is wonderful!” I observed to the beautiful white flower without any smell that was sticking in the copious hair of the blonde aristocrat in the stall before me, as out of that same mouth proceeded a small and pleading voice, precisely like that of Scrooge's clerk; and the same remark, with *forte* emphasis, was addressed to the folds of my handkerchief when a stern, inflexible, and apparently remote voice called Scrooge to the scenes of Christmas Past, and the audience about me were hushed as I have seen many an audience hushed for the ghostly scenes of Hamlet or the “Fiery Phantom of the Ferns,” and I expected that the glaring lights of the chandeliers in the dome would burn low for once, and the nose of an old gentleman a few seats distant would emit a pale phosphorescent glow; and once more, at the risk of being tiresome, I repeated it to my shilling “Carol” when the sick and lame little voice of Tiny Tim arose from the bosom of the Cratchit family; and, finally, when I had actually seen the mother of that family, and trembled in the company of the two other spirits, and established an acquaintance of a close nature with the street-boy whom Scrooge requested to go and fetch the big turkey still hanging in the corner shop, and whose response consisted of the one word “Walker!” articulated with shrill incredulity, I saw clearly that that remark had lost all its original force, and was no longer applicable to any circumstance of the case whatever. I was ready to believe all I had ever heard of the charm of those private entertainments at Tavistock House, and to attribute the lion's share of the success to its master and proprietor; and was able to understand the interest in persons and things theatrical which has given the world, in the pages of his works, so many faithful sketches of life and character “behind the scenes.”

Besides all this versatile and truthful delineation—and I entreat all persons who have seen it and felt it to bear me out that I have not exaggerated its extraordinary dramatic merit—there is an element of the reading, which, although more closely allied to the personal than to the art-

istic side, gives it the pleasantest flavor. I allude to the unaffected and hearty enthusiasm of Mr. Charles Dickens himself. He evidently enjoyed the thing quite as much as any one present. I can not imagine a happier condition for a successful author or artist of any kind than to be able to share the favor of the public toward his works—to appreciate and rejoice in his own “good things,” long after they have been set down in the catalogue of past successes—to recognize suddenly, some fine day, in a page not often turned, one more clever bit than he had given himself credit for, and to make of the matured children of his fancy or sober judgment constant companions. And truly the sight of this great writer chuckling over every one of his own funny conceits, or droll expositions of character—following the ghosts of his own creation as if indeed he were walking through the dim shadows of the Christmas Past and Future, and seeming relieved and glad of a glass of water when the mystic spell was broken—pausing after an amazing recital of the dance that Mr. Scrooge was made to see, ending with that irresistible idea of legs that actually “winked,” in order to put the book up to his face, as if marginal red face and merry twinklings of eyes and mouth did not tell the audience that he was quite overcome with laughter—I say, to see all this was to explode at once the dismal theory that comedians are the heaviest of sobersides off the stage, and that facetious authors view their own jokes with loathing. I could see the good thing coming on. Mr. Dickens’s own eyes and mouth couldn’t keep the secret. The one began to expand and twitch at the corners, and the other to be rapid in their orbits. Then the reader seemed to draw up closer to his audience, as if not to miss the shock when it came, and presently, with a very ridiculous attempt to be serious for the moment, he let it fly. Waiting a few seconds to catch the shouts of the galleries, as well as the more dignified explosions of the stalls, he threw himself back a step or two from the desk and gave himself up to it.

He appeared particularly to enjoy Mrs. Sairey Gamp, which historical personage, in company with her friend Mrs. Harris, was introduced after the reading of the “Carol.” I should say Mrs. G. is one of his favorite characters. The preparations of the Cratchit family for their Christmas dinner, however, were as clearly nuts to him. The progress of the pudding was as vast and serious a matter to that handsomely dressed gentleman as to the smallest and hungriest of the Cratchits, and its successful completion filled him with joy. The naturalness of this sympathy was attested, I think, by the vain show of calmness and insensibility on the part of the reader. But it imposed on no intelligent hearer. Why should he try to conceal that which is the very heart of his genius, *sympathy*—the golden undercurrent of all the writings of Charles Dickens, which has brought him near to so many hearts, and established him in the best seats in the houses of the highest and lowest?

The reading lasted nearly two hours. When it was done, Mr. Dickens bowed and lightly stepped away, without any allusion to the next and last reading of the course. The audience lingered, after their rounds of applause, until his retreating form “finally disappeared” behind the screen. I wonder if they, like me, were spooney during that brief pause, and followed Charles Dickens with benedictions for all the happiness and good cheer he has been able to bring into a world never too free of snarlers and sneerers, and longing desires of life, and health, and happiness, for him and his, these many years to come! If they were not spooney then, they had been more than once or twice during the two hours; and if Lord John Russell, that great man (who happened to be present on this occasion), had ventured so much as to suggest that I was standing there like a fool while he wanted to get by and thence home to dream of foreign dispatches, I should have retorted savagely that I saw him doing something besides the right thing with his handkerchief when the death of Tiny Tim was suggested, and indulging in immoderate laughter (for a minister) during the entire presence of Mrs. Gamp.

THE HELPING HAND.

“NOT even a word of recognition!” The speaker was a woman. Over her gentle face had fallen a shadow of disappointment. She was sitting at a table, in a plainly furnished room, with books, magazines, and writing materials before her. In her hand was a literary review, the last page of which she had just turned.

“Not even a word of recognition!” she repeated, in a tone of discouragement. “Every book but mine noticed; mine, into which my heart went with such a loving interest. I am hurt, and can not help it!”

She laid her cheek upon her hand, and sat, sober-faced, for a long time. Then arousing, with a sigh, she turned to the table, and shutting her port-folio, murmured,

“Yes, it may be so. Only a few possess distinguishing literary ability; only a few have power to command the public attention and move the public heart. I am not, it seems, of the number. Ah, well! It is of no use striving with the inevitable. I must step aside, and give place to men and women of higher endowments.”

She arose, and began walking, with slow, even steps, the floor of her room. After a while she resumed her place at the writing table. She had just seated herself when a servant came in and handed her two magazines and a letter. She glanced at the letter, and not recognizing it as from any known correspondent, deferred breaking the seal until she had looked into the magazines, which ought to contain notices of her book. Her hand was nervous as she cut the leaves of the first one opened; and her eyes went, hurriedly, from page to page. Then she became mo-

tionless and intent. There was recognition here! Twice she read the notice of her book; then leaned back in her chair, with wet lashes quivering on her crimson cheeks.

"Feeble, commonplace, and harmless. We may commend the volume to parents as a safe one to introduce among children."

That was the recognition.

"Feeble and commonplace." The tears which had wet her lashes swelled now to a flood and ran over her cheeks. She was hurt to the quick. Earnestly, thoughtfully, and with true and delicate perceptions of mental and moral states, had she written, thinking more of the good to be done than of the fame to be acquired. She had intruded her consciousness, with a clear-seeing vision, into the actual of human life, and held a mirror up to nature. But the critic, dipping in here and there, and scanning this page and that, out of all just connection, saw only commonplace things and trite moral sentiments. No brilliant passages arrested him; no gorgeous cloud-castles of thought which the sun of reason dissolves into airy nothings; no ambitious paralogisms of sounding and unusual words meant to conceal meagre thoughts; no, nothing of these were found: and so, without taking time to comprehend the author, her book was thrown aside with the easy utterance of "feeble, commonplace, and harmless," and thought of no more.

Nearly ten minutes went by, and then the other magazine was opened.

"Writes carelessly at times"—"a little more attention to style would give greater acceptability to her works"—"nothing very brilliant or striking; but a deal of human nature and solid sense"—"will do good in her day, but scarcely be heard of in the next generation; books of this class do not live."

There were some flashings of indignant feeling from the no longer wet eyes; lips curled proudly and a little defiantly. Our author was but human. The simple love of doing good was not strong enough to bear her calmly through an experience like this.

"A lady wishes to see you," said the servant, opening the door again.

"Who is it?" was inquired.

The servant gave her a card, on which she read the name of a friend.

"Say that I will be down in a moment." The servant withdrew, and she made a few trifling but hurried changes in her toilet.

"I fear my visit may be an intrusion on your time," said the friend, as they stood with warmly clasped hands; "but I felt constrained to call this morning."

"No visit from you can ever be an intrusion," was replied. Light was breaking through the face over which clouds lay a moment before.

"I have just finished your new book," went on the visitor. "As I turned the last page I felt a strong desire to tell you how much good it had done me. My mind was in darkness as to a great principle of life when I commenced

reading. That principle you illustrated in so clear a manner that I now see it as in noonday light. I thank you, my sister, for true words distinctly spoken—thank you not only in my own name, but in the name of thousands to whom they will come in blessing. God has given you the power to move hearts, and, what is still better, the will to move them for good."

Dry eyes were wet again.

"There can be no higher praise than this!" was modestly answered. "Whatever power I possess is, as you have said, God's gift; and I pray ever that He will show me how best to use it in His work. I am not very strong of wing; I can not, eagle-like, dwell above the mountains. At best I am a home-bird, singing under the eaves, or cooing at the windows."

"The birds we love and cherish," said the friend. "But why do I see tears on cheeks that should be radiant with smiles?"

"The heart is weak. It is not always satisfied with the simple doing of good. To do good is so easy, so unimposing, so unattractive, and commonplace. The world admires the brilliant and the aspiring; will stand gazing at the eagle as he rises toward the sun, all indifferent to the robin, the thrush, or the dove. The imposing and the difficult extort admiration, while a simple good deed is often misjudged as pharisaical, and earnest admonition to do right sneered at as cant."

"Dear friend, I can not bear this from you," answered the visitor. "Why in so strange a state? You are not envious of the eagle?"

"Oh, no, no! Not envious, I trust."

"What then?"

"I am human, and human nature is weak. We can not, unmoved, hear our work depreciated."

"Has yours been depreciated?"

"Yes. This book, which has helped you, meets with no favor from critics. One passes it as of no account, not so much as announcing its publication, while another calls it dull and harmless. I should not care for this, I know. But the heart is weak. Such things hurt and discourage me. I feel as if I had no true power."

"And yet you have power to move the heart and enlighten the understanding, as thousands can testify. You need not care for a superficial or prejudiced critic, if you can speak to the people, and stir the common pulse. Your work is with and for the people. You comprehend their daily life-trials, and are gifted with ability to speak to them understandingly. Your work is not to amuse, nor to extort admiration, but to help. You do not write from a poor selfish desire to get praise and fame, but to do good—good in all degrees of life, from the highest to the lowest. And few, my friend, have been more successful. I would rather have your sheaves in my garner on that day when the Lord of the Harvest shall come, than the sheaves of any worker that I know in your field of labor. I say this sincerely, and may it give you com-

fort and strength! Don't, as Emerson says, think, in your work, of its *acceptability*, but of its *excellence*. Do it always earnestly and well, according to the gifts by which you are endowed of God, and He will take care that no hand obstruct its course. Just so sure as it is vital with the power of helping your brother or sister in weakness, or of lighting them in a dark way, will He make your voice heard."

"I thank you for such strong words of encouragement," said our desponding one, as the calm dignity of conscious strength and purity of motive came back into her face; "and thank you, especially, for that last suggestion. Emerson has struck the right key—has given the true philosophy. I have been thinking more of the acceptability of my work than of its excellence; more of what might be *said of it* than of what it *was*. Thanks, again, for this helping hand in a moment of weakness! I shall be stronger, I trust, in the future."

Alone, after this friend had departed, and stronger than before she came, the criticism that stung so sharply was read again.

"'Writes carelessly at times.' That is a fault," she said, "and should be corrected. 'A little more attention to style would give greater acceptability to her works.' Then it is my duty to give it more attention; and I will endeavor, and feel obliged and not hurt by the suggestion. 'Nothing very brilliant or striking, but a deal of human nature and solid sense.' Why, that is a positive compliment! I read it as a sneer before; but now it has a tone of sincerity and goodwill. 'Will do good in her day, but scarcely be heard of in the next generation; books of this class do not live.'"

The closing sentence touched the quick again. Not heard of in the next generation! No permanent life in such books! It was hard to accept of that judgment.

"But what," she asked herself, as right thoughts took their right position in her mind, "have I to do with the next generation? My work is in the present, and if I can do good in my day, the effect will not only go to the next generation, but to all generations. As to the life of my work, if there be in it a heavenly vitality it will not soon die."

The letter which had accompanied the magazines, and which had been forgotten, now looked up from the table and claimed attention. The seal was broken:

"DEAR LADY,—Forgive this freedom; but my heart is so full of thankfulness that I am constrained to write. Your last book has been to me a saviour and a consoler. Oh, in what a midnight of passion and error was my soul groping, when light came to me through you, and I saw a gulf at my feet! Back, back, back I moved, shuddering! And now I am on firm ground, with reason clear and conscience in her place. How clearly, yet how tenderly and lovingly, did you demonstrate a truth, which, had it come to me in almost any other way, I would have rejected. But as a gentle, wise, and considerate sister you approached me, and laying your hand on my arm, said, 'Come and let us reason together.' You first won my confidence, then beguiled my interest, and then told me the truth in such calm, direct, and earnest words that I was convinced, warned, and saved. God bless you, my sister! You will

never know the good you are doing until it is revealed in the world to come. Go on—go on, in Heaven's name! The heart of a stranger blesses you, and says, Faint not, fail not."

Tears flooded the lady's face again; but there was no bitterness in them now. The helper was helped in her hour of weakness, and strengthened against the enemies of her peace—enemies, we mean, who were lurking in her own bosom, and exciting pride, ambition, and love of fame, so that they might act as hindrances. Stronger, calmer, and in a nobler spirit even than before, she turned to her work again, and gave to it that living vitality by which it had power to overcome evil and establish good. Neglect and cold unappreciative criticism had made her comprehend her own weakness, and been the means of opening her mind more interiorly, so that it could receive a higher influx of light. She was stronger and wiser from self-conquest, and thence able to infuse more of wisdom and human love in all that came from her hand.

LOUIS NAPOLEON: PRINCE AND EMPEROR.

I.—PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

IN the spring of 1848 I made a flying trip to Europe for the benefit of my health—a trip literally unpremeditated three hours before it was undertaken. I reached Liverpool early in April, at the commencement of the lovely spring season of England. I think that the most charming weather I have ever known in any part of the world I have found in the British Islands during the months of April, May, and June, particularly the two latter. Nothing can be more strongly contrasted than the London of that period of the year and the London of November.

In my opinion the English climate is greatly misappreciated by foreigners. The sun is not always obscured by fogs, as many hasty tourists, in their exceptional experience, assert to be the universal case. I am confident that nowhere else can out-door exercise be taken with enjoyment so many days of the year, and so many hours of the day, as in England. I have always sensations of physical comfort there which I never experience any where else. This I attribute to the moisture with which the atmosphere is generally impregnated, and which exercises a most soothing influence upon the nervous system. Here the dryness of the air keeps us constantly strung up above concert pitch. We are all the time under the influence of an artificial stimulus. We burn our candles at both ends. I account in this way for many of our national peculiarities, both physical and moral.

I took the afternoon train for London with two countrymen, one of them a distinguished politician and the other a leading member of the press. Being all of us smokers, we were anxious to obtain a carriage where we could enjoy our weeds without interruption. On all the

European railways (except in Germany) there are regulations prohibiting smoking, but their violation is always connived at by the guard (for a consideration), provided no occupant of the same carriage objects. The first-class carriages contain but six seats, and hence it is not always difficult to make up a unanimous party. In the present instance we feed the official in advance for the purpose of securing a place to ourselves. Just as he was unlocking the door of a hitherto unoccupied carriage for us to enter, an elderly and exceedingly gentlemanlike Englishman, with one arm, came up, and remarking that he did not think he could be mistaken in taking us for Americans, inquired if we had any objections to his joining us, as he recognized us as smokers from the cigars in our mouths. Of course we assented readily, and this was the commencement of one of the most agreeable journeys I ever made by rail. Our accidental companion turned out to be Sir Fitzroy Somerset, afterward Lord Raglan. In his capacity of aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, he had been on a special mission to some of the great manufacturing towns to watch the movements of the disaffected Chartists, from whom a formidable demonstration was expected in London upon the occasion of the presentation of the monster petition to the House of Commons, which was to take place in the course of a few days. It will be remembered that this echo of the Paris Revolution of the previous February was looked forward to, throughout England, by the orderly classes, with very considerable apprehension.

We arrived at London in the evening, and parted with our distinguished traveling companion with mutual assurances of the pleasure we had derived from our chance acquaintance. My friends had rooms engaged at Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square; and although I, as an old *habitué* of London, was only too familiar with this second-class inn with first-class prices, I was unwilling to forego their company, and therefore ordered my traps to the same destination.

I found that nothing else was thought of or talked about in the capital but the Chartist business. There was very serious and widely-spread alarm, in which the Government, to all appearances, fully participated. Apropos of this, I will mention a circumstance of comparatively secret history. The Duke of Wellington was sent for by the Queen, and requested to take supreme command of the troops upon the occasion. This he consented to do, with the proviso, however, that he should have an absolute dictatorship for the time being, and be under no circumstances subject to any orders from the Home department. This condition was acceded to, and there is no doubt that had an attack upon London been attempted he would have proceeded to the utmost extremities in its defense. The Court retired to Windsor or the Isle of Wight—I forget which—a day or two before, and *Punch* and the other wits amused themselves vastly at the expense of Prince Albert, who as a field-marshal should have remained at the post of

danger. It was supposed that her Majesty was peremptory upon the subject, and overruled any martial propensities which her consort might have possessed.

Great preparations were made for the defense of the Bank, the Royal Exchange, and other public edifices—especially the Bank, the treasure in which was likely to attract the cupidity of a revolutionary mob. The roof was protected by sand bags, behind which marksmen could be safely placed. The night before the anticipated outbreak large stores of arms were conveyed there and to other places in covered wagons from the Admiralty. My friend of the press came to grief that night from his excess of curiosity. About nine o'clock in the evening he made his way down past the Houses of Parliament to the head of Westminster Bridge, where cannon were planted to rake the insurgents who were expected to come over on the morrow from their camping-ground on Kennington Common. Here he was ordered back in very peremptory fashion. Strolling up Whitehall, he managed in some way to slip by the sentinel and to get into the court-yard of the Admiralty, admission to which was strictly forbidden for the nonce. Here he was pounced upon in short order. In vain he protested that he was only an enterprising Yankee, actuated by no worse motive than curiosity. He was carried off to durance vile, and only liberated the next day upon establishing his identity.

The most exaggerated rumors were circulated in reference to the number of the hostile masses collected on the Surrey side. The general estimate did not fall short of thirty or forty thousand, which was afterward proven to be enormously in excess of the reality.

The preservation of the peace was primarily intrusted to the police, and, in addition to the regular force, a large number of special constables were enrolled for the occasion. The military was only to be called out as a last resort. Some twenty Americans of us lodging at Morley's offered our services as specials, which offers were unhesitatingly accepted. And when the time came, each armed with a formidable club which he had received from the authorities, we were as ready as any loyal subjects to do battle in defense of law and order. It was rather an interesting and exciting sight as, at nine o'clock on the morning when the demonstration was to come off, I was quietly taking my tea and muffins and looking out of the coffee-room window upon Trafalgar Square. The whole area was densely filled, principally by a large body of police, who were going through their military evolutions with the precision of soldiers. Among them was a small corps of mounted constabulary, ready for a charge down Parliament Street if occasion should require it. A good many roughs were scattered about, but they gave no indications of any but the most peaceful intentions.

At ten o'clock I emerged from the hotel, and took a short stroll up the Haymarket. The shops were every where closed and the streets were filled with people. I only remained out

about half an hour and then returned to my quarters.

About eleven o'clock I noticed unusual indications of preparation among the police on the square, and shortly afterward a dense mass, composed of the lowest classes of the population, came struggling up Parliament Street and commenced to debouch upon the open area. They were singing and shouting, and seemed more impelled by the love of a frolic than by any thing else. In a moment about a dozen mounted policemen charged at a full gallop, and the mob, by some remarkable power of elasticity, made way for them in every direction, laughing and hurrahing as they did so. This brilliant cavalry *coup* decided, as it were, the fate of the day. The Chartists never attempted to cross the river, overawed probably by the reception which they knew was prepared for them. After that there were nothing but amusing episodes. It was known that London was full of French revolutionary agents, and wherever these gentry showed themselves they were treated with any thing but distinguished consideration by the populace. I saw one unfortunate apostle of liberty, equality, and fraternity so severely ducked in the basin of one of the fountains of Trafalgar Square that I was afraid that the poor man was taking his last bath.

The rest of the day was a sort of carnival. No one attempted to transact any business, and the shops remained closed. Fun was universal, and the special constables, whose name was legion, paraded the streets with a consciousness that their valor had not been very severely tried. That evening the monster petition was rolled into the House of Commons and duly presented by its godfather, Fergus O'Connor. The next day I happened to be accidentally at the railway station as Fergus was leaving for the country. Poor fellow, he died insane some years ago, and I am not quite certain that his insanity was of very recent date.

One or two evenings afterward, the Court having returned to Buckingham Palace, the Queen went in state to the opera. I took especial pains to be there, for I expected an extraordinary exhibition of loyalty. And I was not disappointed. I recollect that the opera was Don Giovanni—a work which calls for the entire strength of the company, both male and female. The house was packed from pit to dome. Her Majesty entered as the orchestra was playing the overture. In a moment the whole house rose and cried with one voice for "God save the Queen." The orchestra ceased playing, the prompter's bell tinkled, the curtain rose and displayed all the principal artists ranged in a semicircle on the stage. At a signal from the conductor a prelude was played, and then Grisi advanced to the footlights, and with the glorious voice she then possessed, sang the first verse, the whole house standing, Majesty and all. The chorus was taken up by the other singers and by the entire pit. Then Mario sang a verse, and then Persiani, and then Lablache. I never witnessed such a scene of wild enthusi-

asm. It was so contagious that I am confident that her Majesty had no more loyal subject there that evening than myself. The boxes forgot their propriety entirely, and marquises and countesses vied with each other in waving their handkerchiefs and clapping their hands.

I mentioned at the outset that I had come over in the pursuit of health. I was the bearer of a letter of introduction from a distinguished physician in this city to Sir Benjamin Brodie. I had called upon Sir Benjamin soon after my arrival in London, when he made an appointment for me to come again at nine o'clock on the morning after this operatic *fête*. Punctually at the appointed hour I arrived at his house in Saville Row. The servant who admitted me told me that Sir Benjamin was very busy with some ladies who had come from a long distance in the country, and that I should have to wait until they left before he could see me. Accordingly I was shown into the library, where I found a cheerful fire, and the morning papers lying upon the table. Drawing up an arm-chair to one corner of the fire-place, I seated myself, crossed my legs, and was soon deeply immersed in the leviathan columns of the *Times*.

I had been reading ten minutes, perhaps, when the door opened, and another gentleman was ushered into the room by the flunky. The stranger was a short, thick-set man, evidently a foreigner, and dressed in an irreproachable suit of mourning. I glanced at him furtively from my paper, and settled it in my own mind that he must be a German. In accordance with English custom, not the slightest recognition of the other's presence passed between us. He hovered over the table a moment, selected a paper from among several still lying there, settled himself in a chair at the other corner of the fire-place, and followed my example by devoting himself to the news of the day.

After a time I became tired of reading, and threw down my journal. The stranger in a few minutes did the same. I then had an opportunity to notice his features more particularly. He was a heavy, dull, impassive-looking man, and his half-closed eyelids gave a peculiar expression to his face. I observed that his arms and legs indicated remarkable strength, but he did not look like a person of much activity. His arms were very long, and his legs quite short; for he stood of low stature, and sat decidedly tall. He had a curious habit of rubbing the side of his nose with his forefinger—a habit which has frequently attracted my attention since in the same personage. For some minutes we sat like two fools, or like two thoroughly well-bred Englishmen (by no means synonymous terms, however), pretending to gaze at the fire. At length my companion opened the way for conversation by remarking that it was a fine day. His accent, which was very marked, confirmed me in the impression that he was a German. I assented to his observation, and the ice once broken, we soon got on famously together—he taking me for an Englishman, and I taking

him for a German. From one subject we passed to another, until he introduced that of the Chartist affair, upon which he talked so well that I became greatly interested. He was unbounded in his praises of the good sense of the English people, particularly of the lower middle classes, meaning the shop-keepers and artisans. He was happy at having had the opportunity of seeing so satisfactory and striking an exhibition of this. "You will never see a violent revolution succeed in England," he went on to say, "although with your institutions you are in a state of continuous revolutionary progress, so to speak. There is a vast difference between the classes to which I have alluded here and on the Continent, especially in France. Every thing moves here in old and well-worn grooves. The London shop-keeper of to-day follows the same business, at the same stand, which his father and his grandfather followed before him. He has the sense to appreciate the difficulty of making a livelihood among so dense a population should he once get off the track. In a word, he knows that, in a general scramble, he has more chance of losing than of gaining. Hence, apart from his feeling of loyalty, which is deep-rooted, should an effort ever be made to overthrow the Government, he would always stand by the authorities. Your agricultural population is only instinctively loyal, not intelligent. I do not mean at all to imply by what I have said that your shop-keepers and artisans are not dissatisfied with many things, and do not claim and will not exercise the right of unlimited grumbling. But at the bottom they know that your Constitution is a self-purifying machine, and that there is a never-ceasing tendency to improvement. On the contrary, every Frenchman is a man of unlimited ambition. He is impulsive and emotional—moved, too, by noble instincts. One of his great mistakes is that *he always expects to better himself by a change*; consequently he is always ready for a change. He can not be governed as your people can. His God of to-day is his demon of to-morrow."

I do not wish to be understood to quote these as the precise words of my interlocutor. But they represent substantially what he said.

We must have been talking together half an hour when Sir Benjamin opened a door which communicated by a passage-way to his study, and bowing to my companion, called me in—probably because I alone had an appointment. As soon as I was seated he asked me if I knew who it was that we had left behind us in the library. I told him that I did not—that I thought he was a German—that at all events he was a remarkably intelligent man, although he by no means looked so. "Well," he said, smiling, "that is Louis Napoleon!" This, be it remembered, was a very few weeks before he passed over to France to take his seat as a member of the Legislative Assembly. I asked Sir Benjamin what was the motive of his visit to him. He told me he had some trouble about the heart—whether organic or functional I did not inquire. I never met

Louis Napoleon again until I saw him in Paris, six years later, Emperor of the French.

And here perhaps I ought to close this chapter, as my personal reminiscences of the exiled Prince go no farther. But the subject is a tempting one, and as accident has brought me into contact with many persons who knew him during his residence in England, the reader will perhaps excuse me if I draw a little upon the recollections of others.

One of the best friends he ever had on the north side of the Channel was Miss Burdett Coutts. This estimable lady was unceasing in her kindness to him; and what is still more, she was the first person to appreciate him at any thing like his actual value. So high an estimate did she form and express of his ability and genius that her friends were greatly amused at what they considered her good-natured but most unfounded prejudice in his favor. The fast young men of London generally pronounced him in their polite slang "a bloody fool." He was very intimate at the hospitable house of Mr. B——, the great London merchant, at East Sheene. Mrs. B—— had a horror of smoking; but the Prince, when a visitor, was allowed to smoke, as a special favor, in his own room. Upon such occasions the other gentlemen present were told that, if they wished to smoke, they might do so in the Prince's room. One evening he was very anxious to return to London about ten o'clock. He had not come in his own carriage, and he was reluctant to ask Mr. B—— to lend him one. In this dilemma he came to a friend of mine who was stopping in the house, and asked him if he minded requesting another gentleman with whom he was intimate to lend him his cab to go to town, without mentioning for whom he desired it. My friend unhesitatingly complied with the request: but the owner of the cab insisted upon knowing who wanted it, saying that he suspected it was "that bloody fool, Louis Napoleon;" and if so, that he should not have it. And it was with the utmost difficulty that he was finally induced to yield the point.

Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay were like a sister and a brother to him. The gates of Gore House were open to him at all hours, and he freely availed himself of the tendered hospitality. The only reproach of serious ingratitude of which the subject of this chapter has ever been accused refers to his alleged neglect of these persons, when, during his Presidency, they came over to Paris after the breaking up of the London establishment in consequence of pecuniary reverses. So far as D'Orsay is concerned, the President tardily, it is true, conferred upon him an exceedingly honorable and tolerably lucrative place, which, however, he did not live long to enjoy. His neglect of Lady Blessington, although perhaps not excusable, may be partly accounted for by the peculiar position which her ladyship occupied in English society. He may have hesitated to invite her to his balls and receptions, fearing to give too much offense to her countrywomen. At all

events he delayed a very long time before doing so.

Lady Blessington was one of the wits of her day. Shortly after the French Revolution of February, 1848, a foreign ambassador in London asked her in French what she thought of M. De Lamartine. "He reminds me," she instantly replied, "of an incendiary who has turned fireman." Some time after her arrival in Paris an invitation came from the President to a ball at the Elysée Bourbon. This she accepted, and as soon as the President saw her enter the room he advanced to her, and, taking her by the hand, said he was glad to see her, and asked her if she intended to remain long in Paris. "No," she promptly answered, "*do you?*"

No one in London, it is said, had a more open palm for the future Emperor than Mitchel, the manager of the St. James theatre. It may be remarked that no borrower of money ever more scrupulously returned it than Louis Napoleon has done. When he and the Empress paid the Queen a visit in 1854 or 1855—I forget which—he had been but a few hours in London before he sent for Mitchel, with whom he conversed familiarly for a considerable time, showing that with the change in his fortunes he had not forgotten old friends.

It is related—but I can not vouch for the truth of the story—that upon some occasion a wag imposed upon the credulity of the Prince by a forged letter of invitation to dine with the Queen at Windsor. Now in those days her Majesty was on terms of great intimacy with the Orleans family, and ignored poor Louis Napoleon completely, having declined even to receive him at Court. However surprised, therefore, he must have been at so unexpected a mark of royal favor, it would seem that he did not suspect its genuineness. Donning a full uniform, and arraying his groom in a gorgeous livery, he drove to Windsor, where he discovered that he had been hoaxed, and it is said that the Queen was not even gracious enough to see him and relieve somewhat his mortification. If this is not a *canard*, he has had an ample revenge. He has both visited and received her Majesty since he has become the most powerful monarch in the world.

I recollect meeting a gentleman who had known the Prince well. He told me that he once went out hunting with him and his cousin, Prince Napoleon. As they were driving to cover, Louis Napoleon was dull and moody, whereas his cousin was full of excitement about the anticipated sport. But the moment they backed their horses they changed characters. The one became full of daring and energy; the other was quiet if not timid.

During the Presidency Lord A——, formerly Prime Minister, paid a visit to Paris. After being there a week, constantly in the society of the President, he wrote to a friend in London that he could make nothing out of him but a dismal, dreary creature! How wide of the mark he was time has made manifest.

II.—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

I have had very frequent opportunities of seeing the Emperor Napoleon III. in public, and more than once I have met him under circumstances of some interest.

Some time in the winter of 1854-'55 I had the honor of being presented to him and the Empress at the Tuileries. It was one of those wholesale presentations of Americans which take place periodically, and which are always more or less accompanied with ridiculous incidents. The day appointed was, as is usual for such ceremonies, a Sunday, and the summons was only issued Saturday evening, and not received by many of the parties interested until the next morning. Gentlemen were required to present themselves "*en uniforme*," and ladies "*en toilette de ville*"—this latter expression meaning in full visiting dress. The embarrassment resulting from the tardiness of the notice may be imagined. The men rushed frantically to Woodman's, on the Boulevard des Italiens, that accomplished snip being the purveyor-general of court-dresses to Yankee Doodledom in Paris, and constantly keeping on hand an assortment ready made, which he hires out as masquerade costumers do. Those who were fortunate enough to present themselves Saturday evening, not only had the first choice, but were in time to have such alterations made as were required to give something of a fit, whereas the unfortunates of Sunday morning had to take what was left as they found it.

Such a battalion as presented itself at the Palace at noon could only be compared to Falstaff's regiment or a New York militia company. Coats too big and coats too small; sleeves too long and sleeves too short; trowsers dragging under the heel of the boot, and trowsers not reaching down to the ankle-joint; a miscellany of cocked hats, and a universality of swords that *would* trip up the inexperienced wearers. And all this, apart from its unsuitableness to each individual case, worn with the awkwardness peculiar to novices in such attire. The women were more fortunate, being generally provided with all the necessary articles of adornment, nothing unusual to them being required. Charming as most of them appeared, there were a few whose appearance was such as to keep their male companions in countenance. You will find at any time in Paris a certain number of peripatetic American ladies whose whole being is shrouded in mystery—who come no one knows whence, and after a while go no one knows where. They usually rejoice in the convenient title of widows, and are looking after some important interests, the precise nature of which it is difficult to ascertain. I recollect, upon the occasion in question, one little woman whom nobody knew, and whose appearance excited some attention. She wore a rusty black silk dress, very high in the neck, an enormous shell cameo brooch, and a Canton crape shawl, which had been originally white in years gone by, but which was then, to speak plainly, most disgustingly dirty. After we had formed in a line on one side of the room,

finding herself inconvenienced by the heat, she removed this shawl and threw it carelessly upon an arm-chair, of which several were standing in a row opposite to us. A few minutes afterward a chambellan or aid lounged into the room, and stood for a moment by the fire-place. Suddenly this suspicious-looking garment caught his glance, and he stuck a glass in his eye to examine it more particularly. Then, stepping on the points of his toes, he deliberately advanced to it, skewered it on the tip of his sword, gravely recrossed the room with it, and threw it down out of sight in a corner. It was not a pleasant thing to see done, but the owner was an "unprotected female," and her ideas of "*toilette de ville*" were evidently not up to the standard of the French Court.

Imagine us, then, ranged as in a drill-room, awaiting the imperial approach. In the same room with us, on the other side, was a delegation of Spaniards, Mexicans, and South Americans. We were probably placed together on account of the affectionate sympathy existing between our different nations. In another apartment, the door of which was open into ours, were congregated the English and Germans, the greater part of the former (the men I mean) in scarlet yeomanry uniforms, with an occasional sprinkling of stunning Highland costumes. The British ladies, in general elegance of *mise* and beauty and grace of person, bore no comparison to our fair countrywomen. Why are the English women so unaccountably awkward? why have they such painfully large hands and feet? and why is their taste in dress so almost universally bad? Beautiful complexions and full forms can not atone for these deficiencies, nor can altogether cultivated minds and kind hearts.

Their Majesties visited this last-mentioned apartment first. Accident had placed me at the head of our line close to the door, in such a position that I had the full benefit of seeing how things were done before my turn came. At length the Emperor and Empress crossed our threshold, the former followed by a male, and the latter by a female, suite. The Emperor stopped directly in front of me, whereas the Empress continued on until she reached the person at the further extremity of the line. His Majesty merely exchanged with me a few commonplaces in French, and then addressed himself to my next neighbor. I continued to keep my eye on him in his downward progress until he crossed the Empress in her advance in my direction, after which my attention was directed exclusively to her. In due time she reached me, and had commenced saying something in very indifferent English, when she was interrupted by a laugh and the words, "*Mais parlez lui donc en Français; il le parle aussi bien que nous!*"—"Speak to him in French; he speaks French as well as we do!" Looking up in amazement, whom should I perceive but the great man himself, who, it seems, having completed his tour, had returned to the starting-point!

I have been trying in vain, ever since I commenced this chapter, to recall the name of the Italian shoemaker who fired at Louis Napoleon on the Champs Elysées, some time in the spring or early summer of 1855. He was an emissary from London, but died, if I recollect right, without exposing his confederates. He had provided himself with two pistols—the one a revolver, and the other an ordinary double-barreled one. He fired two shots from the side of the road at the Emperor, who was on horseback and quite near him, and fortunately for Europe and the world both missed. I happened to be in a carriage with some friends at a distance in the rear of but a few hundred yards, near enough to see the puffs of smoke, to observe immediately thereafter the gathering of a group of people, and then to notice the legs of a man who was being dragged into a cab. We were on our way to the Bois de Boulogne, and curious to ascertain what had happened, we ordered our coachman to drive on rapidly. When he arrived at the Barrière de l'Etoile, we stopped a moment, and, in reply to our inquiries, learned that the Emperor had been fired at, that he had escaped any injury, and that he had pushed on for the Bois, escorted by his aids Ney and Fleury. We were also told that the Empress and her ladies, in two Court carriages, had preceded him some ten minutes, and as yet knew nothing of the occurrence. In the hope of overtaking him before he reached the Bois, we put our horses to the top of their speed. But he must have ridden very rapidly, for we saw nothing of him until we came to the lake, when we perceived the party on horseback, followed by the carriages on the other side, coming toward us on their return. We at once reined up on the side of the road, and standing uncovered awaited their approach. The Bois was very crowded that afternoon, but evidently the news of what had happened had not yet reached there. As Napoleon passed we cheered him loudly, and in such a significant manner that he could not doubt our knowledge of the attempted assassination. He bowed in return, and I shall never forget his look. His teeth were closely set, and his face was literally of the color of old parchment. That this meant *fear*, I do not believe for a moment. The man does not know what fear is. It only indicated the strong emotion under which he was laboring. When the Empress came by she was smiling and chatting with the lady on her left, evidently in entire ignorance that her husband's life had been threatened. The moment the cortège passed, we wheeled into line and endeavored to keep up with it. But it was of no use. Our horses were not equal to the task, and when the imperial party reached the Triumphal Arch we were a long way behind. By this time the news had spread like wild-fire through Paris, and the Avenue of the Champs Elysées was one dense mass of human beings. As soon as the Emperor appeared he was cheered most vociferously, and he had not proceeded far before the pressure became so great that he was compelled to dismount from

his horse, and walk all the remaining distance, which is a long one, to the palace.

I have already spoken of Prince Napoleon's Saturday evening receptions. Among them there was one which was particularly brilliant and distinguished. The leading lion of the occasion was the young King of Portugal, who was visiting Paris accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Oporto. The King was a slight, fair-haired, German looking boy (his father is a Coburg), timid as a girl, blushing whenever he was spoken to. He wore a pair of gloves immensely too large for his hands, which (his hands) he seemed to be in continual distress to know what to do with. He was almost swallowed up in the broad ribbon of a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, which he put on according to royal etiquette, the French Emperor having assumed that of the Tower and Sword of Portugal. The Duke of Oporto was a rosy, plump, cool little fellow, increased in the oddest little dress coat imaginable, the skirts of which were a mere apology for skirts. The company besides included the Emperor and Empress. I never saw her Majesty look so lovely as she did that evening; Ex-Queen Christina of Spain, her husband, the Duke of Rianzeres, and their dashing-looking daughters, the eldest of whom is the Princess Czartoriska; the heir to the throne of Denmark; the Duke of Brunswick; old Prince Jerome; the Princess Mathilde; and of course the host, Prince Napoleon. A word about the Duke of Brunswick, whose peculiarities, although familiar to people in Europe, are probably less known on this side of the Atlantic. He is a deposed monarch, whose brother was put in his place by the people of the Duchy many years ago. When he left the country he managed to bring the crown jewels with him, and they have never found their way home again. For a long time he lived in London in great splendor, but recently he has taken up his residence in Paris, where he keeps up a sort of Oriental establishment just beyond where Judge Mason used to reside. His name may be recollected in England in connection with a vile paper called the *Satirist*, which I do not suspect any of my readers of having ever seen. This publication used to attack him week after week in the most scurrilous manner, and he determined to put it down, which he succeeded in doing after a great deal of perseverance. His eccentricities border upon insanity; indeed some people think he is stark mad—his subjects evidently thought so. He knows more about diamonds than any man living, and has one of the most magnificent collections in the world. He adorns his person profusely with them. Every button in his waistcoat is worth five thousand dollars. He wears a most extraordinary wig made of *silk*. The evening I refer to he had on a black silk coat, cut by himself it was said; certainly no civilized tailor would be guilty of such an atrocity. His face was painted in thick coats, not delicately touched. His manners are abrupt and supercilious. He is certainly a character. I was most amused by a dialogue which

I overheard between him and the Princess Mathilde while standing at the *Buffet*, but I do not feel that I have the right to repeat it.

I have said that I never saw the Empress look so charming. She was seated on a sofa, floating in a sea of gauze, with a lady on each side of her, and I was standing facing her in a group at some distance, lost in admiration of her beauty. Some way off to the left stood the Emperor talking with the Pope's Nuncio. I was neither looking at nor thinking of any one but the Empress when suddenly some one said, "*Bon soir*." I abruptly turned my head, and, to my intense amazement, found it was the Emperor who was addressing me. I was both surprised that he recognized me, and still more so that he should speak to me, who was probably the most insignificant person present. He observed my astonishment, and with a smile went on to say:

"I have been walking through your department in the Exhibition this afternoon, where I saw many things which interested me, and one which I could not understand, and which has intrigued me—*qui m'a intrigué*—ever since. In one corner of Mr. Goodyear's compartment I observed a lot of cannon-balls of vulcanized India rubber stacked as in an artillery yard. How India rubber can be used for *offensive* purposes in warfare I can not conceive. That it might be advantageously, in combination with other substances, employed for defensive purposes I can well imagine—in breast-works, for instance. Perhaps you can give me the information."

I should say here that this was just before the opening of the Exhibition to the public. Now I had not even noticed the cannon-balls in question, and had to say as much to his Majesty, feeling at the same time desperately mortified at my ignorance. Of course I then understood why I had been spoken to. Having addressed me, I suppose the Emperor thought it would hardly be civil to leave me abruptly. His next question was if I took much interest in military matters. I told him that of course I took a certain interest in them, but had no professional knowledge upon the subject. He asked me if I had noticed the new cuirasses which he had given the Imperial Guard. I answered that I had, but that I did not understand the difference between them and the old ones. "I will tell you in a word," he said. "Their weight is" (I forget how much) "less, and their power of resistance" (same obliviousness) "greater." He then went on for some time to speak of arms and uniforms. Finally, he broke in,

"Have you heard the news from the Crimea this afternoon?"

This news referred to a successful demonstration on the part of the French. I answered that I had, and he continued:

"Well, it is encouraging—*c'est encourageant*; but we are still far enough off from Sebastopol!—*mais nous sommes encore assez loin de Sébastopol!*"

This was said with a smile, and in the most natural way possible—precisely as any one might

have spoken to a friend in the street. Evidently he meant nothing more than he said. Had the remark been made public, people would have tortured their brains to find some Sphinx-like significance in it.

Hereupon he bowed, and, turning on his heel, left me.

The next morning, bright and early, before breakfast, I went over to the Palace of Industry, and made my way straight to the compartment of Mr. Goodyear. The first things my eye fell upon were the cannon-balls in question, piled up as his Majesty had described. In a few minutes Mr. Goodyear, Jun., came in, and I eagerly asked him for an explanation.

"Why, they are *ten-pin balls*, to be sure!" was his reply.

I never had the opportunity of setting the Emperor right upon the subject.

It would be out of place, in a series of light sketches like this, to attempt a serious appreciation of the genius and character of the singular man who rules the destinies of Europe. He is still something of a myth to his own subjects; a silent man among a proverbially talkative people—a man who never gesticulates in a land where gesture expresses more than words, he is only to be made out by his acts. His manner is eminently simple and natural. Like Captain Bunsby, although he talks but little, he keeps up a d—l of a thinking; but when he does talk, he does so without mystery.

Like most other people I have read a great deal about him. Nothing that I have ever seen, either in French or in English, in the way of an estimate of him, at all equals what Mr. Wyckoff has written in his last book. I do not know Mr. Wyckoff. I never, to my knowledge, saw him but once, and then he was pointed out to me at one of Mr. George Peabody's Fourth of July dinners at the Star and Garter, Richmond. But I strongly recommend any one who wishes to know more of Louis Napoleon than he will find elsewhere, to consult that book.

Among many talents which the Emperor possesses, he is probably unsurpassed as a judge of horses. As a rider, I never saw his equal, unless it was the late King of Holland. Insignificant on foot, he is superb on horseback. From the length of his body he looks like a tall man when mounted, and he and his steed compose a perfect centaur. To see him galloping at a review with the *cent gardes* at his heels is a magnificent spectacle.

It is not very often you see him in a carriage. Occasionally he gets himself up in gorgeous attire and accompanies the Empress. And sometimes of a morning you meet him driving himself a pair of spanking bays up the Champs Elysées, accompanied by a single groom, who sits behind him. But he goes mostly on horseback. At the time I have been speaking of he used to wear habitually, when riding for pleasure, an old blue frock-coat, the seams of which were white, and he indulged in a particular pair of old linen or cotton gloves, which it was distressing to behold.

His tact is wonderful. He has an extraordinary knowledge of the superficial peculiarities of the French people as well as of their deeper characteristics. Many anecdotes of him are related which show this.

When the Russian war was over he determined to make General Bosquet a marshal. Accordingly he invited him to a dinner-party at the Tuileries in common with a large party of guests, without communicating a word about his intention to him. After the cloth was removed the Emperor requested all to fill their glasses for a toast. When all were ready he proposed "the health of *Marshal Bosquet*."

While the works for the completion of the Louvre were going on, the Emperor used often to stroll there, cigar in mouth, to watch their progress. Upon one occasion he had not been there long when he noticed a group of stonecutters talking eagerly together. Presently one of them, cap in hand, advanced toward him in a hesitating and abashed sort of way: "My Emperor," said the man, "I have made a bet of five francs with one of my companions that you will allow me to light my pipe from your cigar." "You have lost," answered his Majesty, laughing; "but here is the money to pay your bet and treat your friends besides," at the same time handing him two Napoleons of twenty francs each. He thus managed to preserve both his dignity and his popularity. When Queen Victoria was in Paris, the Emperor was particularly attentive to the Prince of Wales. This rather distressed the Queen, who was afraid that some bad influence might be exerted upon her eldest son—that he might be induced to smoke cigars, or do something still more horrid. It is related that one day, when both families had been lunching at the palace of the Elysée Bourbon, the Emperor suddenly disappeared and the Prince with him. It turned out that they had gone by themselves for a two-hours' drive; whereat the maternal anxiety and distress were of the most acute kind.

I do not think that he is fond of these United States. I have some reasons for thinking so which I do not consider myself at liberty to give. But he is very civil to our individual countrymen, and sometimes very patient with them.

I knew a Spanish gentleman of rank who was sent to this country some years ago on a special mission. He had been very intimate in society in Madrid with the Empress long before she aspired to a crown. On his return from America he stopped for a time in Paris. Immediately on arriving he addressed a note to her Majesty requesting the honor of an interview. He received a prompt reply, in which she said that she regretted that her husband being at Boulogne, she could not see any one in his absence; but that he would be back in a fortnight, when she would be most happy to receive my friend. Accordingly, after the delay indicated he received an invitation to take tea at St. Cloud. He went and spent the evening *en petit comité* with their two Majesties. The Emperor did not talk much.

He was reading, or, more probably, pretending to be reading, the papers nearly all the time. The Empress was most particular in her questions about this country. Were the women so handsome as she had been told? Was there so much luxury in the great cities as she had heard? Was New York so magnificently built as was reported? I have reason to think that my friend gave a pretty favorable account of every thing. Finally, her Majesty asked him, all things considered, which he preferred, Paris or New York? "Paris, of course," he replied. Hereupon the Emperor withdrew his head from behind his paper, and, with a grim and ironical smile, exclaimed, "*Quel mauvais goût!*"—"What bad taste!"

MRS. JUJUBE AT HOME.

WHY this line of carriages standing in stately repose before Madame Larami's door in Great Jones Street? Why that continual in-pouring of old ladies in quiet silks and Indian shawls, and young ones trembling beneath the weight of flowery bonnets, and rustling with brocades? Madame Larami's negro boy, Alphonse, is weary of continually opening that heavy door, and bowing to his mistress's customers as they sweep up stairs to the show-rooms. He is beginning to doze, and the poor boy will be fast asleep in another half hour. Meanwhile Madame Larami herself is up stairs in her element. And what an element it is! What clouds of *tarlatane* floating like pink and blue atmospheres through the three rooms that form, *en suite*, the temple in which Madame Larami, as high priestess, sells, like other sacred officers, the benedictions and scapularies of the God of Fashion! What wonderful bonnets perched on wire frames, buried in masses of the best French flowers! What rivers of ribbons! What acres of shawls! What odors of luxury and elegance! The place glistens with shining satins and bloomy silks. Little groves of Marabout feathers wave gently in the perfumed air. Long mirrors here and there duplicate, reduplicate, and multiply in bewildering infinities all the elegances, the wonders, the charms of this rich interior. The rooms are filled with ladies whose toilets display an intoxicating splendor. They talk, they whisper, they admire this bonnet; they criticise that mantilla. They survey each other's toilets with eyes practiced in such scrutiny. A confused murmur of voices, a voluptuous rustling of rich silks, an intoxicating odor of a thousand delicious perfumes, intermingling, fill the rooms. Through this wondrous atmosphere Madame Larami glides quietly and gracefully. Her black eyes see every thing, her crimped and rather brown ears hear every thing. She receives orders, and delivers them to her book-keeper with wondrous rapidity. She displays a silk, calls attention to a bonnet, or insinuates a charming shawl. With what address she induces those who hesitate over a mantle to make their decision! How carelessly she attracts their atten-

tion to those dangerously beautiful pocket handkerchiefs just arrived from Paris! There is a new style of sleeve to be shown to Mrs. Chrysalis, which will suit her figure admirably; Madame has a marvelous piece of lace for old Mrs. Honiton, who patronizes "point," and comes to parties looking as if she had been dipped in coffee after she was dressed. A hook has been baited for fat Miss Tintamarre with a freshly-invented collar, which is fast and knowing, and will suit that rapid young lady admirably. Miss Toko fastens on a pocket handkerchief, price one hundred and fifty dollars, the beauty of which consists in having only one square inch of material in the centre that can by any possibility be applied to the use for which pocket handkerchiefs were invented. The tall bride, Mrs. Tantalus, better known as having been the sarcastic and witty Miss De Fleche before her marriage, ponders over a brocade of large pattern. By-the-way, why will large women always wear large patterns? They surely ought to know that it nearly doubles their apparent size. In short, this is a field-day at Madame Larami's. All New York—or at least all that set that think themselves New York—is thronging to her show-rooms. There is a terrible murmur of consultation, and one might hear such words as "hoops—powder—wonder if it is becoming—red heels—shocking trouble," floating about the apartments. You get naturally interested in all this excitement, and begin to wonder at the cause of this concentrated extravagance on the part of your lady friends. You listen a little more attentively, and at length you discover that Mrs. Jujube is about to give a *bal poudré*. Yes! all those heads that you see now dressed *à la Vierge* or *à l'Impératrice*, will have to be twisted and frizzed out, and greased and fluffed all over with flour; and those little feet, now pattering about Madame Larami's floor, will then be aching in queer little shoes with high heels and diamond buckles. There will be monstrous skirts and long stomachers, fans and whalebone hoops. *Marquises* will be abundant, and *abbés* as gay and dissipated as if we lived in the time of Scarron and De Retz. Dolcissimi, the Italian barber, is about to reap a golden harvest. He has already one hundred ladies on his list whose heads will have to be powdered and tortured for that eventful evening. His labors will commence at six o'clock in the morning and end at eleven at night. What lies he will tell in his broken English during that time! What ecstasies he will fall into over Miss Griffin's hair, who is as gray as a badger! How gracefully he will compliment old Mrs. Honiton on the smallness of her ears—for even Dolcissimi can not discover in that wretched old woman any other charm! With what a greasy chuckle the fellow will hint at Miss Tintamarre's approaching marriage! Nor is the excitement confined to Dolcissimi's establishment. There is a fashionable fever in all the pulses of the city. Livery-stable keepers, ladies' maids, supper-contractors, musicians—all share in this tremendous agitation. Mrs. Ju-

jube's *bal poudré* will be one of those rare events that even fashionable people will remember for two months after it has taken place.

"Now, Harriette," said Mr. Roland de Boore to Miss Jujube as they sat together on a big sofa, arrayed in all the splendors of powder and brocade—"now, Harriette, you must on no account dance with that young fellow Beaufort. I positively object to it."

Miss Jujube bit her pretty lips, and said nothing.

"This is your *bal de débüt*, and it is given to announce at the same time your engagement to me. Now it would never do for the future Mrs. Roland de Boore to be seen dancing with an artist—a fellow that draws things for comic periodicals."

"Mr. Beaufort is as good a gentleman as any that will be here to-night," said Miss Jujube, in a cold and rather haughty tone. "Besides, he is clever, and I like him."

"A gentleman, Harriette! Why, he's an artist!"

"The words mean the same thing, Sir."

"Then am I to understand that you refuse to obey me?"

"There can be no disobedience where there is no right to command."

"Really, Miss Jujube," said Mr. Roland, with a furious look in his small white eyes, "one would think that you were more interested in this artist fellow than in your future husband."

Miss Jujube did not reply; but she rose slowly from the sofa, walked toward a mirror at the other end of the room, and, turning her back on Mr. De Boore, commenced arranging some of the pearls in her hair. Mr. De Boore, who was pale and short, with very thin legs, that were now completely lost in a large pair of mousquetaire boots, clutched the hilt of his sword, and uttered an exclamation which was neither "*Mordieu*," nor "*Cap de Biou*," nor any of the oaths of the period in whose costume he had attired himself.

"Well, Madam," he exclaimed to a large, red-faced woman who now sailed majestically into the room, arrayed as Anne of Austria—"well, Mrs. Jujube, this is a pretty bringing up to give your daughter!"

"What's the matter, my dear Roland?" said Mrs. Jujube, suddenly stopping, and looking as if she would like very much to have given a tragedy start, but was afraid of shaking the powder out of her hair.

"Matter, Madam! Matter enough, I should think. Harriette there treats me as if I were a dog, instead of her husband that is to be."

Harriette remained perfectly immovable before the mirror.

"Harriette, I am astonished!" exclaimed Mrs. Jujube. "What I hear is really dreadful! May I beg that you will immediately express your regret to Mr. De Boore?"

"I shall do no such thing, mamma!" said Harriette, turning round with a cold, determined air. "Mr. De Boore chooses to insist on obedi-

ence before he has bought his slave. Let him see to his purchase."

"I'm sure I asked nothing unreasonable," said Mr. De Boore. "I merely desired her not to dance with that fellow Beaufort—an artist, you know. It's highly improper the attention that Harriette pays him."

"Will you come and see the theatre, Miss Jujube?" said a tall, handsome-looking young fellow who just entered; "every thing is arranged."

"With pleasure, Mr. Beaufort," answered the young lady, taking the new-comer's arm, and sweeping by poor little Mr. De Boore as if he never existed.

"By Heavens, Madam!" said De Boore, in a fury, as the pair left the room, "if this continues the match must be off. That girl hates me!"

"My dear Roland," said Mrs. Jujube, laying her hand on his arm in a motherly sort of way, "you are quite mistaken. Harriette quite adores you; but she is very young, you know, and willful; and girls will be girls!" Here she looked profoundly at the young man, as much as to say, "There! you can't answer that, I think."

"She talked about my buying her!" answered De Boore, savagely. "You know very well that it is you who are buying me. You know very well that I could smash the house of Jujube tomorrow if I wished, and that the proposition came from your husband first."

"Alas!" answered Mrs. Jujube, with a reproachful sigh, "you do us injustice. Believe me, Roland, that no mercenary motive whatever induced us to seek this alliance. Your own merits, my dear young friend, were quite sufficient to account for our wishing this connection."

"Well, ma'am," said Roland, rather mollified, "I wish you would teach your daughter to be a little more respectful, if she is not affectionate."

"*Taisez vous, mon ami!*" exclaimed Mrs. Jujube, as a loud whistle without was followed by a scuffling in the hall; "here come all the people." And so Mrs. Jujube settled her skirts and prepared to receive her company.

Mrs. Jujube's ball was a most brilliant affair. "Our best society" is proverbially given to spending money, and such a golden opportunity as this was not lost sight of, I assure you. The diamonds, the dresses, the feathers, the jeweled poniards, the blazing buckles, that waved and flashed and rustled through the rooms that night were wonderful to behold! There was a *minuet à la cour* danced at the beginning of the evening which had been rehearsed by the performers with the utmost care for weeks previous. Then with what wild joy did the assemblage launch itself into a redowa at the conclusion of the solemn ceremonial of the *minuet*! Toward the middle of the evening the theatre was thrown open. Among other entertainments Mrs. Jujube had fitted up a very pretty little theatre, where a select few were to perform a little comedy, written by Mr. Beaufort for the occasion. Of these theatricals Mr. Beaufort had taken su-

preme charge. He had painted the scenery, written the play, directed the rehearsals, and scolded the performers. The piece was called "An Impromptu Wedding," and turned on the adventures of a young French cavalier, who found himself, by a series of strange events, compelled to marry a lady in order to save her life; was miserable at the way in which he has been obliged to sacrifice himself; but in the end discovered that he loved his wife, and was happy as a prince forever after. Mr. Beaufort played the hero, and Miss Jujube the heroine; while Mr. Roland de Boore, to his great indignation, found that Mr. Beaufort had not included him at all in the cast.

As the curtain drew up and the lights blazed out the little theatre sparkled like a gem. The gay dresses of the audience, the picturesque groups that formed here and there, the nodding plumes, and diamond-hilted swords might have made one fancy that they were in the theatre at Fontainebleau, about to witness one of the masques or pastorals of which Louis the Fourteenth was so fond.

The play went on, and was acted with the greatest spirit. Miss Jujube played the adventurous court-lady with admirable grace and vivacity; and Beaufort's splendid figure and handsome face made him an excellent cavalier. The little drama proceeded. The lady was taken as a spy in the camp of the Prince de Condé, and was about to be hanged, and the young cavalier had been forced by the conspirators to whose party he belonged to offer himself as her husband in order to save her life. The Prince had sent for an abbé, and the ceremony was to be consummated on the spot.

"Do you know that ceremony looks horribly real!" whispered Mrs. Tantalus to Miss Tintamarre, just as the abbé was marrying the despairing couple, who exchanged vows with averted heads.

"Yes," answered the young lady; "and Harriette does not, it seems to me, act this part as well as she does the others. She should appear angry and horrified, whereas she looks as if she rather liked it."

"Look at Roland de Boore!" joined in Mrs. Chrysalis, pointing, with a malicious smile, to where that young gentleman stood leaning gloomily against a pillar. "He does not appear to have any taste for the drama."

"As I live," exclaimed Miss Tintamarre, "Beaufort is putting a real ring on her finger! Did you ever see such a piece of impertinence?"

"He gives it to her that she may put it in her husband's nose!" said Mrs. Tantalus, with a sneer.

"Pon my word," said Miss Tintamarre, as the curtain fell on the act, "I never saw any thing so like a real marriage!"

"Don't say so to Mr. Beaufort," answered Mrs. Tantalus. "He intends the play to be a comedy, and you would be turning it into a tragedy."

"Harriette may like that sort of thing," con-

tinued Miss Tintamarre; "but for my part, I know, I should be very sorry to play such a character, and be married, as it were, by a sort of drum-head court-martial."

"You will never, perhaps, be cast for the part, my dear," said Mrs. Tantalus, wickedly, for poor Miss Tintamarre was rather *passée*.

Miss Tintamarre colored.

"If I were," she answered, rather spitefully, "I would endeavor to sustain my *rôle*."

It was now Mrs. Tantalus's turn to look vexed, for the world said that that worthy lady led her husband rather a sad life of it. "That would be kind toward your husband," she answered, "for he would have much to sustain also."

If Miss Tintamarre had not known by long experience that those who entered upon a wordy war with Mrs. Tantalus were always sure to get the worst of it, she would certainly have resented this allusion to her corpulency. As it was she bit her lip, and sat out the rest of the play in silence.

The whole of this wedding scene, which Miss Tintamarre and Mrs. Tantalus made the subject of their jests, was gall and wormwood to Mr. Roland de Boore. If he had not been a coward, he would have liked to have jumped on the stage and torn Beaufort limb from limb. As it was, he contented himself with grinding his teeth, and vowing vengeance on Harriette as well as the presumptuous artist.

The ball went on. Redowa, Schottische, polka, all succeeded each other until the festival of motion was crowned by the immortal "German." Then arose the fiery mist of excitement in which the dance is veiled. Wearied feet no longer lagged, slender necks no longer drooped with fatigue. Languid eyes sparkled, grave lips smiled, as couple after couple swung off in the intoxicating waltz. Feuds between young people were made up that night with a twirl round the rooms. Soft speeches were panted out in the orbits of wild polkas, that made certain little hearts beat faster, and certain little heads dream when they went home. All was music, motion, and fiery excitement. The powdered heads grew mottled, and the thick brown locks began to shine through the grease and flour. The wide skirts began to collapse, and the cavaliers' lace ruffles became limp and tumbled. Even the fairest cheeks seemed somewhat flushed and heated. Occasionally some young mousquetaire, with unsteady eyes and slippery legs, would make his appearance on the floor, in a brief attempt to execute a figure; but he would, after a few brief plunges, be dragged home to his seat by his laughing partner, where he would console himself with the bottle of Champagne under his chair.

Beaufort and Harriette Jujube danced together, while a little way off stood Roland de Boore watching and keeping up his courage by periodical visits to the buffet.

"De Boore looks mischievous, Harriette," whispered Beaufort to his partner. "Do you think he suspects any thing?"

"He suspects every thing," answered Miss Jujube, knitting her brow. "His mind was created only to hold suspicions."

"Very shortly we will make the experiment as to whether it will hold facts," said Beaufort, with a laugh. "It's our turn, Harriette," and the young artist and his partner darted off into the basket figure.

German cotillions, however, like all mortal things, must end. One by one the chairs grew empty, and the dim eyes and weary legs began to slink out by the hall door to their carriages. Beaufort and Harriette were talking earnestly together.

"Harriette! come away from that fellow," said De Boore, coming up suddenly to them. His face was flushed, and one could see that he had been drinking.

Harriette looked at him as if she had never seen him before, and then without reply resumed her conversation with Beaufort.

"Don't you hear me?" shouted De Boore, maddened by this contempt. "Give up that beggarly artist, Madam, or—"

"She hears you perfectly well, Mr. De Boore," said Beaufort, advancing calmly, in all the dignity of his six feet upon poor little Roland, who shrank as he approached: "but she will not answer you, first, because you have no right to question her; secondly, because you are impertinent."

"What authority have you, Sir, to mix yourself up in this business, I should like to know? Stick to your pencils, Sir," cried De Boore, quailing, however, before Beaufort's steady glance.

"The authority of a husband, Mr. De Boore," said Beaufort, calmly. "This lady became my wife a few hours ago in the presence of witnesses, of which you were one. She never loved you.

Her consent to your engagement was forced from her, and she has freed herself."

"Then that cursed play was—was—"

"A reality, not a drama," continued Beaufort.

"It's false! I'll not believe it!" cried De Boore, aghast. "You are a liar, Sir. You could not be married without a clergyman."

"We had one, Sir. My friend Mr. Coggeshall, who played the abbé, has taken orders."

"It is infamous! It is a swindle!" shrieked De Boore.

"Mr. De Boore," said Beaufort, very shortly, "if you are abusive I will throw you out of the window."

"I will go and tell Mrs. Jujube," said De Boore, grinding his teeth.

"Do not trouble yourself to anticipate me," answered Beaufort; "I am going to tell her myself. Come, Harriette, let us look for your mother."

There was no remedy for it, and the matter had to be hushed up. Of course Mr. Jujube stormed and declared himself ruined, and Mrs. Jujube announced her intention of turning her daughter out of doors, every morning at breakfast for a week. But things settled down in the end. It was whispered about that Beaufort and Harriette had been married privately to please old Jujube, and the engagement to De Boore was every where contradicted. Few imagined that the ceremony had been performed on the stage of a theatre in presence of four hundred witnesses. Miss Tintamarre was one of the few who had hit upon the truth.

As one may imagine, a marriage so improperly managed could scarcely be happy, and at some future day I may give you the dark leaf which forms the life of Mrs. Beaufort, the Artist's wife.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.



CHAPTER XV.

SAMARITANS.

THE children trotted up to their friend with outstretched hands and their usual smiles

of welcome. Philip patted their heads, and sate down with very woe-begone aspect at the family table. "Ah, friends," said he, "do you know all?"

"Yes, we do," said Laura, sadly, who has ever compassion for others' misfortunes.

"What! is it all over the town already?" asked poor Philip.

"We have a letter from your father this morning." And we brought the letter to him, and showed him the affectionate special message for himself.

"His last thought was for you, Philip!" cries Laura. "See here, those last kind words!"

Philip shook his head. "It is not untrue, what is written here: but it is not all the truth." And Philip Firmin dismayed us by the intelligence which he proceeded to give. There was an execution in the house in Old Parr Street. A hundred clamorous creditors had already appeared there. Before going away, the doctor had taken considerable sums from those dangerous financiers to whom he had been of late resorting. They were in possession of numberless lately-signed bills, upon which the desperate man



PHILIP'S COMFORTERS.

had raised money. He had professed to share with Philip, but he had taken the great share, and left Philip two hundred pounds of his own money. All the rest was gone. All Philip's stock had been sold out. The father's fraud had made him master of the trustee's signature:

and Philip Firmin, reputed to be so wealthy, was a beggar, in my room. Luckily he had few, or very trifling, debts. Mr. Philip had a lordly impatience of indebtedness, and, with a good bachelor-income, had paid for all his pleasures as he enjoyed them.

Well! He must work. A young man ruined at two-and-twenty, with a couple of hundred pounds yet in his pocket, hardly knows that he is ruined. He will sell his horses—live in chambers—has enough to go on for a year. “When I am very hard put to it,” says Philip, “I will come and dine with the children at one. I dare say you haven’t dined much at Williams’s in the Old Bailey? You can get a famous dinner there for a shilling—beef, bread, potatoes, beer, and a penny for the waiter.” Yes, Philip seemed actually to enjoy his discomfiture. It was long since we had seen him in such spirits. “The weight is off my mind now. It has been throttling me for some time past. Without understanding why or wherefore, I have always been looking out for this. My poor father had ruin written in his face: and when those bailiffs made their appearance in Old Parr Street yesterday, I felt as if I had known them before. I had seen their hooked beaks in my dreams.”

“That unlucky General Baynes, when he accepted your mother’s trust, took it with its consequences. If the sentry falls asleep on his post, he must pay the penalty,” says Mr. Pendennis, very severely.

“Great powers! you would not have me come down on an old man with a large family, and ruin them all?” cries Philip.

“No: I don’t think Philip will do that,” says my wife, looking exceedingly pleased.

“If men accept trusts they must fulfill them, my dear,” cries the master of the house.

“And I must make that old gentleman suffer for my father’s wrong? If I do, may I starve! there!” cries Philip.

“And so that poor Little Sister has made her sacrifice in vain!” sighed my wife. “As for the father—oh, Arthur! I can’t tell you how odious that man was to me. There was something dreadful about him. And in his manner to women—oh!—”

“If he had been a black draught, my dear, you could not have shuddered more naturally.”

“Well, he was horrible; and I know Philip will be better now he is gone.”

Women often make light of ruin. Give them but the beloved objects, and poverty is a trifling sorrow to bear. As for Philip, he, as we have said, is gayer than he has been for years past. The doctor’s flight occasions not a little club talk: but, now he is gone, many people see quite well that they were aware of his insolvency, and always knew it must end so. The case is told, is canvassed, is exaggerated as such cases will be. I dare say it forms a week’s talk. But people know that poor Philip is his father’s largest creditor, and eye the young man with no unfriendly looks when he comes to his club after his mishap—with burning cheeks, and a tingling sense of shame, imagining that all the world will point at and avoid him as the guilty fugitive’s son.

No: the world takes very little heed of his misfortune. One or two old acquaintances are kinder to him than before. A few say his ruin,

and his obligation to work, will do him good. Only a very, very few avoid him, and look unconscious as he passes them by. Among these cold countenances, you, of course, will recognize the faces of the whole Twysden family. Three statues, with marble eyes, could not look more stony-calm than Aunt Twysden and her two daughters, as they pass in the stately barouche. The gentlemen turn red when they see Philip. It is rather late times for Uncle Twysden to begin blushing, to be sure. “Hang the fellow! he will, of course, be coming for money. Dawkins, I am not at home, mind, when young Mr. Firmin calls.” So says Lord Ringwood, regarding Philip fallen among thieves. Ah, thanks to Heaven, travelers find Samaritans as well as Levites on life’s hard way! Philip told us with much humor of a rencontre which he had had with his cousin, Ringwood Twysden, in a public place. Twysden was enjoying himself with some young clerks of his office; but as Philip advanced upon him, assuming his fiercest scowl and most hectoring manner, the other lost heart, and fled. And no wonder. “Do you suppose,” says Twysden, “I will willingly sit in the same room with that cad, after the manner in which he has treated my family! No, Sir!” And so the tall door in Beaunash Street is to open for Philip Firmin no more.

The tall door in Beaunash Street flies open readily enough for another gentleman. A splendid cab-horse reins up before it every day. A pair of varnished boots leap out of the cab, and spring up the broad stairs, where somebody is waiting with a smile of genteel welcome—the same smile—on the same sofa—the same mamma at her table writing her letters. And beautiful bouquets from Covent Garden decorate the room. And after half an hour mamma goes out to speak to the housekeeper, *vous comprenez*. And there is nothing particularly new under the sun. It will shine to-morrow upon pretty much the same flowers, sports, pastimes, etc., which it illuminated yesterday. And when your love-making days are over, miss, and you are married, and advantageously established, shall not your little sisters, now in the nursery, trot down and play their little games? Would you, on your conscience, now—you who are rather inclined to consider Miss Agnes Twysden’s conduct as heartless—would you, I say, have her cry her pretty eyes out about a young man who does not care much for her, for whom she never did care much herself, and who is now, moreover, a beggar, with a ruined and disgraced father and a doubtful legitimacy? Absurd! That dear girl is like a beautiful fragrant bower-room at the Star and Garter at Richmond, with honey-suckles mayhap trailing round the windows, from which you behold one of the most lovely and pleasant of wood and river scenes. The tables are decorated with flowers, rich wine-cups sparkle on the board, and Captain Jones’s party have every thing they can desire. Their dinner over, and that company gone, the same waiters, the same flowers,

the same cups and crystals, array themselves for Mr. Brown and *his* party. Or, if you won't have Agnes Twysden compared to the Star and Garter Tavern, which must admit mixed company, liken her to the chaste moon who shines on shepherds of all complexions, swarthy or fair.

When, oppressed by superior odds, a commander is forced to retreat, we like him to show his skill by carrying off his guns, treasure, and camp equipages. Doctor Firmin, beaten by fortune and compelled to fly, showed quite a splendid skill and coolness in his manner of decamping, and left the very smallest amount of spoils in the hands of the victorious enemy. His wines had been famous among the grave epicures with whom he dined: he used to boast, like a worthy *bon vivant* who knows the value of wine-conversation after dinner, of the quantities which he possessed, and the rare bins which he had in store; but when the executioners came to arrange his sale, there was found only a beggarly account of empty bottles, and I fear some of the unprincipled creditors put in a great quantity of bad liquor which they endeavored to foist off on the public as the genuine and carefully selected stock of a well-known connoisseur. News of this dishonest proceeding reached Dr. Firmin presently in his retreat; and he showed by his letter a generous and manly indignation at the manner in which his creditors had tampered with his honest name and reputation as a *bon vivant*. *He* have bad wine! For shame! He had the best from the best wine-merchant, and paid, or rather owed, the best prices for it; for of late years the doctor had paid no bills at all; and the wine-merchant appeared in quite a handsome group of figures in his schedule. In like manner his books were pawned to a book auctioneer; and Brice, the butler, had a bill of sale for the furniture. Firmin retreated, we will not say with the honors of war, but as little harmed as possible by defeat. Did the enemy want the plunder of his city? He had smuggled almost all his valuable goods over the wall. Did they desire his ships? He had sunk them; and when at length the conquerors poured into his stronghold, he was far beyond the reach of their shot. Don't we often hear still that Nana Sahib is alive and exceedingly comfortable? We do not love him; but we can't help having a kind of admiration for that slippery fugitive who has escaped from the dreadful jaws of the lion. In a word, when Firmin's furniture came to be sold, it was a marvel how little his creditors benefited by the sale. Contemptuous brokers declared there never was such a shabby lot of goods. A friend of the house and poor Philip bought in his mother's picture for a few guineas; and as for the doctor's own state portrait, I am afraid it went for a few shillings only, and in the midst of a roar of Hebrew laughter. I saw in Wardour Street, not long after, the doctor's sideboard, and what dealers cheerfully call the sarcophagus cellaret. Poor doctor! his wine was all drunken; his meat was eaten up; but

his own body had slipped out of the reach of the hook-beaked birds of prey.

We had spoken rapidly in under tones, innocently believing that the young people round about us were taking no heed of our talk. But in a lull of the conversation, Mr. Pendennis, junior, who had always been a friend to Philip, broke out with—"Philip! if you are so *very* poor, you'll be hungry, you know, and you may have my piece of bread and jam. And I don't want it, mamma," he added; "and you know Philip has often and often given me things."

Philip stooped down and kissed this good little Samaritan. "I'm not hungry, Arty, my boy," he said; "and I'm not so poor but I have got—look here—a fine new shilling for Arty!"

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" cried mamma.

"Don't take the money, Arthur," cried papa.

And the boy, with a rueful face but a manly heart, prepared to give back the coin. "It's quite a new one; and it's a very pretty one: but I won't have it, Philip, thank you," he said, turning very red.

"If he won't, I vow I will give it to the cabman," said Philip.

"Keeping a cab all this while? Oh, Philip, Philip!" again cries mamma the economist.

"Loss of time is loss of money, my dear lady," says Philip, very gravely. "I have ever so many places to go to. When I am set in for being ruined, you shall see what a screw I will become! I must go to Mrs. Brandon, who will be very uneasy, poor dear, until she knows the worst."

"Oh, Philip, I should like so to go with you!" cries Laura. "Pray, give her our very best regards and respects."

"*Merci!*" said the young man, and squeezed Mrs. Pendennis's hand in his own big one. "I will take your message to her, Laura. *J'aime qu'on l'aime, savez-vous?*"

"That means, I love those who love her," cries little Laura; "but I don't know," remarked this little person afterward to her paternal confidant, "that I like *all* people to love my mamma. That is, I don't like *her* to like them, papa—only you may, papa, and Ethel may, and Arthur may, and, I think, Philip may, now he is poor and quite, quite alone—and we will take care of him, won't we? And, I think, I'll buy him something with my money which Aunt Ethel gave me."

"And I'll give him my money," cries a boy.

"And I'll div him my—my—" Pshaw! what matters what the little sweet lips prattled in their artless kindness? But the soft words of love and pity smote the mother's heart with an exquisite pang of gratitude and joy; and I know where her thanks were paid for those tender words and thoughts of her little ones.

Mrs. Pendennis made Philip promise to come to dinner, and also to remember not to take a cab—which promise Mr. Firmin had not much difficulty in executing, for he had but a few hundred yards to walk across the Park from his club; and I must say that my wife took a special

care of our dinner that day, preparing for Philip certain dishes which she knew he liked, and enjoining the butler of the establishment (who also happened to be the owner of the house) to fetch from his cellar the very choicest wine in his possession.

I have previously described our friend and his boisterous, impetuous, generous nature. When Philip was moved, he called to all the world to witness his emotion. When he was angry, his enemies were all the rogues and scoundrels in the world. He vowed he would have no mercy on them, and desired all his acquaintances to participate in his anger. How could such an open-mouthed son have had such a close-spoken father? I dare say you have seen very well-bred young people the children of vulgar and ill-bred parents; the swaggering father have a silent son; the loud mother a modest daughter. Our friend is not Amadis or Sir Charles Grandison; and I don't set him up for a moment as a person to be revered or imitated; but try to draw him faithfully, and as nature made him. As nature made him, so he was. I don't think he tried to improve himself much. Perhaps few people do. They suppose they do: and you read, in apologetic memoirs and fond biographies, how this man cured his bad temper, and t'other worked and strove until he grew to be almost faultless. Very well and good, my good people. You can learn a language; you can master a science; I have heard of an old square-toes of sixty who learned, by study and intense application, very satisfactorily to dance; but can you, by taking thought, add to your moral stature? Ah me! the doctor who preaches is only taller than most of us by the height of the pulpit: and when he steps down I dare say he cringes to the duchess, growls at his children, scolds his wife about the dinner. All is vanity, look you; and so the preacher is vanity, too.

Well, then, I must again say that Philip roared his griefs: he shouted his laughter: he bellowed his applause: he was extravagant in his humility as in his pride, in his admiration of his friends and contempt for his enemies: I dare say not a just man, but I have met juster men not half so honest; and certainly not a faultless man, though I know better men not near so good. So, I believe, my wife thinks: else why should she be so fond of him? Did we not know boys who never went out of bounds, and never were late for school, and never made a false concord or quantity, and never came under the ferule; and others who were always playing truant, and blundering, and being whipped; and yet, somehow, was not Master Naughtyboy better liked than Master Goodchild? When Master Naughtyboy came to dine with us on the first day of his ruin, he bore a face of radiant happiness—he laughed, he bounced about, he caressed the children; now he took a couple on his knees; now he tossed the baby to the ceiling; now he sprawled over a sofa, and now he rode upon a chair; never was a penniless gentleman more cheerful. As for his dinner, Phil's appetite was always

fine, but on this day an ogre could scarcely play a more terrible knife and fork. He asked for more and more, until his entertainers wondered to behold him. "Dine for to-day and to-morrow, too; can't expect such fare as this every day, you know. This claret, how good it is! May I pack some up in paper, and take it home with me?" The children roared with laughter at this admirable idea of carrying home wine in a sheet of paper. I don't know that it is always at the best jokes that children laugh—children and wise men too.

When we three were by ourselves, and freed from the company of servants and children, our friend told us the cause of his gayety. "By George!" he swore, "it is worth being ruined to find such good people in the world. My dear, kind Laura"—here the gentleman brushes his eyes with his fist—"it was as much as I could do this morning to prevent myself from hugging you in my arms, you were so generous, and—and so kind, and so tender, and so good, by George. And after leaving you, where do you think I went?"

"I think I can guess, Philip," says Laura.

"Well," says Philip, winking his eyes again, and tossing off a great bumper of wine, "I went to her, of course. I think she is the best friend I have in the world. The old man was out, and I told her about every thing that had happened. And what do you think she has done? She says she has been expecting me—she has; and she has gone and fitted up a room with a nice little bed at the top of the house, with every thing as neat and trim as possible; and she begged and prayed I would go and stay with her—and I said I would, to please her. And then she takes me down to her room; and she jumps up to a cupboard, which she unlocks; and she opens and takes three-and-twenty pounds out of a—out of a tea—out of a tea-caddy—confound me!—and she says, 'Here Philip,' she says, and—Boo! what a fool I am!" and here the orator fairly broke down in his speech.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH PHILIP SHOWS HIS METTLE.

WHEN the poor Little Sister proffered her mite, her all, to Philip, I dare say some sentimental passages occurred between them which are much too trivial to be narrated. No doubt her pleasure would have been at that moment to give him not only that gold which she had been saving up against rent-day, but the spoons, the furniture, and all the valuables of the house, including, perhaps, J. J.'s bricabrac, cabinets, china, and so forth. To perform a kindness, an act of self-sacrifice; are not these the most delicious privileges of female tenderness? Philip checked his little friend's enthusiasm. He showed her a purse full of money, at which sight the poor little soul was rather disappointed. He magnified the value of his horses, which,



according to Philip's calculation, were to bring him at least two hundred pounds more than the stock which he had already in hand; and the master of such a sum as this, she was forced to confess, had no need to despair. Indeed, she had never in her life possessed the half of it. Her kind dear little offer of a home in her house he would accept sometimes, and with gratitude. Well, there was a little consolation in that. In a moment that active little housekeeper saw the room ready; flowers on the mantle-piece; his looking-glass, which her father could do quite well with the little one, as he was always shaved by the barber now; the quilted counterpane, which she had herself made: I know not what more improvements she devised; and I fear that at the idea of having Philip with her, this little thing was as extravagantly and unreasonably happy as we have just now seen Philip to be. What was that last dish which Pætus and Arria shared in common? I have lost my Lempriere's dictionary (that treasure of my youth), and forget whether it was a cold dagger *au naturel*, or a dish of hot coals *à la Romaine*, of which they partook; but, whatever it was, she smiled, and delightedly received it, happy to share the beloved one's fortune.

Yes: Philip would come home to his Little Sister sometimes: sometimes of a Saturday, and they would go to church on Sunday, as he used to do when he was a boy at school. "But then, you know," says Phil, "law is law; study is study. I must devote my whole energies to my work—get up very early."

"Don't tire your eyes, my dear," interposes Mr. Philip's soft, judicious friend.

"There must be no trifling with work," says Philip, with awful gravity. "There's Benton the Judge: Benton and Burbage, you know."

"Oh, Benton and Burbage!" whispers the Little Sister, not a little bewildered.

"How do you suppose he became a judge before forty?"

"Before forty who? law, bless me!"

"Before *he* was forty, Mrs. Carry. When he came to work, he had his own way to make: just like me. He had a small allowance from his father: that's not like me. He took chambers in the Temple. He went to a pleader's office. He read fourteen, fifteen hours every day. He dined on a cup of tea and a mutton-chop."

"La, bless me, child! I wouldn't have you do that, not to be Lord Chamberlain—Chancellor what's his name? Destroy your youth with reading, and your eyes, and go without your dinner? You're not used to that sort of thing, dear; and it would kill you!"

Philip smoothed his fair hair off his ample forehead, and nodded his head, smiling sweetly. I think his inward monitor hinted to him that there was not much danger of his killing himself by over-work. "To succeed at the law, as in all other professions," he continued, with much gravity, "requires the greatest perseverance, and industry, and talent; and then, perhaps, you don't succeed. Many have failed who have had all these qualities."

"But they haven't talents like my Philip, I know they haven't. And I had to stand up in a court once, and was cross-examined by a vulgar man before a horrid deaf old judge; and I'm sure if your lawyers are like them I don't wish you to succeed at all. And now, look! there's a nice loin of pork coming up. Pa loves roast pork; and you must come and have some with us; and every day and all days, my dear, I should like to see you seated there." And the Little Sister frisked about here, and hustled there, and brought a cunning bottle of wine from some corner, and made the boy welcome. So that, you see, far from starving, he actually had two dinners on that first day of his ruin.

Caroline consented to a compromise regarding the money, on Philip's solemn vow and promise that she should be his banker whenever necessity called. She rather desired his poverty for the sake of its precious reward. She hid away a little bag of gold for her darling's use whenever he should need it. I dare say she pinched and had shabby dinners at home, so as to save yet more, and so caused the captain to grumble. Why, for that boy's sake, I believe she would have been capable of shaving her lodgers' legs of mutton, and levying a tax on their tea-caddies and baker's stuff. If you don't like unprincipled attachments of this sort, and only desire that your womankind should love you for yourself, and according to your deserts, I am your very humble servant. Hereditary bondswomen! you know, that were you free, and did you strike the blow, my dears, you were unhappy for your pain, and eagerly would claim your bonds again. What poet has uttered that sentiment? It is perfectly true, and I know will receive the cordial approbation of the dear ladies.

Philip has decreed in his own mind that he will go and live in those chambers in the Temple where we have met him. Vanjohn, the sporting gentleman, had determined for special reasons to withdraw from law and sport in this country, and Mr. Firmin took possession of his vacant sleeping chamber. To furnish a bachelor's bedroom need not be a matter of much cost; but Mr. Philip was too good-natured a fellow to haggle about the valuation of Vanjohn's bedsteads and chests of drawers, and generously took them at twice their value. He and Mr. Cassidy now divided the rooms in equal reign. Ah, happy rooms, bright rooms, rooms near the sky, to remember you is to be young again! for I would have you to know, that when Philip went to take possession of his share of the fourth floor in the Temple, his biographer was still comparatively juvenile, and in one or two very old-fashioned families was called "young Pendennis."

So Philip Firmin dwelt in a garret; and the fourth part of a laundress and the half of a boy now formed the domestic establishment of him who had been attended by housekeepers, butlers, and obsequious liveried menials. To be freed from that ceremonial and etiquette of plush and worsted lace was an immense relief to Firmin. His pipe need not lurk in crypts or back closets now: its fragrance breathed over the whole chambers, and rose up to the sky, their near neighbor.

The first month or two after being ruined, Philip vowed, was an uncommonly pleasant time. He had still plenty of money in his pocket; and the sense that, perhaps, it was imprudent to take a cab or drink a bottle of wine, added a zest to those enjoyments which they by no means possessed when they were easy and of daily occurrence. I am not certain that a dinner of beef and porter did not amuse our young man almost as well as banquets much more costly to which he had been accustomed. He laughed at the pretensions of his boyish days, when he and other solemn young epicures used to sit down to elaborate tavern banquets, and pretend to criticise vintages, and sauces, and turtle. As yet there was not only content with his dinner, but plenty therewith; and I do not wish to alarm you by supposing that Philip will ever have to encounter any dreadful extremities of poverty or hunger in the course of his history. The wine in the jug was very low at times, but it never was quite empty. This lamb was shorn, but the wind was tempered to him.

So Philip took possession of his rooms in the Temple, and began actually to reside there just as the long vacation commenced, which he intended to devote to a course of serious study of the law and private preparation, before he should venture on the great business of circuits and the bar. Nothing is more necessary for desk-men than exercise, so Philip took a good deal; especially on the water, where he pulled a famous oar. Nothing is more natural after exercise than refreshment; and Mr. Firmin, now he was

too poor for claret, showed a great capacity for beer. After beer and bodily labor, rest, of course, is necessary; and Firmin slept nine hours, and looked as rosy as a girl in her first season. Then such a man, with such a frame and health, must have a good appetite for breakfast. And then every man, who wishes to succeed at the bar, in the senate, on the bench, in the House of Peers, on the Woolsack, must know the quotidian history of his country; so, of course, Philip read the newspaper. Thus, you see, his hours of study were perforce curtailed by the necessary duties which distracted him from his labors.

It has been said that Mr. Firmin's companion in chambers, Mr. Cassidy, was a native of the neighboring kingdom of Ireland, and engaged in literary pursuits in this country. A merry, shrewd, silent, observant little man, he, unlike some of his compatriots, always knew how to make both ends meet; feared no man alive in the character of a dun; and out of small earnings managed to transmit no small comforts and subsidies to old parents living somewhere in Munster. Of Cassidy's friends was Finucane, now editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; he married the widow of the late eccentric and gifted Captain Shandon, and Cass. himself was the fashionable correspondent of the *Gazette*, chronicling the marriages, deaths, births, dinner-parties of the nobility. These Irish gentlemen knew other Irish gentlemen, connected with other newspapers, who formed a little literary society. They assembled at each other's rooms, and at haunts where social pleasure was to be purchased at no dear rate. Philip Firmin was known to many of them before his misfortunes occurred, and when there was gold in plenty in his pocket, and never-failing applause for his songs.

When Pendennis and his friends wrote in this newspaper, it was impertinent enough, and many men must have heard the writers laugh at the airs which they occasionally thought proper to assume. The tone which they took amused, annoyed, tickled, was popular. It was continued, and, of course, caricatured by their successors. They worked for very moderate fees; but paid themselves by impertinence, and the satisfaction of assailing their betters. Three or four persons were reserved from their abuse; but somebody was sure every week to be tied up at their post, and the public made sport of the victim's contortions. The writers were obscure barristers, ushers, and college men, but they had omniscience at their pen's end, and were ready to lay down the law on any given subject—to teach any man his business, were it a bishop in his pulpit, a Minister in his place in the House, a captain on his quarter-deck, a tailor on his shopboard, or a jockey in his saddle.

Since those early days of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when old Shandon wielded his truculent tomahawk, and Messrs. W—rr—ngt—n and P—nd—nn—s followed him in the war-path, the *Gazette* had passed through several hands; and

the victims who were immolated by the editors of to-day were very likely the objects of the best puffery of the last dynasty. To be flogged in what was your own school-room—that, surely, is a queer sensation; and when my Report was published on the decay of the sealing-wax trade in the three kingdoms (owing to the prevalence of gummed envelopes—as you may see in that masterly document), I was horsed up and smartly whipped in the *Gazette* by some of the rods which had come out of pickle since my time. Was not good Dr. Guillotin executed by his own neat invention? I don't know who was the Monsieur Samson who operated on me; but have always had my idea that Digges, of Corpus, was the man to whom my flagellation was intrusted. His father keeps a ladies'-school at Hackney; but there is an air of fashion in every thing which Digges writes, and a chivalrous conservatism which makes me pretty certain that D. was my scarifier. All this, however, is naught. Let us turn away from the author's private griefs and egotisms to those of the hero of the story.

Does any one remember the appearance some twenty years ago of a little book called *Trumpet Calls*—a book of songs and poetry, dedicated to his brother officers by Cornet Canterton? His trumpet was very tolerably melodious, and the cornet played some small airs on it with some little grace and skill. But this poor Canterton belonged to the Life Guards Green, and Philip Firmin would have liked to have the lives of one or two troops at least of that corps. Entering into Mr. Cassidy's room, Philip found the little volume. He set to work to exterminate Canterton. He rode him down, trampled over his face and carcass, knocked the *Trumpet Calls* and all the teeth out of the trumpeter's throat. Never was such a smashing article as he wrote. And Mugford, Mr. Cassidy's chief and owner, who likes always to have at least one man served up and hashed small in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, happened at this very juncture to have no other victim ready in his larder. Philip's review appeared there in print. He rushed off with immense glee to Westminster, to show us his performance. Nothing must content him but to give a dinner at Greenwich on his success. Oh, Philip! We wished that this had not been his first fee; and that sober law had given it to him, and not the graceless and fickle muse with whom he had been flirting. For, truth to say, certain wise old heads which wagged over his performance could see but little merit in it. His style was coarse, his wit clumsy and savage. Never mind characterizing either now. He has seen the error of his ways, and divorced with the muse whom he never ought to have wooed.

The shrewd Cassidy not only could not write himself, but knew he could not—or, at least, pen more than a plain paragraph, or a brief sentence to the point, but said he would carry this paper to his chief. "His Excellency" was the nickname by which this chief was called by his familiars. Mugford—Frederick Mugford was his

real name—and putting out of sight that little defect in his character, that he committed a systematic literary murder once a week, a more worthy, good-natured little murderer did not live. He came of the old school of the press. Like French marshals, he had risen from the ranks, and retained some of the manners and oddities of the private soldier. A new race of writers had grown up since he enlisted as a printer's boy—men of the world, with the manners of other gentlemen. Mugford never professed the least gentility. He knew that his young men laughed at his peculiarities, and did not care a fig for their scorn. As the knife with which he conveyed his victuals to his mouth went down his throat at the plenteous banquets which he gave, he saw his young friends wince and wonder, and rather relished their surprise. Those lips never cared in the least about placing his *h's* in right places. They used bad language with great freedom—(to hear him bullying a printing office was a wonder of eloquence)—but they betrayed no secrets, and the words which they uttered you might trust. He had belonged to two or three parties, and had respected them all. When he went to the Under-Secretary's office he was never kept waiting; and once or twice Mrs. Mugford, who governed him, ordered him to attend the Saturday reception of the Ministers' ladies, where he might be seen, with dirty hands it is true, but a richly embroidered waistcoat and fancy satin tie. His heart, however, was not in these entertainments. I have heard him say that he only came because Mrs. M. would have it; and he frankly owned that he "would rather 'ave a pipe and a drop of something 'ot than all your ices and rubbish."

Mugford had a curious knowledge of what was going on in the world, and of the affairs of countless people. When Cass. brought Philip's article to his Excellency, and mentioned the author's name, Mugford showed himself to be perfectly familiar with the histories of Philip and his father. "The old chap has nobbled the young fellow's money, almost every shilling of it, I hear. Knew he never would carry on. His discounts would have killed any man. Seen his paper about this ten year. Young one is a gentleman—passionate fellow, hawhaw fellow, but kind to the poor. Father never was a gentleman, with all his fine airs and fine waistcoats. I don't set up in that line myself, Cass., but I tell you I know 'em when I see 'em."

Philip had friends and private patrons whose influence was great with the Mugford family, and of whom he little knew. Every year Mrs. M. was in the habit of contributing a Mugford to the world. She was one of Mrs. Brandon's most regular clients; and year after year, almost from his first arrival in London, Ridley, the painter, had been engaged as portrait painter to this worthy family. Philip and his illness; Philip and his horses, splendors, and entertainments; Philip and his lamentable downfall and ruin, had formed the subject of many an interesting talk between Mrs. Mugford and her friend,

the Little Sister; and as we know Caroline's infatuation about the young fellow, we may suppose that his good qualities lost nothing in the description. When that article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* appeared, Nurse Brandon took the omnibus to Haverstock Hill, where, as you know, Mugford had his villa; arrived at Mrs. Mugford's, *Gazette* in hand, and had a long and delightful conversation with that lady. Mrs. Brandon bought I don't know how many copies of that *Pall Mall Gazette*. She now asked for it repeatedly in her walks at sundry ginger-beer shops, and of all sorts of newsvendors. I have heard that when the Mugfords first purchased the *Gazette* Mrs. M. used to drop bills from her pony-chaise, and distribute placards setting forth the excellence of the journal. "We keep our carriage, but we ain't above our business, Brandon," that good lady would say. And the business prospered under the management of these worthy folks; and the pony-chaise unfolded into a noble barouche; and the pony increased and multiplied, and became a pair of horses; and there was not a richer piece of gold-lace round any coachman's hat in London than now decorated John, who had grown with the growth of his master's fortunes, and drove the chariot in which his worthy employers rode on the away to Hampstead, honor, and prosperity.

"All this pitching into the poet is very well, you know, Cassidy," says Mugford to his subordinate. "It's like shooting a butterfly with a blunderbuss; but if Firmin likes that kind of sport, I don't mind. There won't be any difficulty about taking his copy at our place. The duchess knows another old woman who is a friend of his" ("the duchess" was the title which Mr. Mugford was in the playful habit of conferring upon his wife). "It's my belief young F. had better stick to the law, and leave the writing rubbish alone. But he knows his own affairs best, and, mind you, the duchess is determined we shall give him a helping hand."

Once, in the days of his prosperity, and in J. J.'s company, Philip had visited Mrs. Mugford and her family—a circumstance which the gentleman had almost forgotten. The painter and his friend were taking a Sunday walk, and came upon Mugford's pretty cottage and garden, and were hospitably entertained there by the owners of the place. It has disappeared, and the old garden has long since been covered by terraces and villas, and Mugford and Mrs. M., good souls, where are they? But the lady thought she had never seen such a fine-looking young fellow as Philip; cast about in her mind which of her little female Mugfords should marry him; and insisted upon offering her guest Champagne. Poor Phil! So, you see, while, perhaps, he was rather pluming himself upon his literary talents, and imagining that he was a clever fellow, he was only the object of a job on the part of two or three good folks who knew his history, and compassionated his misfortunes.

Mugford recalled himself to Philip's recollection, when they met after the appearance of Mr.

Phil's first performance in the *Gazette*. If he still took a Sunday walk, Hampstead way, Mr. M. requested him to remember that there was a slice of beef and a glass of wine at the old shop. Philip remembered it well enough now: the ugly room, the ugly family, the kind worthy people. Ere long he learned what had been Mrs. Brandon's connection with them, and the young man's heart was softened and grateful as he thought how this kind, gentle creature had been able to befriend him. She, we may be sure, was not a little proud of her protégé. I believe she grew to fancy that the whole newspaper was written by Philip. She made her fond parent read it aloud as she worked. Mr. Ridley, senior, pronounced it was remarkable fine, really now; without, I think, entirely comprehending the meaning of the sentiments which Mr. Gann gave forth in his rich loud voice, and often dropping asleep in his chair during this sermon.

In the autumn, Mr. Firmin's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis, selected the romantic seaport town of Boulogne for their holiday residence; and having roomy quarters in the old town, we gave Mr. Philip an invitation to pay us a visit whenever he could tear himself away from literature and law. He came in high spirits. He amused us by imitations and descriptions of his new proprietor and master, Mr. Mugford—his blunders, his bad language, his good heart. One day, Mugford expected a celebrated literary character to dinner, and Philip and Cassidy were invited to meet him. The great man was ill, and was unable to come. "Don't dish up the side-dishes," called out Mugford to his cook, in the hearing of his other guests. "Mr. Lyon ain't a coming." They dined quite sufficiently without the side-dishes, and were perfectly cheerful in the absence of the lion. Mugford patronized his young men with amusing good-nature. "Firmin, cut the goose for the duchess, will you? Cass. can't say Bo! to one, he can't. Ridley, a little of the stuffing. It'll make your hair curl." And Philip was going to imitate a frightful act with the cold steel (with which I have said Philip's master used to convey food to his mouth), but our dear innocent third daughter uttered a shriek of terror, which caused him to drop the dreadful weapon. Our darling little Florence is a nervous child, and the sight of an edged tool causes her anguish, ever since our darling little Tom nearly cut his thumb off with his father's razor.

Our main amusement in this delightful place was to look at the sea-sick landing from the steamers; and one day, as we witnessed this phenomenon, Philip sprang to the ropes which divided us from the arriving passengers, and with a cry of "How do you do, general?" greeted a yellow-faced gentleman, who started back, and, to my thinking, seemed but ill inclined to reciprocate Philip's friendly greeting. The general was fluttered, no doubt, by the bustle and interruptions incidental to the landing. A pallid lady, the partner of his existence probably,

was calling out, "Noof et doo domestiques, Doo!" to the sentries who kept the line, and who seemed little interested by this family news. A governess, a tall young lady, and several more male and female children, followed the pale lady, who, as I thought, looked strangely frightened when the gentleman addressed as general communicated to her Philip's name. "Is that him?" said the lady in questionable grammar; and the tall young lady turned a pair of large eyes upon the individual designated as "him," and showed a pair of dark ringlets, out of which the envious sea-nymphs had shaken all the curl.

The general turned out to be General Baynes; the pale lady was Mrs. General B.; the tall young lady was Miss Charlotte Baynes, the general's eldest child; and the other six, forming nine, or "noof," in all, as Mrs. General B. said, were the other members of the Baynes family. And here I may as well say why the general looked alarmed on seeing Philip, and why the general's lady frowned at him. In action, one of the bravest of men, in common life General Baynes was timorous and weak. Specially he was afraid of Mrs. General Baynes, who ruled him with a vigorous authority. As Philip's trustee, he had allowed Philip's father to make away with the boy's money. He learned with a ghastly terror that he was answerable for his own remissness and want of care. For a long while he did not dare to tell his commander-in-chief of this dreadful penalty which was hanging over him. When at last he ventured upon this confession, I do not envy him the scene which must have ensued between him and his commanding officer. The morning after the fatal confession, when the children assembled for breakfast and prayers, Mrs. Baynes gave their young ones their porridge; she and Charlotte poured out the tea and coffee for the elders, and then addressing her eldest son Ochterlony, she said, "Ocky, my boy, the general has announced a charming piece of news this morning."

"Bought that pony, Sir?" says Ocky.

"Oh, what jolly fun!" says Moira, the second son.

"Dear, dear papa! what's the matter, and why do you look so?" cries Charlotte, looking behind her father's paper.

That guilty man would fain have made a shroud of his *Morning Herald*. He would have flung the sheet over his whole body, and lain hidden there from all eyes.

"The fun, my dears, is, that your father is ruined: that's the fun. Eat your porridge now, little ones. Charlotte, pop a bit of butter in Carriek's porridge; for you mayn't have any to-morrow."

"Oh, gammon," cries Moira.

"You'll soon see whether it is gammon or not, Sir, when you'll be starving, Sir. Your father has ruined us—and a very pleasant morning's work, I am sure."

And she calmly rubs the nose of her youngest child who is near her, and too young, and inno-

cent, and careless, perhaps, of the world's censure as yet to keep in a strict cleanliness her own dear little snub nose and dappled cheeks.

"We are only ruined, and shall be starving soon, my dears, and if the general has bought a pony—as I dare say he has; he is quite capable of buying a pony when we are starving—the best thing we can do is to eat the pony. M'Grigor, don't laugh. Starvation is no laughing matter. When we were at Dumdum, in '36, we ate some colt. Don't you remember Jubber's colt—Jubber of the Horse Artillery, general? Never tasted any thing more tender in all my life. Charlotte, take Jany's hands out of the marmalade! We are all ruined, my dears, as sure as our name is Baynes." Thus did the mother of the family prattle on in the midst of her little ones, and announce to them the dreadful news of impending starvation. "General Baynes, by his carelessness, had allowed Dr. Firmin to make away with the money over which the general had been set as sentinel. Philip might recover from the trustee, and no doubt would. Perhaps he would not press his claim? My dear, what can you expect from the son of such a father? Depend on it, Charlotte, no good fruit can come from a stock like that. The son is a bad one, the father is a bad one, and your father, poor dear soul, is not fit to be trusted to walk the street without some one to keep him from tumbling. Why did I allow him to go to town without me? We were quartered at Colchester then: and I could not move on account of your brother M'Grigor. 'Baynes,' I said to your father, 'as sure as I let you go away to town without me, you will come to mischief.' And go he did, and come to mischief he did. And through his folly I and my poor children must go and beg our bread in the streets—I and my seven poor, robbed, penniless little ones. Oh, it's cruel, cruel!"

Indeed, one can not fancy a more dismal prospect for this worthy mother and wife than to see her children without provision at the commencement of their lives, and her luckless husband robbed of his life's earnings, and ruined just when he was too old to work.

What was to become of them? Now poor Charlotte thought, with pangs of a keen remorse, how idle she had been, and how she had snubbed her governesses, and how little she knew, and how badly she played the piano. Oh, neglected opportunities! Oh, remorse, now the time was past and irrecoverable! Does any young lady read this who, perchance, ought to be doing her lessons? My dear, lay down the story-book at once. Go up to your school-room, and practice your piano for two hours this moment; so that you may be prepared to support your family, should ruin in any case fall upon you. A great girl of sixteen, I pity Charlotte Baynes's feelings of anguish. She can't write a very good hand; she can scarcely answer any question to speak of in any educational books; her piano-forte playing is very, very so-so indeed. If she is to go out and get a living for the family, how, in the name of goodness, is she to set about it? What

are they to do with the boys, and the money that has been put away for Ochterlony when he goes to college, and for Moira's commission? "Why, we can't afford to keep them at Dr. Pybus's, where they were doing so well; and they were ever so much better and more gentlemanlike than Colonel Chandler's boys; and to lose the army will break Moira's heart, it will. And the little ones—my little blue-eyed Carrick, and my darling Jany, and my Mary, that I nursed almost miraculously out of her scarlet-fever. God help them! God help us all!" thinks the poor mother. No wonder that her nights are wakeful, and her heart in a tumult of alarm at the idea of the impending danger.

And the father of the family?—the stout old general whose battles and campaigns are over, who has come home to rest his war-worn limbs, and make his peace with Heaven ere it calls him away—what must be his feelings when he thinks that he has been entrapped by a villain into committing an imprudence, which makes his children penniless and himself dishonored and a beggar? When he found what Dr. Firmin had done, and how he had been cheated, he went away, aghast, to his lawyer, who could give him no help. Philip's mother's trustee was answerable to Philip for his property. It had been stolen through Baynes's own carelessness, and the law bound him to replace it. General Baynes's man of business could not help him out of his perplexity at all; and I hope my worthy reader is not going to be too angry with the general for what I own he did. *You* never would, my dear Sir, I know. No power on earth would induce *you* to depart one inch from the path of rectitude; or, having done an act of imprudence, to shrink from bearing the consequence. The long and short of the matter is, that poor Baynes and his wife, after holding agitated, stealthy councils together—after believing that every strange face they saw was a bailiff's coming to arrest them on Philip's account—after horrible days of remorse, misery, guilt—I say, the long and the short of the matter was, that these poor people determined to run away. They would go and hide themselves any where—in an impenetrable pine-forest in Norway—up an inaccessible mountain in Switzerland. They would change their names; dye their mustaches and honest old white hair; fly with their little ones away, away, away, out of the reach of law and Philip; and the first flight lands them on Boulogne Pier, and there is Mr. Philip holding out his hand and actually eying them as they got out of the steamer! Eying them? It is the eye of Heaven that is on those criminals. Holding out his hand to them? It is the hand of fate that is on their wretched shoulders. No wonder they shuddered and turned pale. That which I took for sea-sickness, I am sorry to say, was a guilty conscience; and where is the steward, my dear friends, who can relieve us of that?

As this party came staggering out of the Custom-house poor Baynes still found Philip's hand stretched out to catch hold of him, and saluted

him with a ghastly cordiality. "These are your children, general, and this is Mrs. Baynes?" says Philip, smiling, and taking off his hat.

"Oh, yes! I'm Mrs. General Baynes!" says the poor woman; "and these are the children—yes, yes. Charlotte, this is Mr. Firmin, of whom you have heard us speak; and these are my boys, Moira and Ochterlony."

"I have had the honor of meeting General Baynes at Old Parr Street. Don't you remember, Sir?" says Mr. Pendennis, with great affability to the general.

"What, *another* who knows me?" I dare say the poor wretch thinks; and glances of a dreadful meaning pass between the guilty wife and the guilty husband.

"You are going to stay at any hotel?"

"Hôtel des Bains!" "Hôtel du Nord!" "Hôtel d'Angleterre!" here cry twenty commissioners in a breath.

"Hotel? Oh yes! That is, we have not made up our minds whether we shall go on to-night or whether we shall stay," say those guilty ones, looking at one another, and then down to the ground; on which one of the children, with a roar, says—

"Oh, ma, what a story! You said you'd stay to-night; and I was so sick in the beastly boat, and I *won't* travel any more!" And tears choke his artless utterance. "And you said Bang to the man who took your keys; you know you did," resumes the innocent, as soon as he can gasp a further remark.

"Who told *you* to speak?" cried mamma, giving the boy a shake.

"This is the way to the Hôtel des Bains," says Philip, making Miss Baynes another of his best bows. And Miss Baynes makes a courtesy, and her eyes look up at the handsome young man—large brown honest eyes in a comely round face, on each side of which depend two straight wisps of brown hair that were ringlets when they left Folkestone a few hours since.

"Oh, I say, look at those women with the short petticoats! and wooden shoes, by George! Oh! it's jolly, ain't it?" cries one young gentleman.

"By George, there's a man with ear-rings on! There is, Ocky, upon my word!" calls out another. And the elder boy, turning round to his father, points to some soldiers. "Did you ever see such little beggars?" he says, tossing his head up. "They wouldn't take such fellows into our line."

"I am not at all tired, thank you," says Charlotte. "I am accustomed to carry him." I forgot to say that the young lady had one of the children asleep on her shoulder; and another was toddling at her side, holding by his sister's dress, and admiring Mr. Firmin's whiskers, that flamed and curled very luminously and gloriously, like to the rays of the setting sun.

"I am very glad we met, Sir," says Philip, in the most friendly manner, taking leave of the general at the gate of his hotel. "I hope you won't go away to-morrow, and that I may come

and pay my respects to Mrs. Baynes." Again he salutes that lady with a *coup de chapeau*. Again he bows to Miss Baynes. She makes a pretty courtesy enough, considering that she has a baby asleep on her shoulder. And they enter the hotel, the excellent Marie marshaling them to fitting apartments, where some of them, I have no doubt, will sleep very soundly. How much more comfortably might poor Baynes and his wife have slept had they known what were Philip's feelings regarding them!

We both admired Charlotte, the tall girl who carried her little brother, and around whom the others clung. And we spoke loudly in Miss Charlotte's praises to Mrs. Pendennis, when we joined that lady at dinner. In the praise of Mrs. Baynes we had not a great deal to say, further than that she seemed to take command of the whole expedition, including the general officer, her husband.

Though Marie's beds at the Hôtel des Bains are as comfortable as any beds in Europe, you see that admirable chambermaid can not lay out a clean, easy conscience upon the clean, fragrant pillow-case; and General and Mrs. Baynes owned, in after-days, that one of the most dreadful nights they ever passed was that of their first landing in France. What refugee from his country can fly from himself? Railways were not as yet in that part of France. The general was too poor to fly with a couple of private carriages, which he must have had for his family of "noof," his governess, and two servants. Encumbered with such a train, his enemy would speedily have pursued and overtaken him. It is a fact that, immediately after landing at his hotel, he and his commanding officer went off to see when they could get places for—never mind the name of the place where they really thought of taking refuge. They never told, but Mrs. General Baynes had a sister, Mrs. Major MacWhirter (married to MacW. of the Bengal Cavalry), and the sisters loved each other very affectionately, especially by letter, for it must be owned that they quarreled frightfully when together; and Mrs. MacWhirter never could bear that her younger sister should be taken out to dinner before her, because she was married to a superior officer. Well, their little differences were forgotten when the two ladies were apart. The sisters wrote to each other prodigious long letters, in which household affairs, the children's puerile diseases, the relative prices of veal, eggs, chickens, the rent of lodging and houses in various places, were fully discussed. And as Mrs. Baynes showed a surprising knowledge of Tours, the markets, rents, clergymen, society there, and as Major and Mrs. Mac. were staying there, I have little doubt, for my part, from this and another not unimportant circumstance, that it was to that fair city our fugitives were wending their way, when events occurred which must now be narrated, and which caused General Baynes, at the head of his domestic regiment, to do what the King of France with twenty thousand men is said to have done in old times.

Philip was greatly interested about the family. The truth is, we were all very much bored at Boulogne. We read the feeblest London papers at the reading-room with frantic assiduity. We saw all the boats come in: and the day was lost when we missed the Folkestone boat or the London boat. We consumed much time and absinthe at cafés; and tramped leagues upon that old pier every day. Well, Philip was at the Hôtel des Bains at a very early hour next morning, and there he saw the general, with a woe-worn face, leaning on his stick, and looking at his luggage, as it lay piled in the porte-cochère of the hotel. There they lay, thirty-seven packages in all, including washing-tubs, and a child's India sleeping-cot; and all these packages were ticketed M. LE GENERAL BAYNES, OFFICIER ANGLAIS, TOURS, TOURAINE, FRANCE. I say, putting two and two together; calling to mind Mrs. General's singular knowledge of Tours and familiarity with the place and its prices; remembering that her sister Emily—Mrs. Major MacWhirter, in fact—was there; and seeing thirty-seven trunks, bags, and portmanteaus, all directed "M. le Général Baynes, Officier Anglais, Tours, Touraine," am I wrong in supposing that Tours was the general's destination? On the other hand, we have the old officer's declaration to Philip that he did not know where he was going. Oh, you sly old man! Oh, you gray old fox, beginning to double and to turn at sixty-seven years of age! Well? The general was in retreat, and he did not wish the enemy to know upon what lines he was retreating. What is the harm of that, pray? Besides, he was under the orders of his commanding officer, and when Mrs. General gave her orders, I should have liked to see any officer of hers disobey.

"What a pyramid of portmanteaus! You are not thinking of moving to-day, general?" says Philip.

"It is Sunday, Sir," says the general; which you will perceive was not answering the question; but, in truth, except for a very great emergency, the good general would not travel on that day.

"I hope the ladies slept well after their windy voyage."

"Thank you. My wife is an old sailor, and has made two voyages out and home to India." Here, you understand, the old man is again eluding his interlocutor's artless queries.

"I should like to have some talk with you, Sir, when you are free," continues Philip, not having leisure as yet to be surprised at the other's demeanor.

"There are other days besides Sunday for talk on business," says that piteous sly-boots of an old officer. Ah, conscience! conscience! Twenty-four Sikhs, sword in hand, two dozen Pindaries, Mahrattas, Ghoorkas, what you please—that old man felt that he would rather have met them than Philip's unsuspecting blue eyes. These, however, now lighted up with rather an angry, "Well, Sir, as you don't talk business on Sunday, may I call on you to-morrow morning?"

And what advantage had the poor old fellow got by all this doubling and hesitating and artfulness?—a respite until to-morrow morning! Another night of horrible wakefulness and hopeless guilt, and Philip waiting ready the next morning with his little bill, and “Please pay me the thirty thousand which my father spent and you owe me. Please turn out into the streets with your wife and family, and beg and starve. Have the goodness to hand me out your last rupee. Be kind enough to sell your children’s clothes and your wife’s jewels, and hand over the proceeds to me. I’ll call to-morrow. By-by.”

Here there came tripping over the marble pavement of the hall of the hotel a tall young lady in a brown silk dress and rich curling ringlets falling upon her fair young neck—beautiful brown curling ringlets, *vous comprenez*, not wisps of moistened hair, and a broad clear forehead, and two honest eyes shining below it, and cheeks not pale as they were yesterday; and lips redder still; and she says, “Papa, papa, won’t you come to breakfast? The tea is—” What the precise state of the tea is I don’t know—none of us ever shall—for here she says, “Oh, Mr. Firmin!” and makes a courtesy.

To which remark Philip replied, “Miss Baynes, I hope you are very well this morning, and not the worse for yesterday’s rough weather.”

“I am quite well, thank you,” was Miss Baynes’s instant reply. The answer was not witty, to be sure; but I don’t know that under the circumstances she could have said any thing more appropriate. Indeed, never was a pleasanter picture of health and good-humor than the young lady presented: a difference more pleasant to note than Miss Charlotte’s face pale from the steamboat on Saturday, and shining, rosy, happy, and innocent in the cloudless Sabbath morn.

“A Madame,
Madame le Major MacWhirter,
à Tours,
Touraine,
France.

“TINTELLERIES, BOULOGNE SUR-MER,
“WEDNESDAY, August 24, 18—.

“DEAREST EMILY,—After suffering *more dreadfully* in the *two hours’* passage from Folkestone to this place than I have in four passages out and home from India, except in that terrible storm off the Cape, in September, 1824, when I certainly did suffer most cruelly on board that horrible troop-ship, we reached this place last Saturday evening, having a *full determination* to proceed immediately on our route. Now, you will perceive that our minds are changed. We found this place pleasant, and the lodgings besides most neat, comfortable, and well found in every thing, *more reasonable* than you proposed to get for us at Tours, which I am told also is damp, and might bring on the general’s *jungle fever again*. Owing to the hooping-cough having just been in the house, which, praised be mercy, all my dear ones have had it, including dear baby, who is quite well through it, and recommended sea air, we got this house *more reasonable* than prices you mention at Tours. A whole house: little room for two boys; nursery; nice little room for Charlotte, and a *den for the general*. I don’t know how *ever* we should have brought our party safe all the way to Tours. *Thirty-seven* articles of luggage, and Miss Flixby, who announced herself

as perfect French governess, acquired at Paris—perfect, *but perfectly useless*. She can’t understand the French people when they speak to her, and goes about the house in a *most bewildering way*. I am the interpreter; poor Charlotte is much too timid to speak when I am by. I have rubbed up the old French which we learned at Chiswick at Miss Pinkerton’s; and I find my *Hindostanee* of great help: which I use it when we are at a loss for a word, and it answers *extremely well*. We pay for lodgings, the whole house — francs per month. Butchers’ meat and poultry plentiful but dear. A grocer in the Grande Rue sell excellent wine at fifteenpence per bottle; and groceries pretty much at English prices. Mr. Blowman at the English chapel of the Tintelleries has a fine voice, and appears to be a *most excellent clergyman*. I have heard him only once, however, on Sunday evening, when I was so agitated and so *unhappy in my mind* that I own I took little note of his sermon.

“The cause of that agitation *you know*, having imparted it to you in my letters of July, June, and 24th of May, ult. My poor simple, guileless Baynes was trustee to Mrs. Dr. Firmin, before she married that most unprincipled man. When we were at home last, and exchanged to the 120th from the 99th, my poor husband was inveigled by the horrid man into signing a paper which put the doctor in possession of *all his wife’s property*; whereas Charles thought he was only signing a power of attorney, enabling him to receive his son’s dividends. Dr. F., *after the most atrocious deceit, forgery, and criminality of every kind*, fled the country; and Hunt and Pegler, our solicitors, informed us that the general was answerable *for the wickedness of this miscreant*. He is *so weak* that he has been *many and many times* on the point of going to young Mr. F. and giving *up every thing*. It was only by my prayers, by my *commands*, that I have been enabled to keep him quiet; and, indeed, Emily, the effort has *almost killed him*. Brandy repeatedly I was obliged to administer on the *dreadful night* of our arrival here.

“For the *first person* we met on landing was Mr. Philip Firmin, *with a pert friend of his*, Mr. Pendennis, whom I don’t at all like, though his wife is an amiable person like Emma Fletcher of the Horse Artillery: not with Emma’s *style*, however, but still amiable, and disposed to be most civil. Charlotte has taken a great fancy to her, as she always does to every new person. Well, fancy our state on landing, when a young gentleman calls out, ‘How do you do, general?’ and turns out to be Mr. Firmin! I thought I should have lost Charles in the night. I have seen him before going into action as calm, and sleep and smile as sweet, as *any babe*. It was all I could do to keep up his courage: and, but for me, but for my prayers, but for my *agonies*, I think he would have jumped out of bed, and gone to Mr. F. *that night*, and said, ‘Take every thing I have.’

“The young man I own has behaved in the *most honorable way*. He came to see us *before breakfast* on Sunday, when the poor general was so ill that I thought he would have *fainted over his tea*. He was too ill to go to church, where I went alone, with my dear ones, having, as I own, but very small comfort in the sermon: but oh, Emily, fancy, on our return, when I went into our room, I found my general on his knees with his Church service before him, crying, crying like a baby! You know I am hasty in my temper sometimes, and his is *indeed an angel’s*—and I said to him, ‘Charles Baynes, be a man, and don’t cry like a child!’ ‘Ah,’ says he, ‘Eliza, do you kneel, and thank God too;’ on which I said that I thought I did not require instruction *in my religion* from him or any man, except a clergyman, and many of these are *but poor instructors*, as you know.

“‘He has been here,’ says Charles; when I said, ‘Who has been here?’ ‘That noble young fellow,’ says my general; ‘that noble, noble Philip Firmin.’ Which noble his conduct I own it has been. ‘While you were at church he came again—here into this very room, where I was sitting, doubting and despairing, with the Holy Book before my eyes, and no comfort out of it. And he said to me, “General, I want to talk to you about my grandfather’s will. You don’t suppose that because my father has deceived you and ruined me, I will carry the ruin farther, and visit his wrong upon children and innocent people?” Those were the young man’s words,’ my general said; and,

'oh, Eliza!' says he, 'what pangs of remorse I felt when I remembered we had used hard words about him,' which I own we had, for his manners are rough and haughty, and I have heard things of him which I do believe now can't be true.

"All Monday my poor man was obliged to keep his bed with a smart attack of his fever. But yesterday he was quite bright and well again, and the Pendennis party took Charlotte for a drive, and showed themselves *most polite*. She reminds me of Mrs. Tom Fletcher of the Horse Artillery, but that I think I have mentioned before. My paper is full; and with our best to MacWhirter and the children, I am always my dearest Emily's affectionate sister,

"ELIZA BAYNES."

POSSUM HUNTING.

THE first, and last time save one, that I ever went "possum hunting," was when a boy of about fourteen years on a visit to my maternal uncle residing in the upper part of Georgia. Our party was four in number, consisting of a young man named Poole, about eighteen or twenty, an old negro man named Sawney, and a negro boy about my own age.

Provided with fat lightwood torches, and accompanied by a good possum dog to tell us by his deep baying when the "varmint" had taken to a tree, we sallied forth in high spirits immediately after supper. Nor was it long before we had the satisfaction to hear his signal echoing through the forest and re-echoing in a neighboring swamp. Proceeding at a quick pace to the spot, we soon discovered the bright eyes and badger-like hair of the "varmint" in the top of a small tree, while the dog was now seated upon his haunches, whining with satisfaction at our approach, only giving an occasional short bark as he turned his head upward to look at his victim. The tree was a small one, and two of our party attempted to shake down the animal, seated in apparent comfort among its branches, grinning and growling savagely at us as we endeavored to shake him from his perch. A novice at the game of hunting coons and possums, I expected to see it flirited in a moment from the little oak-tree. But I was sadly disappointed. For when one foot lost its hold it clung to the branch by another, and finally, as if defying all our united efforts, swung by its tail, coiled several times around the small limb of the tree.

"Ah, Massa Poole!" said the experienced old negro, "dar's no manner ob use in tryin' to shake down a possum! He'll mek you b'liebe he tired, and jest ready fur drap into your hand, when he no tired t'all! Better cut um down at once."

This suggestion was adopted. No sooner was the tree felled than the dog pounced upon his victim, but was beaten off with blows and kicks by the old negro. The animal seemed already quite dead and limber, as if its body had been crunched and broken by the strong teeth of the cur. But to make sure work Poole took the possum from the old negro's hand, and gave it several hard blows with the butt-end of his gun. Our work being over at that spot, the game was lifted from the ground, and we continued our pursuit in quest of further sport.

But although our beginning was a good one,

not so the ending. On and on we trudged through many a brake and brier, and mud and water, until we became so tired by our continued walking for several hours that we resolved to return home. But this soon proved to be as vain a hope as catching any more possums; and after walking and searching in vain for some mode of egress from the swamp until two or three hours past midnight, we all concluded that we were lost, and could not find our way home until the morning dawned.

As I have before stated, we had got into the dense and boggy swamp, covered in places with a greenish slime which concealed the black mud beneath, and afforded shelter for many a huge moccasin. It was dangerous to tread upon this soft mud. It was necessary to move slowly, once you had left the outer edge, often leaping from one root, or stump, or log to another. This process required both caution and activity to avoid slipping into the slimy fen, from which we could extricate ourselves with great difficulty, if at all, by rendering each other mutual assistance. For there were spots so moist and yielding that one must sink so deep into the mire as to be speedily suffocated in the slimy soil, or drowned in the stagnant waters which, like a green veil, concealed the hideous deformities beneath their surface. And besides this, who could tell but that in his fall he would wake up the smouldering ire of some huge moccasin, whose bite is as deadly as that of the rattlesnake, who gives its victim no warning, but stings quickly and under the security of concealment, and then silently creeps away. The very thought that at every step there was perhaps lying in its dismal retreat the assassin-serpent of the South, stretched at lazy length, and ready at a moment's warning to inflict its fatal bite—the bare idea of such a possibility is enough to chill the heart with horror. But when the probability, and, in our case, the almost certainty, stared us in the face, and when now and then we could see a monster swamp-moccasin, nearly as large as a man's thigh, creeping away at our approach, and shunning the blaze of our torches, it was enough to make us tremble with apprehension.

We had been picking our way with extreme caution for some time, when, as old Sawney, our leader and pilot, was about to step upon what seemed to be a black log lying just before him, he drew back his foot in sudden alarm, and cried out, in a terrified voice,

"Oh, my God! Massa Poole! look yere! My God! Massa Poole! 'tis de berry debble herself!"

He had nearly placed his foot upon a large alligator lying in his pathway at full length before him! The monster had evidently placed himself there in ambush in expectation of his prey! For, as it was subsequently proved to our amazement, we had several times passed that way—our footprints proved this—so that the monster must have very recently crawled to the spot, and, by assuming that motionless and impassive attitude, hoped to pass himself upon our

credulity as an old black log which had been lying imbedded in the soft mud for untold ages.

No sooner did Poole perceive the alligator than he fired both barrels at the creature, who had no idea of moving from position or stirring a single muscle until he had felt the pressure of old Sawney's foot upon his back, and was thus certain of his prey. The gun was loaded with large-sized buck-shot, and told upon the alligator with deadly effect. But just as he fired, an owl, scared from its perch hard by at the deafening report of the gun, flew past us, and with one of its broad, blackish wings struck the torch from old Sawney's hand. We were thus, suddenly and in a single moment, enveloped by thick and horrible darkness—"a darkness which could be felt!" And there we were compelled to stand, fearing to move an inch from our tracks; for the alligator was still flouncing and splashing around the muddy waters, and we could distinctly hear the occasional hiss of a moccasin disturbed from its slumbers, or compelled to move from its own secret place of ambush by the convulsive death-throes of the aquatic monster who ruled the swamp as monarch of all the reptiles around him. But by-and-by his struggles ceased, and all was still and silent as the grave. Our awe and terror increased still more by the silence and the terrific gloom which appalled our spirits.

"Sawney!" said Poole, in a terrified whisper, as if afraid lest his words should be heard and understood by the inhabitants of the swamp, who might rise up *en masse* to hinder our further progress and prevent our escape.

"I yeres you, massa! I be listenin' berry 'tentive to you!" replied the old negro, in a low voice.

"What shall we do now, Sawney?"

"Well, massa! I 'spect I will hab to trust in God, and feel down in dis 'ere mud fur de fat lightwood, or stay still in our tracks till de mornin' come. Dem's de only two tings I can tink on. Berry bad fix, massa! You oughten to shoot so quick, massa, till I bin hide de torch from de owl. But 'what can't be cured must be indured,' as de good book say! I reckon I must run de resk of gettin' bit by de moccasin!" And stooping down the old man found the extinguished torch, which was soon relighted from the portable fire which he always carried with him.

The torch again relighted, it was determined to retrace our steps, and regain, if possible, the only dry knoll which we had encountered in our peregrinations. Our return was made with the same degree of caution, and when we reached the only *terra firma* which we had encountered for several hours—the knoll which we had twice visited and twice left behind us—our entire party hailed its appearance with a shout. The heart of Columbus did not beat with more rapturous joy when his look-out man cried out, "Land! land!" from the masthead, than did ours when we espied once more the spot whose comparative dryness invited us to spend upon its leafy surface the remainder of the night.

A fire was speedily built, and our entire party threw themselves upon the ground, forming a

circle around the jovial blaze. But while the others slept I could not; and it was well, too, that my state of mental excitement kept me awake; for otherwise we would have lost our possum. Sawney had thrown it down by his side, supposing that it was quite dead. But either it had feigned death or was revived by the warmth of the fire, and began stealthily to creep away from its now sleeping captors. But he got no sympathy from old Sawney; for as I touched the old man, who, unlike the rest, slept in a sitting posture, dreaming and nodding over the fire as it burned lower and lower, until a single blaze flickered and flared up now and then, the old fellow raised his head and gave a low grunt. I pointed with my hand toward the fugitive creeping away slowly and stealthily as a cat creeps toward a bird. The old man understood my signal, and in a moment was upon his feet, and seizing the animal by the tail, exclaimed,

"Ah, ha! you good for nuttin' 'ceitful tief! You try to fool me?. Berry well! I see if I can't stop dem tricks." And pulling out his jack-knife, he did what he should have done before—cut the animal's throat, singed off all its hair over the fire, and took out its heart and viscera.

"Dere now! You is ready fur de pot, I reckon! Dat's de only place whar you can't come to life. You is den jist like de poor sinner when he is cast into debble's hot hole! De sinner can fool de ole debble, massa, and git out ob his clutches as long as he is in dis world; but when de debble put him into his big pot, and he begin to stew and to fry, ah, massa! den it be too late! De debble got um den too fast fur 'scape! Same like me now got dis possum swinged and ready fur de pot!

"And, massa," continued the old fellow, "while we's talkin' 'bout religion, I'll tell you 'zactly what I tink. Now you see, massa, we all make a berry great 'scape from sudden death to-night, tank de good Lord!—berry great 'scape, massa! And it was all de good Lord's doin's, massa! Ef He hadn't said to poor nigger's heart jest in time, 'Sawney, look what you 'bout! look whar you gwine to put your foot! dat's no log, Sawney!' please God, massa, Sawney's foot would a bin snapped off in a jiffy, same like glass. And den, massa, sure as fate, ef Sawney didn't git killed outright by de mean, stinkin' cuss, he would sartin to be drowned in de mud. But, massa, de good Lord is ebery where—in de swamp as well as in de 'pine-barren,' on land as well as on de big sea. De same God dat takes care ob de white buckra tinks 'pon de poor nigger too.

"Now Massa Poole and me don't 'gree togedder on de subject ob religion. Massa Poole's farer, and him too, is a Metterdist, and I is a Hard-shell Baptist. Massa Poole b'liebs in '*fallin' from grace*,' but I b'liebs in de '*final pusseverance ob de saints*.' Now I will 'lustrate dat to your onderstandin' by dis same possum when he was alive. Berry well! You see de possum in de tree; you shake de tree; you shake um, and you shake um. De possum let go one foot, den anurrer one; den tree foot. Now you tink you most got

um! Ah, ha! you say; now I got you! You shake de tree 'gain, and de possum let go all his four foot. Tank God! I got you now! you say. You look on de ground—you no see de possum. Ky! you say; way de possum gone so quick? You look all round in de bush to see way he hide—you no find um. You look up in de tree, and please God, massa! you see um hangin' by de tail, laughin' at you same like white buckra laugh at poor nigger!

"Well, massa! jest so wid '*fullin' from grace*' and de '*final pusseverance ob de saints*.' You see de ole debble come to de Christian. Mebbe he high up in de tree, on de berry top ob de cross. De ole debble shake de cross; he trow stones; he hit um on de foot, on de hand, in de head! De Christian sin one time, two time, tree time. At last he sin one big sin. De debble trip um up now! He git poor Christian down flat in de mud! He beat um and beat um wid his big stick, till he tink poor Christian dead and nebber can git up any more! All poor Christian's friends gib um up for dead too; for de debble goes to dem and fools 'em. He tell 'em all, 'No use to pray for him any more, for he's nottin' more dan a rottin, stinkin' carcase! He's pisoned wid de gall and bitterness ob sin! You nebber will see your friend in hebben, for he b'longs to me now!'

"Well, massa! de debble goes away, and lef de poor Christian right dere; for he ain't got no time to stay dere to watch him, and he so greedy he want to catch heap ob sinners to put 'em all in his pot at one time. He want to hab stew, and roast, and brile all togedder! 'Cause he know berry well he can't hunt for no more poor sinner arter dis world close. Well! he lef poor Christian in de mud, and go off 'bout his bizzness; for Satan got heap o' bizzness, massa! Well! jest den, when all hope gone, de poor Christian, like de Prodigal Son, come to hisself. Like de possum, he open one eye fust, den he open de odder eye, and look round. He see now; and by de grace ob God he crawl out ob de ditch on his hands and knees. And although he's bruised and sore, and can hardly creep along, and may be for a long time 'fore he can 'tand up 'traight as he used to could, yet arter a while he gits back to de berry top ob de cross! And de top ob de cross, massa, is berry high—for it reaches clean up to hebben!

"Well, God bless you, massa, for listenin' to a poor old nigger!" said the good old man; and then he cried out, in a joyous tone, "De day is breakin', Massa Poole! and please God! dere's our own home fence, and we ain't been lost at all when we fust git to dis place! Why, massa! if we had jist gone ten steps more dis way we would a bin in de ole field!"

It was even so. We had been going round in a circle for several hours. But it gave us cause for gratitude to God for the manifestation of his providence; and perhaps many of our readers will say there is much of sound theology in old Sawney's lecture on "*Falling from Grace*" and the "*Final Perseverance of the Saints*."

THE COUNTERSIGN.

ALAS! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whip-poor-will.
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track,
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form with bending back.
I think I see him crouching low,
I stop and list—I stoop and peer—
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until mine eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone.
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the weird old tulip trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think on other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night!
The deep bay-windows fringed with vine;
The room within, in softened light,
The tender, milk-white hand in mine,
The timid pressure, and the pause
That oftentimes overcame our speech—
That time when by mysterious laws
We each felt all in all to each.

And then, that bitter, bitter day,
When came the final hour to part,
When clad in soldier's honest gray,
I pressed her weeping to my heart.
Too proud of me to bid me stay,
Too fond of me to let me go,
I had to tear myself away,
And left her stolid in her woe.

So rose the dream—so passed the night—
When distant in the darksome glen,
Approaching up the sombre height,
I heard the solid march of men;
Till over stubble, over sward,
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,
I saw the lantern of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry:
It rings along the watchful line.

"Relief!" I hear a voice reply.
"Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge, I wait,
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms at port I charge my mate,
And onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I think, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
Whene'er the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
That when I near the camp divine,
Whether in travail or in pain,
I too may have the countersign.

CAMP CAMERON, July, 1861.

THE POT OF GOLD.

THE sun flung wide its golden arms
Above the dripping woods of Maine,
And wove across the misty sky
The seven-dyed ribbon of the rain.

An old wife at the cottage door
Sat with her grandson by her knee,
And watched the rainbow belt the clouds
And span the world from sea to sea.

Then, in that quiet evening hour,
The wondering boy a tale she told—
How he who sought the rainbow's foot
Would find beneath a pot of gold.

The eager boy drank in the tale—
His eyes were filled with feverish fire;
And in his fluttering heart there leaped
A wild, impulsive, vague desire.

And as the gorgeous sun went down,
And from the skies the mists were rolled,
He stole with hurrying step away
To seek the wondrous pot of gold.

Through lonesome woods with whispering leaves,
That sung an endless forest hymn,
Where shadowy cat-birds wailed unseen,
And squirrels leaped from limb to limb,

By rivers thundering to the sea,
By ragged hill and gloomy glen,
Through swamps where slept the sluggish air,
And by the pleasant homes of men,

The strange boy wandered night and day,
His eyes still filled with quenchless fire;
While still within his heart there grew
That wild, impulsive, vague desire.

Men marveled as he passed them by
With weary step and lagging pace;
And women, as they saw him, sighed
In pity for his child-like face.

And many asked why thus he went
O'er hill and flood, through heat and cold;
While he the steadfast answer made,
"I go to seek the pot of gold."

Then people smiled, and told the boy
That many a youth that quest had tried,
And some had fainted by the way,
And some had sought the end and died.

For never had the mystic goal
By any human foot been trod;
The secret of the rainbow's base
Was known but to its builder—God.

He heard, but heeded not. His eyes
Were fixed upon the horizon's brim.
What mattered to him others' fate,
'Twas not the fate in store for him.

And still the rainbow came and went,
And scarf-like hung about the sun;
And still the seeker's restless soul
Sang of the treasure to be won.

So went the time—till one dark day,
When flesh and blood could bear no more,
Haggard and pale he fainting fell
Close by the well-known cottage door.

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With quivering lips he told his tale;
The pitying tears above him fell;
Once more around his couch he heard
The voice of those he loved so well.

And soon a modest, mild-eyed man,
With quiet voice stood at his side,
Telling a sweet, entrancing tale
Of One who suffered and who died.

And talked about a treasure, too,
Through pain and suffering to be won;
One that beyond the rainbow lay—
Ay, and beyond the parent sun.

As the boy heard the simple words,
From out his eyes the fierce fire fled,
And straight an unseen presence wove
A calmer splendor round his head.

And so his young life ebbed away;
His heart was still, his limbs were cold;
But by the smile upon his face,
They knew he'd found the pot of gold!

THE CONFIDANTE.

I DO not know whether there is any thing peculiar about me or not—I have sometimes had misgivings on that point. Be that as it may, I have always had a faculty of attracting toward me not only persons of my own sex but of the opposite, and of becoming the recipient of their confidence in a way that was often both fatiguing and annoying. But although I have had many intimate and warm friends among my male acquaintances, and had reason to think many admirers, yet I must own there were few, if *any*, who could be called *lovers*. I never could divine precisely the reason why it was so, for I was young, not ill-looking, had a handsome little fortune of my own; but, somehow, although I have listened to many a love tale, and shed tears of sympathy with those with whom the course of true love was *not* seeking a new channel wherein to flow smoothly and placidly, but was rushing along in the old way, over obstacles and impediments that sometimes threatened to prove insurmountable—although, as I say, I have listened to many a piteous love tale, I never was the moving cause of all these distresses. Love-sick, lackadaisical school-girls used to bring me their ill-written, oftentimes misspelled missives to decipher, and frequently to answer; and though I have penned the most heart-rending accounts of the cruelty of obdurate mothers and hard-hearted fathers, the answers were never directed to my address.

I could not pretend to enumerate how many love-sick swains have sighed in my ears of their dulcineas, who so excelled all the Venuses and Cleopatras that ever existed in poet's imaginations or in reality. Half of them, I must confess, appeared to me very commonplace sort of bodies; and even with all my most earnest desire to be a good listener and sympathizer, I could not force myself to regard them in the exalted light represented.

My school-days were long since over; I was

past twenty-five, and still faithful to my vocation of listener and confidante; I had classified all my female acquaintances into Hebes, Venuses, Cleopatras, according to their size, style, and complexions. Many of the Hebes and goddesses had settled down into very matter-of-fact matrons, and were the happy mothers of little roly-poly pledges. One of my Cleopatras had married a widower for his money, and had become a sickly, disappointed, slatternly housekeeper, whom I invariably found, if I chanced to make a morning visit, with her hair uncombed in curl papers, lounging on a sofa with the last new novel, or lamenting over her ill-health and the trials of housekeeping. The old love tales were interspersed now with complaints of the dishonesty of servants and the woes of an ill-regulated and ill-kept household; and, the *most* painful of all, the want of sympathy and appreciation on the part of him who before marriage had been so enraptured, but who *now* failed to perceive the surpassing charms of this, his enslaver; and in fact I could not wonder at his disenchantment, for she invariably gave me the impression of a worn-out waxen doll, whose limp and bedraggled finery, faded cheeks, and despoiled flaxen ringlets could no longer attract the admiration of the juveniles of whom it had once been the crowning joy—for which they had quarreled, fought, and struggled, and had cast idly by, after the brief delight of possession had passed away.

These angels and goddesses had been so often reproduced that they were stereotyped on my brain. I felt as if I could manufacture and turn them off by the gross; and yet, by some infatuation, I was unable to break the spell that compelled me to listen.

The moment a lover approached me I was spell-bound, and as much compelled to hearken as if to the tale of the Ancient Mariner. Something in his glittering eye exercised a sort of power from which I could not withdraw myself, and I listened with my bodily ears, without any personal interest, until the tale was done.

Once—ah! that well-remembered once!—did the kindling eye and burning words of love and passion stir my sluggish pulses, give to my benumbed and half-wakeful senses the impression that I myself—pretty little, quiet, comfortable, well-to-do “fore-handed,” as the country people called me—Laura Simms, was the object as well as subject of all these confessions. It was some time before I was fully awake to the marvelous fact, and longer still before my sluggish pulses throbbed with answering joy to the blissful assurance of being at last truly loved. It stole upon me under the guise of friendship, gratitude, brotherly affection. The low-breathed tone of sympathy—the softened glance of the dark, piercing eyes—the gentle pressure of the hand, at first almost unperceived—the kindly, winning voice that whispered *only*, but in never-to-be-forgotten cadences—“My sister!”

Ah, that awakening! How can I describe the flutterings of the newly-aroused consciousness, the faint glimmerings, the dawning of the

broad gleam of sunshine and happiness that lit up my whole existence!

I had never been aware of the sombre cloud that had surrounded me, but now I awoke to another life. I pondered over my newly-found felicity, but had no disposition to bestow my confidence on another; but I felt that the leaden dullness of existence was gone, and I could listen with living ears, with a soul to the outpourings of a nature stirred to its inmost depths as mine was now. I had not long to wait. I was aroused from my pleasing reveries by the entrance of a charming young friend whom I knew, by the sweet flutter of her address, had come to make me the depositary of another love secret.

There was no particular depth or strength of character, in fact nothing remarkable about her, except her beauty and the sweetness of her disposition; but I saw that something had touched a new spring, and she found revealed in her soul the strange and mystic lore which has puzzled wiser and more philosophic heads than her own dainty little one that drooped so tenderly under the wand of the mighty magician whose spell she owned. It was the old, old story.

“He was *so* noble! *so* good! *so* true! she could trust him with all her heart—she was *so* sure of his love; he could never deceive her. But there were *obstacles*; he had not told her *what* they were. Ah! she did not ask, she did not wish to know; she could *trust* and wait—her dear, dear Jabez!”

Jabez! Jabez! that was the name of my beloved. It wasn't a very romantic or poetical name, and it had an unpleasant significance which occurred to me broadly at that precise moment—“*One who causes pain!*” but Jabez! Jabez! it rang in my ear; it was Jabez who had shed a light and lustre on my hitherto uneventful life, and I could readily believe and sympathize with the young creature before me there might be *another* Jabez who could shed light and lustre on another life; so I lent a keener ear to my pretty Minny's sweet avowals of his plighted faith, her own deep, confiding love.

I saw how her gentle life-threads were entwined with his who had become the centre and light of her existence. She reminded me of a little bird who sits poised upon the swaying bough and pours out its sweet love-notes, and hails with rapturous song the coming season of happiness and hope. I could not find it in my heart to dim one joy by doubt or painful thought of the obstacles he mentioned, and so I listened as she caroled forth her little lay of blissful anticipations, until both were startled by a sudden and impressive ringing of the door-bell.

Minny sprang up, her face suffused with blushes, as if she thought her secret might be divined, and with a hasty kiss and “I'll *come soon again* and tell you *all* about *him*, and his name,” made her escape through the back porch.

The door opened, and Emma Clifton, a young widow and a dear friend of my school-days, entered.

“Why, Laura, I need not ask you how you

are this morning, for you look as though you had discovered some elixir that can rejuvenate, almost recreate, you seem so fresh and young. You appear to have found out some new inner life. Heigh-ho! you are to be envied, you are always so quiet and happy, and never tormented with love affairs, and doubts and difficulties. Heigh-ho!"

She sighed again so drearily, and threw herself down into a large easy chair with a pettish, dissatisfied, yet really troubled air that made me feel sure there was something more than usual the matter.

"What's the trouble? what's amiss now?" I inquired, with more interest apparent in my manner than was my wont. She opened her eyes as much as to say, "Why really you are wide awake for once," but went on.

"That's just what I've come to talk to you about; but I can not begin," she said, coloring slightly with embarrassment. "Well," I said, "another love affair, I suppose; come tell me all, and you will be relieved."

"No, telling isn't the thing that will relieve my present dilemma. I have promised to marry one man, whom I do not love, to please my relations, and I wish to marry another, whom I do love, to please myself."

"But," I said, "why did you embarrass yourself thus to please your friends? You, who are rich and independent, might surely have suited yourself in a matter of such vital consequence. Ah! did I not know and realize for the first time of how much consequence?"

"But then you commence with mistakes Nos. 1 and 2. I am not rich, you perceive, but am dependent upon the bounty of these friends. The estate of my late husband has yielded me, as yet, nothing but the *éclat* of being a rich widow, which I have found a most inadequate means of keeping up the style and state of former times. My adorer, whom you must know, I shrewdly suspect of being more attracted by the fame of my fortune and expectations than enamored of my personal charms, I said, *au commencement*, must take his chance; if that is his object, he must run his own risks. My dear relations," she added, scornfully, "will not allow me to reject '*so fine an offer*'—'*such a rising man*'—'*so good a match!*' for a little high-flown sentiment, 'and a widow too! it is altogether too absurd.' And, on the other hand, I have a secret inclination to punish his double-dealing, for I more than suspect, in fact I know he loves another who is not rich, and he intends to sacrifice his love, and perhaps her peace of mind, to his avarice and ambition, so that I do not feel that he is entitled to my respect or forbearance, and do not hold myself in honor bound to tell him his mistake. But again, he whom I really and truly love has no fortune, and I have told him that I have none; but he loves me all the same, and offers me an humble home, and an honest, faithful heart. To *him* my friends will not listen, I am sure, and indeed I have not spoken of him; they only surmise his love, and have endeavored

to hasten forward the marriage with my first admirer, 'to prevent' my 'making a fool of myself,' as they politely and emphatically express themselves."

"But," I asked, "how could you, Emma, give your promise, loving one man, to marry another of whom you have such suspicions as you express to me?"

"Why, what a dear little innocent it is!" she replied, turning around and smoothing my cheek with her soft little palm.

"Can you not divine that I did not learn all this in a moment? In the first place, I didn't know that my Edward loved me; and the next, I was tired of dependence; and in the third, I did not know *so surely* that I despised my adorer."

"And what makes you so sure of that now?" I asked, half-amused at her distress.

"Oh! you matter-of-fact little Pagan, can not your imagination furnish any *facts*? Must I go through with all the vows of eternal devotion, the enchantment of my transcendental charms? Take it for granted that *one* and *all* were specified (except the length of my purse, which I believe he ought in honesty to have confessed was the chief and sole attraction); and being at the time under an especial attack of the blues—having had a stormy interview with my uncle in regard to my extravagance, and the number of my debts being duly paraded—and as I told you, in worse than doubt of the state of Edward's affections—so to save my adorer from despair and suicide, etc., I said *yes*—but repented in dust and ashes before the expiration of the next half hour, and with bitter lamentations and sorrow when I learned by an accident the secret of Edward's heart—how he had long and tenderly loved me before my marriage, but would not offer his poverty to the rich heiress lest his truth and devotion might be questioned.

"Distracted by a thousand conflicting emotions, I resolved to tell the truth and ask a release from my engagement; but scarcely had I opened my lips, when I was met by such an avalanche of protestations—such vows of love and despair, as a boy of nineteen might put into a sonnet—and before I had time to collect myself my uncle entered the room, looked at me sharply through his spectacles as if he suspected my intentions, and coolly took his seat and commenced a conversation in his blindest tones.

"Of course I had visions of unpaid bills, dependence, and the pleasing prospect of beggary before me, and retired discomfited.

"But the crowning point is yet to be told.

"Last night, at Mrs. Darlington's soiree, I had an interview with Edward; and my head and heart both aching, I made my escape to the dressing-room, and threw myself upon a couch, and held my throbbing temples to still the pain.

"I had not remained long when the sound of familiar voices arrested my attention. I heard the warmest vows of affection and devotion answered by low-breathed murmurs of answering love. *He* told his love; *she* confessed *hers*. *He*

spoke of obstacles; *she* answered of her faith and trust, and all was at last sealed with a kiss long and fervent enough to plight a hundred troths."

"How could you listen, Emma Clifton?" I began.

"All very well for *you* to ask, my dear little innocent Laura; but I must own I felt slightly interested and curious to know how it would end, when I heard my affianced husband, Jabez Cressington, sealing his vows so convincingly to pretty little Minny Stafford."

"Jabez Cressington! Minny Stafford!" I repeated, in a tone so explosive that Emma started out of her seat with surprise at the unwonted *empressment* of manner so foreign to my quiet nature. It was the name of my own Jabez, dear reader, and I assure you the sudden shock startled me from my propriety.

I looked up from the complete overthrow of my chateau d'Espagne quite overwhelmed and bewildered, as one might amidst the dust and mortar of a more substantial fabric. I was in truth entirely swept from my resting-place, and can not adequately convey the impressions which possessed me at that moment. There was a ludicrous resemblance to the airy and baseless visions of the unwary milkmaid, and an odd commingling in my imagination of green gowns (not chosen with any special reference to *my* complexion it must be owned), eggs, unhatched chickens, spilled milk, and lost Jabezes that was certainly very confusing to a person of my quiet, unromantic, unimaginative temper, and systematic habits.

Emma's look of intense astonishment recalled me to myself. I had presence of mind enough left, and tact enough to so far control my scattered senses as to evade her evident curiosity by strong expressions of sympathy for Minny.

The rest of Emma's confidence I heeded not. I relapsed into my old way, and was simply the listening machine again, and she could not detect my secret in my manner.

That one delusion of my *not* very youthful fancy swallowed up all the romance of my life, and I quietly watch the advent of the gray hairs, and trace the crow's-feet upon my temples without flinching; and though the widower over the way has several times made feeling allusions to his own desolate state, and touchingly depicted the helpless, piteous condition of his four motherless children, I have always turned my *listening* ear (I mean the one on the machine side), and his words were so mixed up with the general confidences that I was ever after unable so to separate them as to make any particular application of them to my own case.

I shall die an old maid!

Emma Clifton arranged her affairs satisfactorily to herself, I suppose, for she married Edward.

Poor little Minny deserved a better fate than to become the wife of the selfish Jabez Cressington, and lose her identity in the shadow of his supreme vanity; but as women, like verbs, are made *to do, to be, and to suffer*, I believe she has fulfilled her mission. She is a pale, meek-eyed wife, having only the joys that *such* a woman could glean at the side of *such* a man.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Thirty-seventh Congress met in extra Session on the 4th of July. In the Senate, from the Border States were present Messrs. Bayard and Saulsbury, from Delaware; Breckinridge and Powell, from Kentucky; Kennedy and Pearce, from Maryland; Polk, from Missouri; and Johnson, from Tennessee. The following new Members appeared: From Kansas, Messrs. Pomeroy and Lane, the former of whom drew the long, and the latter the short term; M'Dougall, from California; and Browning, from Illinois, chosen in place of the deceased Senator Douglas. At the opening of the session 43 Senators were present. Mr. Wilson gave notice that he should the next day offer a series of bills, the titles and main provisions of which are as follows:

1. "To confirm certain acts of the President for the suppression of insurrection and rebellion." This bill confirms and ratifies all the acts of the President in calling out the militia, increasing the military and naval force, and all the acts and proceedings incident thereto, rendering them as legal and valid as if done under the express authority of Congress previously conferred. It also authorizes the President, if during the recess of Congress hereafter, any dangerous combinations should arise, to call into the service of the United States such military and naval forces as he may deem necessary.

2. "To authorize the employment of Volunteers to aid in enforcing the laws and protecting public property." This bill authorizes the President to accept the services of volunteers in such numbers as he may deem necessary, for the purposes set forth in its title; and appropriates

\$300,000,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, for this purpose. It prescribes the organization of these volunteers, the number of officers, and the pay of the men, which is in general to be the same as in the regular army, each volunteer also, when honorably discharged, to receive one hundred dollars, those wounded to be entitled to pensions, and the heirs of those killed to receive one hundred dollars, besides all arrears of pay and allowances.

3. "To increase the present Military Establishment of the United States." This bill provides for the addition to the present regular army of nine regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery; the numbers of which are definitely prescribed. The enlistments in the regular army during the years 1861 and 1862 to be for three years, afterward for five years; the men enlisted to be entitled to the same allowances as those of the volunteer force.

4. "For the better organization of the Military Establishment." This bill provides for the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War, and for various additions to the Adjutant General's, Quarter-master's, Engineers', Ordnance, and Medical departments of the army; for the appointment of Cadets in the Military Academy, and various other details of army regulations.

5. "For the organization of a Volunteer Militia force, to be called the National Guard of the United States." This important bill provides for a volunteer militia force of 240,000 rank and file, apportioned among the States in the proportion of their Representatives in Congress. It is to be composed of citizens, and those who have declared their intentions of becoming citizens, between the ages of 21 and 35. The Guard, or any part of it, may be called into the service of the United States by the President, in case of invasion or insurrection. Every member of the Guard to take an oath to defend the Constitution and laws of the United States, and obey the orders of the President. They are to be exempt from all other military duty, and from serving on juries, during their continuance in service.

A member may, after six years' service, receive a discharge, which shall exempt him from military service in time of peace. The uniform of each arm of the Guard to be the same throughout the United States, one suit to be furnished to each member. Of these 240,000 men, 80,000 are to be enrolled within one year, a like number in two and three years. The bill makes minute provisions for the enrollment and discipline of the Guard.

6. "*To promote the efficiency of the Army.*" This bill provides that any commissioned officer who has served forty years may, at his own request, be placed on the retired list, with pay and allowances; and that any officer who shall become disabled or incapable of discharging his duties may, upon his own request or by direction of the President, after due medical investigation, be placed on the retired list, with pay and allowance as specified in the act.

Mr. Chandler gave notice that he should introduce a bill to confiscate the property of Governors, Members of Legislatures, Judges, and Military Officers above the rank of Lieutenant, who should be guilty of treason, or of aiding and abetting it; disqualifying them from holding any office of trust or emolument.

In the House 159 Members were present, including five from Northwestern Virginia. The Clerk called the names of the members elected from South Carolina, Arkansas, and Florida, who of course were not present. For Speaker, Messrs. Colfax, Blair, and Grow had been named on the Republican side. Mr. Colfax declined before the ballot commenced, being unwilling to delay the organization by a triangular contest. As the first ballot advanced it appeared that there would be no majority, although Mr. Grow had a plurality. Mr. Blair then requested his friends to change their votes from him to Mr. Grow, so that a choice might be made at once. This was done, and the result was that Mr. Grow was elected by a vote of 99; for Mr. Blair 11 votes were given; for Mr. Crittenden 12; the remainder were scattering. Hon. Emerson Etheridge, late Member of the House from Tennessee, was elected Clerk.

The *President's Message* is brief, confining itself wholly to the matter on account of which the extra Session of Congress was called. It begins by explaining the position in which the Administration found itself upon coming into office. In six States the functions of the Government, with the exception of the Post-office Department, were suspended. Forts, arsenals, arms, and public property in these States had been seized; the Confederate States had organized, and were invoking recognition and aid from foreign powers. The Administration had to prevent, if possible, a dissolution of the Federal Union, and a choice of means was to be made. The policy chosen was developed in the Inaugural Address. It looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before resorting to stronger ones. The proceedings relating to Fort Sumter are clearly explained. The Government wished to retain it, not for aggression, but merely to maintain visible possession, and thus to preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution, trusting to time, discussion, and the ballot-box for a final adjustment. The enemy assailed and reduced the fort for the reverse object, to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union, and force it to an immediate dissolution:

"Then and thereby," says the President, "the assailants of the Government began the conflict of arms without a gun in sight or in expectancy to return their fire, save only the few in the fort sent to that harbor years before, for their own protection, and still ready to give that protection in whatever was lawful. In this act, discarding all else, they have forced upon the country the distinct issue—immediate dissolution or blood. And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether

a constitutional republic or democracy, a government of the people, by the same people, can or can not maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question whether discontented individuals, too few in numbers to control the administration according to the organic law in any case, can always, upon the pretenses made in this case or any other pretenses, or arbitrarily without any pretense, break up their government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth. It forces us to ask, 'Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness?' Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?"

No choice was left but to call out the war power of the Government to resist the force employed for its destruction. The President proceeds to explain and justify the responsibilities which he assumed in calling out the volunteer army, declaring a blockade, and in certain cases suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*. Nothing, he thinks, has been done which exceeds the constitutional power of Congress to sanction, and he confidently anticipates a full indorsement of all his acts. The paragraph setting forth the means which the Administration asks to be put at its disposal, is as follows:

"It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work at least 400,000 men and \$400,000,000. That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages, within the regions where, apparently, all are willing to engage; and the sum is less than a twenty-third part of the money-value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole. A debt of \$600,000,000 now is a less sum per head than was the debt of our Revolution, when we came out of that struggle, and the money-value in the country bears even a greater proportion to what it was then than does the population. Surely each man has as strong a motive now to preserve our liberties as each had then to establish them. A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money. The evidence reaching us from the country leaves no doubt that the material for the work is abundant, and that it needs only the hand of legislation to give it legal sanction and the hand of the Executive to give it practical shape and efficiency. One of the greatest perplexities of the Government is to avoid receiving troops faster than it can provide for them; in a word, the people will save their Government, if the Government itself will do its part only indifferently well."

Some space is given in the Message to an argument against the right of a State, as such, to secede from the Union, and other points of interest, which our space will not allow us to epitomize. The following paragraph develops the policy proposed by the Administration after the suppression of the insurrection:

"Lest there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the Government toward the Southern States after the rebellion shall have been suppressed, the Executive deems it proper to say it will be his purpose then, as ever, to be guided by the Constitution and the laws, and that he probably will have no different understanding of the powers and duties of the Federal Government relatively to the rights of the States and the people under the Constitution, than that expressed in the Inaugural Address. He desires to preserve the Government, that it may be administered for all as it was administered by the men who made it."

The Report of the *Secretary of the Treasury* is devoted to an elaborate exposition of the sum required to be raised and of the means of procuring it. The general result is that for the ensuing fiscal year the sum, in round numbers, of 320 millions of dollars must be raised. Of this 80 millions, representing the ordinary expenses of the Government should be provided by imposts and taxation, and the remaining 240 millions should be provided for by loans. The existing tariff will fall far short of producing this 80 millions, and the Secretary proposes certain modifications, the most important of which are a

tax of $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound on brown sugar, 3 cents on clayed sugar, 4 cents on refined sugars, 6 cents per gallon on molasses, 5 cents per pound on coffee, 15 cents on black, and 20 cents on green tea. He estimates that with these modifications the tariff will produce 57 millions; from sales of public lands 3 millions will accrue, leaving 20 of the 80 millions to be furnished by taxation. A tax of one-eighth per cent. on the real and personal property of the whole country—of one-fifth per cent. on this property in the States not under insurrection—or of three-tenths per cent. on the real property alone in these States, would either of them produce more than the 20 millions required to be raised by direct taxation. The Secretary also suggests that the required sum may be raised by moderate taxes on stills and distilled liquors, on ale, beer, tobacco, bank-notes, carriages, silver-ware, jewelry, and legacies; and still further suggests that both methods—a tax on all property, and a special one on these luxuries may be combined. He also suggests that “the property of those engaged in insurrection, or in giving aid and comfort to the insurgents, may be properly made to contribute to the expenditures made necessary by their criminal misconduct.” He further suggests a reduction of 40 per cent. on salaries, the abolition of the franking privilege, and other retrenchments. In suggesting these various modes, whether singly or in combination, to the choice of Congress, the Secretary urges the paramount and absolute necessity of “making such full provision of the annual revenue as will manifest to the world a fixed purpose to maintain inviolate the public faith by the strictest fidelity to all public engagements.”—To supply the 240 millions required for extraordinary expenses, the Secretary recommends that a subscription be opened for “a national loan of not less than 100 millions to be issued in the form of treasury notes or exchequer bills, bearing an interest of $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent., to be paid half-yearly, and redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after three years from date.” He says that “as the contest in which the Government is now engaged is a contest for national existence and the sovereignty of the people, it is evident that the means for prosecuting it with energy to a speedy and successful issue should be made, in the first instance at least, to the people themselves.” The proposed rate of interest, besides being equitable, is convenient for calculation, being one cent per day on fifty dollars, so that it is only necessary to know the number of days since the date of a note, or the last payment of interest, to determine at a glance the amount due upon it. The Secretary further recommends the issue, if necessary, of bonds for a sum not exceeding 100 millions, at an interest not exceeding seven per cent., payable after thirty years in London or at the Treasury of the United States. These, he thinks, will be easily negotiable at home and in foreign countries. In addition to the foregoing, he proposes an issue of treasury notes for \$10 or \$20 each, payable one year from date, to an amount not exceeding 50 millions, bearing interest at the rate of 3 65-100, exchangeable for Treasury notes; or, if found more convenient, issued without interest, and payable in coin. In either form, these notes would prove useful, if prudently used; but the greatest care will be required to prevent the issue from being degraded into an irredeemable paper currency.—The increase of the public debt is thus stated by the Secretary: July 1, 1860, it was \$64,769,000; Jan. 1, 1861, \$66,243,000; March 7, 1861, \$76,455,000; July 1, 1861, \$90,867,000.

—In view of the embarrassments to the collection of the revenue from the insurrection, the Secretary recommends that, when necessary, duties may be collected on shipboard or beyond the reach of obstruction from insurrection; and that the President be empowered to determine by proclamation or other notification, within what limits insurrection has attained such an ascendancy as to compel the total suspension of all commerce, and to establish by license such exceptions to that suspension as he may deem expedient.—The Secretary urges the passage of laws to carry into effect the various recommendations embodied in his Report.

The Report of the *Secretary of War* gives a list of the seizures made by the seceding States previous to the inauguration of the present Administration. It embraces revenue cutters betrayed by their commanders or overpowered by disloyal troops; the Government arsenals at Little Rock, Baton Rouge, Mount Vernon, Apalachicola, Augusta, Charleston, and Fayetteville; the ordnance dépôt at San Antonio, and all the other Government works in Texas, which served as the dépôts of immense stores of arms and ammunition; forts Macon, Caswell, Johnson, Clinch, Pulaski, Jackson, Marion, Barrancas, M'Kee, Morgan, Gaines, Pike, Macomb, St. Phillip, Livingston, Smith, and three at Charleston; Oglethorpe Barracks, Barrancas Barracks, New Orleans Barracks, Fort Jackson, on the Mississippi, the battery at Bienvenue, Dupre, and the works at Ship Island; the Custom-houses at New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, and other important points, containing vast amounts of Government funds; the branch Mints at New Orleans, Charlotte, and Dahlonega; the marine hospital at New Orleans; the public property in Texas, handed over by General Twiggs, who deprived the loyal men of his command of the means of transportation from the State. In contrast with this conduct of General Twiggs, honorable mention is made of the course of Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, Lieutenant Slemmer at Fort Pickens, and Lieutenant Jones at Harper's Ferry.—The proclamation of the 15th of April, calling for 73,391 men, was responded to by more than 80,000, who are now under arms, notwithstanding the refusal of the Governors of several States.—Under the proclamation of the 4th of May, calling for volunteers to serve during the war, 208 regiments have been accepted. The total force now in the field is thus stated:

Regulars and volunteers for three months and for the war	235,000
Add to this fifty-five regiments of volunteers for the war, accepted and not yet in service. .50,000	
Add new regiments of regular army.....	25,000
	75,000
Total force now at command of Government.....	310,000
Deduct the three-months' volunteers	80,000
Force for service after the withdrawal of the three-months' men	230,000

For the maintenance of this force, in addition to appropriations already made for the year ending June 30, 1861, the following are the estimates:

Quarter-master's Department.....	\$70,289,200.21
Subsistence Department.....	27,278,781.50
Ordnance Department	7,468,172.00
Pay Department.....	67,845,402.48
Adjutant-General's Department.....	408,000.00
Engineer Department.....	685,000.00
Topographical Engineer Department....	50,000.00
Surgeon-General's Department.....	1,271,841.00
Due States which have made advances for troops	10,000,000.00
Total.....	\$185,296,397.19

By the advice of the General-in-Chief one half of

the officers of the new regiments have been appointed from the regular army, and the other half from civil life. Of the civilians appointed to regimental commands, "all except one are either graduates of West Point or have before served with distinction in the field; and of the lieutenant-colonels, majors, captains, and first-lieutenants, a large proportion have been taken from the regular army and the volunteers now in service; while the second-lieutenants have been mainly created by the promotion of meritorious sergeants from the regular service." The volunteer system is commended by the Secretary; "experienced men, who have had ample opportunity to familiarize themselves with the condition of European armies, concede that in point of *personnel* this patriot-army is fully equal to the finest troops of the Old World." Special commendation is given to the manner in which some of the New England States have armed and equipped their quotas; this is attributed to the efficient home organization of the militia in those States.—The deficiency in arms and munitions, arising from the bad faith of those intrusted with their guardianship, has been in a great measure overcome. "The arms and ordnance supplied from our national armories compare favorably with the very best manufactured for foreign Governments. The celebrated Enfield rifle is a simple copy of the regular arm manufactured for many years at the Springfield Armory. Arrangements have been made to rifle a large portion of the smooth-bored cannon now on hand. Arms have also been procured from private manufacturers, equal in quality and not much higher in cost than those made in the national work-shops. It is recommended that our troops be supplied from these sources, instead of making purchases abroad.—The large disaffection of army officers is referred to. "The majority of these officers solicited and obtained a military education at the hands of the Government—a mark of special favor, conferred by the laws of Congress on only one in 70,000 inhabitants. At the National Military Academy they were received and treated as the adopted children of the republic. By the peculiar relations thus established, they virtually became bound, by more than ordinary obligations of honor, to remain faithful to their flag." In view of this, it is suggested that there must be a radical defect in the system of education pursued at the Military Academy.—The appointment of a Military tribunal is urged, to have jurisdiction only in places where the functions of the Federal courts are interrupted.—The report closes with a tribute to "the veteran General-in-Chief of the Army, for the constant and self-sacrificing devotion to the public service exhibited by him in this grave crisis."

The Report of the *Secretary of the Navy* furnishes a complete abstract of the condition of that Department. On the 4th of March the total number of vessels of all classes was ninety, designed to carry 2415 guns; excluding those unfinished, those not worthy of repair, and those used for store-ships, the available force was 69 vessels, with 1346 guns; of these 42, with 556 guns, were in commission, the remainder being dismantled or in ordinary, nearly all of them being on foreign stations. The Home Squadron consisted of 12 vessels, with 187 guns, only 4 of which, with 25 guns, being in Northern ports. Of the 69 vessels regarded as available for service, the sloop *Levant* was lost in the Pacific, the steamer *Fulton* was seized at Pensacola, and one frigate, two sloops, and a brig were burned at Norfolk; the other vessels destroyed at this place were

considered worthless, and were not included in the list of available vessels. This left at the service of the Department 63 vessels carrying 1174 guns, all of which, with the exception of 4, with 153 guns, are or will soon be in commission. Nine steamers have been chartered, and 12 steamers and 3 sailing-vessels have been purchased, making the entire naval force in commission 82 vessels, with upward of 1100 guns. The squadron on the Atlantic coast, under command of Flag-officer Stringham, consists of 22 vessels, with 290 guns and 3300 men. The squadron in the Gulf of Mexico, under command of Flag-officer Mervine, consists of 21 vessels, with 282 guns and 3500 men. The East India, Mediterranean, Brazil, and African squadrons, with the exception of one vessel each, have been recalled; this will add to the force for service on the Atlantic coast and in the Gulf about 200 guns and 2500 men.—Since the 4th of March 259 naval officers have either resigned or been dismissed from service. But while so many officers have proved unfaithful, the crews have throughout proved faithful.—Besides the vessels purchased, the Department has contracted for building 23 steam gun-boats of about 500 tons burden, and has made preliminary arrangements for several larger and fleetier vessels; the work on the eight vessels ordered to be built at the last Session is now vigorously prosecuted.—The appropriations for the Navy Department, asked by the Secretary, amount to \$30,609,000.

On the 9th of June General Butler sent a strong detachment from Hampton and Newport News to attack two Confederate posts at Little and Big Bethel, about eight miles distant. The regiments were to unite at a point about a mile and a half from Little Bethel. Colonel Bendix's New York regiment had reached the spot, and Colonel Townsend's Albany regiment were coming up just at daybreak, when they were mistaken for enemies and fired upon by Bendix's regiment. The error having been discovered a junction was effected, and the troops, commanded by General Pierce of Massachusetts, advanced upon Little Bethel, which was abandoned at their approach. They then marched toward Big Bethel. They encountered a masked battery, of which they had no knowledge. They attempted to take this without success, and after fighting an hour and a half retreated. The loss in this affair was 16 killed and 57 wounded. Among the killed were Captain Greble of the regular army, and Mr. Theodore Winthrop, one of the aids of General Butler. Of the 73 casualties in this action, 21 occurred by the firing upon each other of the New York regiments.—On the 17th General Schenck, with the First Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, left the camp at Alexandria, to make a reconnoissance along the Alexandria and Hampshire Railroad. Guards were placed at various points, taking off a great part of the force. Near Vienna the road, after passing a deep cut, makes a sharp curve. This point was commanded by a battery hastily erected by the Confederate troops, of the existence of which General Schenck was ignorant. As the cars containing the remaining Ohio companies approached the spot a fire was opened upon them, killing about 12 men. The troops retired, carrying their wounded with them.—Harper's Ferry was abandoned on the 15th of June by the Confederate troops, commanded by General Johnson. The public works were burned and the railroad bridges partially destroyed. The garrison, numbering about 12,000, retired upon Martinsburg.—The *Savannah*, of Charleston, the first privateer

licensed by the Confederate Government, has been captured by the United States brig *Perry*. She was provided with a crew of twenty men. Two days before her capture she had fallen in with the brig *Joseph*, of Rockland, Maine, from Cuba, loaded with sugar. The prize was taken to Georgetown, South Carolina, in charge of eight of the crew of the *Savannah*. The privateer mistook the *Perry* for a merchantman, and advancing to seize her fell an easy prey. Her crew were sent to New York, to be tried for piracy.—Several engagements, attended with no important results, have taken place between the Government vessels in the Potomac and the Confederate batteries at various points on the shore. On the 27th of June Captain Ward, of the *Freeborn*, with his own vessel, the *Pawnee*, and the *Resolute*, left Washington, intending to erect a battery at Mathias Point. Thirty or forty men were landed for this purpose, when they were attacked by a large force, who had been concealed in the adjacent woods. The men returned to the boats, which lay near the shore, to protect them. Captain Ward was struck by a musket ball, and mortally wounded. Several skirmishes between outposts and advanced corps have taken place, but no action of decisive importance has occurred.

Our Record closes on the 7th of July. There is every prospect that decisive action will be had before this number of the Magazine reaches its readers. On the 2d of July General Patterson's corps crossed the Potomac into Virginia above Harper's Ferry, and advanced upon Martinsburg, which was occupied on the 3d, the Confederate troops, after some skirmishing, falling back.—On the 7th of July large bodies of troops were sent from Washington across the Potomac.—John C. Frémont has been appointed Major-General, and placed in command of the Military Department of the West, embracing Illinois and the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, to the Rocky Mountains.

In Maryland the election for members of Congress took place on the 13th of June. The Union candidates were elected in all except the Baltimore district, where H. Winter Davis was defeated by Henry May, whose position is not clearly defined. He, however, received the secession vote. In Baltimore the feeling in favor of secession is very strong, and is apparently held in check only by the presence of the United States forces. General Nathaniel P. Banks, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, and more recently Governor of Massachusetts, has been placed in command of the Military Department of Annapolis, in which Baltimore is included. On the 27th of June he arrested George P. Kane, Chief of the Police, and superseded the authority of the Police Commissioners, appointing Colonel Kenly, of the Maryland Volunteers, Provost Marshal of the city. In a proclamation giving his reasons for this measure, General Banks says that it was not his purpose to interfere with the legitimate government of the people of Baltimore, or of Maryland; but there existed unlawful combinations for resistance to the laws, and providing hidden dépôts of arms and ammunition to be used against the Government. The Chief of Police was not only aware of these facts, but was proved to be a protector of the parties engaged therein; the Government could only regard him as the head of an armed force hostile to its authority, and acting in concert with its avowed enemies. Whenever a loyal citizen should be named as head of the police, the military would render him instant and willing obedience. A

large amount of arms and ammunition was found concealed in the office of the Chief of Police. The Police Commissioners and the Mayor protested against the action of General Banks, and said that while they yielded to the force of circumstances, and would do nothing to obstruct the execution of such measures as the military commander might take for the preservation of the peace of the city, they could not recognize the right of the police force, as such, to receive orders from any other authority than the Board; and that the forcible suspension of their functions suspended the operation of the police law, and put the men off duty for the present. Nearly all the policemen resigned, and General Banks directed the Provost Marshal to fill their places with others. The suspended Commissioners continued to hold their sessions, refusing to recognize the officers and men appointed by the Provost Marshal. General Banks thereupon, on the 1st of July, in pursuance of orders from Washington, arrested the members of the Board, with the exception of the Mayor, and placed a body of troops within the city.—The Legislature of Maryland adopted measures tending if possible to unite that State with the Southern Confederacy. Among these was a resolution declaring that the debt now being incurred by the General Government in prosecuting the war is unconstitutional, and of no binding force upon the States which do not consent thereto, and that Maryland will not hold itself bound for any portion of its payment.

In Kentucky the special election for Members of Congress resulted in the choice of nine Union Representatives and one "States Rights" man, Mr. Burnett, who was re-elected by a reduced majority. The majorities were very large, amounting in the aggregate to nearly 60,000. Among the representatives chosen is Hon. John J. Crittenden, late Senator in Congress.

The Virginia Union Convention re-assembled at Wheeling on the 12th of June. Arthur J. Boreman was chosen permanent Chairman. About one-third of the counties of the State were represented. A resolution proposing a separation of Virginia, the counties represented in the Convention to be organized into a new State, was, after considerable debate, rejected by a vote of 57 to 17. On the 19th a Declaration and Ordinance for reorganizing the Government of the State was passed. The Declaration says that the Constitution gave the General Assembly no power to call a Convention without the express consent of a majority of the people; that the calling of the Richmond Convention was a usurpation; and that the Convention also abused the powers nominally intrusted to it by requiring the people of Virginia to separate from and wage war against the Government of the United States, transferring the allegiance of the people to an illegal Confederacy of rebellious States, and placing the military force of the Commonwealth under the control of this Confederacy, and bringing the allegiance of the people to the United States into conflict with their subordinate allegiance to the State, thereby making obedience to their ordinance treason against the United States. The delegates therefore declare that the preservation of the rights and liberties of the people of Virginia "demand the reorganization of the Government of the Commonwealth, and that all acts of said Convention and Executive, tending to separate this Commonwealth from the United States, or to levy and carry on war against them, are without authority and void, and the offices of all who adhere to the

said Convention and Executive, whether legislative, executive, or judicial, are vacated." The ordinance for the reorganization of the State Government provides for the appointment by the Convention of a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, to continue in office until their successors are elected and qualified; for a Council of five members to aid and advise the Governor. The Delegates elected in May, and the Senators who are entitled by the existing laws to seats in the next General Assembly, who shall appear and qualify themselves by taking the requisite oath of allegiance, are to constitute the Legislature of the State; a majority of the members so qualified to constitute a quorum. The following is the oath to be taken by all civil and military officers:

"I solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support the Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, as the supreme law of the land, anything in the ordinances of the Convention which assembled at Richmond on the 13th day of February, 1861, to the contrary notwithstanding; and that I will uphold and defend the Government ordained by the Convention which assembled at Wheeling on the 11th day of June, 1861, and the Legislature, Governor, and all other officers thereof in the discharge of their several duties, as prescribed by the last-mentioned Convention."

The posts held by all officers who fail to take this oath are to be declared vacant, and are to be filled by others. Frank H. Pierpont was elected Governor, and Daniel Paisley Lieutenant-Governor. On the 22d the Governor issued a proclamation summoning the Legislature to meet at Wheeling on the first day of July. The President has formally recognized this new Government, by transmitting to it the official notice of the Congressional apportionment under the late census.—Governor Letcher has issued a proclamation to the people of the northwestern part of the State, in which he says that the people of Virginia, by a majority of nearly a hundred thousand qualified voters, have severed the ties that bound them to the Government of the United States, and united the Commonwealth with the Confederate States. The right to institute a new form of government was one that freemen should never relinquish. The people of the northwestern part of the State voted as well as those of the other parts; the majority was against them, and it was their duty to yield to the will of the State. There had been a complaint that the Eastern portion of the State enjoyed an exemption from taxation, to the prejudice of the Western part. The State, by a majority of 95,000, had put the two sections on an equality in this respect. By this display of magnanimity the East had shown itself ready to share in all the burdens of Government, and to meet all Virginia's liabilities.

In *Tennessee* the vote upon the ordinance of separation from the United States and representation in the Confederate Government was taken on the 8th of June. The result upon the adoption of the ordinance is officially stated by Governor Harris to be:

	Separation.	No Separation.
East Tennessee.....	14,780	32,923
Middle Tennessee.....	58,265	8,198
West Tennessee.....	29,127	6,117
Military Camps.....	2,741
Total.....	104,913	47,238

The vote for "Representation" is about the same. On the 24th of June the Governor issued a proclamation declaring that "the people of the State of Tennessee have, in their sovereign will and capacity, by an overwhelming majority, cast their vote for 'Separation,' dissolving all political connection with the late United States Government, and adopted the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of

America," Tennessee is therefore "a free and independent Government, free from all obligation to or connection with the Federal Government of the United States of America." In a Message to the Legislature, the Governor says: "While it is to me a source of regret that entire unanimity was not attained at the ballot-box, in the decision of the vitally-important and exciting questions referred to, I have entire confidence that now, the deliberate and impartial judgment of the overwhelming majority of the people of the State having been recorded, the whole people, forgetting these differences of opinion, however earnestly and honestly entertained, will stand together as one man in maintaining the rights, honor, and dignity of Tennessee, and in preserving the domestic tranquillity of the community. The time for crimination and recrimination has passed. Threatened by a common enemy; imperiled by a common danger; bound together by ties which can not be severed, we are identical in interest: we must be so in action." He recommends that the payments upon the public debt, now by law to be made in New York, be made payable at Nashville, Charleston, or New Orleans, to "the people of all Governments which are on terms of peace and friendship with us, who are and were previous to the commencement of the war *bona fide* owners of our bonds, and that you adopt such policy toward the owners and holders of our bonds, who are citizens of States at war with us, as is recognized and justified by the law of nations, regulating their intercourse as belligerents."—In view of the impossibility of disposing for money of the State bonds authorized to be issued for the defense of the State, he recommends that three-fifths of the sum be issued in Treasury notes, which shall be received in payment of all taxes and Government dues.—He has caused to be organized and equipped twenty-one regiments of infantry now in the field; ten artillery companies and a regiment of cavalry are in process of organization; in addition to which there are three regiments mustered into the service of the Confederate States, now in Virginia.—A Union Convention of Eastern Tennessee met at Greenville on the 17th of June. Hon. Thomas A. R. Nelson was chosen as President. A declaration of grievances and a series of resolutions were adopted on the 21st. The declaration says that the election of the 8th was free, but with few exceptions, in no other part of the State than East Tennessee. In the larger parts of Middle and West Tennessee no speeches or discussions in favor of the Union were permitted. The unanimity of the vote in many counties where a few weeks ago the Union sentiment was strong proves that the Union men were overawed by the tyranny of the military power, and the still greater tyranny of a corrupt and subsidized press. For these and other reasons the Convention does not recognize the result of the election as expressive of the will of the people of Tennessee. Had the election been free the result would probably have been different. But whether this be or be not the case, East Tennessee has a better right to remain in the Union than the other sections have to secede. Neither the Constitution nor Congress has wronged Tennessee; the President has made no threat against her law-abiding people; there is no cause for rebellion or secession. While peace and prosperity have been enjoyed under the Government of the United States, rebellion has paralyzed commerce, and lessened the value of property; it has changed the relations of States and adopted Constitutions, without submitting them to the vote of the

people; it has formed military leagues and opened the door for oppressive taxation; it has offered a premium for crime by directing the discharge of volunteers from criminal prosecution, and by recommending the Judges not to hold their courts; it has stained the statute-book by the repudiation of Northern debts; it has called upon the people to contribute their surplus productions for the support of a Government destitute of money or credit; it has attempted to destroy the freedom of speech and the press. In view of the foregoing list of wrongs, and many other grievances which are enumerated, "and of the fact that the people of East Tennessee have declared their fidelity to the Union by a majority of about 20,000 votes," the Convention passed a series of resolutions to the following effect: 1. Desiring the restoration of peace, and especially that East Tennessee should not be involved in civil war.—2. Pronouncing the action of the State Legislature in reference to secession and union with the Confederate States as unconstitutional, and not binding.—3. Appointing Commissioners to prepare a memorial to the Legislature of Tennessee, asking its consent that the counties composing East Tennessee, and such counties in Middle Tennessee as desire to cooperate with them may form and erect a separate State.—4. Appointing an election to be held in these counties.—5. Requesting the Union members of the Legislature to resume their seats unless prevented.

In *Missouri*, Governor Jackson, after fruitless attempts to induce the United States commander to consent to a virtual neutrality, has taken ground against the Union. He demanded that no United States troops should be quartered in or marched through the State, while General Lyon asserted the right of the Government to send troops into any part of the State, to protect loyal citizens or repel invasion. The Governor, on the 12th of June, issued a proclamation stating that all efforts toward conciliation had failed, and calling out 50,000 State militia "for the purpose of repelling invasion." The proclamation concludes as follows:

"In issuing this proclamation, I hold it to be my most solemn duty to remind you that Missouri is still one of the United States; that the Executive Department of the State Government does not arrogate to itself the power to disturb that relation; that power has been wisely vested in the Convention, which will at the proper time express your sovereign will; and that meanwhile it is your duty to obey all constitutional requirements of the Federal Government. But it is equally my duty to advise you that your first allegiance is due to your own State, and that you are under no obligation whatever to obey the unconstitutional edicts of the military despotism which has introduced itself at Washington, nor submit to the infamous and degrading sway of its wicked minions in this State. No brave-hearted Missourian will obey the one or submit to the other. Rise, then, and drive out ignominiously the invaders who have dared to desecrate the soil which your labors have made fruitful, and which is consecrated by your homes."

He then left the capital, giving orders to burn the railroad bridges behind him, and proceeded southward, pursued by the United States troops. A considerable body of the State militia having been gathered at Booneville, General Lyon advanced upon them on the 17th of June, and after a few minutes' action dispersed them with a loss of about 20 killed. Many prisoners were taken, who were subsequently set at liberty. General Lyon issued a proclamation inviting all who had taken up arms against the General Government to return to their homes, assuring them that they should not be molested for past actions, but warning them that this forbearance would not long continue.

EUROPE.

The present attitude of England and France in relation to America has evidently been taken in concert. It is one of absolute neutrality. The following dispatch, dated June 1, has been sent to the Governor-General of Canada, and similar orders have been given for other British possessions:

"SIR,—You are already aware that the Queen is desirous of observing the strictest neutrality in the contest which appears to be imminent between the United States and the so-called Confederate States of North America. I have now to inform you that, in order to give full effect to this principle, her Majesty has been pleased to interdict the armed ships and also the privateers of both parties from carrying prizes made by them into the ports, harbors, roadsteads, or waters of the United Kingdom, or any of her Majesty's colonies or possessions abroad. It is her Majesty's desire that this prohibition should be forthwith notified to all proper authorities within her dominions, and I am to desire that you take measures to secure its effectual observance within the limits of your Government."

In Parliament Mr. Gregory had given notice that he should present a motion for the recognition of the Government of the Confederate States. Being urged to postpone the motion he consented to do so. He, however, published in the *Times* a letter giving the reasons which he should have urged in favor of recognition. He writes: "I advocate the recognition of the Southern States, because I am of opinion that by this separation the area of slave-occupied territory will be circumscribed, instead of increased."

The Emperor of France has issued a decree stating that, "taking into consideration the state of peace which exists between France and the United States of America, he has resolved to maintain a strict neutrality in the struggle between the Government of the Union and the States which propose to form a separate Confederation." The following extracts from the decree define the position of the French Government:

"No vessel of war or privateer of either of the belligerent parties will be allowed to enter or stay with prizes in our ports or roadsteads longer than twenty-four hours, excepting in case of compulsory delay.—No sale of goods belonging to prizes is allowed in our ports and roadsteads.—Every Frenchman is prohibited from taking a commission under either of the two parties to arm vessels of war, or to accept letters of marque for privateering purposes, or to assist in any manner whatsoever, the equipment or armament of a vessel of war or privateer of either party.—Every Frenchman, whether residing in France or abroad, is likewise prohibited from enlisting or taking service either in the land army or on board vessels of war or privateers of either of the two belligerent parties.—Frenchmen residing in France or abroad must likewise abstain from any act which, committed in violation of the laws of the empire, or of the international law, might be considered as an act hostile to one of the two parties, and contrary to the neutrality which we have resolved to observe.—Every Frenchman contravening the present enactments, will have no claim to any protection from this Government against any acts or measures, whatever they may be, which the belligerents might exercise or decree."

The Spanish Government has issued a proclamation of similar import. The Queen is determined to maintain a strict neutrality. The building, arming, or equipment of privateers in Spanish ports is strictly prohibited. No privateer or prize can remain in any Spanish port longer than 24 hours, except in case of urgent necessity, and then they must leave as soon as possible. They can not ship any arms or munitions of war, and no articles belonging to a prize can be sold. Any Spanish subject engaging in privateering does so on his own responsibility, and forfeits all claim to protection from the Government, besides being liable to punishment.

Abdul-Mejid, the Sultan of Turkey, died on the 25th of June, aged 39. He was succeeded by his brother, Abdul-Azzis, born Feb. 9, 1829.

Editor's Table.

VALOR.—The mind of our people has most wonderfully changed its direction within a few months, and we who have for so many years given the peaceful, industrious faculties the highest place on the list of popular virtues, now find ourselves on the look-out for every trace of military genius, and ready to pardon any want of financial thrift in the man of undoubted and effective valor. We need not ascribe the change to any miracle, for it is no more than what was to be expected from our people under the circumstances. We have always liked pluck in every shape; and while business was our absorbing pursuit, other things being equal, we always gave the palm to the most enterprising, fearless merchant over the cautious usurer, and our model business men have a large spice of the soldier and sailor in their composition. Now that we have a new work to do, and a new capital to win, our common sense compels us to set a bounty upon the ability required for the object, and every shrewd man is well aware that in times of war the good soldier is the most practical of persons; for he saves the money of the nation, and secures the most speedy and the most advantageous peace. Meanwhile our instinctive respect for courage finds a more enkindling element; and we who are the children of brave sires find that the blood that has beat so long in the march of heroic industry, is all the more ready to answer to the old cradle songs of patriotism, and mount to the head at the names of the old battle-fields of liberty and nationality.

Our readers are probably all ready for the topic under treatment, and may perhaps give us their ear, even in these exciting times, while we try to say a few words upon the nature and power of *Valor*. We use this term instead of others that generally signify very much the same thing, because it better defines the virtue that our people prize in that respect for which they most prize it. Bravery denotes a certain fearless impulse, and Courage a certain dauntless resolution, and both agree in expressing qualities which all men honor; but they both indicate emotions rather than purposes, and point to a certain enthusiasm rather than to a positive object. Valor combines both ideas; brings the right spirit to bear on the right object; and, better than any other word, carries the idea of *power* as a virtue. The valiant man is he who can *do* things, especially difficult things; and while much bravery and courage have been spent in fiery impulses and fruitless enthusiasm, valor adds practical point to flaming emotion, and never fires without being careful to hit the mark, and hit it with a bullet, not with scattering shot. Moral courage may mean very much the same thing, although it is used often to denote the moral fearlessness that scorns dangers; while bravery often coexists with a very low grade of character—as, for example, in many a coarse mercenary, who will fight to the last gasp under any flag that best pays for his service. True valor is that manly force which makes the Right prevail, and, as such, it is a pre-eminent moral and religious trait, for what is morality and religion but the spirit that makes the right principle triumph, and sets up God's kingdom among men? It is not enough to mean well, for every dreamy or sentimentalizing driver, in his way, means well. It is our duty to do well; and he who does well, especially in the midst of dangers and difficulties, is by eminence the valiant man.

Do not smile at our simplicity or our excessive prudence in maintaining that the first element of valor is found in a true sense of *value*. Other things being equal, he is the most valiant man who sees the most and best and most lasting good to strive for; so that instead of trying to empty a hero of interest in his object, and making him supremely indifferent to whatever happens, the true course is to make him as much interested as possible. Whatever we regard as the highest good is sure to bring out all the strength of our nature; and he to whom the highest good is found in the absolute Right is moved to be valiant by the whole force of his affections and his conscience. Men, indeed, differ in the practical force of their character from certain distinctions of temperament, and some are brave by a native instinct, preferring a battle to a festival, and choosing the sword or lance instead of cards or dice for their play; but even these differences are, in a great measure, neutralized by master affections, and the most timid man becomes a hero when what he loves supremely is at stake. The most quiet citizen has the valor of a lion when his family is assailed, and, to defend his wife or daughter, he does not stop to ask how strong the adversary is. When her child is in peril every true woman is a heroine; and she who before trembled at the roar of the wind or the flash of the lightning, goes, by a divine instinct, through storm or fire or savage men to rescue the little creature whom God has confided to her care.

Even abject worldliness is valiant in its own way, and avarice and ambition can be daring when the gods of their idolatry are assailed. He to whom money is the supreme good may die rather than surrender his gold, and he who makes his idol of human breath will sooner renounce life itself than the world's favor. The great distinction to be marked in this respect is this, that some men measure value more by the amount of *goods* or wealth at stake, while others estimate it by the quality of the *good* or the worth at stake. We think it very desirable that both estimates should be regarded—that of *goods* or *wealth*, and of *good* or *worth*. The goods that make up wealth are certainly to be much valued, and it is every man's duty to keep and defend, by just means, his rightful property; and we are convinced that an advanced stage of civilization not only gives new comforts but new powers, from the ampler motives that it imparts to men to defend their possessions. Surely no savage can fight for his wigwam as bravely and persistently as the civilized man fights for his home, his country, and his altar. Yet the very list of goods that we have proves that the goods of a true civilization must needs ascend to the supreme good above all material things, or to a sacred justice which was in God before the world was made, and which is needed to keep the world within God's blessing, and to give to men the highest and most lasting motive. No man can love his home and family truly until he loves it sacredly, or under Divine law and grace, as well as under human affections; and the love of country as well as of kindred is never strongest apart from the inspirations of religion. For the supreme good crowns and blesses all other goods; and that is the strongest state of society which unites the most privileges under the highest and most lasting sanctions. This is the Christian State or Commonwealth; and certainly the facts of experience confirm the nature of

things, and no nations have been so valiant as those who unite the most possessions with the best spirit. Of course, if either estimate is to be preferred to the other, it is the higher to the lower, and for the supreme good a man should be willing to live and to die; and if it ever comes between him and his ease or possessions, he should be ready to sacrifice the less to the greater—his many goods to the one absolute good, instead of trying to gain the whole world by the loss of his own soul.

We see at once the reasonableness of our position by applying it to the most important interests which men are called to defend. Consider the heroism that is shown in defense of the household, and we invariably find that the two elements named combine in its composition; and the men who have fought most stoutly for their firesides have been they who have added to their due share of goods a large leaven of moral and spiritual principle. Mere wealth is not enough to bring out the best powers of man, and may have in its very fullness the seeds of decay and the air of stagnation. Nor is mere enthusiasm, without fixed attachments and household property, of itself enough; for its fanaticism is too wild, fitful, and aimless to give a firm and lasting motive, and the leaders of fanatical hordes almost invariably aim to concentrate their mind upon some promised land, and so anchor their roving passion in some solid ground. Those have been the heroic nations in which there has been enough of plenty to give a fair degree of culture and comfort, so as to win the affections to the household and the native land, without the luxury that is so apt to enfeeble the frame and unsettle the faith. The most apt example that rises now to our mind is that of the Dutch, whose heroic struggles are presented to us with such life and power by our gifted and faithful countryman, Motley. Holland had nothing of the elegance and luxury of Spain; nothing of the richness of the Spanish soil, nor the splendor of Spanish arts; yet her people had a large measure of household comfort, and the industry that could make the measure larger year by year. The power of the Dutch, however, was in the union of indomitable faith with domestic thrift—the elevation and strengthening of domestic and national economy by personal religion. Compared with their adversaries, their means and forces seemed in number and cost contemptible. But take into consideration the quality as well as the quantity of their power—remember in how many heroic men and women that high sense of honor and responsibility lived which was the characteristic of the few commanding spirits of the Spanish empire—and the story of the Dutch Republic, without ceasing to be wonderful, ceases to be marvelous. The people thus moved are not to be estimated merely in the mass, whose soul may be found in one leading mind. Each man is a general because animated by the general motive; and the sum total of power is made up of the whole number of men and the whole force of moral and spiritual determination. The great energy that has always attached to Puritan communities may be accounted for in the same way. It is made up of two factors, one material, the other spiritual—the one worldly goods, the other the invisible good; and while the Puritans, on the whole, have had as great an average amount of wealth as any other people, and often more, because they have so few who are absolutely poor, and they do not breed any such generations of beggars as are found among the old despotisms and aristocracies, they have had a higher average qual-

ity of spiritual faith and zeal—every man of them reading the Bible for himself, praying in his own tongue, and taught to apply the law of Scripture and conscience to every duty and interest of life, whether in Church or State. Every true Puritan is bound to defend his home, not only as containing his goods, but as containing the infinite good; for there he is in his castle and church at once, and his creed bids him there exercise the lawgiving and the priestly power by judging between right and wrong, and asking God's blessing upon his family and his country day by day. If his goods are taken away the great good is not lost; and he maintains, with reduced fortunes and a scanty table, a dignity that princes might covet. Power still dwells with him, and goes forth from his home. It was from such households that the valor of our great War of Independence took its food and fire, and we have proof enough that the old stock has not yet died out.

We apply the same rule of judgment to national affairs, and measure the valor of a nation by the relation between its wealth and worth, its goods and its good. We do not say that a nation must necessarily be rich to be valiant; but it must be industrious and thriving enough to set a true value upon prosperity, and to strive for the products and the arts that secure it. The spur of anticipation is indeed more effective than the zest of enjoyment; and undoubtedly a nation is mightiest before its industry culminates in the highest luxury. The more vitally a true faith animates worldly thrift, the more secure are the people against the perils of luxury; and the greatest nations of Christendom teach us by their example that there is no fixed limit to the growth of material prosperity when material goods are interpreted and used humanely and religiously. Nations need humiliation at times, not because they are too rich, but because they use their wealth unworthily; and when their humiliation is wisely improved, the result generally is that larger prosperity flows in the channels that have been cut by the sharp tools of adversity. But fearful is the mistake that regards mere wealth as the measure of national welfare, and forgets the animating spirit in the pride of material fortune. What may be called by eminence the life of a nation—that supreme public good for which every patriot is bound to surrender his own ease, and time, and property, and, if need be, his blood—is by no means to be measured by any material standard, but it is a civil and moral organism which embodies the Providential history and experience of the people under a constitution and laws as vital as those that govern the human body. The property of a nation can be estimated by the census, and most of what are called its goods may be bought and sold; but the life of the nation can not be estimated in figures, and to undertake to appraise it in dollars and cents would be as absurd and impious as to appraise a human life. He is a traitor at the outset who begins to calculate the value of the nation; and no change of principle, but merely a change of balances, is needed to move him to translate his treason into deeds. True patriotism rests upon this great conviction; and while it is well to encourage citizens to understand and prize their material wealth, and rejoice in the extent and fertility of the land, it is clear that valor does not come from any such estimate by the tables of addition or multiplication, but from love for the nation itself. It is our country whether rich or poor; and because ours its life is sacred to us. This is the true principle; and as it possesses us it will be sure to raise up

an active courage in accordance with its own dignity. Hence we utterly condemn and deplore the base huckstering spirit that treats a great nationality merely as an investment of capital, and stands up for it as long as it pays well, and is swift to desert it so soon as it becomes a losing concern. Why, in fact, should the nation be held less sacred than other institutions growing out of our social nature, and calling for the action of our best powers and our most cheerful sacrifice? What would be thought of the father who valued his family merely for their paying qualities, and abandoned his wife and children the moment that sickness and misfortune made the support of them burdensome to him? Or what would be thought of the Christian who insisted upon always making money out of his religion, and deserting the gospel and the church the moment the cross began to throw its solemn shadow along the path before gay with the sunshine? The merest tyro in history and philosophy knows well that men love and strive strongly and nobly only when they strive and love on principle, and because the life is more than the goods and the body is more than the raiment. Man is strongest only for the best good, not merely for the most goods; and when he looks devoutly and bravely to the highest reality or the supreme worth, both the fountains of power are opened within him—both the trusting and the commanding capacities and faculties. He at once depends upon and serves the highest power. Loyal in his faith and his action, he is doubly armed; and his valor, taking its commission at the headquarters of all force, acts with might answering to its commission, and can do all things in its strength. The same essential type of consciousness is found in all forms of valor, whether civil or religious; and every true man yearns to find his authority in the highest sanctions, and when he lifts his arm in defense of his country he shudders at the bare thought of following his own will instead of that supreme will which the providence of God has lodged in the laws and magistrates of the nation. Patriotic valor, when earnest, must needs then be religious, combining a sense of filial dependence upon the God of nations with the purpose of filial and fraternal service to the people. Our fathers were strong in this conviction, and the American type of valor has been of this character. The great leaders had a strong and living consciousness of divine law, and felt that they were doing a work not limited to their own interests, but destined to play a great part in the destinies of this continent and the human race. The Dutch Calvinists, the Massachusetts Puritans, and the Pennsylvania Quakers gave most emphasis to this conviction, although it was not wanting to the Maryland Catholics, the Virginia Cavaliers, and the Carolina Huguenots. It has not died out of the people yet; and with all our refinements and liberality the old Puritan leaven is still working, and the heart of the nation is not willing to sacrifice the supreme good to any amount of goods. In peace and in war the old Confession of Westminster still holds good in substance, of spirit if not of doctrine; and in camps as well as churches thousands are still ready to say that the chief end of man is to know and love God and enjoy Him eternally. We have always been taught to acknowledge the divine hand in every blessing; and the moment we regard the country as His gift, and the national life as in a measure the work of His spirit, patriotism becomes a part of religion, and valor a part of righteousness.

Reasoning thus of the constituents of valor, and

tracing it to a true sense of a supreme good, above all material goods, and to a service according with this sense, we are in a better way to understand its working force. As it begins in true *value*, it proceeds in true *validity*, or in making good by deeds the worth that it accepts in idea. To put our doctrine in a single sentence, we call him valiant who makes *value valid* by his stout will and ready hand. What that force is that makes the Right mighty it is not easy to say; and all elementary powers, like primal truths, are the most difficult to define. It is safe to say, however, that valor, as an active power, comes from a peculiar vitality and exercise of the human will, and as such it is capable of a peculiar culture. A man may have a high degree of intelligence, and even of conscientiousness without valor, in part because he may never have been led to express his ideas in deeds, and may be feeble less from natural timidity than from merely meditative habits and an introversial spirit. Much of the culture of our time is of this stamp, and the strength of our age in comparison with former ages is by no means in proportion to our intelligence and refinement. Our mode of education has been defective in the especial training of the will, and we have coveted the Athenian taste far more eagerly than the Spartan hardihood. Sometimes we come short even of the Athenian sharpness of intellect, and, failing to apply to practice the ideas that we learn, they soon become vague and dreamy, and the school fails to nurture true scholars because it so lacks the active vigor of the camp. We are becoming aware of our error, and correcting it before it is too late. It may be that another generation of feeble study and inaction, with continued self-indulgence and ease, might have made the infirmity past remedy. It is well that life is speaking to us now in a new tone, and calling not for dreamers but doers, not for ideas of value but power to make it valid in the world.

To valor thus estimated as a working force we apply the same standard as that which we applied to its objects. We measure the power in which a hero strives as we do the good for which he strives. There is power that is estimated by its quantity, and one that is estimated by its quality. Thus in a certain sense we honor all effective power, and ascribe to it a kind of valor. He who can ford rivers, and climb mountains, and overcome wild beasts, is a valiant man, although his work may imply little more than physical force. The ancient heroes were usually giants, and it is an idea not wholly obsolete that a *large* man and a *great* man are pretty much synonymous terms. We would not disparage physical force in any way, and least of all when it is under such discipline as to do patiently and resolutely the great and constant work of industry. Honor to the vast hosts of working men who have subdued the wilderness and the wild beasts, and to whom we owe the marvelous results of our material civilization! No small amount of valor is needed to make a man labor every day in the week, year after year; and it would be a good thing for our sentimentalists, who are forever dreaming of great deeds, and doing nothing but eat the bread they never earned, if they would take the axe or the spade into their own hands, and learn from hard experience how much pluck and strength are needed to do a single day's work of ten hours. Yet we must not forget that there is a certain spirit whose worth is not to be measured by the number of days' works, and which is needed even to give the workman his motive. There is a valor that *commands* as well as

one that *serves*, and certain master men have a fine and electric quality of spirit that gives force to all who come under its influence. We find it in the master's eye, and wherever its light falls the workshop or the store or the farm feels its magic; and although no word of caution or command may be spoken, a powerful presence is felt by all, and work speeds anew as if it were play. It is found in the orator, whose valor is in his lips, and the *action*, which is the soul of eloquence, is measured not by volubility of words or vehemence of gesticulation, but by inward force of will. His voice is a battle, and puts life into thousands before drooping and benighted. We find it in the apostle who subdues souls to God, and He is its great exemplar who is by eminence the Master, and who taught as one having authority and not as a scribe.

We pronounce him to have the truest valor who can make the most and best good valid by his power, or who substantiates the highest truth by his works. He must be a worker and something more, for although life goes forward by days' works, and a history and a cathedral are to be finished in a number of days, a fine essence, an ethereal spirit, must plan and cheer the work. The master will must preside, and all the *powers* at command must be subject to the one overruling *power*. This power needs patient discipline, not to create but to regulate its force, and active, like literary, genius must go to school to learn to use, but not to originate its fire. He is likely to do best who regulates the most native force by the most thorough and persistent training, especially if he shuns the frequent mistake of regarding the school not as the nursery but as the womb of power. Training will do much to *shape* the man, but can not *make* him out of nothing; and we make sad mistakes if we forget that heroes, like poets, are not *made* but *born*, and active genius comes from a native force of will quite as marked as poetic genius. The great poet needs diligence not to give but to guide his inspiration, and so too the hero needs training to guide his power; and the great soldiers have been those who, like Napoleon, best combined careful science and diligent discipline with native fire. That is the best army which unites the most spirit with the most endurance, the maturest powers with the most commanding power. Hence the monstrous error of those who disparage the worth of patient labor and of working habits in military affairs, and who take it for granted that the pride of the gentleman must needs conquer the plodding hardihood of the workman. An army of mechanics and farmers under good officers is more than a match for an equal number of proud cavaliers who mistake pride for pluck, or the *aspiration* of valor for its *inspiration*. The whole history of the struggle between the aristocracy and the people is constantly teaching this truth, and showing in signal passages the superiority of stout wills and brawny arms when animated by a valiant spirit over dainty tastes and feeble sinews, however flushed with pride and maddened by contempt. Invariably the combination of well-trained labor with deep enthusiasm, and especially with religious zeal, triumphs over brute force, however flattered by ambition, and, as the civilization of the future more effectually brings industry under moral and spiritual inspirations, we may expect new developments of heroism. All heroism, no matter in whatever sphere, rises in dignity as it partakes of the spirit of religious loyalty; and every work, however lowly, whether for the family, the nation, or

the race, when done with a loyal heart, as under the government of God, partakes of the nobleness of the motive, and shares in the glory which it aims to promote. This is the highest power known among men, and its fruits are as memorable for their perpetuity as for their number and excellence.

The *fruits* of valor present a most important view of the subject, for this virtue is as marked in its results as in its *objects* and *spirit*. If its object be true value, and if its spirit makes *value valid*, we may say that its result appears mainly in the *prevalence* of its work in lasting institutions, especially in social organisms. Valor wins many victories, conquering nature, and covering deserts and wilds with the trophies of its mighty arts. Its great conquest, however, is over men—and not only in overthrowing enemies, but in building up its own people into civilized states, and making a nation of scattered multitudes. All great nations have been begotten, under God, by the spirit of valiant leaders. Valor is the virility that impregnates the womb of humanity from which states and empires are born. No mere diplomacy, no mere moralizing, nor philosophy can produce a nation. The hero is the founder of empires, the true king, or the man who *can*—as the name denotes; and his power is felt for centuries. They who succeed to his place, although without his original fire, inherit its flame, for it burns on the hearths and the altars which he has set up and kindled. Republics and kingdoms follow the same great law; and a Washington as well as a Frederick perpetuates his valor in the institutions that he founds and the incentives that he bequeaths. To appreciate the work of the valiant man we must consider his enduring power in raising up a succession of men like himself, who, either on the throne or at its side, defend the government that is established, for by a law of God every noble life seems destined to perpetuate itself; and sometimes, when the virtues of the heroic fathers seem to have died out, we are startled at the marvelous resurrection of them, as at the rise of forests from old fields that have long ago been burned down and given over to desolation. But valor perpetuates itself in another, and perhaps more signal and effective way; that is, by the power of permanent institutions. It perpetuates not only the spirit of a personal character, but the vitality of a great civil organism. Every great man embodies himself in some permanent institutions that contain and impart his ideas and powers. The customs and laws which he founds gather his followers into permanent relations with each other, and the office or offices which he establishes continue to govern with his authority, when sacred precedent takes the place of living force—or rather, continues the action of the old heroism. Thus it is in this country that our Washington still lives, not only as an immortal name and quickening example, but as an organized life, a constitutional power; and we all feel his presence and honor his work whenever the heart of the people is deeply moved, and we rally at the call of our country and our laws.

The head of a family may by his energy do something of the same work, whether he proves his valor by arms, or industry, or statesmanship, or letters. He establishes a certain habit, or order of habits, that lives with him and after him. When he is absent or weary, he rules in the standing order of the household; and when he is dead, he lives not only upon the tombstone or the family record, but in the whole system of ideas, discipline, and powers that he has organized. If he is a wise and devout man, he

organizes divine as well as human powers, and his children are assured that in his house as well as in his garden he calls on God to work with him; and, in cheerful and sacred habits, the seeds that he has sown bear fruit for years after his death, long after the trees that he has planted in the orchard have gone to decay.

We, as a people, have every motive for gratitude that we have the example and institutions of valiant men for our heritage, and their work is perpetuated in the constitutional life of the nation. The life is there although we may sometimes forget it, and it has gone into our very blood. Our men and our women feel it, and we have ample proof that whenever the hour comes the needed valor will be forthcoming—forthcoming not only in instances of individual heroism, but in the organic life of a great people, disciplined under sound laws and true to the great instincts and habits of national liberty and order. Nothing human—surely nothing that is divinely human—can ever die; and of all the seed sown upon this earth blood is the most enduring and yields the noblest harvest, even the life eternal. The blood of the valiant lives forever, in the truth and virtues which they teach and in the institutions which they founded. It lives in the heart of the nation, and the body of this great constitutional republic, in its sacred and predestined vitality, bears the noblest blood of nearly three centuries of American heroes, and can die only when God annuls the law of creation according to which every seed must bear fruit after its own kind.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE flags flying every where are still the symbol of the only topic of talk and interest. The soldiers come and go. The sons of many States, East and West, resident in New York, receive their brothers and friends who arrive, with military pomp, salute them, feast them, bless them, and send them on their way. The green islands near the city whiten with the increasing camps. The children play in the streets dressed like Zouaves, with little muskets for toys. The beat of the drum, the bugle-call, the shrill, passionate shock of martial music fill the air by night and day. The book-shops have only placards of books of tactics and the drill. The windows glow with portraits of the heroes. The photograph galleries are crowded with living soldiers looking at pictured soldiers upon the walls. The piles of brick and rubbish in the streets are covered with posters bearing a charging Zouave for illustration, and with General Orders, and calls for recruits, and notices of warlike meetings. The theatres revive old battle melodramas and invent new. The passengers in the streets wear badges, rosettes, and cockades of the trinity of patriotic colors. In shawls, in cravats, in ribbons, the same tricolor appears. Shops are suddenly opened on every hand for the sale of camp stores and military equipage. The newspapers are crowded with various details of the same general subject. Reports, speculations, guesses, indignation, criticism; and in the midst of the cloud the sharp dart of the truth flashing home into a hundred hearts. The crowds assemble daily before the bulletins of the newspaper offices, and the excitement of important news flutters along Broadway or Nassau Street like the widening ripples in water. You feel something in men's motions; you see something in the general manner of the throng in the street before you read

it recorded upon the board or in the paper. There is but one thought and one question. The people are soldiers. The country is a camp. It is war.

To most of us war has been a tradition or a foreign romance. All our lives we have been reading of wars in Europe; and at school and afterward we read the tale of our own Revolution. Very few of us practically knew what war was, or how its aspect differed from the familiar peace. I have a venerable neighbor who remembers when the news of the Declaration of Independence came, and how she was told to read and ponder it. But such neighbors—honored and loved both for themselves and for their experience—are not in every street or town.

It is natural to think of every one in a time of war as being constantly and actively engaged in it. You fancy the ordinary pursuits of life suspended, the fields unplowed, the grass unmown, the crops neglected or trampled down. Instinctively you believe in the visible sympathy of nature with the discord and blight that have suddenly befallen men. From this feeling comes the curious surprise with which we read the memoirs of some recluse, some country curate, or retired gentleman in England during the fierce wars there. Some of these amiable diarists prattle of plants, and muse upon fish, as if there were no black cloud skirting the horizon or muttering thunder shaking the distant hills, dreaming so soft and green and quiet in the sun.

It is only when the cloud no longer skirts the horizon, but overhangs in terrible gloom the field and home of the citizen, that the aspect of war becomes what we heedlessly fancy it always to be. If the course of the campaign leads an army or a regiment in action through your fields, it is as if you dwelt upon the slope of Vesuvius, and the river of lava poured through your orchard. No wild summer gust so devastating ever blew, no swollen stream so desolating ever flowed, as the pitiless pelting of bloody battle upon a peaceful homestead. Forever after the ground seems red with blood; the air is sad with spectres. If the battle be wanton, its memory is a wound that will not stop bleeding. If the cause be holy, it is felt only as the pang of purification.

Thus, at this distance, while the hum of war is heard far away, we see only the romantic aspect, and feel only the stirring excitement. The ghastly spectacle of actual battle, the horror of wholesale human slaughter, we read of in the papers as we read history.

But because it is ghastly and horrible let no man suppose that it may not be necessary, nor that war is the worst of evils. Fear not those that kill the body, and can do no more. There are enemies that kill the souls both of individuals and nations. The day at Bunker Hill was terrible. Far away in the morning light of history the pass of Thermopylæ ran with blood. The provinces of the Netherlands stood to the death against Philip Second and political and religious slavery. But do not wish to wipe them from history because they were bloody. Do not suppose that the suffering of the few heroes who fall in maintaining principles which shall make all mankind happier, and finally spare their blood, is a worse thing than the canker of a false peace, which corrodes caution into cowardice, and for patriotism gives us pusillanimity.

A YEAR ago the Prince of Wales made a triumphal tour through the Northern part of this country.

We are republicans, but we gave him a royal welcome, for he was the representative of our great lineal and natural ally, England. Jenkins was in ecstasies. He did all that Jenkins could do. Every morning he spread, as it were, the Prince's linen and his dress for the day and evening before our enamored eyes. We knew what his Royal Highness had for breakfast; and if we did not know when, where, and how he tripped and tore his inexpressible unmentionables, it was because we did not read the papers.

The younger brother Alfred has been in Canada, but Jenkins was dumb. Four or five lines of ordinary telegram, and no more, disposed of his movements. What he had for breakfast, how often he changed his shoes, and whether he did or did not tear his trowsers, Jenkins forbore to disclose.

The "sensation" of royalty was exhausted last year. But the interest of this country in the royal family is not so dulled by any circumstances that we can hear of the possible grave illness of the Queen of England without concern. The rumor that she had shown symptoms of the sad malady of her family is not new. Ever since she has been upon the throne we have heard the same story. The incessant summer excursions, the trips to the Continent, were explained by the necessity of change of scene and excitement. And this summer there are more pointed reports, and it is openly stated that the Queen is partially insane.

As one looks closely at her photograph, the heavy mournfulness of the expression easily seems to portend a mental affection. It is a smileless face. And as you study it the look of old George Third peers spectrally out of it, and reminds you of his dismal story. It is forlorn fate enough to be a queen; but to be a mad queen, that is tragical. And she has been so decorous a ruler; not brilliant, nor beautiful, nor able, nor surrounded with great men, as Elizabeth was; but, on the other hand, so calm, so moderate, so sensible, so singularly fitted to the peculiarities of her place, that every heart is as loyal to her virtues as her Laureate, and sings in spirit with him as he sang in dedicating his poems to her:

"Revered, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,

"Victoria—since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

"And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there;

"Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
And through wild March the throstle calls,
Where all about your palace walls
The sunlit almond-blossom shakes—

"Take, Madam, this poor book of song:
For, though the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule as long,

"And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
'She wrought her people lasting good:

"Her court was pure, her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'"

Du CHAILLU, the African traveler, has been one of the celebrities of the London season. London demands its annual lion as voraciously as the anaconda its occasional ox. In the present case it found a very well-mannered and pleasant prey.

But while the Royal Society saluted and complimented the traveler by the appreciative welcome of Professor Owen and Sir Roderick Murchison—while the Gorilla became the pet of the drawing-rooms, so that *Punch* instantly made his acquaintance and introduced him to all his friends—while the traveler himself lectured, and officiated as a steward at the Literary Fund Dinner, Mr. Gray, a scientific gentleman of repute, began to throw hot shot at the traveler and his travels. According to Mr. Gray, Mr. Du Chaillu may have been upon the coast of Africa, but clearly he had not penetrated far. As for discoveries—why, perhaps not. Stuffed specimens bought where any man might have bought them—at least, said Mr. Gray, doesn't it look so? Because, he added, here is a discrepancy of dates; how could a man have been here to-day if he had been there yesterday? And what, continued the terrible Gray, what shall we say of a scientific traveler who announces that he has contributed novelties to the museum of natural history, yet who copies his illustrations from French works upon the subject? I am very sorry, says Mr. Gray, but I must really make a point of interrogation upon the excellent Mr. Du Chaillu.

It is always very easy to make out a case, as Dr. Whately knows. It will go hard with Napoleon or Julius Caesar, if you insist upon disproving their existence. And while the case of Gray is heard, and that of Du Chaillu is not, the case of Gray is quite strong.

The simple statement of the truth is, that Mr. Du Chaillu is not a scientific traveler in the technical sense, and does not pretend to be. He is not an artist, and he has made two trips into inner Africa. Those facts explain so much that seems suspicious to Mr. Gray. Mr. Du Chaillu's book speaks for itself. He is an enterprising, persistent traveler. In his story he wants to combine the results of more than one trip, and has been, perhaps, careless of some dates, which makes confusion. And if he finds a good representation of some specimen resembling his own, he readily adapts the likeness to his own purpose. The object is to tell the story in the most intelligible way. The adaptation is not a theft. The gorilla, for instance, has been drawn in works of natural history before this book; and in giving the artist a stuffed gorilla skin, and a tolerable picture of a gorilla, corrected by his own knowledge, to draw from, the traveler is in no way to be accused of tampering with the public.

As to the question whether Mr. Du Chaillu does or does not suppose the monkey to be a lesser man, that is a matter which can be important only in the degree of his scientific skill. If Professor Owen said that he believed so, we might all wonder whether the eager young lady in *Tancred* did not speak the truth: "We have been fish—we may be birds."

Du Chaillu's book is a charming and interesting record of personal exploration and adventure. If Mr. Gray has found a prodigious mare's nest in it, he has the discovery to himself.

THE charm of an artist's society is, that he lends you his eyes. Most of us are in the world like children in a library. They see the various print of the books, but that is all. It has no significance to them. So we look out over the landscape into the water, up into the sky; but our eyes are coarse and indiscriminating. It is all green below, all blue above. Then comes the eye of the artist to our aid, and teaches us what we see. Then the whole world is flushed with a myriad exquisite, evanescent, iridescent hues. Then the mountain is not a green knob or a brown cone, but a series of lovely details, blending with each other like the delicate splendors of bird plumage. If you live a month or a year with an artist in Italy, you bring away a very different Italy from that which your neighbor has put into his memory, who has lived at hotels and consorted with *valets de place* for years.

Thus it happens that a great many people pay large sums of money for self and family in the steamer; arrive in England, go to the inevitable Chester, the inevitable Morley's in London, the inevitable Westminster Abbey, and the rest; then cross to France, and pass through a course of the equally inevitable Meurice, the Mabile, the Café de Paris, et cetera; and so on, and so through to Cape Pattypan or the sources of the Nile; and then self and family return, and give out loudly in their conversation and conduct that they have been abroad—have traveled upon the continent—have seen Europe.

J'ne crois pas. No, no. Self has not seen Rome because he has paid huge bills and been taken to the "sights." Self has no more been in Naples because he has puffed perspiringly up Vesuvius and thrown a great copper Neapolitan grano into the viscous stream of lava, and had it fished out by the guide, and then carefully brought it home, as this Mr. Easy Chair brought home, a few centuries since, this identical lava'd coin at his elbow, which now serves as a paper weight—Self has no more been in Naples because he has done all this, than he has heard *Lucrezia* or the *Trovatore* because he has paid the highest price for the best seat at the opera.

Rome and Naples and the splendid secret of Italy are not to be bought for money. If you have no palate, do you think you can in any true or reasonable sense drink *Johannisberger*, such as the Prince Metternich has just sent to Richard Wagner, the diamond wine, the golden? You may swallow a liquid and quench your thirst. You may buy each drop with a pearl. You may boast of the beverage, and show the glass. You may be known as the man who drank *Johannisberg* by the gallon. *J'ne crois pas.* Can you buy a palate?

Mr. Easy Chair used to know in Italy (those few centuries ago) young artists who had literally fought their way thither through poverty and despair. They lived in the most starving way. They were more truly beggars than many who asked alms of them in the street. They dined cheap when they could afford to dine at all. Sometimes the American Hidalgo, traveling in state, took pity upon the poor fellow and asked him to dinner at the hotel. Sometimes, in his flashing chariot, he whirled him out beyond the walls to the Cecilia Metella, to the Grotto of Egeria, or even through the Galleria at Albano. It was courteous and kind in the Hidalgo.

To him it was an afternoon drive. To the artist it was that *Johannisberger*—the diamond, the golden. The Hidalgo went home, and had had all of Italy that could be bought. The artist had Italy in his heart and brain; and he had it packed in his portfolio in exquisite sketches.

Thus it happens that a great many people never go to Italy until they come home; and then they only see, but can not feel it. There are shreds and patches of studies which a painter takes out of his folio and holds before your eyes. They are pretty, you think. Warm in color—rich—mellow. Why, they are painted with his heart's-blood, they are so precious. "When I die," said Mary of England, "they will find Calais graved on my heart."

Italy is a passion. It is "a woman-country," Browning says, to be loved and wooed by all the male lands. If, then, we are cold, if our hearts do not make responsive music with their thousand chords when they are smitten by her glances, like a lyre by fiery fingers, let us listen to what her lovers say; and we may, at least, remotely understand what the word Italy means. The painters shall hear and see for us. They shall touch with glowing hand a piece of canvas, a bit of board, and Venice or Monte Beni shall magically rise. Painting what they saw and felt, we shall see what splendors are invisible to our eyes except through theirs. And when we begin to talk of "our time" in Rome and Sicily, and count the years and muse upon the changes, the painters shall touch their pencils to their pallets, wave the color-wand, and transport us to youth, romance, and Italy.

—In this wild way talked old Ether, that unconsionable friend who, at fifty, persists in being as blithe as twenty, as he and Mr. Easy Chair came out of the studio of Hamilton Wild, where they had been turning over a few sketches made by him in Italy.

Ma in Hispania, hummed Ether, suddenly turning upon the stairs. "You should see what he did in Spain. I don't want square miles of canvas. I don't know how much room *you* want in travel, good Mr. Easy Chair, but *I* can go to Spain and dance with gipsies, and bow in the Hall of the Embassadors, and dream by the fountained arcades, and feel the melancholy, barbaric moan of Moorish music pulse through my heart, and cry aloud in the mad joy of a bull-fight, upon a piece of tobacco-box two feet long and eighteen inches broad."

What could a patient Easy Chair do but listen to this extraordinary talk, and commend Ether to your sympathy?

THE watering-places are likely to languish this summer. Solomon Gunnybags was asked the other morning by Selina, who is not disposed to give it up yet, whether he meant to go first to Saratoga and then to Newport, or first to Newport and then to Nahant and the White Mountains and Sharon. Solomon Gunnybags looked gravely at his daughter, and replied, simply, "Nary."

"Papa! how can you be so odiously vulgar?"

"Don't you know what 'nary' means, my dear?"

"No, papa; how should I? I am not a fireman nor a *vivandiere*."

"If you were either, Selina, you would be of some positive use in the world."

"Thank you, papa! I suppose you would like to see me in a red shirt, running with a fire-engine."

"I shouldn't object to seeing you making a red

shirt for some poor fellow who is running with the war-engine," replied Mr. Gunnybags, mildly.

Selina sniffed:

"I am sick to death of all this rub-a-dub business! I'm sure I wish people would stop fighting, and fall to polking again. What are we to do for partners, I should like to know?"

Gunnybags proceeded to tell her that he should not go to Newport or to Saratoga, because he wanted his money for other purposes. "It is a time when we are all willing to be poor," he said, "and when nobody feels very merry. If Newport were as gay as ever, I should really believe that we are as heartless as we are accused of being when we are there. No, no: Miss Selina, when husbands and brothers and sons and fathers are at the war, the sisters and daughters should not be dancing. That is the meaning of the vulgar word 'nary.'"

DESPITE the national troubles, which have paralyzed all but military and periodical literature, the beautiful Boston edition of "Bacon," of which the Easy Chair has heretofore spoken, continues to appear, and there are a thousand subscribers to the work. It is so sumptuous, solid, and elegant that, being a work of all time, it is only right that it should not suffer by the ill chances of any particular moment; and as the call for merely temporary and occasional literature dies away in the clash of arms, and yet a reading people must still read, Messrs. Brown and Taggart will certainly find that their undertaking was wise, at a time when all undertakings of the kind seemed to be dangerous.

THE other day a person who will read this sent an anonymous letter to the Easy Chair. Of course, dear Sir, you can not understand the profound meanness of such a thing. If you could you would not have done it. It was only a spurt of spite; a shrug of imbecile enmity. What else can an anonymous letter be? Show me a man who will insult a woman if he thinks no other man is near, and I will show you a man who probably writes anonymous letters.

For, suppose that you think another man wrong, do you not see that if you think so strongly enough to speak about it at all, you ought to speak to him upon your own responsibility? For instance, let us suppose that Mr. Easy Chair has annoyed Mr. Lambkin by something that he has said about Garibaldi. Mr. Lambkin is of opinion, let us say, that Garibaldi is a drunken ape and mowing idiot. When, therefore, he reads that Mr. Easy Chair thinks him a hero Lambkin is wroth. Now, if he speaks to Easy Chair about the matter, and says that he thinks him for this reason and the other reason to be wrong, Easy Chair listens, and knows, at least, that Lambkin has an honest opinion which may seem to be very erroneous, but is yet something of which Lambkin is not ashamed. If, however, Mr. Lambkin sends an anonymous note instead, Mr. Easy Chair smiles because he knows that here is somebody who does not dare to confess his own opinion, and that cowardice prevents the opinion from even seeming reasonable. The instinct of all decent men is, "What can be so contemptible as the opinion of any man who is capable of writing an anonymous letter?"

But an anonymous letter, you think, may be an alarming threat. Yes, it may be a threat. And you think that it may be executed? Yes, again; for every man is at the mercy of a coward. The

meanest of the English soldiers might have poisoned the well whence Washington was to drink. And the danger which is menaced by an anonymous letter no foresight can avoid. The menace is the certificate of treachery.

See, also, what a confession it is. Why does not Lambkin sign his name to his letter? Because he knows that the name would give no weight to it, or because he is afraid that the name would be exposed, or because he is afraid that the recipient, in the language of the rude street boy, would "take the change out of his hide."

Moreover, does not the gentle Lambkin reflect that editors receive all kinds of letters, and that anonymous communications are the larger part? To an Easy Chair, which rusticates in its country cottage contemplating only kine in the pasture, such a missive may be very hot in the hand and explode under the glance of his eye, like a magazine when the spark touches it. But to a bomb-proof editor, to a man immured in the casemate of a sanctum! Go to, Lambkin! Write your terrible anonymous letters to the marines. Catch your neighbor's third daughter on her way to school, and make faces at her, and tell her you will burn her papa's house down if she doesn't give you a piece of the candy she is eating. That is the work for a fellow of your manliness, for you may frighten her.

Adoo, Lambkin!

It is amusing, but not very instructive in these days of war, to study the campaign as conducted in the newspapers. Each paper has its general theory of the essential military movement. It shows how such a step may be taken. It proves conclusively that it ought to be taken. It shows that utter ruin attends any other step. The other is taken and succeeds, and the good newspaper rubs out and begins again.

It was so in the Crimean war. What tremendous articles we had upon that campaign! It was a great pity that the generals engaged could not have had the New York papers served with their shells every morning. Of course the articles were written by the most competent and experienced hands. The shrug with which the hint of the author's name was conveyed to you was overwhelmingly significant.

"The very highest possible authority."

"No?" (in the delighted-interrogative tone.)

"Yes, the highest possible."

"Not—"

Here a nod anticipatory from the editor.

"You don't mean—"

Here the editorial head apparently succumbs to a hilarious form of St. Vitus's dance.

"Well, well, that is gratifying. What's the secret? How on earth did you do it?"

"Enterprise," replies editor. "Must have every thing. The daily *Last Year* and the tri-weekly *Slow Coach* may have what they can pick up; but the morning *Middle of Next Week* must come to time. You'd be astonished to know where those articles are read!"

"Not in St. Petersburg?" replies delighted friend.

"Better than that."

"Not in—"

Editorial head shaking as before.

"You don't mean to say that—"

"Yes, yes, yes, I do. Nothing less."

"Well, that is amazing; and I suppose they do some good, eh?"

"Some good! Do some good! You remember the charge at Balaklava?"

"Yes."

"Well."

"Not really?"

"Yes."

"Well, I give it up. I have always respected the power of the press. I have always thought, etc.; but I never supposed that Jones wrote your war articles."

"Jones! Jones! Blast Jones! Who said he wrote them?"

"Didn't you?" (with profound astonishment.)

"No!" (with voluble indignation.)

"Who does write them, then?"

"Why, *Smith*, to be sure, SMITH."

"Oh thunder! Blast Smith!"

Which of them writes the present campaigning articles it is not easy to say. But we may rest contented. If it is not Smith, it is Jones. There is always that comfort. And the only difficulty is that as neither Jones nor Smith know any thing of the numbers, movements, or plans of the enemy, we can not always feel, as we should like to feel, that they know what they are talking about.

In these mid-summer days there is little talk of opera, and the theatres languish. People are fond of saying that in the Reign of Terror in Paris the theatres were crowded. Very likely: but New York is not Paris, and this is not a Reign of Terror.

The singing birds have fled far away. One, the Patti, has wandered over the ocean to strange groves, and sings to English ears. Those ears are enchanted. Well, it only makes one reconsider Jenny Lind, for her fame was made in England. The Patti has a sweet voice, and warbles nimbly; but she is a child. She is still little past the phenomenon we all remember. Then the English audience was wild with the Piccolomini. Do you think the English a very sagacious audience?

Do not suppose that Mr. Easy Chair—who is nothing if not gallant—is insensible to the charm of Patti. Not at all. She is a delightful little singer. But there are stars of different glories. Is it splendor of voice? Is it magnificence of person and movement? Is it perfection of skill? Is it passion? It surely is none of all these. It is very brilliant, sweet, refined singing. Which would stamp your memory deepest, to hear this fresh lovely murmur of the Patti's voice, or to listen to the farewells of Giulia Grisi, which are simultaneous with the welcome of our pet and operatic darling?

Have we ever acknowledged that we did not appreciate Grisi when she was in this country? Of all the really great singers who have been here—and they are few—she is the greatest except Jenny Lind, and we were obstinately cold. The ermine mantle she used to wear upon the stage in our poorly-filled gilt barn was symbolic. The cold struck her. She shivered. She was not herself.

Only now and then she came out in the fullness of her power and sang. But she lost heart early in her visit. She felt that she had partly failed. There was no enthusiasm. There was rather a half feeling of indignation, as if she had brought to us the remains of her voice and her beauty and her power. "Oh me!" said Tiquet as he stood with Mr. Easy Chair one evening when she was singing *La Vergine Vezzosa* in the *Puritani*—"Oh me, I heard her recalled fifteen times in that when she first sang the opera in Paris—and now, oh! oh!"

"Oh! oh!" indeed! Was it her fault that she had not found the fountain of youth? Was it her fault that at forty-five she was no longer sixteen? Was she not *Lucrezia* still, and *Norma*, and *Semiramide*?

You will find pleasant reading in Anthony Trollope's "Orley Farm," which appears monthly in these pages; or, indeed, in any of his novels. They are very skillfully and neatly done. They have a thoroughly English tone and flavor, and the British complacent and rubicund complexion. They will be invaluable to the New Zealander when he arrives to sit upon the ruins of St. Paul's, and wants to know exactly what the general aspect of English life was in our day.

Mr. Trollope's specialty is the life of the rural clergy. One of his earliest stories was called "Barchester Towers," and it is one of the cleverest. In that he describes the life in a country cathedral close—the loves, and friendships, and jealousies, and intrigues, and virtues, and failures, and triumphs of the bishop and his wife and his chaplain and the dean, and so to the end of the chapter. It is not in the least caricatured. There is a kind of quiet, daylight naturalness in his pictures which is very charming. Upon the whole, you are rather surprised that you are interested and entertained. But you are; and you go steadily on to the end, and are very glad to meet the same people again in the next novel.

For in this Mr. Trollope is like Thackeray. He confides in the interest of his characters as human beings. As neither of them write for the purpose of exciting you with a plot, but of interesting you in a character, they naturally feel that your interest makes you want to know more of the character. How will the curate conduct himself as rector, as dean, as bishop?

Mr. Trollope's books are also racy with a dry, skeptical humor. It is not obtrusive. It is not a loud, laughing humor. But it smiles and glimmers, and gives meaning looks all the way. It is the betrayal of the English moral *mauvaise honte*, which is evident enough in Thackeray, but of which Dickens has no trace. It is a tone which says to the reader with a side-wink, as it were, "You know virtue is all very well, but it doesn't impose upon me: no, not in the least." It is not because the author does not believe, but because he doubts whether you do.

Anthony Trollope is now the most popular of English novelists after Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer.

Our Foreign Bureau.

A PRUSSIAN duel has attracted no inconsiderable share of public attention—the parties to it the General de Manteuffel, chief of the Military Cabinet of the King, and M. Von Twesten, Judge of the Tribunal of Berlin. The cause lay in certain aspersions upon the character of the General, in an anonymous pamphlet recently issued at the Prussian capital, entitled, "What may yet Save us." In this pamphlet the General was declared to be a man utterly unsuited to his position, who bestowed commands from caprice or court favor, and who for years had been a complete stranger to the army. Whereupon the General wrote to the reputed author, M. Twesten, asking if the rumors of authorship were well-grounded. M. Twesten avowed it. The General asked retraction; but the Councilor, in a

moderate note, declined. The challenge then passed, and a meeting was arranged, with pistols, at eleven paces, either party having permission to advance three. On the ground a new effort was made to effect a reconciliation, and a paper drawn up with that view was again offered to M. Twesten for signature. He, however, peremptorily declined. The word being given, M. Twesten advanced rapidly three paces and fired, his ball grazing the forehead of the General. The General again asked of his antagonist to sign the paper which had been drawn up by their mutual friends. "At this juncture," said the Councilor, "it is quite impossible." The General turned, stepped back three paces, and wheeling around fired, his ball shattering the wrist of M. Twesten. The King has ordered a prosecution of the Military Chief of his Cabinet and of M. Twesten.

WE alluded last month to the disagreements that had arisen between the British and Prussian Cabinets in relation to the Macdonald affair. These have now culminated in a pithy and trenchant note of Lord John Russell, wherein the Foreign Secretary underscores the saucy language of Lord Palmerston, and gives to the diatribe of warm Parliamentary speech the chilling point and permanence of diplomatic utterance. We quote the most doughty portion of this letter:

"I have now to inform you that if Baron Schleinitz's dispatch had contained merely a renewed record of the opinions of the Prussian Government on the Macdonald affair, and a statement that those opinions had in no degree been changed by what was said in the House of Commons on the occasion in question, Lord Palmerston would not have considered it necessary to prolong by an answer a discussion which every well-wisher to a cordial good understanding between the Prussian and British Governments must regret, and must be desirous of seeing brought to an end; but as Baron Schleinitz has chosen in one part of his dispatch to accuse Lord Palmerston 'of heaping ungrounded reproaches on the Government and laws of Prussia,' and in another part 'of having put forth reproaches without grounds or justification against the Government and laws of Prussia,' he deems it right to state that what he said on the occasion in question was said advisedly and upon full conviction; that he deliberately abides by all that he then said, and that he sees nothing in it either to be retracted or to be explained away; and he is convinced that the opinions which he then expressed are entirely shared by the great bulk of his fellow-countrymen. Those opinions, however, he would observe, were confined to the conduct of the Prussian Government and of their subordinate officers; he said nothing that could justly give offense to the Prussian nation, with regard to whom he only expressed a regret that they should be liable to laws which vest in subordinate and irresponsible agents powers and authority which, as in the case of Captain Macdonald, are capable of being used with cruelty and injustice without any overstepping of the strict limits of the law. You will read this dispatch to Baron Schleinitz and give him a copy of it.—I am, etc., J. RUSSELL."

EVEN the most venturesome, and those who make a trade of venture, find protection under the magistratures of France. If you are cut up on some railway line, by breakage or collision, you may secure ample damages, and the conductor or engineer in fault will very likely repent in prison. A crime of railway management is as much a crime as the crime of a burglar: this we have long known; but the protective reach of the law has just now taken a step in advance; it has punished the manufacturer of a cable, by which two rope-dancers met their death. Five thousand spectators last summer in the Hippodrome were horrified by witnessing the fall of three

gymnasts (father and two sons), by which the father and one son were killed, and the other maimed for life. This year action was brought against the manager of the Hippodrome in the name of the widows of the two victims, praying for damages in the sum of thirty-five thousand francs.

The manager objected that the gymnasts had undertaken their feats at their own risk, and that it belonged to them to have supervision of the cable and make judgment of its sufficiency. If, however, the Court should declare him liable, he begged to transfer the liability to the manufacturer, who had engaged to furnish a cable of sufficient strength for the purpose. This curious case came on latterly for trial; and the Court awarded twenty-five thousand francs to the plaintiffs, and farther ruled that, as the cable was constructed of imperfect materials, a like sum should be paid over to the manager by the manufacturer.

By this thread of connection we pass over to mention of M. Blondin, who is making his aerial voyages in sack and blindfolded, and driving barrows under the roof of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. It is an inglorious use of a structure which was to give by its wonders a cheap art-schooling to the people of England, and which has had for special manager no less a personage than Sir Joseph Paxton. But the rare beauties of the Pompeian and Alhambra courts did not pay; and Monsieur Blondin's hair-brained *trajets* do. The great botanist and crystal architect is voted down by the shareholders who seek for dividends.

WE have made no mention as yet of a French book, of comparatively recent issue, which may well challenge attention, and which in happier times would certainly have found a translator and readers upon your side of the water. We refer to De Beaumont's *Memoir of Alexis de Tocqueville*. (*Œuvres et Correspondance inédites*, etc. *Précédées d'une notice par Gustave de Beaumont*.) A character so beautiful and true, a mind so penetrating and philosophic, have belonged to few Frenchmen of the current century. Born in 1805, and inheriting from a long line of ancestry the most alluring of aristocratic and kingly traditions, he yet became the stanchest and most consistent advocate of an enlightened democratic policy who has appeared in our time. His father was made a Count by Louis XVIII. The son studied for a time at the academy of Metz; and after an Italian tour, he held, just previous to the Revolution of 1831, a humble judicial position at Versailles.

Loving the Orleans family less than he loved the Revolution, which brought deserved punishment for the follies and weaknesses of the elder Bourbons, he entered upon that American exile which fortunately gave to us, in the year 1835, the most thorough inquiry into the character and tendencies of democracy in America which has yet been written. The sagacity and weight of his speculations are the more remarkable from the fact that he was hardly a year within the States, and was only thirty at the time of publishing the first installment of his great work. The success of it was unbounded. He married shortly after an English lady, Miss Motley (much to the regret of his aristocratic friends); and being elected in 1839 a deputy, he joined the liberal party in opposition to Guizot and the King. De Tocqueville was, however, no speaker; his words were too measured, his manner stiff and methodical; he never warmed into any outburst of rhetoric, or cultivated

the arts which command the attention of a promiscuous assemblage. Every one knows the rest: how the Revolution swept away the King—how the calm De Tocqueville became for a while Minister of Foreign Affairs (favoring in this position the French occupation of Rome)—how the *coup d'état* of December swept away the men who had illustrated the short-lived Republic—how De Tocqueville, with his best hopes broken, again devoted himself to letters, fathoming with rare acuteness the subtlest and remotest causes of the old revolution (in his “Ancien Régime”); and finally dying a calm, Christian death down at Cannes, on the edge of the Mediterranean.

A letter of his about the death of Count Molé, in 1855, contains this: “Nothing strikes me more than the change which has taken place, and is every day taking place, with regard to the old French taste for intellectual pleasures. By that I mean a delight in great works and ingenious conversations. Nowadays it would seem that to seek for pleasure of this kind would be to employ time in a way that was dangerous, or at least frivolous.”

And again, in correspondence with Mrs. Grote: “I am surprised at a certain habit of the English mind in politics. In the eyes of the English, the cause the success of which will benefit England is always the cause of justice. The man or the government that serves England has all sorts of good qualities, and that which hurts England has every kind of defect; so that it would seem that the test of what is noble, honest, and just is to be found in that which favors or hurts the interests of England.”

You will have read of the pretty quarrel which has sprung up in England in regard to the authenticity and truthfulness of the recent entertaining book of M. Du Chaillu. The Franco-American traveler has, it is well known, been cordially received by the magnates of the Royal Geographical Society, and has been heartily commended and eulogized by such distinguished *savans* as Murchison and Professor Owen. Apropos to which a good story is told of an affront he has unwittingly shown to the Bishop of Oxford. It appears that the Bishop had invited him to breakfast to meet some half a score of his scientific friends. The day and hour arrived, but no M. Du Chaillu appeared; the bishop met him next day on the street, and proceeding to give him courteous challenge for his incivility, our African declared that he knew nothing of the invitation—he had received none.

“But,” said his lordship, “I left the note myself at your door.”

“Must have miscarried,” says Du Chaillu; “I have seen no breakfast invitation except one from a Mr. — (naming his lordship’s official title), and I make it a point to decline all invitations from people I don’t know.”

The Gorilla, notwithstanding the cool reception of Dr. Gray, maintains his distinction and prestige in the society of London.

Another American success has been that of the transatlantic Italian Mademoiselle Patti. Covent Garden has fairly forgotten itself to rapture in her presence, and no musical triumph over the popular heart since Jenny Lind’s day has been comparable with it. The *Athenæum* alone, of all the London journals which have fallen under our observation, takes exception to the enthusiastic applause, and sustains its dignity by giving a chilly approval to the actress, and a cautious expression of critical doubt in regard to the real capacity of the singer.

OF course American affairs just now gain very full range of discussion in the British journals; among which the *Daily News*, *Spectator*, and *Examiner* particularly distinguish themselves for their advocacy of the extreme Northern views; while the *Times*, *Chronicle*, *Saturday Review*, and *London Review* lean rather to a sympathy with the weaker party in the contest. Messrs. Bright and Cobden, with the great moneyed party which they represent, reserve any very decided expression of opinion until the developments of the summer campaign, and the exhaustion of the cotton supply now in hand, shall force them to quick decision and an open vigor.

THE late meeting of the Literary Fund had for its special interest the presidency of the Duc d’Aumale, whose recent historical tract met with the honor of condemnation and seizure at the hands of the French censor, and almost the honor of a personal challenge from his Imperial Highness the Prince Napoleon. Those assisting at the literary dinner speak enthusiastically of the suavity and good sense of the Duke, and express surprise that a Frenchman should carry off so well the duties of British chairmanship and the delicate *manque de rigueur* of a good dinner speech.

A RECENT pension of £50 per annum, bestowed by Lord Palmerston, as almoner of the Government charities, upon a certain John Close, Esq., poet of Westmoreland, and “Poet Laureate to Pepple, King of Grand Bonny, Western Africa,” is proving just now sadly afflictive to the critics in general. Indeed, judging from such specimens as we can find of the state pensioner’s verses, the premier must have intended a state joke, or an insult to poetasters in general. Mr. Close, it appears, is the proprietor of a small printing-shop in Westmoreland, where he struggles for a livelihood; and if one may judge from his poems, the struggle must be very desperate.

We give a sample in honor of a certain Dr. Rooke, the inventor of a purgative “Oriental pill,” who had sent the poet a package of them, with a *douceur* in coin: and the Close makes return:

Where is the man with such a heart?
A heart so large and free;
Who for a *stranger* felt so keen—
That stranger—it was *me*!

When ill in bed—no friend had we,
To whom for aid apply;
But Dr. Rooke Prescriptions sent,
When we were like to die.

Not merely *Pills*—but dazzling *Gold*,
Oh! when can we repay?—
This god-like man—all we can do—
For him we daily pray.

He had not seen our Portrait then,
Our writings all had read;
And thus he judged of “Poet Close,”
What *Brains* were in his head.

’Tis thus that we have ever found
Our writings most admir’d,
By those who many miles away
Our Muse she has inspir’d.

To Dr. Rooke we (under God)
Owe our prosperity;
He kept us up from Dark despair
In days of Poverty.

Mr. Whitwell, a carpet manufacturer of Kendal, has also commended himself to the poet with “dazzling gold,” whereupon “the Close” tunes his lyre:

Well may Kendal in him glory,
Well may nations chant his name,
When they gaze upon his carpets,
Which from Whitwell's warehouse came.

First at London's Exhibition,
Now to France he hastes away;
There to meet great Cobden musing,
On the Treaty—papers say.

Men of brains and perseverance,
Spread Britannia's name abroad;
And John Whitwell's carpets splendid,
Celebrated—none so good.

See the man! his fine eye beaming,
Full of kindness—love to all;
Oft he smiles on sons of poesy,
Listens kindly when they call.

May success his steps attending,
All his efforts ever crown;
May long length of days rejoice him,
While he lives in Kendal town.

We looked for something even better in return for Lord Palmerston's £50 pension to this deserving son of poesy; but unfortunately for him the pension was revoked, and the poem has not seen the light.

ALL other recent European events are overshadowed by the great calamity which has befallen the Kingdom of Italy. Before yet its union was established or fully recognized even by France; before the lava of the Neapolitan eruptions has grown cool; before a protective line of bayonets is thoroughly organized along the Mincio; before the Austrian army has fairly ceased to be a terror, or the reactionary cabals of Rome are stifled, the master and guardian hand of Italy is withdrawn.

Now indeed, if never before, must Italy "do for herself." Confidence in the ability of Cavour had become with Italians a second faith. No continental nation for ten years past has been so free as Piedmont—nowhere a man so much at liberty to live as he chose, to think as he chose, to speak as he chose, and to write as he chose; yet nowhere in Europe has the popular mind and action been so much and so unconsciously under the control of a single governing brain, and that brain was Cavour's. No other influence than his could successfully have opposed that wild tide of martial enthusiasm which was lifted by the miraculous career of Garibaldi, and which threatened to wreck all the best hopes of Italy in one mad dash against the battlemented walls of Verona. Not another influence than his could have controlled the violent reaction of the popular sympathies after the treaty of Villafranca. No other mind than his could have dealt as he dealt with the Imperial arbiter of the war.

His disease and death make only another story of a brain whose prodigious energy shattered and tore down the frame that carried it. He may have loved good living; the truffles of Savoy and Bordeaux vintages over well; but if he had lived in exile, his naturally firm constitution would have carried the truffles and the Bordeaux. As the case stood, these things only contributed to the nervous excitation under which he has been living constantly for the ten years last past. The English physicians say he was murdered by his doctors; they shudder at the blood-lettings, and with reason; it will take a generation to live down the traditions of the Italian doctors.

Years ago, when Cavour was a simple officer of engineers at Genoa, he was accustomed to take from

the reading-rooms the journals of England and France, and to render into Italian aloud in his chambers the speeches of Theirs and Guizot and Peel—thus preparing himself for the parliamentary conflicts in which he was ultimately to engage. Yet never, except on great occasions, did he rise to any high oratorical level in his speeches. His observations in Parliament were mostly of a conversational and familiar cast; yet having such a winning clearness, and such logical sequence, that they compelled a hearing and conquered acquiescence. Every statement he made seemed true; every deduction inevitable; every vote he asked for seemed to follow as a matter of course.

People bowed to him reverently as he passed to his rooms in the ministry under the arcades of Turin (for he was simple in his habits and rarely rode), but they did not venture to delay him or interrupt him; for he had a habit of rubbing his hands together as he walked, or twisting his lips nervously, as if the labor of the day were always in his thought. He had, perhaps, fewer personal friendships than most men in such station; not because unfriendly in character, but because his great and engrossing friend was—only Italy. And that great friend will mourn him grievously for many a day.

The new cabinet is organized with the Baron Ricasoli at its head, and proposes to follow out the programme and purposes of Cavour.

The ultra republicans of Italy naturally rejoice in the removal of their most *rusé* and effective opponent; the reactionists of Rome and Naples also rejoice, and the Austrian Emperor without doubt indulges in a discreet thankfulness at the death of the man who tore away from him two-thirds of his Italian possessions. But the most hilarious and bigoted of those who give thanks for the death of Cavour are the popish sympathizers of France and England. The ultramontane journals of Paris do not scruple to give praise to God for the removal of the arch-enemy of the Church, and in both the upper and lower Houses of the British Parliament there were found men who offended the public sense and all decency, by obtruding expressions of their satisfaction at that death which is so justly counted a European misfortune.

THE Syrian question, since our last writing, has come, by reason of a compromise of the European powers interested, to a quasi settlement. The Governor of the Lebanon, named by a mixed commission, is to have the dignity of "muchir," whatever that may be, and is to reside at Deir-el-Kamar. Order will be preserved, or an attempt in that direction made, by a militia recruited in the country. The Turkish troops are not to enter the Lebanon except upon a requisition of the Governor, who is nominally a Christian. French and Russian fleets, joined to a few British ships, are to cruise off the coasts for the quick suppression of any mutinous spirit that may appear. The French troops, contrary to our expectations, are to be withdrawn; they are, however, withdrawn with a protest on the part of M. Lavalette, the French ambassador at the Porte, which will rankle like an arrow.

The new Governor of the Lebanon holds office for three years only; after which time he is not to be reinstated or replaced without the concurrence of the Allied Powers. Under these conditions the miserable and decayed nationality of Turkey resumes its nominal authority over one of its noblest provinces.

The Christian people of the Montenegro and of the Herzegovine, now that the Syrian question has its three years' quietus, are querulous for an interposition in their behalf. Meantime they keep alive both their faith and their patriotism by an active and harassing guerrilla warfare upon the outposts of the Turkish army.

The Austro-Hungarian imbröglío still lingers. Austrian troops are doing their best to collect taxes which are refused; Transylvania has not yet settled the terms of a proposed union with Hungary; Klapka is stated to be in intimate counsel with Garibaldi and Kossuth, maturing his plans in Piedmont.

Two petitions, signed by some fifty patricians and by ten thousand Roman citizens, have been, or are shortly to be, presented to the Emperor Napoleon and Victor Emanuel. The first, after giving due praise and honor to the conqueror of Solferino and the friend of Italy, proceeds: "You, Sire, have done all in your power to preserve the temporal domain of the Pope. If you have not succeeded in this, it is simply because it is impossible to restore life to convictions and institutions which are at war with the principles of 1789, and which do not accord with the necessities of the Italian nationality. The moment is solemn, Sire, and we tell you only the truth in saying, that if the Papal Court resist longer the necessities of the time, not only will it prove the ruin of all the moral and material interests of Rome, but even the existence of the Catholic Church in Italy will be compromised. We ask in this matter only that the wishes of the people of Rome should have authority."

The petition to the King is in similar vein—recognizing him as the duly appointed head of Italy, and closes thus: "Rome awaits you, Sire! She lifts her hands toward you. She asks that your flag—the flag of Italy—be unfurled from the steps of her ancient capitol!"

GIVING truce now to politics, we take up this pleasant *on dit* which is just now taking the round of the Paris salons. The scene is a first-class railway carriage upon one of the admirably conducted roads of France. Windows of plate glass, curtains of damask, Brussels carpet, cushions that invite sleep, and places for six. Four of these are occupied; two sitting opposite each door. Three are young military men in undress uniform, the fourth an elderly gentleman, somewhat wrinkled, careworn, and of a quiet, thoughtful expression. His *vis-à-vis*, one of the young gentlemen before alluded to, presently draws a cigar-case from his pocket, asks with the utmost courtesy if it is offensive to his opposite neighbor?

"*Du tout*," says the old gentleman, "I am no smoker, but it is not offensive; I shall only ask permission to drop the window." (Dropping the window of a French carriage is opening it.) The military gentleman accordingly lights his cigar, and the elderly gentleman opposite drops the window.

The air, however, is quite fresh and cool, and the young gentleman feeling it rather annoyingly, ventures to close the window.

His opposite neighbor drops it.

"The open window gives me a chill," says the military gentleman, raising it again.

"The close air is annoying," says the elderly gentleman, dropping it in his turn.

And thereupon the window flies up and down; the *militaire* waxing warm, but the elderly gentle-

man preserving the utmost composure. This play proceeds for a while, until the military voyageur, unable longer to control himself, pulls up the window with an oath, and placing his hand upon the lift, declares that it shall not be opened again.

The old gentleman coolly dashes the glass into fragments with his cane.

"Monsieur," says the infuriated Hotspur, "this does not end so. I must ask your card in exchange for mine."

"You shall have it presently," says the old gentleman, coolly reading the slip of paper the officer had placed in his hand. "*Capitaine* of the — regiment—already Captain, Monsieur—it is a pity you should be so rash; it may bring you trouble."

"A truce to pleasantries," says the officer, twirling his mustache, "I must have your address."

"*La voici*," and the old gentleman quietly hands him his card, on which the angry Captain has the satisfaction of reading, "M. —, Minister of Justice."

As we hear nothing of a challenge having been accepted at the Palace of Justice, it is to be presumed that the young *militaire* did not persist in his bravado.

Editor's Drawer.

LAUGHTER, as a medicine, is not prescribed by our modern medical authorities, though Dr. Solomon, who was great in his knowledge of herbs, thought a merry heart was good as physic. One of the New Haven papers has recorded a fact that must take its place in the books, or at least in the Drawer, to prove that our medicine is good in case of mumps and brain-fever:

"A short time since two individuals in this city were lying in one room very sick, one with brain-fever and the other with an aggravated case of mumps. They were so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of fever would recover. A person was engaged to watch one night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to take the medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud, or to move any portion of his body except his arms; but, seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor and awakening both the nurse and fever patient. The incident struck both the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed most heartily at it for fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patients vastly improved—said he had never known so sudden a turn for the better—and they are now both out and well."

OLD Dr. Levi Bull, an Episcopalian clergyman of Chester County, Pennsylvania, who died six or eight years ago, used to tell of a man and his wife—plain people—bearing the uneuphonious surname of Frog, and who came to him one Sunday morning, just at church-time, to have their child baptized. Without any preliminary observations, they were called up to the font at the end of the Second Lesson.

"Name this child," said the Doctor.

"We name it after you, Sir," whispered the woman, as she handed the baby.

"Oh, but," whispered the Doctor back, "you named the last one Levi, as I now remember."

"Well," said she, in a hurry, "call this one after your t'other name."

And so the Doctor did, and christened the baby by the name of Bull.

After the parents got home, and the excitement of the day had somewhat passed off, they began to reckon it all up, and they saw, for the first time that it had struck their attention, that their youngest darling was bound to go through life with the cognomen of *Bull Frog!*

"FORTY years ago," says a Trenton (New Jersey) correspondent, "the Delaware River Valley, above this place, which now has a railroad on the north side of the river, and a canal on *each* side of the river, then had neither; but the produce of the upper country, at that time sparsely populated, was floated down the Delaware to the head of tide-water at this place, in Durham boats and upon rafts. In those days Lambertville was known as *Bungtown*, from the number of black eyes carried by the rough and combative watermen, who there had frequent rows. Between Bungtown and Flemington, at a place called 'Head-quarters,' there dwelt a store-keeper named John Fernon, who was also an ex-Methodist preacher, but who then, as a lay brother, exhorted his customers on a Sunday, in a room in the rear of his country store. This Fernon was a sort of Hercules in physical strength, and with his stentorian lungs he made the name of John Wesley a terror to evil-doers. Among the boatmen along the river he was known as the 'Methodist peace-maker,' by reason of his extraordinary feats at camp-meetings, where rows with the 'up-river men' were not infrequent. One Sunday afternoon, while Fernon was reading a hymn to his neighbors assembled to hear him preach, a stranger—who had, doubtless, been sent 'on his mission' in the way of experiment—entered the store-door, and cried out,

"Hillo, Fernon! some apple-jack—quick!" at the same time holding out his flask to the horror of the assembled Wesleyans.

"Feron—who was of Irish birth, crossed with the Spaniard (his wife, an excellent woman, was a Scotch-Irish 'Campbell-Kirkpatrick'); and who was of the type of man who at Donnybrook fair annually inquires, with his shillalah on his back, 'Will no gentleman trid upon my coat-tail?'—threw down his hymn-book, and rushing upon the intruder, seized him by the nape of the neck, crying out, as he thrust him out of the door with fearful momentum, 'Here, Devil, keep your men on your own side of the line!'

"At another time, having an engagement to preach upon one of the hill-tops in his neighborhood, he lost his way in the dark upon the rocks, whereby he was belated. - But after a time he espied a light through the darkness, and making his way to it, and being saluted with, 'Brother Fernon, how late you are!' he replied, 'True, I am late, but the Devil will be later finding you among these fastnesses among the rocks. So to home with you, and thank Heaven that your lives are cast in *safe* places!' And with this he dismissed the meeting.

"Subsequently Fernon moved down the river to the farm on which the village of Titusville now stands, where he kept a ferry, a store, worked a farm, preached, educated his dogs to seize and hold trespassers by the trowsers, and raised a family of boys, who raised the neighborhood if any body disputed that John Wesley was the greatest man and

the best Christian that ever lived. About the year 1830 Fernon moved South, since which time no one of his name has had a habitation on the Upper Delaware, though among the 'old inhabitants' there is no lack of anecdotes of his militant manner of enforcing his precepts, derived from the inspired volume, as he understood it by his free translation."

LIGHT BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

MARBLE-LIKE, leaning as over a grave,
Eyes with sad depths and lips tender but brave;
Soft sunlight bathing the pale, rigid brow,
Vainly, no beam can illumine it now.

Over the grave of pure visions too bright—
Over the grave of heart-warmth and heart-light—
Calmly and coldly, moveless all day,
Standeth the statue, unwarmed by a ray.

Twilight steals on, and deep-buried in shade,
Marble no more is the unnervate maid;
Brow to the damp earth, soul-thrilling the groan,
Unchecked the raining tears—poor heart, alone!

Kneeling and writhing with sharp inward pain,
Tortured face raised and quick buried again,
Throbbing arms listlessly laid in the dust,
Earth's light all faded, and shaken all trust.

Dark shadows veiling the ocean's calm breast,
Stars with their kindly eyes, blessing since blessed,
Fragrance from hidden flowers, all vainly woo—
Beauty that heightens joy deepens grief too.

Steals now a soothing voice on the rapt ear—
"Lean on me, daughter, and be of good cheer;
Render not worship that worketh such woe,
Thy nature's deep cravings God only can know."

Hushed is the tempest, the eyes glance above,
Yearns the bowed heart to the Father of Love;
Pleading the low tone for full, early rest—
"Wearied and lone, take me home to thy breast!"

"Trust in me, daughter, and toil on a while,
Guided and warmed by the light of my smile;
A mission of love to the stricken and lone,
Be thine to fulfill, child, forever my own."

Humbly then turns she her duties to meet;
Fainting, yet eager her task to complete;
Earth-shadows round her, but light in her soul—
The Father is beckoning on to the goal.

FROM Omaha City, Nebraska, we have the following:

"About a year and a half ago John P. Merlin, Esq., came to Nebraska City, seeking a recommendation from the Democracy for the office of Chief Justice of Utah, in place of Judge Cradlebaugh.

"Well, the Honorable Judge Merlin, the better to secure the influence of a few federal officials and others, gave a Champagne supper to about forty, at which a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of the assembled company, and which were to be transmitted, with the Judge's other recommendations, to Washington. The following resolutions were read, adopted, and washed down unanimously:

"Whereas we are convened here this evening at the invitation of a distinguished and eminent member of the high and honorable profession of the law—a bright particular star in that firmament of legal erudition whose effulgence illumines the fertile and magnificent Valley of the Missouri River—John P. Merlin, Esq., of Fremont County, Iowa;

"Therefore be it resolved—

"First. That in the intellectual economy of J. P. Merlin are all the elements and acquirements appertaining to

the sound, practical, and profound lawyer, the ever-reliable, stanch, active, energetic, and sagacious Democrat.

"*Second.* That the said J. P. Merlin, for his honesty, integrity, liberality, and indomitable industry and sobriety, is peculiarly fitted for a seat upon the Bench of the Supreme Court of Utah, for which place he seems to us *the man*—the man furnished at this crisis in the affairs of that polygamous commonwealth, as Napoleon was to France, by the hand of a never-erring destiny.

"*Third.* That we earnestly, solicitously, anxiously, and prayerfully petition his Excellency James Buchanan, President of the United States, to nominate and, by and with the advice of the United States Senate, confirm our friend and host as Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah.

"And furthermore be it resolved, that we wish him long life, honor, happiness, and prosperity in this world—that we thank him for this entertainment—and that when late he may be called to *return* to heaven, his ecstatic psychological essence may evaporate to sing for ever and ever beneath the ambrosial palm-trees of that viewless world where the Hesperian Oligarchy bloom perennially for ever and aye."

"After the resolutions were adopted Judge M. rose and said:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—In thanking you for the compliments paid me this evening, allow me to say that my heart swells with gratitude toward you all for the pleasure of your company; and should it be my fortune to receive the appointment I seek, I pledge myself to do all that I can to advance your welfare and that of your beautiful city. And whether I receive the appointment or not, I shall hold the remembrance of this night as a green spot in my existence; for I came among you a stranger, and you took me in."

"The Judge paid the bills, to the tune of something over a hundred dollars, perfectly satisfied that he was almost appointed. The meeting adjourned at 3 A.M., perfectly satisfied."

A CORRESPONDENT from Missouri sends a newspaper slip containing a report of the speech of GENERAL RILEY, in the House of Representatives, February 8, 1861. After a long and heated debate on the reference of a bill amending the charter of the city of Carondelet to a Standing Committee of the House, Mr. Riley obtained the floor, and addressed the House:

MR. SPEAKER,—Every body is a pitching into this matter like toad-frogs into a willow swamp on a lovely evening in the balmy month of June, when the mellow light of the full moon fills with a delicious flood the thin, ethereal atmospheric air. [Applause.] Sir, I want to put in a word, or perhaps a word and a half. There seems to be a disposition to fight. I say, if there is any fighting to be done, come on with your corn-cobs and lightning-bugs! [Applause.] In the language of the ancient Roman,

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base, in a pig's eye."

Now there has been a great deal of bombast here to-day. I call it bombast from "Alpha" to "Omega." (I don't understand the meaning of the words, though.) Sir, the question to refer is a great and magnificent question. It is the all-absorbing question—like a sponge, Sir—a large, unmeasurable sponge, of globe shape, in a small tumbler of water; it sucks up every thing. Sir, I stand here with the weapons I have designated to defend the rights of St. Louis County, the rights of any other county—even the county of Cedar itself. [Laughter and applause.] Sir, the debate has assumed a latitudinosity. We have had a little black-jack buncombe, a little two-bitt buncombe, bombast buncombe, bung-hole buncombe, and the devil and his grandmother knows what other kind of buncombe. [Laughter.] Why, Sir, just give some of 'em a little Southern soap, and a little Northern water, and, quicker than a hound-pup can lick a skillet, they will make enough buncombe lather to wash the golden flock that roams abroad

the azure meads of heaven. [Cheers and laughter.] I alude to the starry firmament.

THE SPEAKER. The gentleman is out of order. He must confine himself to the question.

MR. RILEY. Just retain your linen, if you please. I'll stick to the text as close as a pitch-plaster to alpine plank, or a lean pig to a hot jam-rock. [Cries of "Go on!" "You'll do!"] I want to say to these carboniferous gentlemen, these igneous individuals, these detonating demonstrators, these peregrinous volcanoes, come on with your combustibles! If I don't—Well, I'll suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose-quill. [Laughter and applause.] Perhaps you think I am diminutive tubers and sparse in the mundane elevation. You may discover, gentlemen, you are laboring under as great a misapprehension as though you had incinerated your inner vestment. In the language of the noble bard,

"I was not born in a thicket
To be scared by a cricket."

Sir, we have lost our proper position. Our proper position is to the zenith and nadir—our heads to the one, our heels to the other, at right-angle with the horizon, spanded by that azure arc of the lustrous firmament, bright with the coruscations of innumerable constellations, and proud as a speckled horse on county court day. [Cheers.] "But how have the mighty fallen!" in the language of the poet Silversmith. We have lost our proper position. We have assumed a sloshindicular or a diaganological position. And what is the cause? Echo answers, "Buncombe," Sir, "buncombe." The people have been fed on buncombe, while a lot of spavined, ring-boned, ham-strung, wind-galled, swyneyed, split-hoofed, distempered, polleviled politicians have had their noses in the public crib until there ain't enough fodder left to make a gruel for a sick grasshopper. [Cheers and laughter.] * * * Mr. Speaker, you must excuse me for my latitudinosity and circumlocutoriness. My old blunderbuss scatters amazingly; but if any body gets peppered, it ain't my fault if they are in the way. Sir, these dandadical, supersquirtical, mahogany-faced gentry—what do they know about the blessings of freedom? About as much, Sir, as a toad-frog does of high glory. Do they think they can escape me? I'll follow them through pandemonium and high water! [Cheers and laughter.] These are the ones that have got our liberty-pole off its perpendicularity. 'Tis they who would rend the stars and stripes—that noble flag, the blood of our revolutionary fathers enbled in its red. The purity of the cause for which they died—denoted by the white, the blue—the freedom they attained, like the azure air that wraps their native hills and lingers on their lovely plains. [Cheers.] The high bird of liberty sits perched on the topmost branch, but there is secession salt on his glorious tail. I fear he will no more spread his noble pinions to soar beyond the azure regions of the boreal pole. But let not Missouri pull the last feather from his sheltering wing to plume a shaft to pierce his noble breast, or, what is the same, make a pen to sign a secession ordinance. [Applause.] Alas! poor bird, if they drive you from the branches of the hemlock of the North, and the palmetto of the South, come over to the gum-tree of the West, and we will protect your noble birdship while water grows and grass runs. [Immense applause.] Mr. Speaker, I subside for the present.

THE "Indiana correspondent" can not offer the Drawer any thing amusing this month, but wishes to contribute her humble mite of praise to the memory of a good man who has just "gone to his reward."

"I refer to Robert P. Letcher, of Kentucky, a genial, noble-hearted man. When he was Governor of that State I spent a winter at Frankfort, the capital. My father was a member of the Senate, and of the same political party, as well as an old friend of his Excellency, so that I became very well acquainted with him during the winter; but the little incident I will relate occurred on the first day I met him.

"The November preceding a couple of negroes,

man and wife, had been tried in the Circuit Court of M—— County, for burning down the house of their mistress, a very old lady, who escaped almost by a miracle from perishing in the flames. They were found guilty, and condemned to death. A good many ladies had attended the trial, as they often did when it was known that our best lawyers would speak, and I had been one of the number. I heard all the testimony and all the speeches, and came to the decided conclusion that the woman had participated in the crime through fear of her husband. I determined I would try to save her from the gallows. I scarcely knew how to go to work to accomplish my object. All girls of sixteen are keenly alive to ridicule, and I was so much afraid of being laughed at that I kept my intentions to myself. Judge R——, the presiding Judge, had postponed passing sentence of death upon the poor creatures until the last day of the term. For many years he had been in the habit of making our house his home while his court was in session. I was a great favorite with him; and when I begged him to give them a 'long day,' he readily granted my request.

"In a few days after we went to Frankfort. I had made up my mind to go directly to Governor Letcher and ask him to pardon the woman; so the morning after I reached there I started out alone, without imparting my plans to my father or elder sister. I knew that the Governor transacted business in a room adjoining the office of the Secretary of State. With a heart beating loud enough to be heard, I found myself at the door of the room. I dared not give myself time to reflect. I knew if I hesitated an instant I would surely *run*. I gave a tremendous rap; it sounded like thunder in my ears, and in a moment I was face to face, for the first time, with Governor Letcher.

"I shall never forget the kind smile and pleasant voice with which he greeted me. 'Come in, my child,' he said, 'and tell me what you want with me; but sit down, you look a little frightened; though I don't think you can be afraid of *me*.' I first told him my name, and who was my father; then I scarcely knew how to begin my petition, but his whole manner and appearance was so *good* that I soon overcame my timidity. I told him the whole story: how the woman's husband had escaped from the county jail a day or two after their sentence had been passed; how she could have done so at the same time if she had been willing to desert her little baby; how young she was, and how—even to a poor slave—how dreadful to die such an awful death, and leave her poor baby forever. I don't remember all I said, but I plead with my whole heart, and became so much excited that I wound up by bursting into tears. Dear old man! I don't think that his eyes were quite dry. 'My dear child,' he said, after a short pause, 'it is very unusual to grant a pardon unless some petition is sent—signed by a sufficient number of respectable citizens—or some written appeal, to place upon record, to show that the Executive has not without good reasons interfered with the execution of the laws of the State. But I will do this: I will grant the woman a reprieve of six weeks; and,' continued he, 'I am sure you know some young gentleman who, for the sake of pleasing you, will draw up a petition and circulate it through your county; and if he can get even twenty names to it you shall have the pardon.' I thanked him over and over again; and he took me with him to the proper office, that I might see for myself that the reprieve was sent off immediately. I am

making my story too long, but will close it in as few words as possible. I *did know* the sort of young gentleman he had referred to; and the same mail that carried the reprieve also carried an account of my interview with the Governor. In a few days my young friend sent me the result of his labors—a petition more numerous signed than I had dared to hope for. I rushed off with it to his Excellency. He seemed almost as delighted as I was; and as he handed me the pardon he placed his hand on my head, and smoothing the curls that had become rather disordered by my rapid movements, he said to me, 'Remember, L——, that any favor you can ask of old Bob Letcher will be granted as willingly as it would have been to a child of my own, had God seen fit to bless me with one.' Then he added words of praise that I can not place here, but I treasure them still in my heart. I loved him dearly, and will always revere his memory as one of the best men I ever knew."

"ADDIE's father and uncle have always been partners, till the firm name of A. B. and C. D. Root has become a household word, not only in both families, but the whole neighborhood. It is no great wonder, then, she made the following strange mistake the other day. Her mother had taken her down to the cemetery to visit the grave of her little sister Mary, which has just been adorned with a beautiful headstone. For a long time Addie stood gazing intently at the inscription, whose letters were somewhat different from those in her spelling-book. At last, with weeping eyes she read aloud, to the astonishment of her mother, 'Poor thing! Here lies Mary, daughter of A. B. and C. D. Root.'"

"WHEN about three years of age little Florence's sympathies were very much enlisted in behalf of a little orphan boy. One evening, to test her generosity, I asked what she would give him. After she had relinquished her little rocking-chair and all her toys, I asked her if she would give him her new hat (it was a very pretty open straw, trimmed with blue ribbons)? For a moment her eyes were downcast, and her lip quivered at the enormity of the sacrifice; but suddenly a happy thought presented itself, and, with blue eyes upraised, she said, beseechingly, 'Oh, auntie, 'twould fweeze him to def; *it's all full of holes!*'"

AUNT KE-ZI (*as they used to call her*). "Johnny, the pump won't work, and there's a case-knife missin'; I presume you've bin puttin' on't down the pump. Did you do so?"

JOHNNY (*very firmly*). "No, Auntie, I *didn't*;" and to this he pertinaciously stuck, in spite of Aunty's efforts to get him to "fess."

The pump had to come up, and then it was discovered that it *was* the case-knife, and nothing else, which had interfered with its valvular arrangements. Johnny was in for it.

AUNTY. "Johnny, why were you so wicked as to tell me a lie about that case-knife? Why didn't you remember what I told you about Washington?"

"Oh," said Johnny, "Washington said he *couldn't* tell a lie. He *couldn't*, and I *could!* AHA!"

The interjection had an accent which only a six-year old could give, and his novel interpretation of the Washington anecdote saved him "a birching."

THE early divines of New England were noted for their precision of habit, even in trifling matters.

Dr. Jonathan Edwards, when a boy, felt obliged to leave his shoes in a particular place overnight; and when once, by accident, he forgot this duty, he left his bed and rectified the disorder.

Dr. Hopkins, of Newport, could not sleep unless he knew precisely where his gloves were. Dr. West would come home from Hartford on the Saturday of election week—not Friday, but Saturday—and would turn the corner to go up from the plain to the hill where he lived at half past ten o'clock in the morning. For the winding up of his watch he had his fixed time. He studied in one place, had certain regular movements in his study chair, and left two cavities as the impress of his feet upon the floor.

Rev. Dr. Harris relates the following incident of Dr. Emmons, another of these punctilious worthies: "Having served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, I went to read theology with Dr. Emmons; as I was expecting to remain several months a member of his family, he felt that he might be more free with me than with other strangers, and he wished to lose no time in training me to habits of order. After I had taken my seat with him by the fire, a brand fell upon the hearth; and as I was the younger man, and withal the pupil, I arose and put the brand in its place, but put the tongs on the left of the jamb. The Doctor instantly removed the tongs to the right of the jamb. In a few minutes more, the fire fell down the second time; I rectified the matter, and put the tongs again on the left of the fire-place. The Doctor rose again, and put them on the right. Soon the brands fell the third time, and as the Doctor's movements had appeared to me somewhat singular, I determined to find out what they meant. Having adjusted the brands, therefore, I placed the tongs, designedly, along with the shovel, at my left. My teacher then arose, and having corrected my third error, looked significantly in my face and said: 'My young friend, as you are going to stay with me, I wish to tell you now that I keep my shovel at the left of my fire, and my tongs at the right.' From this incident I learned one of the most useful maxims of a theologian: never to put on the left hand what belongs to the right; never to place together what ought to be kept separate; always to discriminate between things that differ; and to be accurate in small things as well as great."

Another anecdote illustrates the dignity of this New England minister. His salary never amounted to more than five hundred dollars a year, and he never intimated a wish to have it raised. He never went but once in seventy-six years to the treasurer of the parish in order to receive the pittance due to him. The treasurer knew perfectly that when the "pay-day" came he was to visit the parsonage, and take with him the hard-earned salary. But one year a new treasurer was elected, who thought it advisable that all the creditors of the parish should wait on him for the payment due to them, rather than be waited upon by him for their own benefit. The salary day came. He remained at home to receive the Doctor's call, but the Doctor remained in his study. The next day passed, and the next, and at length came the eleventh day, when, each party waiting for the other, there seemed to be a growing difference of opinion between the man who taught the people and the man who kept the bag. At last the treasurer saw the neat carriage driving up to his front door, and the three-cornered hat in the carriage. The Doctor alighted from the chaise, holding his reins and his whip. He knocked; the door was opened.

"Is Mr. A—— at home?"

"He is."

"I should be glad to see him."

Mr. A—— came and stood before his minister.

"Good-morning, Sir," was the minister's word.

"Good-morning, Sir," was the treasurer's reply.

"I have been expecting," added the minister, "for eleven days to see you at my house. Good-by, Sir;" and he added no more, but his fleet horse took him back straight to the parsonage, and the treasurer followed him before noon, carrying the delayed salary, and resolving to try no more experiments.

A neighboring minister, who held different views from Emmons, once wrote him the following curt note:

May 1.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have read your sermon on the Atonement, and have wept over it.

"Yours, affectionately, A. B. C——."

The epistle was no sooner read than the following reply was written and sent to the post-office:

May 3.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read your letter, and laughed at it.

Yours,

"NATHANIEL EMMONS."

When a young man had preached a whole system of theology in one discourse, the Doctor asked him, on leaving the pulpit, "Do you ever mean to preach another sermon?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What have you got to say? you've preached about every thing this morning."

When one of his former pupils had delivered an oratorical sermon, and had waited in vain for some commendation from his teacher, he ventured to expedite the compliment by saying, "I hope I have not wearied your people by the *length* of my discourse."

"No, nor by its *depth*," was the reply.

A favorite clergyman undertook to apologize for the exuberance of metaphor in one of his discourses preached in Dr. Emmons's pulpit; but he was interrupted by the assurance, "My people are like the blacksmith's dog, not afraid of sparks."

A preacher once complained to him, "I find my greatest difficulty in drawing the inferences in my sermons."

"No doubt," was the Doctor's reply; "for you have nothing to draw them from."

There was a physician in the neighborhood of Franklin, where Dr. Emmons preached for seventy-one years, who was corrupting the minds of men by his Pantheism. This physician being called to a sick family in the Franklin parish met the Franklin minister at the house of affliction. It was no place for a dispute. It was no place for any unbecoming familiarity with the minister. It was no place for a physician to inquire into the age of the minister, especially with any intent of entangling him in a debate, and, above all, where the querist was too visionary for any logical discussion. But the abrupt question of the pantheist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, Sir; and how old are you?" came the quick reply.

"As old as the creation, Sir," was the triumphant response.

"Then you are of the same age with Adam ^{ad}_{ak} Eve?"

"Certainly; I was in the garden when they ^{me}were."

"I have always heard that there was a third per-

son in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was *you*."

The pantheist did not follow up the discussion.

WHILE Dr. Franklin was in France, a friend of his in Boston wrote to him that a town in the vicinity of Boston had chosen his name by which to be known in the world, and he presumed, as they had no bell with which to summon the people to meeting on the Sabbath, a present of such an instrument from him would be very acceptable, especially as they were about erecting a new meeting-house.

The Doctor wrote in reply that he presumed the people in FRANKLIN were more fond of *sense* than of *sound*; and accordingly presented them with a handsome donation of books for the use of the parish.

A WELSH parson preaching from the text, "Love one another," told his congregation that, in kind and respectful treatment to our fellow-creatures, we are inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in his own parish that once met on a bridge that was so narrow they could not pass without one thrusting the other off into the river. "And," continued he, "how do you think they acted? I will tell you: one goat laid himself down and let the other leap over him. Ah, beloved! let us live like goats."

IN the early days of New Hampshire railroads gentlemen were sometimes selected for directors, in addition to other reasons, because they had influence as politicians, etc., and not for any special knowledge they might possess in regard to railroads. On one occasion, when the "Board" of a road in the process of construction assembled, the various communications in regard to labor and supplies were read. Among these was a letter from a Boston iron importer desiring to supply the road with chairs. When this was passed to one of the more verdant directors, he read it, and, turning to his neighbor, exclaimed, "Chairs! one, two, three, four, five, six, seven of us—humph! Great business, ain't it?"

LITTLE JESSIE had a gossiping nurse-maid who, to save time and trouble, had been used to frighten the child in order to make her lie quiet at night. As the child was especially afraid of rats, she was often told that they would come to her unless she lay still and went to sleep. Being away from home, on a visit with her parents, Jessie missed the nightly excitement of fear, and was more wakeful than her wont for some time, until she discovered a remedy for this evil. Here it is, as she related it to her maid Nanny, after her return home:

"After I was undressed and had said my prayers," said she, "I used to stand up on the side of the bed and say 'Rats!' 'rats!' and then I fell down, and was just as 'fraid as I could be, and covered up my head, and went right to sleep."

At a Conference meeting, held somewhere in the northern part of our State during the great revival season of '58, were present, among others, Brother Brown—a weak, shy, but good man, considerably "forehanded," and a childless widower—and Sister *and* a strong-minded spinster, somewhat loud of na and fluent of speech, who, report said, was not averse to the thought of securing the control of Brother Brown and his fine house and farm.

In due course of proceedings Brother Brown was

called on to relate his experience. As usual, he was humble and slow of speech; "he had very little to say—could not speak to the edification of the brethren and sisters—the time would be better occupied by others. For his part, he felt that it became him to be silent, and that his place was behind the door of the sanctuary." And so he sat down, and Sister Ames was soon after called on to speak. She too was humble and subdued; had little to say, and that in a low tone; and concluded by remarking that she felt that "her place was to sit behind the door with Brother Brown." Not even the solemnity of the occasion could prevent the meaning smile that ran round that circle of grave faces.

THE city of Salem, Massachusetts, once rivaled Boston in the extent and importance of its trade, but within the last fifty years it has fallen from its high estate, and dwindled into comparative insignificance. The people of this ancient burgh are very sore on this point, and their sensitiveness gives the point to the following, which occurred not many years ago:

A merchant of Salem meeting a friend from the adjoining town of Marblehead told him that he had been over to that town to engage summer lodgings for his family by the sea-shore, that his children might have the benefit of the pure air and green fields; and, in playful allusion to the well-known propensities of the urchins of that town, he added, "And, strange to say, for once the boys didn't *mock* me as I went along." The Marbleheader, a little touched, humphed once or twice, and said, as he walked away, "I don't see why you want to run such risks in sending your children to our town at all; the air of Salem is pure enough, and there is grass enough for them to play on *in any of your streets*."

'TIS ALL ONE TO ME.

A SONG BY A CONTENTED FELLOW.

Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one,
Whether I've money or whether I've none.

He who has money can buy him a wife,
And he who has none can be free for life.

He who has money can trade if he choose,
And he who has none has nothing to lose.

He who has money has cares not a few,
And he who has none can sleep the night through.

He who has money can squint at the fair,
And he who has none escapes from much care.

He who has money can go to the play,
And he who has none at home can stay.

He who has money can travel about,
And he who has none can do without.

He who has money can be coarse as he will,
And he who has none can be coarser still.

He who has money can drink the best wine,
And he who has none with the gout will not pine.

He who has money the cash must pay,
And he who has none says, "Charge it, pray."

He who has money must die some day,
And he who has none must go the same way.

Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one,
Whether I've money or whether I've none.

"IN a little village in the northern part of the State of New York lives a worthy deacon by the name of Hone.

"This same deacon was blessed with a very long

nose, which was a continual source of disquietude to him, for whenever he appeared in sight the village boys used to cry out, 'Here comes Deacon Hone's nose!' One Sunday morning, perceiving one or two little sores on the tip end of that very conspicuous feature, he applied a small piece of court-plaster to it. While crossing the floor the plaster dropped off, and the Deacon stooped down, picked up what he supposed to be the plaster, put it on again, and went off to church. In the course of the morning, while taking up the collection, he noticed that almost every one was smiling and pointing at him. It did not trouble him much, however, and he soon forgot it in listening to the sermon. On returning home he went up to the looking-glass, and to his utter mortification and chagrin, he found that instead of the court-plaster he had picked up and applied to his nose the round label belonging to a spool of cotton, 'warranted 200 yards long.'

"THE science of 'Object Teaching,' from the German method, has lately been introduced into the primary Ward schools of our city. While one of our principals was making his monthly tour of examinations, he came into a room containing some sixty or seventy little girls between the ages of five and eight. Taking up a book, he saw the word 'deer;' and after describing this animal, its habits, beauty, swiftness, etc., he asked them about the word 'dear.' They knew this word, and told him readily that they had dear mothers, dear brothers, and other dear friends. 'Well,' said he, with archness in his look and tone, 'children, what will be dear to you after a while? what will you have dear when you grow up?'

"There was quite a pause. At length one sweet little girl of six rose, clapping her hands, and said, 'I know, Mr. O——; we shall have dear little babies.'

COLLEGE boys are great rogues. It was shortly after the Mexican War, and Barnes delivered himself of a "spread eagle" on that interesting question. It was furious, gesticulatory, verbose—"sound and fury," signifying nothing. The boys applauded vigorously throughout, especially whenever the speaker intended to make a hit. After the exercises were over, the boys crowded around Barnes to congratulate him on his great effort. Barnes stood it very well for some time, with modest look and downcast eyes. At last one of the boys, as a sort of climax to the *stuffing*, remarked, "Why, Barnes, you are the greatest orator that ever lived. Cicero and Demosthenes were nowhere compared with you!" This was too much for poor Barnes's vanity. Casting up a shy and half timid look, he said, "Gentlemen, *I am only eighteen!*"

A CORRESPONDENT in Wirt County, Virginia, describes a rich and brilliant scene:

"A gentleman in the oil region of Western Virginia was boring for oil on his lands, and anxious to complete the job, kept his darkeys at work night and day. The nights were cold, and a fire was built near the well. About midnight they struck a vein of gas, which rushed out with great force, and igniting from the fire, shot up a stream of brilliant flame one hundred and fifty feet in the air, illuminating the country round. The terrified darkeys broke for their master's house and cried out, 'Get up, Massa Tompkins, get up! we've broke through into hell!'"

SEVERAL years ago the circuit court was in ses-

sion at —, Wisconsin, Judge — presiding. A man was on trial for some violation of the law to suppress gambling. Mr. K—— was defending him. The witness upon the stand talked glibly of "*checking*," "*passing*," "*going blind*," etc. The defendant's counsel seemed to understand the terms without difficulty. The Judge, who enjoyed a joke, said to him, "Mr. K——, you seem to understand the witness; will you explain the terms used by him?" A scarcely suppressed laugh ran through the courtroom. But K—— was equal to the emergency; he walked deliberately up to the Judge's bench, and reaching out his hand in the most innocent manner in the world, answered, "Certainly, Sir, certainly, if your Honor will be kind enough to lend me your *deck*."

WHEN the Rev. Mr. W—— first graduated at the University of Vermont the Methodist Conference licensed him to exhort. During his peregrinations as an exhorter he gave a course of lectures at the town of Johnson upon the "Middle Ages." At the next meeting of the Conference, W—— applied for a renewal of his license, and the resident minister of Johnson opposed indefinitely. W—— pinned him for a formal reason, and he finally stated that, "During the past winter, Brother W—— had preached at Johnson upon the 'Middle Ages,' and said in his discourse that the Church rose and waxed strong, like the Phoenix; and he did hope and pray that the Conference, for the honor of all, would not renew the license of a man who compared the Methodist Church to a horse." The worthy minister had heard of a noted horse of that name, and he supposed Mr. W—— referred to him in his lecture.

ONE of our correspondents in the army of the West writes to the Drawer:

"Being in camp (one of the 84,000 sons of Ohio who responded to the President's call upon this State for 13,000), I use a moment's leisure to dot down the following experiences of the last day or two among the volunteers.

"One raw captain of a rural company yesterday marched his men into the long narrow mess-booth for the first time. After dinner, feeling anxious to bring them out in military order, and thinking it wrong to have the left in front under any circumstances, he ordered the separated ranks to counter-march where there was not room to execute the movement. The result, of course, was great confusion. The captain raved, swore, and commanded impossible things. Result, still greater confusion. At last the men poured out of the doors pell-mell like sheep. The disgusted captain, placing his back against a tree, shouted the only command they could obey, thus: '*Any way you please, hang you — MARCH!*'

"Another captain (lately a railroad conductor) was drilling a squad, and while marching them by flank turned to speak to a friend for a moment. On looking again toward his squad he saw they were in the act of 'butting up' against a fence. In his hurry to halt them he cried out, '*Down brakes! down brakes!*'

"Still another one wanted yesterday to leave the squad he was drilling for a moment, and brought them to the 'rest' in this style: 'Squad, break ranks! *but if any of you leave your places till I come back, I will have you put in the guard-house!*'"

"BEING at Camp Wilkins (at or near Pittsburgh)

last week," writes a friend, "while watching the evolutions of a battalion drill, a captain of one of the companies attracted my attention. I turned to my friend and inquired his name. 'Why,' said he, 'that is the famous John W. Dean.' I said, 'Why famous? I never heard of him.' 'He is famous for the form of oath he administered to his men at their enlistment; which was this: 'You solemnly swear to obey, fight for, and maintain the laws of the Federal Government and Constitution, and support John W. Dean for Captain of this Company.'" Upon inquiry, I learned that the reason the last clause was inserted was because he had been quite active in getting up a company before, and when they elected their officers he was left out; so this time he was determined to make it sure.

"After the company was filled they met for the purpose of electing officers. Being formed in line, Mr. Dean stated to them that the first duty of a soldier was strict obedience to the orders of the officers, and any one guilty of any act of insubordination would be dealt with in the most summary manner. Officers were to be voted for *viva voce*. Mr. D. immediately nominated himself for Captain, there being several 'Ayes' distinctly heard. Without calling for the contrary, he immediately declared himself elected. Things worked smoothly, all being declared unanimous, until the vote for Orderly Sergeant, when there was a 'No' heard from the rear rank. The Captain immediately rushed in, seized him by the collar, and gave him a thorough shaking, at the same time exclaiming, 'You scoundrel, how dare you show signs of mutiny and insubordination so soon after the instructions I gave you? Take your place in the ranks, and never be guilty of such an offense again!'

"No instance of mutiny has since been known in Captain Dean's company."

AN Indiana lady writes that she has a little niece, three years old, who is very fond of playing with boys, but has no taste for sports with the little ladies of her own sex. One night the lady was teaching the little girl the Lord's Prayer, repeating it to her several times. The child listened attentively as her aunt repeated the prayer, and finally, at the close, exclaimed, "Aunt Sally, *don't* say 'A-men,' say, 'A-boys!'"

ANOTHER lady writes: "My youngest sister, Allie, is one of the slow ones, and one day she was complaining that we always put her last, when Mary, a little older, whirled round to her, and said, 'Allie, you ought to be thankful that you *are* at all.'"

"A FOUR-YEAR OLD," on a visit to our city from the "little State of Delaware," we soon found was "pretty smart." After trying to surprise her by showing or telling her what we could—but all to no purpose—she was taken to the window to look at the moon, shining beautiful and bright, then in her first quarter, and the question asked, if they had any thing in Delaware to beat that? She answered instantly, and with perfect confidence: "Yes; our moons are prettier than that: it's only a piece of a moon!"

IN one of the middle counties of Massachusetts, a little boy of four years asked his mother what *extinguished* meant. His mother told him it meant to *put out*, as you would put out a candle.

The next day the mother heard her little son talk-

ing loudly to his dog Carlo, in the next room. She went out to see what the difficulty was. "Sammy, what's the matter with Carlo?" "Why, mother, I told Carlo to *extinguish his paw* (put it out), but he won't mind."

RETURNING from England, a contributor to the *Drawer* sends the following epitaphs, gathered in the cemeteries of his native land:

In Barbram church-yard, Derbyshire—

"Here lies Horatio Palavazine,
Who robbed the Pope to lend the Queen.
'He was a thief,' 'A thief! Thou liest,'
'For what?' 'He robbed but Antichrist.'
Him Death with besom swept from Babram,
Into the bosom of old Abram;
But then came Hercules with his club
And knocked him down to Beelzebub."

In Cheltenham church-yard, Gloucestershire—

"Here I lies with my 3 daughters,
All through drinking Cheltenham waters:
If we had but stuck to Epsom salts,
We shouldn't have been buried in these here vaults."

In Manchester—

"Here lies (alas, the more's the pity!)
All that remains of Nicholas Newcity."*

* N.B.—His name was *Newtown*, but that doesn't rhyme.

In Hampshire—

"Him shall never more come back to we,
But us shall surely one day go to he."

In Ireland (in the neighborhood of Killarney)—

"Here lies two babes whom we deplore—
They've gone, and they'll never come back no more."

In Whitby church-yard (Yorkshire)—

"His illness lay not in one part,
But o'er his frame it spread:
The fatal disease was at his heart,
And water in his head."

Also in Whitby—

"Pure, modest, evanescent, chaste as morning dew,
They sparkled, were exhaled, and went to heaven."

A SIGN hangs over a store in the town of Hillsborough, Massachusetts:

"Goods at cost, and More too."

PEOPLE'S STORE.

A FRIEND in Philadelphia sends us the following as a specimen of the obituary department of one of the daily papers in that city:

"So sweet a flower to bloom on earth!
The rose that crowned our little plot
Has withered here, to blossom forth
In a superior flower-pot.
His body lies in Union ground,
His soul has gone to him who gave it;
And shall we never hear again
The prattling of our little Jacob?"

The idea of designating heaven as 'a superior flower-pot,' is irresistibly comic; and few parents, I imagine, are so patriotic as to find a consolation for the death of a child, because 'his body lies in Union ground.' By-the-by, I see by the advertisement that he is not buried yet."

"LATELY, a gentleman, waiting for a friend in Third Street, Philadelphia, observed a party of newsboys who were waiting for the afternoon papers. A well-dressed lad walked up to them. They eagerly saluted him, and examined him on every side, and seemed to admire him very much. Soon a little fellow, with a coat reaching to the ground and elbows out, began to question him thus:

" 'Why, what are you at now?'

" 'I'm in a store.'

" 'What do you do?'

" 'I sweep out the store and run errands.'

" 'Well, tell me. You don't feel as good now as when you were *in business for yourself*, do you?'"

OUR mulatto boy, "Will," was looking over a work on Anatomy the other day. He came to a picture of the venous and arterial systems, as they ramify the body. After eying it for some time in mute astonishment, he suddenly exclaimed, pointing to it, "Miss Laura, *ain't this a man God's just a making?*"

A GERMAN gentleman wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, of which the following is a copy :

"If mine vife hat lived untill next Friday, she would have been dead shust two weeks. Nothing is possible wit de Almighty. As de tree falls so must it stand."

AN M.D., on one of his visiting rounds, was met by Mr. S——, who inquired after the health of a neighbor who had had a severe illness and was just recovering. To his inquiry the Doctor replied he was convalescent.

"Convalescent," says S——. "Well, if he has got that he is a gone case. He never will get well sure!"

A NEW ORLEANS newspaper man tells a very clever story, just about good enough to be true:

"A gay young blood from Texas, visiting New Orleans, found his entrance into the city illuminated by glaring signs and waving banners, informing him to go to Moody's and get his shirts. Arriving at the St. Charles Hotel, the Texan visitor, as a first step in the direction of personal comfort as well as decoration, gave out what in professional language is called a 'wash.' Included in the said 'wash' were some very nice shirts. Our Texan friend entered into the amusements of the town, and enjoyed all the fun usually to be found in New Orleans. The Texan's 'wash' failed to be returned as ordered, and, consequently, his shirts were missing. The day which ushered in this mishap placed also in the visitor's hands a neat little envelope, directed to our hero, in his proper and full name. Breaking the seal, he read: 'Get your shirts at Moody's.' Dressing himself in hot haste, the man of lost shirts presented himself at the store of the man who makes shirts, and whom he was informed had his.

" 'Is Mr. Moody in?' asked the Texan. Mr. Moody was in and desired to know of what service he could be to this visitor, all expressed in Mr. Moody's politest manner. 'I want my shirts,' quoth the Texan. 'Certainly, Sir. Your name?'

" 'Ovode,' replied the Texan, giving the initials as well.

"Whereupon diligent search was made for Mr. Ovode's shirts. The first search proved a failure.

" 'Are you sure, Mr. Ovode, that your shirts are here?'

" 'Positive.'

"Search number two resulted also in a failure.

" 'Mr. Ovode,' said the immortal Moody, 'are you absolutely positive that your shirts are here? There must be some mistake.'

" 'No mistake at all,' rejoined the Texan. 'No mistake at all. Stopped at the St. Charles Hotel, and lost my shirts. There is your own printed note,

telling me to go to Moody's and get my shirts. They must be here somewhere!'

"What Moody did we know not, but our Texan friend told him to make another search, and that he would call again."

My father was an old ship-master many years ago, before shipping-masters were much employed, when every master of a ship obtained his own crew. Being ready for a voyage to India he proceeded to ship his crew, and as sailors at that time were very scarce, to make up his complement he shipped a green Irish boy. After he had got to sea he found that his mate was a man that could not be depended upon, as he would go to sleep on his watch. When the ship fell into the northeast trade-winds, one pleasant night, the captain went on deck in the middle watch, found his mate asleep in the after-hatch and a smoke coming out of the galley. Looking in to see what was going on at that time of night, to his surprise he found his Irish boy had taken advantage of the mate's nap to take from the harness cask a piece of pork, and stole from the ship stores some eggs, and was having a bit of a fry. The captain, in his stern way, being very much annoyed at the occurrence, called out to the boy, "Jerry, I will have none of that!" To which the boy immediately replied, "Faith, captain, I've got none for ye."

A CAIRO correspondent sends us the following letter of advice and criticism:

"DEAR EDITOR,—You seem to be quite uneasy because some courteous friend takes exceptions to your favorite pets—Now to tell you the candid truth it is a tolerably well settled opinion—Amid all the fogs and mist of your easy chair your foreign Bureau and drawer can be found excellent jewels by which to adorn both body and mind—But your Make-peace your Tackeray are insupportable—Among your fashionable superficial literati it is consideered as treason of the blackest dye as much as to be a union man down below here and are lik sheep when they make a break stampede all must follow or the wolves will have them.

"The easy Chair should recollect that novelle writing is only an improvement by our best men upon the old fire-side childrens Spook stories—willow the wisp tom thumb and the two blind men that went to se two cripples run a race &c. &c.

"Now I hereby enter my salemn and everasting protest against any such baby talk. It has accomplished the design all for which it was intended to cultiv a taste for reading with the great mass of the people—But Sir we are a great people—We have beet the world from woden nutmegs to the game of poker from brewing mountain dew by the jugfull to catching lightning and we intend to beet the world Sir at revolutions.

"But we do not wish to protest against story telling by no means Truth is stranger than fiction and alway something to be learned from the naration of facts and no case can have its counterpart Whence there is an infinite variety of material—and there might be a poetical licence or as lawyers will have it a licence to make out a clear case That is all that is required.

"Dear Editor—it is with the kindest of motives that has prompted the writer to answer to the irrepressable demand of your thousands of readers hoping that by clearing away the cobwebs and putting your house in order your readers may be counted by the million."

THE following from Mississippi comes by way of Washington. We do not care to reveal the secret of the "funny" communications that we have with all parts of the country, but earnestly hope and pray that our national difficulties may not be so serious as to affect the sentiments of the Drawer:

"When George Yerger was in the Legislature of Mississippi, Green County was represented by an old fellow by the name of John M'Innis. Jack was a genius in his way, and though excessively green, was a very good and keen debater. One day Jack made some motion which was strenuously objected to by Mr. Yerger, and a running debate ensued. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Yerger attacked Green County, proverbially the poorest in the State of Mississippi. 'Mr. Speaker,' said he, 'I believe that Green County is so poor that if Job's turkey were to go there, in a week he would be too poor to gobble.' After the laugh had subsided M'Innis rose to reply. After some remarks in reply to Mr. Yerger, he said, 'Mr. Speaker, I heard before I come here that Mr. Yerger was a mighty smart man; but I didn't think he was the smartest man in the United States, for we've got some right smart men down in Green County. You might know that, judging from the representatives they send to the Legislature. [Laughter.] But now, I proclaim it to the House and to the country, that Mr. George Yerger is the smartest man I ever saw. For he is the only man I ever have met who could tell whether Job's turkey was a gobbler or a hen.'"

THE stock of "Hard Shell" sermons is inexhaustible. They are certainly spirited if not edifying, and we give them with the intention of removing the prejudice against an educated ministry.

In the county of Pendleton, Virginia, where this sect is neither very numerous nor intelligent, the Rev. Mr. B—— was preaching a doctrinal sermon, and wishing to enforce the virtue of water, he did so somewhat in the following style:

"My brethering, I was once on a time out a hunting, and I saw a great big buck come bookety, bookety, bookety [imitating the running of the deer] down the mountain, and jump right kerslosh into a stream of water and swim over, and away he went, bookety, bookety. Presently I saw a whole pack of dogs come on the buck's track as hard as they could clip it, bow wow wow, bow wow wow, and they followed the track till they got to the stream, and there they come to a dead halt. They rummaged about both sides of the stream; but as the water had washed the scent off, they couldn't smell him on the side he come out on. So the chase stopped, and the buck got safe away in the mountains. Just so it is with you, my friends. You are all a-going bookety, bookety—bookety, bookety, as straight down as you can go, and the devil is after you, bow wow wow, just like the dogs. But presently you get to the water, you plunge in, head and ears, and when the devil gets there the water has washed all your sins away, and he can't trail you any farther, and so you get safe home to glory."

WE give the following anecdote because of its connection with a gentleman who occupies a prominent position in a quarter of our country just now out of sight, but by no means out of mind:

"Many of the readers of the *Monthly* have heard of the wit and tact of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, especially when on the stump. During the last contest for President, Little Alex (as he is familiarly known in Georgia), had an occasion to speak with Rance Wright. Wright's turn for speaking came, and by way of a tale he said that Mr. Stephens had said he could eat Ben Hill for breakfast, Rance Wright for dinner, and Bob Trippe for supper. Mr. Stephens possessing very little storage room, of course this

brought out a shout. Mr. Stephens rose, and, after denying having made any such statement, said, if he had contemplated such a feast, he surely would have changed the order; he would have taken Ben Hill for breakfast, Bob Trippe for dinner, and remembering the advice of his mother, always to eat a light supper, he would have tipped off with his friend Colonel Wright. After this the laughter was on the other side."

It is curious to notice how much we are indebted to our Southern friends for Drawer matter.

"There was an old gentleman in this county who was very much opposed to fox-hunters passing through his farm, leaving his fences down, and knocking out his cotton. His negroes complained to him that 'dem fox-dogs knocked out de cotton mity bad, and he ought to stop em.' So one night he heard the horns of the hunters, and he sends negro Bob out with the gun to shoot at the dogs, as a scare for the hunters. Bob goes out and takes his stand, and along come the hunters. Bob managed to shoot off his gun near the hunters, and, for fear that he would be caught, ran home to his master. The old gentleman rested very uneasy that night for fear that Bob would be found out; so next morning he and Bob walked into the field to see the position of parties. One of the hunters, in jumping a deep ditch, had lost and left his wig, believing the old man was shooting at them sure enough. Bob, passing the place, found the wig, and hallooed to his master, 'Oh Lordy! marster, I'se killed a man! and de hogs is done eat him up all but his head!'"

LADIES troubled by *help* can see in the following some of the difficulties encountered in the region of the "contraband:"

"My story is of a lady who moved from a distance into the neighborhood where she had passed her childhood, and in the hurry and confusion attending the trouble she was compelled to call in a field hand. In the midst of the confusion the lady was quite 'flustered' by the appearance of the wag of the neighborhood, an old friend, who complacently fixed himself to spend the day. Dinner-time came, and with it the dinner; and the lady took her seat at the head of the table, trembling for fear her new waitress should commit some terrible *faux pas*, which would be food for her friend's well-known love for joking. Now there happened to be on the table a dish of baked sweet potatoes, which the mistress requested to have handed to her. As if in verification of the proverb, 'To them as look for frecks, frecks will come,' the girl gave an ominous stare, made a stride or two, and taking a potato *in her hand*, offered it to her mistress, who took it hastily and laid it beside her plate, congratulating herself that the incident had escaped the notice of her waggish friend. 'The *baked* potatoes!' repeated her mistress, emphatically, and as she thought distinctly, though in an undertone. With another stare and another stride the girl approached the surprised guest, and grabbing a *big* potato which was on his plate, carried it triumphantly off and deposited it beside her mistress! Do you think you can imagine the sensation?"

TRAVELING in the western part of Georgia a few years ago, I met a "cracker," a "poor white" farmer, and asked him if he could tell me the population of that county. He answered: "Pitch, tar, and turpentine, and a right smart chance of lightood!"

THE MAN IN THE ROCKING-CHAIR.



man in the rocking-chair has a head which is so uncommonly thick (through) that no other man in town can begin to keep on his hat unless he lets it fall down on to his ears or shoulders, as the case may be. So when Baculus put on accidentally the said *sombrero*, it fell quickly down and rested on his ears, producing the effect here given, and a fat, healthy, good-conditioned laugh from the casual spectators. It may be well that Hinney didn't see him then, for there is no knowing what effect such a sight might have produced upon her. Not that I am by any means sure that Hinney is any thing to Baculus, or Baculus any thing to Hinney (I wouldn't for the world blast the budding hopes of any of my dear maiden readers by even remotely hinting at such a thing so long as I am not quite sure that it is so), though they *do* sometimes look at each other across the table (they sit opposite each other), and I *have* heard them speaking with one another before now.

"Who may Hinney be?" inquires some rose-and-lily miss, with a deepening of the rose, or, perchance, a paling of the lily on her cheek as she thinks of the estimable young magister, and the possibility of—of—any thing that might happen, if, or if it were not for, et cetera.

Hinney, my dear chick, is *our young lady*. Here is her ambrotype, daguerreotype, or photograph, as you please to call it. She is the best housekeeper, the best friend, the best bread-maker (hear, oh ye! *Audite, O homines, qui non sunt sub jugum matrimonium*!), the best keeper at home and of secrets, the best-natured girl, the best sewer-on of buttons (*Audite, et attendite, O viri!*) in the whole region roundabout. She gaddeth not abroad; she spinneth nither long yarns, false yarns, nor street yarn; she nither mindeth other bodies' business nor neglecteth her own; but goeth willingly and cheerfully about whatsoever her hand findeth

to do, singing lightly as a lark all the dear, blessed day through. Why Hinney doesn't get married I can't in the name of wonder tell, especially *here*, where there is a whole houseful of gentlemen (and pretty much all pedagogues); but so it is; Hinney is yet in the market; and, I know it not, but I shrewdly guess, Hinney hath her own notions and her own reasons for as yet remaining single.

Now if I were not such a miserably, unfortunately bashful old bachelor myself, and withal half past the meridian of life, I know what *I'd* do, and that, too, without delay; but it's no use! I can't, there! She wouldn't have me, I know, if I *should* beg her to.

Here is a man, though, that wouldn't be afraid to do it. He is our Dominus Mathematicorum—a wonderful worker of all sorts of crooked and crabbed problems in any branch of mathematics, and a widerer. He can do any question in that line that any body else in the United States can't; and whenever any of the college professors throughout the land find an arithmetical, algebraical, geometrical, or conic-sectional nut with a shell too thick to penetrate, they send it to him to crack.

I said "our" Dominus. He isn't exactly ours, for he don't belong in the family, nor even in the town, but he comes here occasionally to give the other pedagogues lessons (he is also one of the fraternity himself) in higher mathematics. I don't think Hinney takes lessons of him. (Another whisper to the ladies, who are, I know, pardonably curious about such matters.) If she does, I have never heard of it. I know things *may* happen in the world of which *I* may *not* hear. So of this momentous matter I will presume to affirm nothing positively.

"What an awful hombly man! *awful hombly!*"

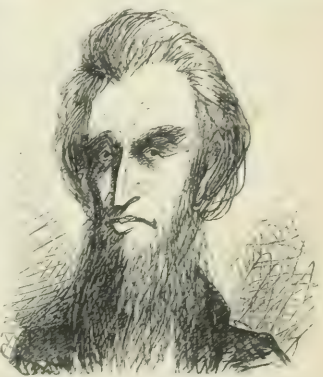
"Who?"

"Why, your marster of 'rithmetic 'n algebray. Who else *should* I mean, I sh'd like to know?"

"My dear Miss! I am sorry to hear you say so. He is a most estimable as well as most remarkable man—a man that has made his mark in the world. Never assuming to be even as much as he is, to say nothing of more, never seeking notice or applause, he, like good gold, wherever he is, is known, and wherever he is known, is truly prized. He is one of the very best and most substantial sort of men, for he is a self-made man. Who ever found pearls floating on the top of the ocean? Who ever plucked golden apples from the beautiful mock-orange? Who ever gathered a bouquet of the flaunting peony for its fragrance?"

"Wa'al, any how, *I* wouldn't have no such looking feller as *that*, ef he was ever so likely. No, I'm sure I wouldn't have such a man as your Dominus, if there wa'n't another man!"

"And I am quite confident that you *never will* have such a man as our Dominus upon any contingency. Butterflies and elephants do not mate. Surface beauty, like paint, crackles and comes off, or is defaced by time. Worth, like polished mahogany, grows handsomer as it grows older. Wise people daub no paint upon polished mahogany. They belong not together."



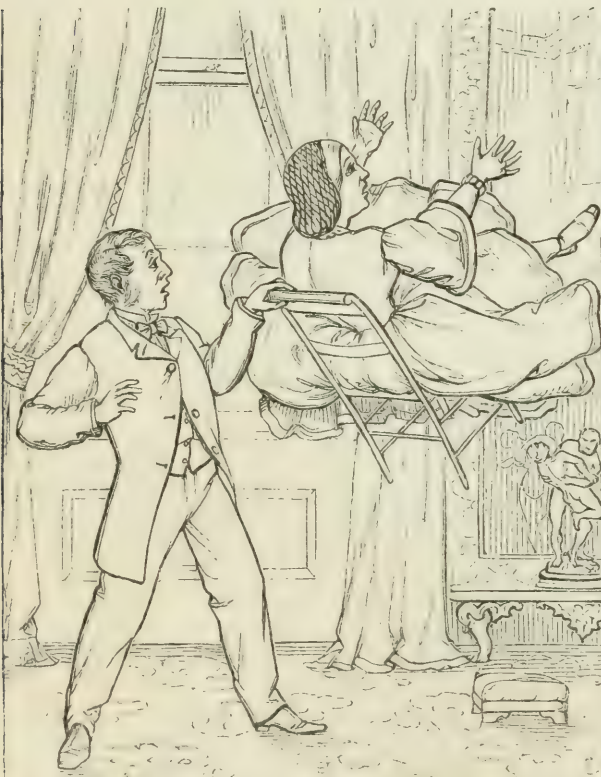
In Medias Res.



Mr. Jones goes to sleep in his library, resting his head upon a theological tome;



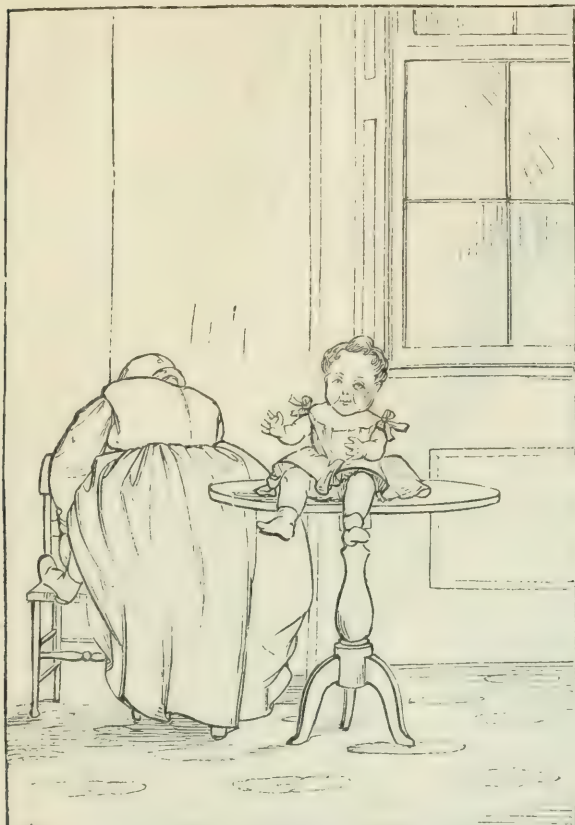
And is thereby awakened to the fact that he has become a medium



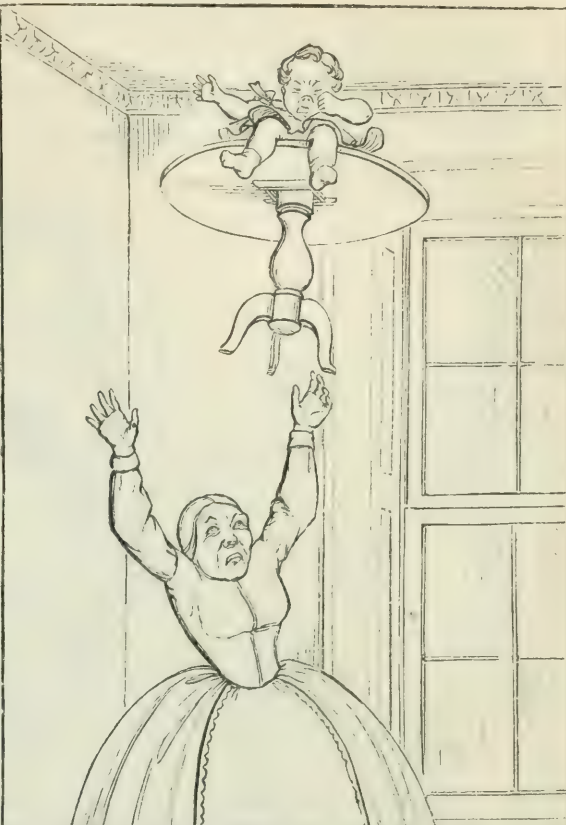
Hastening to inform the wife of his bosom of his newly acquired power, he, unfortunately places his hand upon her chair, with the above result;



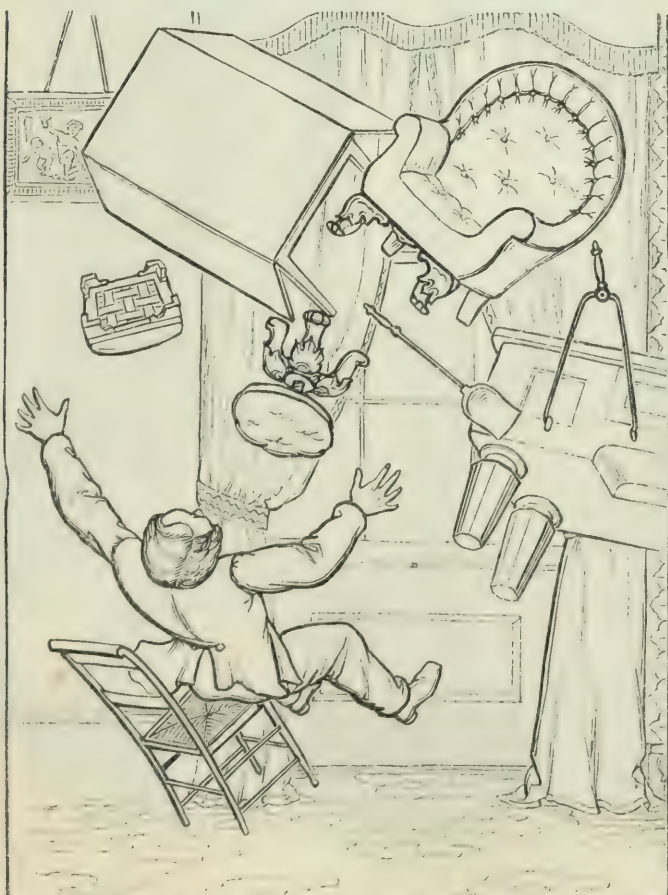
And finds that she too can impart motion to articles of furniture.



*Nurse having occasion to place
baby on the table for a moment -*



*It is discovered that baby is also
a medium.*



*And matters are really becoming very
unpleasant, when -*



Mr. Jones wakes !

Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.

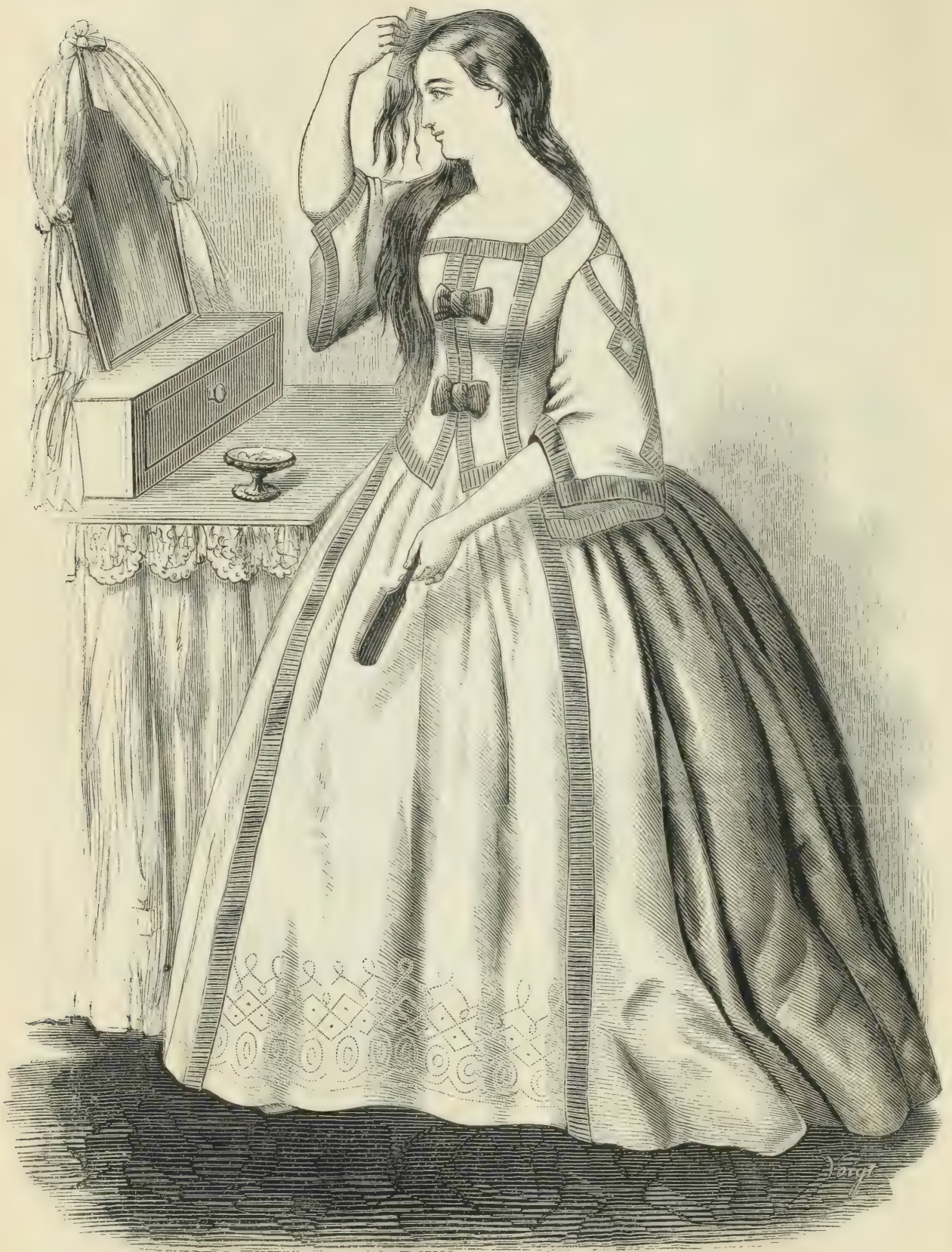


FIGURE 1.—PEIGNOIR.

Of White Muslin, with an edging of Mazarine-blue taffeta ribbon. The front has a mock under-skirt of Nansouk.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXXVI.—SEPTEMBER, 1861.—VOL. XXIII.



STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

THERE are few districts even in historic England that can vie with the County of Warwickshire in delightful associations of the past. Within its borders is the quaint old town of Coventry, where, in the olden time, the good Lady Godiva took an airing on horseback in a

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 136.—E E

very singular manner; Warwick, with its noble castle, where the King-Maker and the Giant-Killer lived—the castle of Cæsar's tower, erected before the Norman conqueror appeared in the land; Beauchamp chapel, where sleeps the red-faced lover of Queen Elizabeth and the Regent of France, Richard Beauchamp; the remains of the regal palace of Kenilworth, with its ivy running rejoicingly and protectingly over its decayed magnificence—the old work of De Monfort; John of Gaunt and the Gipsy Earl; the grand monastic remains of Evesham; Stoneleigh, the princely seat of the Leighs, where Charles the First was entertained when the Coventry men shut their gates on his rueful and elongated countenance, and which was, in “the long ago,” a Cistercian abbey, and granted to Charles Brandon, the lover and husband of the beautiful Princess Mary; Guy's Cliff, where Guy of Warwick turned hermit (if indeed there ever was a Guy), and where Mrs. Siddons used to go to breathe the fresh country air after the fatigue of a London season; the noble Elizabethan mansion of Charlecote; the little sequestered hamlet of Shottery; and Stratford, which but for one circumstance in its uneventful history, had else been unknown and unvisited.

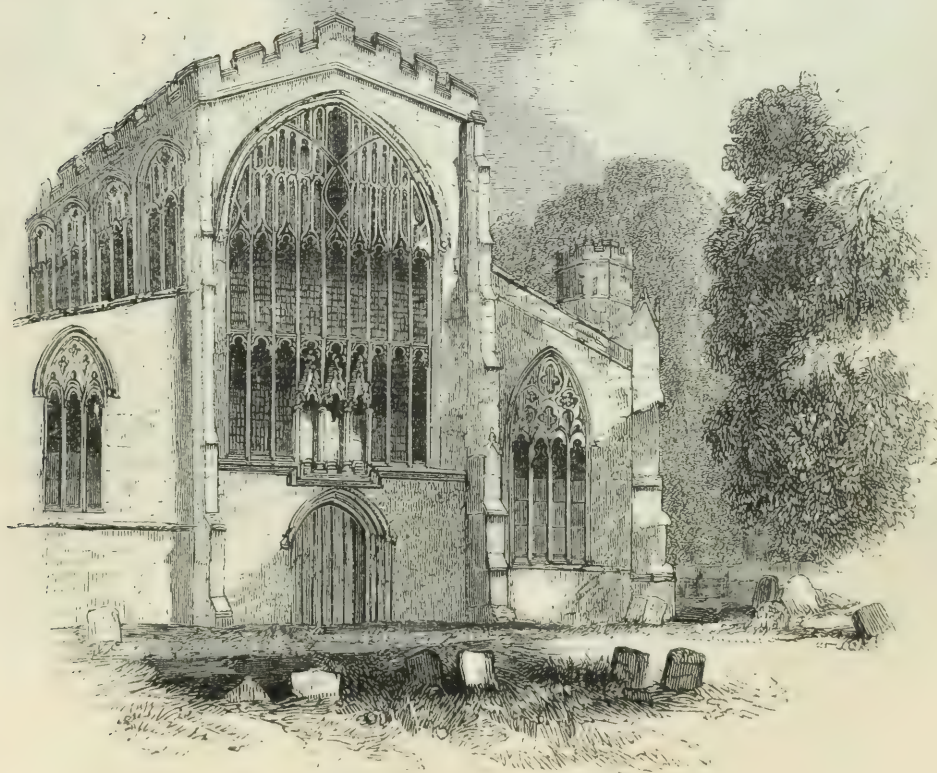
To that spot genius has imparted an interest that does not attach to any other place on the globe. Many a pilgrim has walked the quiet streets of that quaint old Warwickshire village and sought out a rude thatched house in Henley

Street, where, during the month that the trees put forth their buds and blossoms, in the seventh year of the reign of “good Queen Bess,” in a low-roofed apartment with huge oak beams and roughly-plastered walls, on whose surface myriads of autographs cross each other, so closely written and so continuous that it has the appearance of being covered with fine spider-web, was born the immortal Shakspeare. There you may still see the church in which he was baptized and buried; the same sweet silvery Avon where he fished and sailed and swam; the school-house in which he was taught

“Small Latine and less Greeke;”

the same pathway through woods and flowery fields that led the poet to the cottage of his lady-love, “sweet Anne Hathaway,” and the old mansion of the Lucys, intact as in the days of “the myriad minded,” to use Coleridge's happy expression, almost the only epithet of the many applied to Shakspeare that is to be tolerated.

Stratford is situated on the right bank of the Avon. It is a place of great antiquity. The name, according to Dugdale, “was originally given from the *ford* or passage over the water upon the great *street* or road leading from Henley, in Arden, toward London.” In Anglo-Saxon times a monastery existed here for four centuries before the Norman Conquest. In the days of Richard the Lion-Hearted and King John charters for markets and charters for fairs were



WEST END OF TRINITY CHURCH.

granted to Stratford, and in good time it became a town of considerable traffic. The municipal government was settled in the seventh year of the reign of Edward the Fourth (1553), by a regular charter of incorporation. Ecclesiastical foundations were numerous at Stratford, and such were in every case the centres of civilization and refinement.

In the year of Shakspeare's birth, judging from the number of baptisms and deaths upon received principles of calculation, the town contained a population of about fifteen hundred. It was a town of wooden tenements, many of them doubtless mean timber buildings and thatched cottages. During

the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First the place was nearly destroyed by fire, and as late as 1618 the Privy Council represented to the Corporation of Stratford "that great and lamentable loss had happened to that town by casualty of fire, which, of late years, hath been very frequently occasioned by means of thatched cottages, stacks of straw, furzes, and such like combustible stuff, which are suffered to be erected and made confusedly in most of the principal parts of the town without restraint."

The Stratford of to-day is but little changed from what it was nearly three hundred years ago. It has now a population of less than four thousand; twelve principal streets, well paved and well lighted; some modern houses, but for the most part the same old-fashioned tenements that were in vogue when Will Shakspeare was born, and not a few of the identical buildings, unaltered, as they were in the year 1564. The most notable is the cottage in which the most universally-minded man who ever lived opened his babe-eyes on our beautiful world; the Grammar-School, and Guild Hall; the Chapel of the Guild, and the Church of the Holy Trinity. Another ancient structure is the stone bridge over the Avon. In the time of Henry the Seventh a wealthy alderman of London built it, and from that day to this it has borne the name of "Clopton's Bridge."

The view of Stratford accompanying this arti-



HOUSE IN HIGH STREET.

cle is taken from the opposite side of the river, at a point known as Cross on the Hill. The venerable church, with its clear, sharp spire, which is a little retired from the town, where he lies buried whose memory shall be "fresh to all ages," is seen surrounded by noble trees, with the Avon flowing near. The scenery, although lacking boldness, is picturesque. The traveler sees around him, if in spring time, the greenest of all green low-lying meadows, rising on both sides into gentle knolls and rich pasture lands, with the Avon passing through the broad valley beneath; and he may here observe all the flowers of Nature's great poet—the daffodil, the dim violet, the pale primrose, and bold oxlip—and may listen to the lark and his other song-birds. Doubtless "the myriad minded" often sought out this spot, and viewed with loving eyes the village of his birth and the beautiful scenery that surrounds it.

Let us to Henley Street. Here stands the "birth-place"—the small, mean-looking edifice where tradition says William Shakspeare was born. A rudely-painted sign-board projecting from the front of the upper story informs us that "The immortal Shakspeare was born in this house." It is now but a fragment of the original building, purchased by John Shakspeare, with its orchards and gardens, from Edmund Hall, for forty pounds. It passed at his death to his son William, and from him to his sister,



THE HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, 1564.

Joan Hart, who was residing there in 1639, and probably until her death in 1646. Its original features may be seen in the accompanying cut. It was a large building, the timbers of substantial oak, and the walls filled in with plaster. The dormer-windows and gable, the deep porch, the projecting parlor and bay window, all contribute to render it exceedingly picturesque. The changes which it has undergone since the days of Shakspeare may be seen by a glance at the illustrations representing it as it appeared in 1855 and as it now stands. The buildings on both sides of the house have been removed, and the old tenement now stands isolated and secure from any chance of demolition by fire, and around

it and over it a glass house is proposed to be constructed, so that the winds of heaven may not visit its hallowed walls too roughly. This will render as far as possible the birth-place of William Shakspeare as imperishable as his works; and in the years and ages to come our posterity will still possess the great privilege of standing beneath the roof that gave birth to the immortal dramatist.

Unable at first to gain admittance—the birds being the only inhabitants astir, and the good people of Stratford, in common with their countrymen having their habitation in towns and cities, being given to late hours—we strolled through the quiet and deserted streets, noting the ancient and old-world appearance of the half-timbered thatched houses, and passed out into the open country. Drops of silver dew decked each wild flower and blade of grass; amidst the rich fields of grain were armies of scarlet poppies; on every side we saw the beautiful blue flower with its cerulean bells; the hedges and bushes were mantled and festooned and the morning air rendered fragrant by the wild hop, the white convolvulus, the clematis, or traveler's joy, and other climbing plants, all breathing forth their morning sweetness upon us; and as we stood gazing upon a snug farm-house and its sur-



THE HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, 1855.



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN.

roundings, a lark arose with silvery song from an adjoining field, and we

“Beheld him twinkling in the morning light,
And wished for wings and liberty like his.”

What more could any one wish for who had long desired to see and hear an English lark, than, like ourselves, to make his acquaintance in the home and haunts of Shakspeare?

Joining our friends, we again presented ourselves at the door of the “small, mean-looking edifice,” and—the hour being more seasonable—with better success. Ascending the steps we pass into the shop—a cold, cheerless apartment, with dilapidated stone pavement, and hooks sticking in the wall. Behind is the kitchen, which has been compared to the subjects which so frequently employed the talents of Van Ostade.

A narrow staircase ascends to the chamber where William Shakspeare was born, on the 23d of April, 1564. It is a good-sized apartment, but somewhat low-roofed and dingy, receiving its only light from the large window in front. The fire-place projects close to the door leading into the room; an immense beam of oak forms the mantle-tree, from which a large piece is cut out of one corner, said to have been done by an enthusiastic young American lady, while her companion kept the late proprietors in conversation in the room below. The old oak floor has remained unchanged, although much worn. The original ceiling is covered with lath and plaster work, which, together with the walls, are covered with autographs of persons from every Christian land. Among others still to be seen are

those of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Washington Irving—the latter repeated three times. Some of the names are accompanied by stanzas and attempts at poetry, which have been thus commented upon by one among the number:

“Ah, Shakspeare, when we
read the votive scrawls
With which well-meaning
folks deface these walls;
And while we seek in vain
some lucky hit,
Amidst the lines whose non-
sense nonsense smothers,
We find, unlike thy Falstaff
in his wit,
Thou art not here the cause
of wit in others.”

We were equally amused with the following parody on the inscription upon Shakspeare's tomb, the authorship of which,



THE HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, AS RESTORED, 1861.

like that of the lines quoted above, belongs to this side of the Atlantic:

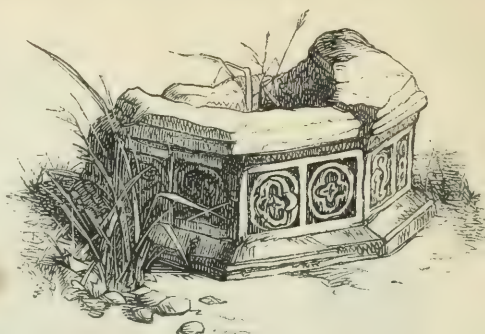
"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
Thy wit or lore to scribble here;
Blessed are they that rightly con him,
And curs'd be they that comment on him."

A melancholy fate had nearly befallen the names and inscriptions upon the walls and ceiling. The old lady "with keen blue eye and frosty complexion" getting into a quarrel with her landlord about the rent, which threatened to swallow up the profits of showing the place, with a coat of white-wash soon extinguished these interesting reminiscences. Most fortunately, however, in her haste she omitted to put in size, which allowed the coating to be washed off and the writing restored. An eminent commentator on Shakspeare, who visited Stratford in the year 1820, for the purpose of gathering traditions, states that he saw the old lady, then upward of threescore and ten. "She claimed a descent from Shakspeare, and had evidently inherited a full share of his love of the drama. Her high ancestral feeling displayed itself by her saying, *I writes plays, and producing a tragedy called 'The Battle of Waterloo.'*" As regards her syntax, she seems to have been what the French critics were wont to call her great progenitor, "A wild, irregular genius."

Among the few articles of furniture in the house—none of which can be considered as belonging to the home of Shakspeare—is a chair whose history has been admirably drawn by Washington Irving in the following words:

"The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspeare's chair. It stands in the chimney corner of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat, when a boy, watching the slowly-revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin, or of an evening listened to the cronies and gossips of Stratford dealing forth church-yard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit; whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say—I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me that though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees that it had to be new-bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice, also, in the history of this remarkable chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter, for though sold to a Russian princess, yet, strange to say, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner."

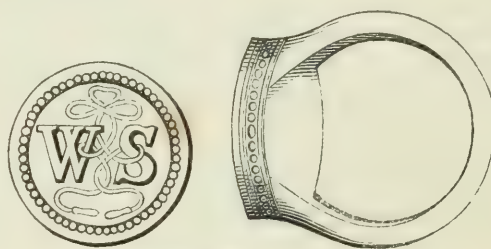
The tastefully-designed ancient font which we saw in a neighboring garden, now but a fragment, is supposed to have been used when the poet was christened, as it is known to have belonged to the Stratford Church at that date. It has a curious history. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was superseded and flung into the charnel-house, and when that was destroyed—



OLD FONT.

some sixty years since—was thrown into the church-yard. This beautiful relic of the olden time was afterward removed by the parish clerk to form a trough of a pump at his cottage. From the parish clerk it passed into the hands of the late Captain Saunders; and from his possession came into that of the present owner, a builder of Stratford.

Our next visit was to the house of a Shakspearian antiquary, where we saw various objects of interest, and many rare editions of the poet's works, including the two first, published in 1623 and 1632. A letter written by Richard Quyny, whose son afterward was married to Shakspeare's youngest daughter, addressed "To my loving countryman, Mr. William Shakspeare," was an object of the deepest interest to us. The burden of the epistle is, that the writer stands in need of the kind offices of his friend, and solicits the loan of thirty pounds. We have evidence that the letter was received and opened by Shakspeare, as a charge appears a few weeks later in Quyny's account-book of "£30 returned to Mr. William Shakspeare."



SHAKSPEARE'S SIGNET RING.

Another object of equal interest, and of which we brought away an impression, was Shakspeare's signet ring, the only existing article that belonged to him except Quyny's epistle. It was found near the Stratford church-yard, and is deemed an undoubted relic. Its owner informed us that he purchased it of the finder—the wife of a mechanic—for about nine dollars, the value of the gold. It bears the initials W. S. connected by an ornamental string and tassels, the upper bow presenting a resemblance to the true lover's knot. Poor Haydon the painter says, in a letter dated 1818, about the time of its discovery: "My dear Keats, I shall go mad! In a field at Stratford-on-Avon, that belonged to Shakspeare, they have found a gold ring and seal with the initials W. S. and a true lover's knot between. If this is not Shakspeare's whose is it? A true lover's knot! I saw an impression to-day, and am to have

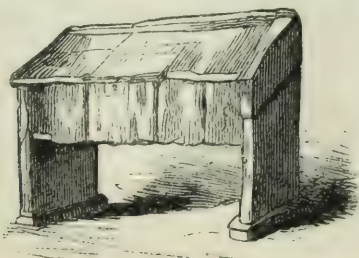
one as soon as possible; as sure as you live and breathe, and that he was the first of beings, the seal belonged to him. O Lord!" Little doubt can exist that it was originally worn by Shakspeare, and that it is the ring that he lost before his death, and was not to be found when his will was executed, the word hand being substituted for seal in the original copy of that document. The true lover's knot indicates that the ring must have been a gift; and there is every reason to suppose that "the gentle Shakspeare" received it from sweet Anne Hathaway—she "who had as much virtue as could die."



BACK OF GRAMMAR-SCHOOL AND GUILD CHAPEL.

The Guild Chapel is a building of great antiquity. The guild to which this chapel belonged was an association partly for civil and partly for religious objects, and had its origin in the reign of Edward the First. The original chapel was erected by Robert de Stratford, in the year 1296. During the reign of Henry the Seventh it was taken down and the present structure erected on its site by Sir Hugh Clopton, a great benefactor to Stratford, and the person who built the before-mentioned bridge. The architecture is pointed and in the perpendicular style of the Tudor period, and is a good specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of that day. The interior of the building was originally decorated with a series of remarkable pictures, the principal being the legendary history of the Holy Cross. They were mutilated to a considerable extent at the Reformation. In this chapel at one time a school was held, and an order in the corporation books, dated 1594, directs "that there shall be no school kept in the chapel from this time following." The occupation of the chapel as a school-room may have been temporary, but Shakspeare may have imbibed a portion of his learning within its sacred walls.

Around the Grammar School, a venerable pile adjoining the Guild Chapel, cluster many Shakspearian associations. It was founded during the reign of Edward the Fourth by Thomas Jollyffe,



SHAKSPEARE'S DESK.

who gave certain lands and tenements to maintain "a priest fit and able in knowledge to teach grammar freely to all scholars coming to the school in the said town to him, taking nothing of the scholars for their teaching." At a later date it was amply endowed by that most excellent prince, Edward VI. In Shakspeare's time the ascent was by a curious outer staircase, roofed with tile, which remained unaltered until quite recently. The interior of the school-room has undergone essential changes since its immortal pupil each day crossed its threshold with "shining morning face." The oaken roof, with its large supporting beams, is now hid from view by a ceiling of plaster work, and the desks are not those that were in use in the days of the youthful Shakspeare. An old worm-eaten oaken desk in a room below, which has suffered greatly from the ravages of relic hunters, is still pointed out as the one used by William Shakspeare. The tradition that assigns it to Shakspeare may be very questionable; but let us not disturb the belief that at this old desk the poet daily sat and learned

"Small Latine and less Greeke,"

and first began to discipline that wonderful mind that was to bequeath to the world those matchless productions that will endure "to the last syllable of recorded time."

In this connection we wish to mention a pleasant anecdote, related by William Howitt. He says: "As I was walking through Stratford one morning I saw the master of the village school mustering his scholars to their tasks. I stopped, being pleased with the look of the old man, and said, 'You seem to have a considerable number of boys here; shall you raise another Shakspeare from among them, think you?' 'Why,' replied the master, 'I have a Shakspeare now in the school.' I knew that Shakspeare had so de-

scendants beyond the third generation, and I was not aware that there was any of his family remaining. But it seems that the posterity of his sister, Joan Hart, who is mentioned in his will, still exist, part under the name of Hart at Tewsbury, and a family in Stratford of the name of Smith. 'I have a Shakspeare here,' said the master, with evident pride and pleasure. 'Here, boys, here.' He quickly mustered his laddish troop in a row, and said to me, 'There now, Sir, can you tell which is a Shakspeare?' I glanced my eye along the line, and instantly fixing it on one boy, said, 'That is the Shakspeare.' 'You are right,' said the master. 'That is Shakspeare; the Shakspeare cast of countenance is there. That is William Shakspeare Smith, a lineal descendant of the poet's sister.'" Mr. Howitt adds: "It sounded strangely enough as I was passing along the street in the evening to hear some of the boys say one to another, 'That is the gentleman who gave Bill Shakspeare a shilling.'"



REMAINS OF SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE AT NEW PLACE.

We wish it were in our power to present our readers with a view of the house in which Shakspeare lived after his retirement from London. We only know that it was the largest house in Stratford. The garden was spacious. The Avon washed its banks. Within its inclosures were sunny terraces and green lawns, honey-suckle bowers, and flowers of all hues. Dugdale, speaking of Sir Hugh Clopton, who built the Stratford bridge and repaired the chapel, says, "On the north side of this chapel was a fair house, built of brick and timber by the said Hugh, wherein he lived in his later years." This "fair house" was purchased by Shakspeare, who repaired and modelled it to his own mind, and changed the name to "New Place." By his will he left it to his daughter, Mrs. Hall, with remainder to her heirs male, or in default, to her daughter Elizabeth and her heirs male, or the heirs male of his daughter Judith. Mrs. Hall died in 1649, and there is little doubt but

that she occupied "New Place" when Queen Henrietta Maria, in 1643, coming to Stratford in royal state, with a large army, resided for three weeks under her roof. The property descended to her daughter Elizabeth, first married to Mr. Thomas Nash, and afterward to Sir John Barnard. She dying without issue, New Place was sold, and ultimately fell into the hands of the Rev. Francis Gastrell, in 1757. Malone thus relates the story:

"The Rev. Mr. Gastrell, a man of large fortune, resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford. Every house in that town that is let or valued at more than forty shillings a year is assessed by the overseers, according to its worth and the ability of the occupier, to pay a monthly rate toward the maintenance of the poor. As Mr. Gastrell resided part of the time at Lichfield, he thought he was assessed too highly; but being very properly compelled by the magistrates of Stratford to pay the whole of what was levied upon him, on the principle that his house was occupied by his servants during his absence, he peevishly declared that *that* house should never be assessed again; and soon afterward pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. Wishing, as it should seem, to be "damn'd to everlasting fame," he had some time before cut down Shakspeare's celebrated mulberry-tree, to save himself the trouble of showing it to those whose admiration of the great poet led them to visit the poetic ground on which it stood."

The destruction of the mulberry-tree, which the previous possessor of New Place had always shown with pride and pleasure, greatly enraged the good people of Stratford, and we were informed by the Shaksperian antiquary before mentioned "that he remembered hearing his father say that he had, when a boy, assisted in the revenge of breaking the reverend Vandal's windows."



TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

Nothing now remains of what would have been the most interesting spot in Stratford but the site, and that has been divided and built upon. Of how much did that ignorant Englishman deprive the world by his Gothic barbarity? Under that roof Shakspeare composed the grandest of all his glorious creations—his Hamlet, Lear, Othello, and Macbeth, plays exhibiting his wonderful genius at its very point of culmination. Under that roof he spent the closing years of his too brief career, surrounded by his children and the loved scenes of his childhood. Who would not wish to have walked reverentially in those halls, hallowed by his presence and his labors?

We will now visit the tomb of Shakspeare, in the chancel of the church of the Holy Trinity—a spot possessing, in common with his birth-place, an interest to Britons and Americans that does not belong to any other spot on the habitable globe. The approach to this venerable and picturesque fane is through an avenue of beautiful lime-trees, clipped in such a manner as to form an arbor extending from the gateway of the church-yard to the porch. The church is built in the form of a cross, the chancel corre-



CHANCEL OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY.



PORCH OF THE CHURCH.

sponding to the upper portion, the transepts to the short arms, and the nave to the longest portion. There are aisles on each side of the nave, and a charnel-house formerly stood on the north side of the chancel. Portions of this "solemn temple" belong to different ages. The tower, which is in the Norman-Gothic style, is believed to be as old as the days of William the Conqueror. Its height is eighty feet, and that of the gray-stone spire surmounting it eighty-five feet. The chancel, or choir—much the finest portion of the structure—was built about the middle of the fifteenth century, as a substitute for a more ancient one.

Passing into the chancel you see directly in front of the communion-rails the tombs of the Shakspeare family, which, in harmony with Christian usage, lie east and west; and on your left as you face the altar, Shakspeare's monument. How soon it was placed there after the poet's death is not known, but that it was there before 1623 we can ascertain from Leonard Digges's verses prefixed to the first edition of Shakspeare's works. A half-length figure of him is placed in a niche, which is arched over

and fronted by Corinthian columns of black polished marble, with gilded capitals and bases. The architraves are of marble, and the arms of Shakspeare are supported above the entablature. The crest is a falcon grasping a golden spear, and the supporters are two boys in a sitting posture, representing Death and the Grave. The one on the right, emblematic of the former, holds an inverted torch in one hand and rests the other on a skull. That on the left is figured holding a spade, and turning its eyes toward the other, and on the apex above is another skull. The sculptor of the bust, the material of which is bluish limestone, was Gerard Johnson; it is supposed to have been made from a cast taken after death. It was originally painted from nature. The face and hands were flesh-colored, the eyes a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. The dress was a scarlet doublet slashed on the breast, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves. The upper part of the cushion was crimson, the lower green; the cord which bound it and the tassels were gilt. In 1748 the original colors were restored by an ancestor of Mrs. Fanny Kemble. Malone, in an evil hour, was allowed to coat the bust, in 1793, with white paint; also the effigy of Shakspeare's friend, John Combe, who lies beside the altar. This act has been most justly stigmatized as one of "unscrupulous insolence." Beneath the cushion on which the poet is writing is inscribed,

IVDICIO PYLIVM GENIO SOCRATEM ARTE MARONEM
TERRA TEGIT POPVLVS MERET OLYMPVS HABET.

Stay Passenger why goest thou by so fast?
Read if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plait
Within this monument, Shakspeare with whom
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck y^e Tombe
Far more than cost; sieth all y^t he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

Obiit Ano Doⁱ. 1616.
Ætatis 53. die 23 Apr.

There can be no doubt that this bust is the best portrait of "the gentle Shakspeare." The features are handsome and intelligent, but it is evident that such a head depended on its living expression, and that then it must have been eminently prepossessing.



BUST OF SHAKSPEARE.

The first of the grave-stones of the Shakspeare family is that of his wife, immediately beneath his monument. It is a flat stone, the surface injured by time, having a small brass plate let in it, with this inscription—here literally given, as are all the others:

Here lyeth interred the body of Anne
Wife of William Shakspeare, who depected
This life the 6 day of Avg. 1623, being of
The age of 67 years.

Vbera, tu mater, tu lac vitamq; dedisti,
Væ mihi: pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallet amoveat lapidem bonus Angel' ore'
Exeat ut Christi corpus imago tua.
Sed nil vota valent, venias cito Christe resurget
Clausula licet tumulo mater, et estra petit.

Next is the grave of William Shakspeare, on which lies a large slab of coarse stone with the following inscription, which has been attributed to the great dramatist. A peculiarity which it possesses over ordinary inscriptions is the abbreviation of the word *that*, and the grouping together of some of the letters after the fashion of a monogram:

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE
BLESE BE ^EY MAN ^TY SPARES TIES STONES
AND CVRST BE HE ^TY MOVES MY BONES.

In a letter dated 1693 the writer, after describing the monument to Shakspeare, and giving the inscription, says: "Near the wall where the monument is erected lies the plain freestone underneath which his body is buried, with this epitaph, made by himself a little before his death." The writer gives the epitaph, and subsequently adds: "Not one, for fear of the curse above said, dare touch his grave-stone, though his wife and daughter did earnestly desire to be

laid in the same grave with him." Here is unquestionable authority for the existence of the inscription within less than fourscore years of the poet's death. Many question the fact of its having been written by Shakspeare. De Quincey pronounced it to be "equally below his intellect no less than his scholarship."

The next tomb is that of Thomas Nash, who married the only daughter of Shakspeare's eldest child, Susanna; this lady afterward married Sir



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

John Barnard, and with her death the direct line of William Shakspeare's family ceased. Then comes the grave of Dr. John Hall, a man of education and wealth, who married Shakspeare's eldest daughter. Next to Dr. Hall's tomb is a stone commemorating the final resting-place of his wife Susanna. On it is seen this inscription:

HEERE LYETH YE BODY OF SVSANNA
WIFE TO JOHN HALL GENT: YE DAUGHTER
OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, GENT:
SHEE DECEASED YE 11th OF JVLV, A^O.
1649, AGED 66.

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to Salvation was good Mistris Hall,
Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse.

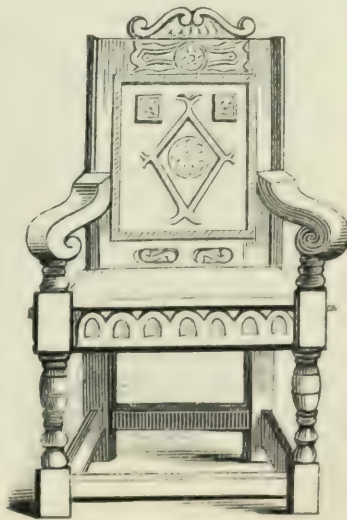
Then, Passenger ha'st ne're a teare,
To weepe with her that wept with all?
That wept, yet set herself to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou ha'st ne're a teare to shed.

Before leaving this interesting and beautiful church with its charming associations, the sexton showed us several books containing the autographs of visitors. Among them were the names of pilgrims to the shrine of genius from every Christian clime. Kings and princes; great soldiers and greater statesmen; men eminent in the Church, eminent in the law, eminent in literature, from all lands seek out that secluded Warwickshire village to do homage to "the gentle Shakspeare." Inquiring for the signature of Washington Irving, we were told that the book containing his name, as well as those of two of our greatest poets, *had been stolen by a countryman of ours.*

A mile or two distant is another spot intimately connected with Shakspeare—the home of "sweet Anne Hathaway." Following a

pleasant path that led through luxurious meadows gayly bedight with wild flowers, we in a half hour's walk reached Shottery, a quaint little hamlet of about a dozen old thatched half-timbered tenements, numbering among them a *petite* road-side inn—"The Shakspeare"—and Richard Hathaway's cottage, built before Sir Philip Sidney was born, and which remained in his family until within the past twenty years. By the same path that we pursued did the youthful Shakspeare oft wend his steps to this spot to visit his lady-love, the village belle. The home of the Hathaways, situated in the midst of a quiet and luxurious landscape, is

but little changed from what it was in the days of Shakspeare. Proceeding down a pretty lane you cross a murmuring brook; a few yards further and you are at the porch. It is a long, low thatched tenement of timber and plaster, substantially built upon a foundation of squared slabs of lias shale, which is a characteristic of Warwickshire cottages. This house, like Shakspeare's birth-place, has been subdivided into three. By referring to the engraving this will be clearly understood. The square, compact, and taller half of the tenement to the left forms one house. The other two are divided by the passage which runs entirely through the lower half, and which serves for both buildings. That to the right on entering consists of one large room below, with a chimney extending the whole width of the house, with an oven and boiler, showing that this was the principal kitchen when the house was all in one. The door to the left leads into the parlor.



COURTING CHAIR.



CHARLECOTE HALL.

It is a large low-roofed room, with strong oak beams, much resembling the kitchen in Henley Street. A Shakspearian commentator, who visited Shottery some sixty years since, saw and purchased an antique carved oak chair called "Shakspeare's courting chair." With a similar desire to please relic-hunters to that which has been already shown to exist elsewhere, this chair, although removed threescore years ago, has a successor dignified by the same name. It is, however, but fair to add that skeptical persons are not met by bold assertions of its genuineness, while all credulous and nothing-doubting individuals are allowed the full benefit of their faith. In addition to the chair, the purchaser was shown a purse which had belonged to the poet, and handed down from him to his grand-daughter, Lady Barnard, and by her to the Hathaways. At the time of the Stratford Jubilee a brother of the eminent tragedian, David Garrick, bought this purse, also a pair of fringed gloves said to have been worn by Shakspeare. David, with characteristic caution, purchased no such doubtful wares. In the chamber over the parlor stands an antique carved bedstead of oak, certainly as old as the Shakspearian era, and which may have been used by the Hathaways at that time. The tradition is that the bed, and the room in which it stands, were "Sweet Anne's." A dilapidated dog-eared Bible was produced, which the simple woman who showed the house assured us had been used by Anne and her lover, sitting side by side on a rude bench that stood near the entrance. Although the bench *seemed* a product of more modern days, we were very willing to believe that we might be mistaken, and that "Gentle Will" and Anne Hathaway might have sat thereon, while he was stealing away her heart with many a vow of love. But in the fact that either had ever seen or opened the venerable vol-

ume, our faith was considerably shaken by the discovery that it was printed in the year 1676; showing a trifling discrepancy of nearly ninety years—William and Anne Shakspeare having been made man and wife in the year 1582. On our return from Shottery we were met by an aged mendicant, who claimed alms from us as being a descendant or in some way related to Shakspeare. Without very closely investigating the correctness of his claims we presented him with half a crown, quite willing to believe that we had possessed the privilege of assisting a person related, however distantly, to the great dramatist.

Truly has Washington Irving said of Stratford-upon-Avon, "The mind refuses to dwell on any thing not connected with Shakspeare. This idea pervades the place," and also, we may add, Charlecote. Charlecote! who is not familiar with the name? There stands the old Elizabethan



SIR THOMAS LUCY.

mansion intact as it appeared three hundred years ago, in the glorious days of Sidney and Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh. The same hills and valleys—the same gnarled oaks and venerable birches dotted over the noble park, through which flows the same sweet Avon. There may still be seen “the native burghers” of the forest, browsing under antique elms, or standing by the water side.

Dugdale has given the history of Charlecote and its lord with much minuteness. Its old Saxon name, *Ceorlcote*—the home of the husbandman—carries us back to years before the Conquest. The present structure of brick was erected by Sir Thomas Lucy, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1593. It forms three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth being occupied by a large central gate-house some distance in advance of the main building, between which is a spacious court-yard ornamented with shrubs and flowers. The great hall is a noble room, with a fine arched roof and a large bow window. A few armorial bearings of the Lucys, some with the date 1558—the year of its erection—are still to be seen on the stained glass. On the ancient fire-place are the initials T. L., and the date 1558, in relief and gilt. The hall is hung with numerous family portraits, some of which are of great antiquity.

A five-minutes' walk from the mansion, through the park—in which were herds of deer—brought us to Charlecote Church, near which is the manse and a little group of ivy-embowered cottages. In this tasteful temple are buried the remains of Sir Thomas, and his wife, Lady Joyce Lucy. They are executed in a masterly manner, and are deemed reliable portraits. Sir Thomas appears to have been an exemplary country gentleman, and that he had a good heart is most conclusively shown by the beautiful epitaph on one side of

the monument. With singular good taste his own name is not mentioned, but his wife's virtues are recorded in the following touching inscription :

Here entombed lyeth the Lady Joyce Lucy, wife of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecote, in the County of Warwick, Knight, Daughter and heir of Thomas Acton, of Sutton, in the County of Worcester. Esquier, who departed out of this wretched world to her Heavenly Kingdome, the tenth day of February, in the year of our Lord God 1595, of her age lx. and three. All the time of her life a true and faithful servant of her Good God, never detected of any crime or vice; in religion most sound; in love to her husband most faithfull and true; in friendship most constant; to what was in trust committed to her most secret; in wisdom excelling; in governing her house, and bringing up of youth in the feare of God that did converse with her, most rare and singular. A great maintainer of hospitality; greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none unless of the envious. When all is spoken that can be said, a woman so furnished and garnished with virtue, as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled by any. As she lived most virtuously, so she dyed most Godly. Set down by Him that best did know what hath been written to be true.

THOMAS LUCY.

The absurd story of the Shakspeare deer-stealing exploit and the harsh trial that followed, as well as his having been a hanger-on at the Blackfriars' Theatre, gaining sixpences by holding the horses of play-goers, has been most successfully refuted by Charles Knight; and we think that no one, after reading the above touching tribute to his wife, and looking upon the accompanying cut, a careful copy of the noble head of Sir Thomas Lucy, can possibly identify him with Justice Shallow upon any such *shallow* evidence as that the armorial bearings of the one was *twelve*, of the other *three*, pike.

We must not omit, in our brief description of Stratford-upon-Avon, to make mention of their genuine old-fashioned English inns, in one of which each of the rooms is named after some



THE AVON AT WIER BRAKE.

play of Shakspeare's ; and it is no unusual occurrence for mine host to be heard crying out, "A mug of 'alf an' 'alf for Macbeth," some "sack for Othello," or "a bottle of Heidsick for Hamlet." Our quarters were elsewhere : at the cozy and comfortable "Red Horse Inn," where we occupied the chamber known as the "Washington Irving room." During our last evening in Stratford, the worthy wife of honest John Gardner, mine host of the Red Horse Inn, invited us into her little parlor, as she wished to let us see something occasionally shown to American occupants of her house. Taking from her capacious pocket a formidable bunch of keys, with one of which a drawer of her bureau was unlocked and opened, there appeared an oblong object, carefully wrapped in baize. Lifting it with great care and untying sundry pieces of tape with which it was bound, there appeared *imprimis* a shovel, next a *poker*, and lastly a *pair of tongs*, all bright and apparently new. In answer to our looks of amazement and inquiry,

good Mistress Gardner informed us that they were used by Washington Irving when he last honored her poor house with his presence, and that since that time they had not been used by any other person, and should not be, "unless the kind and good gentleman should come back again."

In the beautiful words of Irving, who now sleeps on the banks of that noble river he loved so well, and amidst the scenes he celebrated, "How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when wandering forth upon a doubtful world he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown ; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as the most precious treasure ; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb !"



OTTAWA CITY.

THE CAPITAL OF THE CANADAS.

THE Grand, or Ottawa, River of Canada, deriving its source from innumerable lakes and tributaries in the heart of that *terra incognita* lying to the north and east of the French River and Lake Nipissing, in about the forty-eighth degree of north latitude, with broad and

circuitous flow for upward of four hundred miles, rushes into the still greater St. Lawrence in two channels at the island of Montreal. This island is formed at the confluence of the Ottawa branches with the St. Lawrence, and is the highest point of ship navigation from the Gulf.

Sixty-five or seventy years ago Montreal was the *ultima Thule* of Canadian civilization, and the waters of the Ottawa above the island were seldom disturbed by white men, except occasionally by the adventurous fur traders. The Indian alone on this river was ruler. The forest waved in primeval luxuriousness and grandeur, and the Ottawa, unchecked by dam or bridge, ran beneath its canopy as free as the untamed horse of the Ukraine.

The Ottawa in these days of newspapers, tourists, and travelers, is celebrated for the number and variety of its falls and rapids; but the most striking, grand, and fearful is the fall called by the early French pioneers the *Chaudière*, or, in unpolished English, the "Big Kettle." It occurs in the course of the river at a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles from the island of Montreal. Above it, for a few miles, are several small *chutes*, indicating the abrupt descent of the bottom plane, and the rapidity and force of the immense river are augmented for the grand rush at the Chaudière, where it falls perpendicularly some fifteen or twenty feet over a precipitous limestone rock. Here the river is about a quarter of a mile wide, and the term *Chaudière* is only properly applicable to a part of the fall. There is a gap of about two hundred feet in width, and some three hundred indenting back or up the river in the straight line of the cataract. Within this gap, or "kettle," the great volume of the Ottawa boils and foams and hisses, and, rushing in wild masses around from side to side, eventually escapes in a high mountain of foam, and expands to half a mile in width in a short distance in its course below. Above the Chaudière the banks on both sides are nearly level, with a gradual ascent from the water; but immediately at and below the falls walls of decayed limestone rise perpendicularly, lessening off abruptly on the north side in half a mile to a plain, but on the south rising higher, and circuitously higher, to a precipitous altitude of one, two, and three hundred feet.

Coming up the river, these heights, clothed with stubby pine and wavy hemlock, are most striking and impressive. These, with the Fall of the Chaudière and the undulating banks of the northern side, present altogether a variety and picturesqueness of scenery unsurpassed in Canada, or perhaps in America. The fur trader or voyageur in the old days here no doubt paused in admiration of the beauty of the prospect; or, if he had no taste for the striking scenes in nature, here he had to pause from necessity. On the one side were lofty hills; before him the great river came down with roar and foam and mist with sudden leap, frightening away all thought of attempt at navigation. To explore

above these dangers, then, the alternative was in the pleasant bank of the north side, which, with gradual ascent, would bring him in a few miles above the Chaudière and rapids to the quiet waters of the Upper Ottawa. Thus, to pass the Chaudière and the rapids above it—the *portage* of eight miles in a straight line across the circuit of the river, which is here at least twelve or fifteen miles—was by the first adventurers tramped out. These adventurers were, as I have already said, fur traders. They paddled their way quietly through from Montreal, camping out at night on the banks of the silent river, keeping vigilant watch for the stealthy Indian, and looked forward to the weary portage of the Chaudière—across which canoe and traps were to be carried—as the heaviest work of the route. Occasionally, on a little cleared spot at the beginning of this portage, would they find the camp of the Indian and his family. It was, no doubt, from its situation—at the foot of the Chaudière—a very old resting spot of the native. Here, too, was he buried, as a recent exhumation of bones testifies. But beyond this little opening of the forest on the bank of the river, with its line of portage behind, were no evidences of the settlement of man, white or red.

One autumn day, toward the close of the last century, an unusual sight might be seen, if any body had been there to see, in the bay below the Chaudière: several canoes laden with white men and a very unusual amount and variety of freight. They came wearily up the river, and as the voyageurs came within full view of the magnificent scenery shining and looming around, they instinctively stayed the stroke of the paddle and gazed. The precipitous heights on the left looked gravely back in return; the mist shone and looked up brightly from the Chaudière; and the little cleared spot at the portage on the right looked and said in the glance as plainly as ever glance spoke, "This is the place to land: there is no other around."

"Here we are to land," said Mr. Wright, the leader of the party, after a long and steady inspection, and pointing to the portage, "and the sooner the better."

Mr. Wright and his party had come all the way from Boston by the sea-shore, and sought a home in the almost untracked wilderness on the Ottawa, near the Chaudière. Whether it were a desire for gain, or a repugnance to the new state of political matters in the State of Massachusetts, history saith not; but Mr. Wright and all his followers went to sleep this eventful night with the intention of going at hard work the next morning, and before the hardest of the work should commence to fix on a site for a village, a site for mills, and for other edifices of importance to new settlers. The hard work was, however, postponed for two or three days. With the aid of a couple of Indians the land on both sides was examined. That beyond the hills was utterly condemned as unfit for farm or town; being composed altogether, and truly enough, of rock, sand, and swamp. That on the portage,

or north side, was pronounced better; and on this side, with due resolve, Mr. Wright determined to plant his settlement.

About a mile from the portage landing, on a rocky plateau, and right opposite and alongside the Chaudière Falls, Mr. Wright said, "Here will be our village, and we shall call it *Hull*!" for this was the name of the locality from which he and his followers came in the State of Massachusetts. And so the hard work commenced!

The history of all settlements is much the same; it is generally made up of great and continuous labor and much privation. The difficulty of traveling, the distance to Montreal, which was their only and nearest market, rendered the settlement of Hull—or *Wrightstown*, as it was sometimes called—peculiarly hard. Unlike most new settlements, it had none other near it; and there was only one as late in existence as itself, a French *seigneurie*, between it and Montreal; and this one was some fifty miles away down the river. Still Mr. Wright's settlement extended along and backward from the old portage road of the Indians and fur traders: still can be seen old frame-houses and barns of this era in the last stages of tottering consumption here and there along this road, now smoothened off into the dignity of a Macadam, a poor portage no longer. Scarcely a settler would for years enliven the solitude of the opposite or southern side of the river. That quarter was evidently condemned to eternal sterility and quiet.

Mr. Wright and his followers, in their steady advance of settlement, did not, however, condemn all the trees to fire and ashes. They lumbered, and in consequence became dealers in pine and farmers at the same time, as all their successors on the Ottawa yet continue to be.

Thus an impetus to the great timber trade of Canada was given in this quarter. Rafts of square pine were floated through manifold dangers to Quebec every spring, and with the return of the lumberers, after the timber was disposed of, came necessities for the settlement, and for the trade, gradually springing into strong existence. With the growth of the trade and of the settlement came luxuries, came rum, and came immigrants; and the township of Hull was a fact in its way as fixed as the State of Massachusetts which the settlers had left.

Mr. Wright had early obtained a grant of large tracts of land, on both sides of the river, from the Canadian Government of the day. Land was cheap, and easily got in those times. Although not appreciating the soil on the southern side beyond the grave precipices, he secured a large quantity there. It might be useful at some time or another, he thought; but the north side was, *par excellence*, to be the locality of any future greatness that might inadvertently drop on this part of the world; and Mr. Wright, like every settler that has knocked down a tree in the wilderness, had his hopes of the importance of the spot he had selected. He had made up his mind, from the recent and increasing growth

of the settlement, that his village of Hull was destined, at all events in his time, to be a town of consequence.

The lumber trade was not now confined to him. Every day brought voyageurs bent upon cutting down pine, supplied with necessities for its manufacture by merchants in Quebec and Montreal. They did not even confine themselves to his township, but getting to the end of the old portage road—commonly called "The Head," and even yet so denominated by the old inhabitants—they pushed up Lake *Deschênes*, as this part of the Ottawa was and is called, and commenced their operations. With them came quiet French Canadians, wild Irishmen, Englishmen, and Scotchmen, and by degrees Hull settlement lost its peculiar Yankee character.

The war of 1814-'15 between Britain and the United States was over, and military men swarmed in the frontier towns and villages of Canada. Now and then disbanded sons of Mars made their appearance in Hull, for it was in those days an out-of-the-way place; and if they were inclined to work, got it. More pretentious soldiers, or rather officers, the war being over, got grants of land wherever they thought land worth taking, and finally a military settlement grew up on the south bank of the river, opposite the end, or rather "The Head," of the portage road of Hull. All, however, seemed to shun the condemned land beyond the precipitous hills below the Chaudière.

Still these hills towered up from the Ottawa in sullen dignity, as if they looked with contempt upon all around; and the Chaudière foamed, and hissed, and roared as loud as usual. Still down went the trees before the restless white man, and the light of civilization took the place of the forest gloom, and the Ottawa country became gradually pretty well known through Canada.

The village of Hull increased with the growth of the country, and became the principal, or rather the only mart of this part of the province. In its streets could be heard at a certain season of the year—about the fall, when the lumberers and raftsmen were on their periodical voyages up to "make timber"—the English language, spoken in a variety of ways. In the nasal of the "Down-Eastern," in the brogue of the Irishman, and in small bits chopped finely by the French Canadian. Here could be heard, indeed, various English, French, Gaelic, Irish, and occasionally Dutch. Here rum was cheap and all had credit, for cash was scarce; and, availing themselves of the credit, many a poor raftsmen exhausted his prospective wages. Scarcity of cash was a prevailing vice in Hull, and the working men of Mr. Wright—or of the Wrights, for there was a strong clan of this name—were paid generally in any of three ways: in "store pay" or goods, in "rum," or in "land." Three-fourths availed themselves of the first two, and the prudent one-fourth of the other.

One fine day Mr. Wright had a settlement of accounts with one of his men who owned the lively name of Sparks. Mr. Sparks, although

an Irishman, was not of a lively turn of mind; he was rather of the plodding cast, a "good worker," and a first rate ox-teamster, and had wrought for some years for Mr. Wright, tradition says, without any settlement taking place between them. The balance was now, however, struck, and Mr. Wright was found to be in debt to Mr. Sparks some two hundred dollars or thereabout. Cash was out of the question. Even Mr. Sparks had no idea that he would obtain all his balance of wages in that useful and convenient medium.

"You will have to take land for this," said Mr. Wright.

"And where is the land?" asked Mr. Sparks.

"Let me see," said Mr. Wright, arranging all the huts and their occupants in the township in his mind; "now all the land is taken up between here and 'The Head,' unless you would go back of the Gateneau," a river at the rear of Hull.

"Well, I won't go back there," said Mr. Sparks, doggedly.

"Or up the lake," suggested Mr. Wright.

"How the d—l could I live up there," remonstrated Sparks, "not a living soul within miles av me?"

"Well, then," said Mr. Wright, "what do you say to the land across the river?"

Mr. Sparks, it is said, in a fit of uncontrollable rage, burst out of the office, and there was no settlement on that day. Nor was there a settlement for several days. History records that Mr. Sparks was in a very disconsolate mood, indeed, for some time after this. He looked upon his wages as absolutely lost, and all his hard work gone for nothing.

He crossed the river, however, and examined the land up and down beyond those grave-looking hills, and found—what he expected to find—plenty of rock, plenty of sand, and plenty of swamp. Higher up the river, however, he thought that something might be made out of a piece of soil on the banks, and near to one of the upper rapids; but lower down, and near those diabolical precipices, he looked upon as utterly valueless.

Mr. Wright was in his office, and Mr. Sparks again appeared before him.

"Did ye make up yer mind yet what land I am to get?" demanded, not blandly, the latter gentleman.

"Unless you take some near the Gateneau, or up the lake, as I offered you before," said Mr. Wright, "I have no other except—hem—across—" He saw that Mr. Sparks stood his ground this time, and he took courage and continued, "And I'll tell you what I'll do besides, Sparks; I'll give you a yoke of oxen in, and I'm sure, in spite of all *they* say, that you'll get on well."

"*They*" meant general opinion.

Mr. Sparks had made up his mind before he entered the office; but he was determined on another trial, and was unexpectedly pleased when the offer of the yoke of oxen fell upon his ear.

"Well," said he, "I won't go to the Gateneau or up the lake, and as I can't do better, I suppose we'll have to settle."

And the settlement took place. He got the land near the rapids, and all he liked to take beyond the precipices, and the yoke of oxen. The hills he would have nothing to do with; the swamps beyond might be useful for cedar for fencing purposes, and even the sand might be of some avail. All these were granted, and Mr. Sparks departed for his property, and Mr. Wright ceased to be his debtor.

A bright idea got into the heads of the Canadian authorities immediately after the close of the war of 1815. And this was to find a channel in the interior for the conveyance of the munitions of war to the upper lakes, the St. Lawrence being too exposed to the assaults of the American enemy. And so the grand scheme of the Rideau Canal was inaugurated. Surveyors were set to work, and after a time the bright idea was developed in plans, and practically carried out at an expense of some two million pounds sterling, from which the British Government, who were the builders, never reaped one farthing's profit. There is a river called the "Rideau" in Canada. It has its source from various lakes to the north and east of Lake Ontario, and after a straggling, wide-spreading, zigzag flow, as if it hadn't made up its mind as to the particular course it ought to run—in a neat little Niagara—falls into the Ottawa River below the precipices which Mr. Sparks would not take for love or money. A gorge among these precipices and Lake Ontario were designed as the *termini* of the Rideau Canal; and the Rideau Canal was built, and sluggishly exists at the present day.

About the year 1823 the work was commenced, and one bright day Mr. Sparks, to his astonishment—upon the highest and most central of the precipices which looked down upon the Ottawa, and also upon the gorge alluded to—beheld a motley crowd of engineers, laborers, and soldiers. In fine, the hill was taken possession of, and also an adjacent one, as the ordinance property of the British Crown. The gentleman in charge of the construction of the canal and the appendant works bore the abrupt, dissonant, and monosyllabic name of By.

The work went on. Laborers increased, and so did their shanties. And in the train followed the usual appurtenances of the white man's settlement; to wit, grog-shops, blacksmith-shops, and shops for vending all things. They sprang up at both ends of the circuit of the two hills outside the Government line of demarkation with Mr. Sparks—with long vacancies between—and extended at least a good long mile. By way of a joke, they called one end "Upper," and the other "Lower Town."

In a year or two the straggling place, named in playfulness Upper and Lower Town, got a united designation, and, in compliment to the chief-engineer, was called *By-Town*—a poor name, as far as sound was concerned; but a title of promise and hope to the man who own-

ed nearly all the land beyond the fall of the hills inward. In the mean time a rude bridge had been thrown across the face of the Chaudière, connecting Wrightstown, or Hull, with Bytown; and as the latter increased in shanties and population, the former became more and more stationary. The star of one was rising; that of the other setting.

Years passed away—nearly as many as would change a stripling into a full-grown man—and the modest Bytown, growing in prosperity, all of a sudden got ashamed of its name, and by Act of Parliament had it changed to the name of the noble river that roared and flowed at its base. In the mean time Mr. Sparks, it is probable, ceased personally to direct the movements of the yoke of oxen obtained in his bargain with Mr. Wright, and retired to good and large quarters in the town. He also went into good and large business, as money flowed in upon him for building lots on the despised rock, sand, and swamp of a few years before; and yet did the old and once lively Hull become more fixed—like the long, steady glare of a dying man's eyes—and more stationary. Hull, the place of early promise, was dead. *His* town was swelling with vitality.

Canada was vexed. From Sandwich to Gaspé it was angry. Angry was the country, but mad were the towns. The Houses of Parliament shook with furious declamation. Politicians agreed on many points, but on one they could not agree. Quebec abused Montreal, and Mont-

real abused Quebec. Kingston abused both, and Toronto abused them all; it was really a jolly scramble, and a lively one!

Still the despised precipices of old in the new city looked as quiet and as serious as ever.

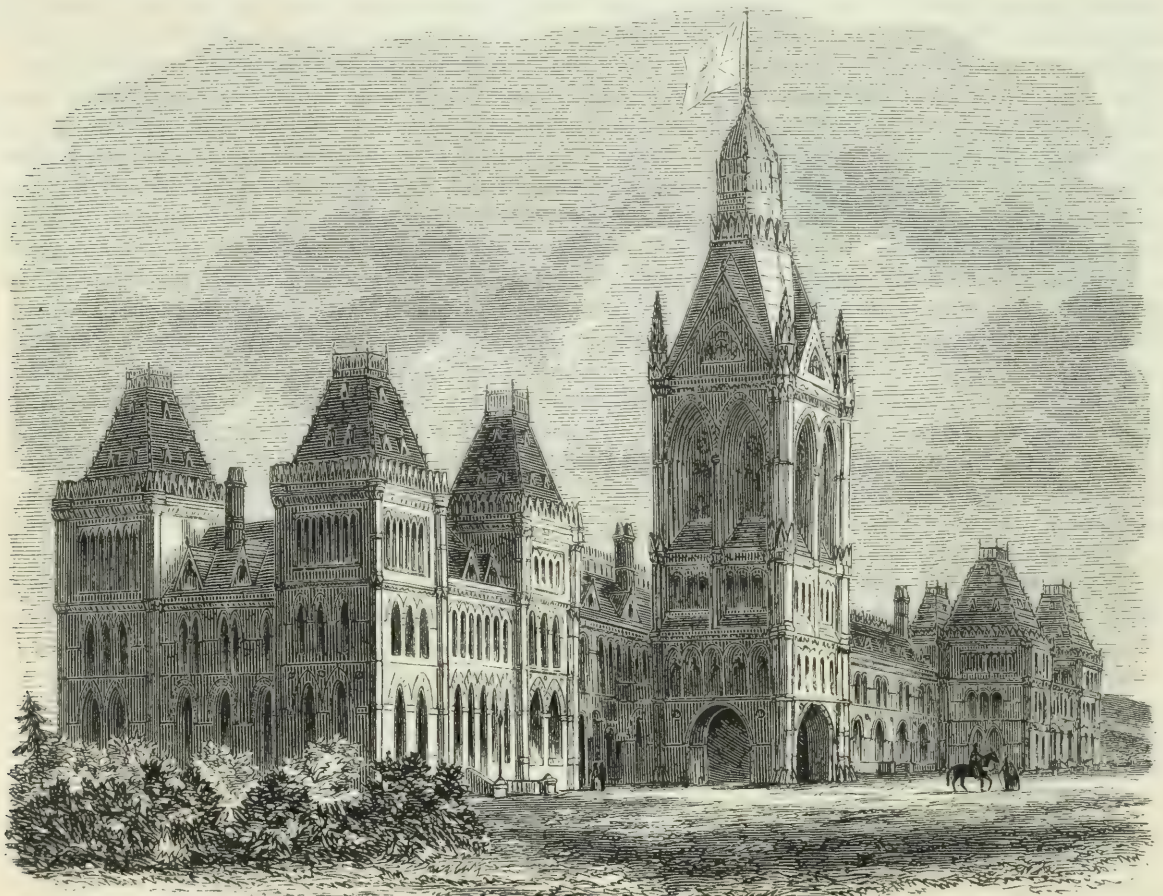
At length the Parliamentarians came to an issue. They would refer the matter to her Majesty for arbitrament and final settlement. And her Majesty quickly and definitely settled it. The grave and dignified hills were to sustain the Parliament buildings of United Canada!

Ah, Mr. Wright! Ah, Mr. Sparks!

Not long ago that agreeable and promising young man, ALBERT EDWARD, heir to the British throne, in the course of his tour over the American continent, and as a part of his business, laid the foundation stone—which, in deep indentations, records the fact; and no doubt, in a year or two, the finest architectural pile on this continent will raise itself on this majestic summit.

Still the hill looks as seriously grand as ever—as it did fifty or sixty years ago to the eyes of the wondering voyageur. The Chaudière rushes, boils, and roars as of old; and Hull shows some signs of revivication. Mr. Wright has passed away, and is succeeded by others of the same name. His humble workman, who was forced to take the ground of the City of Ottawa, the capital of Canada—a yoke of oxen being his principal inducement—is alive yet, and worth some half million of pounds.

And this is the history of the Capital of the Canadas.



CANADIAN PARLIAMENT HOUSE, NOW BUILDING AT OTTAWA.



WINFIELD SCOTT, 1827, ÆT. 41, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. A.

WINFIELD SCOTT IN THE WAR OF 1812.*

IN the "new camp" of the United States Army near Natchez, established in the autumn of 1809, was a young Virginian, a graduate of William and Mary College, a law disciple of the eminent Benjamin Watkins Leigh, and then a captain of Light Artillery, only twenty-three years of age. He was very tall and muscular, frank and generous in disposition, bold in courage, and ardent in temperament. He could "speak and write and fight," and by these intellectual and physical qualities, combined with a lofty sense of honor, unflinching integrity, and simplicity of manner, he had become endeared

to the best officers and men in the Army of the Southwest. He had been with Wilkinson in the fatal camp on the plain of Chalmette, below New Orleans; and was now under General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, who had fought nobly with Marion, Sumter, Lee, Pickens, and others, in the old war for independence.

The young captain had attracted the special notice of both Wilkinson and Hampton, but neither of them could win his personal attachment, nor command even his genuine respect. He well knew that Wilkinson had, for ten years, as far as circumstances would allow, been a sometimes active and sometimes passive instrument in the hands of Sebastian and other secessionists of the Mississippi Valley; and had been intimate with Burr during the earlier months of

* The pictures illustrating this article are from Lossing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812," now in course of preparation, and to be published by Harper and Brothers.

his career while planning the dismemberment of the Union, as a part of his scheme for establishing an independent empire in the far Southwest. These schemes had failed, and efforts to convict the actors of treason had also failed; yet, while those men assumed an attitude of injured innocence, they suffered the blight of public distrust.

Having incurred the displeasure of Wilkinson, and been subjected to his petty annoyances, the young captain used great freedom of speech concerning the conduct and character of his former commander. "I never saw but two traitors," he said, at a public table, "and these were Wilkinson and Burr." For these, and other equally severe words, he was soon called to account before a court-martial on a charge of unofficer-like conduct, in speaking disrespectfully of superiors. He was found guilty, and sentenced to suspension from rank, pay, and emolument for one year. Many of the army officers and leading citizens soon gave to the youthful captain the compliment of a public dinner, in testimony of their appreciation of his character.

Such was the beginning of the long military life of WINFIELD SCOTT, the Commander-in-chief of the Armies of the United States. Because of his expressed abhorrence of those who then sought the dismemberment of the Union, he was reviled and persecuted. After a lapse of fully fifty years he is now subjected to like reproaches from those who are striving to effect a similar object, because he again stands in their way. And now, as before, he receives the plaudits of all true and loyal Americans.

Apparent misfortunes are often mercies in disguise. It was so in the case in question. The year of his official degradation was employed by Scott, under the roof of Mr. Leigh, in the earnest study of the military art; and he became thoroughly prepared, theoretically, for the performance of those great and important duties to which his life has been devoted. Very soon after the expiration of his sentence there were omens in the political firmament of an impending storm, when all his skill would be called into

service. The repeated insults offered to the American flag by Great Britain, through her cruisers, at length produced the legitimate results. When self-respect would no longer allow forbearance, the United States defied British power, and declared war against the British Government and all the vast interests of the realm. The proclamation thereof was promulgated in June, 1812, and in July Scott received the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel in Izard's Regiment, Second Artillery; and, with the companies of Towson and Barker, hastened to the Niagara frontier. He took post at Black Rock, near Buffalo, charged with the duty of protecting the little Navy-yard there.

The war was just kindling upon the Northern frontier, at points remote from each other. Startling events were beginning to stir the hot blood of young soldiers. The United States Government had been tardy in informing the commanders of distant posts of the declaration of war, while British merchants in New York, at their own expense, had sent swift couriers with the intelligence to Montreal, Kingston, York, and Queenston. The consequence was that the American posts in the far Northwest were surprised. Michilimackinac, in the strait between Lakes Huron and Michigan, was taken by a British party at the middle of July, the little garrison stationed there being perfectly ignorant of the causes of the hostile movement. Two days afterward a British squadron of five vessels entered Sackett's Harbor, at the eastern end of Lake Ontario. The Americans there were on the alert. It was a warm, bright Sabbath morning. Signals summoned the people of the surrounding country. An old iron 32-pounder lying upon the shore, half-covered with mud, and called *The Sow*, was dragged to a rocky promontory at the foot of the Main Street, placed upon a mound, and greeted with derisive laughter by the enemy. That laughter soon ceased. For two hours she "blazed away" at the ships, and they at the town and people. On shore "nobody was hurt." On the ships several bodies were hurt. A shot



SACKETT'S HARBOR IN 1813.



THE PORT OF BUFFALO IN 1812.

from the old *Sow* sent splinters from the hull of the *Royal George* mast high. The squadron bent their sails, and fled to the open lake as fast as a gentle breeze and good seamanship would allow, followed by the cheers of the people on shore, and the lively air of Yankee Doodle from fife and drum.

News soon came of skirmishings on the western shores of Lake Erie, and of a terrible massacre by Indians at Chicago. Almost simultaneously couriers brought the astounding intelligence of the surrender of Detroit by General Hull, with the Army of the Northwest and the whole peninsula of Michigan, without resistance! Alarm, sorrow, and hot indignation stirred the people of the whole land. The excitement was intense; and thousands of brave and patriotic men in and out of camp resolved to retrieve the loss and wipe out the disgrace at all hazards.

No man shared more largely in these feelings than Lieutenant-Colonel Scott. He was as restive as a hound in the leash in the narrow field of action to which he was assigned. His duties were very important and honorable, but he longed to be at the head of troops, flushed with the excitement of the march or battle. His wishes were not long ungratified. At first the indulgence was small but grateful.

Only a narrow, but deep and rapid river—the outlet of vast inland seas—flowed between Scott and the enemy. Upon a gentle eminence two or three miles up the river, on the opposite shore, was Fort Erie—a considerable fortification of earth and stone, fairly armed and manned. The British had batteries, also, opposite Buffalo and Black Rock.

Under the guns of Fort Erie lay two armed British brigs—the *Adams*, captured at Detroit, and the *Caledonia*, belonging to the Northwestern

Fur Company, laden with a valuable cargo of skins from the forests. It was early in October, 1812. These vessels had anchored there on the morning of the 8th. Lieutenant Jesse D. Elliot, of the United States Navy, had just received at Buffalo a detachment of unarmed seamen. He wanted the two vessels to strengthen his own little navy on the lake, and he planned measures for their capture. He applied to Scott for aid. It was readily granted, by permission of his senior officer. Captain Towson, with fifty of his men, was detailed for the purpose, with arms and ammunition for the seamen. The combined force was about one hundred men. These were accompanied by some citizens of Buffalo and Black Rock. At a little past midnight, on the morning of the 9th, they left Buffalo Creek in boats to execute the plan. Success followed. The *Adams* was taken by Elliot in person, assisted by Lieutenant Roach of Scott's command, and the *Caledonia* by Towson. The crews were made prisoners in less than ten minutes, and the vessels were put under way. The wind was so light and the current so strong that the brigs could not be taken up the river. They ran down the stream under a warm enfilading fire from the fort and batteries. The *Caledonia* ran ashore under the guns of an American battery at Black Rock. After some manœuvring, the *Adams* grounded upon Squaw Island, near Black Rock, and was put under the protection of Scott. The British determined to recapture her, and boarded her for that purpose. Scott was as determined to defend her, and he soon drove the assailing party to their boats with great loss. The heavy guns on both sides of the river were brought to bear upon her all the morning, and she was so terribly battered that she was soon afterward con-



QUEENSTON IN 1812.

sumed by the Americans. The *Caledonia* afterward performed good service in Perry's fleet on Lake Erie.

A wider field of action for Scott now opened. The British had erected batteries at Queenston village and upon the heights near, seven miles below Niagara Falls, and occupied strong positions at Fort George and vicinity, near the mouth of the Niagara River.

Early in October a considerable body of New York militia, under General Stephen Van Rensselaer, and a corps of regulars under Lieutenant-Colonels Fenwick and Chrystie, accompanied by Major Mullaney, were at Lewiston, opposite Queenston. Notwithstanding the militia were raw, undisciplined, and most of them unwilling to cross the boundaries of their State, it was resolved to attack the British at Queenston—that point being one of importance, as the northern terminus of the great portage between Lakes Erie and Ontario, around Niagara Falls.

The advance detachment of the invading force was intended to be six hundred strong, composed of an equal number of regulars and militia, the former commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Chrystie, and the latter by Lieutenant-Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, who was also the commander-in-chief of the expedition. Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick and Major Mullaney were to follow with regulars and flying artillery, and then the militia in order, as fast as the boats could carry them. A battery was placed upon Lewiston Heights, to cover the landing-place of the troops on the Canada shore. These arrangements were completed on the evening of the 12th of October; and in a cold rain storm, at three o'clock the next morning, the leading detachment of troops were mustered upon the

river bank at Lewiston, preparatory to embarkation.

Meanwhile Lieutenant-Colonel Scott had heard of the intended movement. Anxious to be engaged in the expedition, he made a forced march, partly by water, and partly through rain and mud on land, to Schlosser, where the remains of the old fort still present a picturesque object. It was now late in the evening of the 12th. Leaving his companions to rest, he pressed forward to Lewiston, eight miles below, and offered his services to General Van Rensselaer as a volunteer. They were declined, because the arrangements were all made; but Scott was permitted to march his troops immediately to Lewiston, to act according to the requirement of cir-



REMAINS OF FORT SCHLOSSER, 1860.

cumstances. He immediately rode back, brought forward his command, and arrived at Lewiston at four o'clock on the morning of the 13th. He placed his train in battery on the shore near the present Suspension Bridge, under the immediate command of Captains Towson and Barker, and was ready at dawn to open a fire upon the opposite shore.

Scarcity of boats was a great impediment, and the troops were compelled to cross the swift-flowing current in detachments. This produced confusion and delay; yet nearly the whole of the first attacking party were landed safely at the designated spot, now marked by a large rock directly under the Canada shore end of the Suspension Bridge.

General Brock, who was in command of the British forces, with his head-quarters at Fort George, did not expect an invasion at a point so high up the river, and the only force at Queenston was composed of two flank companies of the 49th regiment and the York militia. These were early apprised of the invading movement, and under the command of Captain Dennis, a portion of them were ready to oppose the first division of the Americans when they landed. The latter consisted of three companies of the thirteenth regiment of regulars, commanded respectively by Captains Wool, Malcolm, and Armstrong; forty picked artillerymen from old Fort Niagara under Lieutenants Gansevoort and Rathbone, and about sixty militia. They landed in the face of a severe fire from the foe. Chrystie not having arrived, on account of a wound received in a drifting boat,



LANDING-PLACE OF AMERICANS AT QUEENSTON, 1860.

the command of the regulars devolved upon Captain John E. Wool, now the most distinguished Major-General in the army of the United States, and next in rank, as in the value of his public services, to General Scott.

Captain Wool formed the troops immediately, and pressed forward, unmindful of the missiles

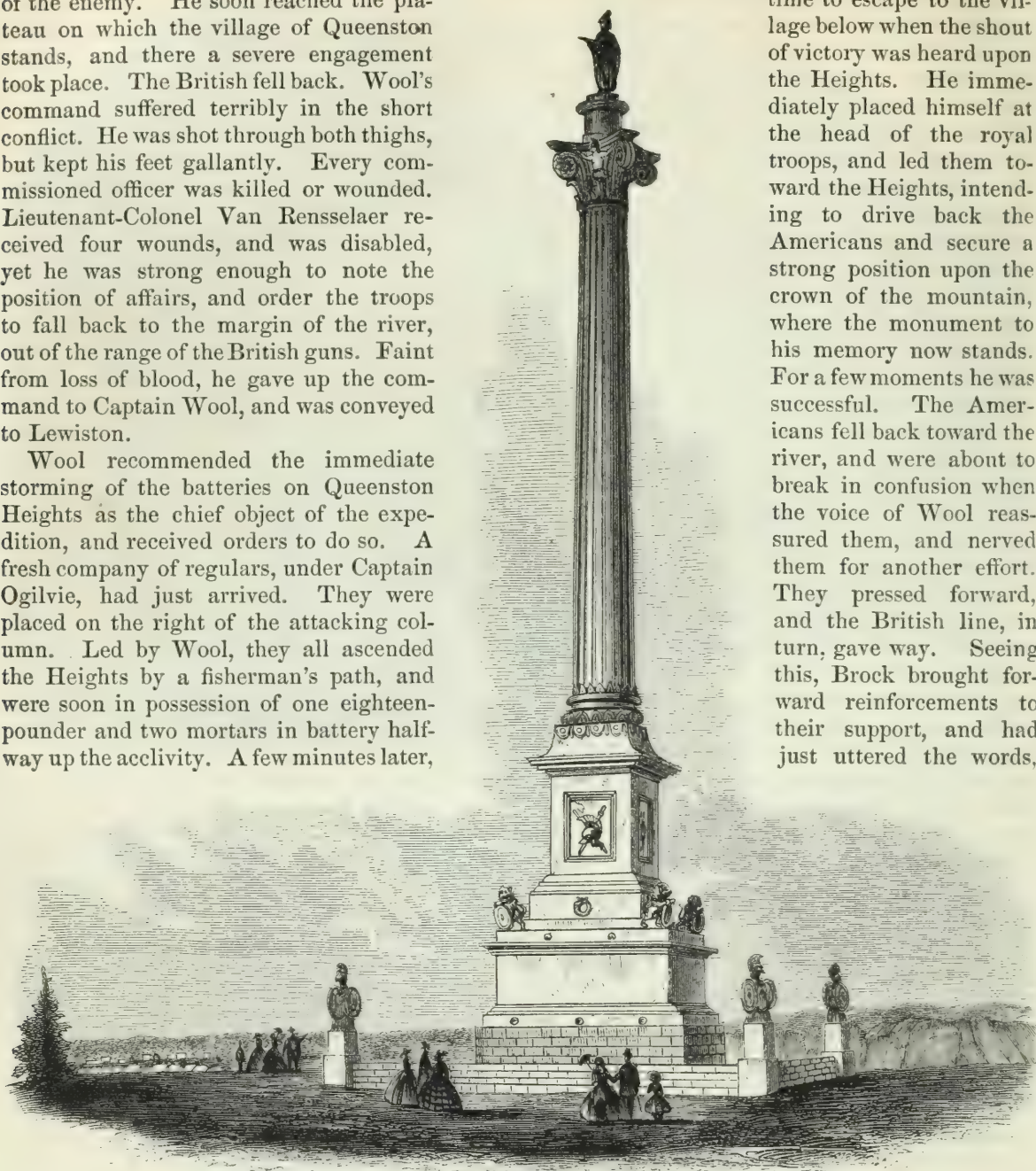


VIEW FROM THE SITE OF VROOMAN'S BATTERY, 1860.

of the enemy. He soon reached the plateau on which the village of Queenston stands, and there a severe engagement took place. The British fell back. Wool's command suffered terribly in the short conflict. He was shot through both thighs, but kept his feet gallantly. Every commissioned officer was killed or wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Van Rensselaer received four wounds, and was disabled, yet he was strong enough to note the position of affairs, and order the troops to fall back to the margin of the river, out of the range of the British guns. Faint from loss of blood, he gave up the command to Captain Wool, and was conveyed to Lewiston.

Wool recommended the immediate storming of the batteries on Queenston Heights as the chief object of the expedition, and received orders to do so. A fresh company of regulars, under Captain Ogilvie, had just arrived. They were placed on the right of the attacking column. Led by Wool, they all ascended the Heights by a fisherman's path, and were soon in possession of one eighteen-pounder and two mortars in battery half-way up the acclivity. A few minutes later,

time to escape to the village below when the shout of victory was heard upon the Heights. He immediately placed himself at the head of the royal troops, and led them toward the Heights, intending to drive back the Americans and secure a strong position upon the crown of the mountain, where the monument to his memory now stands. For a few moments he was successful. The Americans fell back toward the river, and were about to break in confusion when the voice of Wool reassured them, and nerved them for another effort. They pressed forward, and the British line, in turn, gave way. Seeing this, Brock brought forward reinforcements to their support, and had just uttered the words,



BROCK'S MONUMENT ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS, 1860.

and they were in possession of another and more important battery on the northeastern slope of the mountain, as the higher portion of the Heights were called, having driven the British to the shelter of a stone building near the river.

While these stirring scenes were in progress on the Canada shore, Scott's battery at Lewiston, with the one on Lewiston Heights, were in full co-operating play. At the same time a British battery upon Vrooman's Point, a mile below Queenston, had been performing active service all the morning in throwing heavy balls upon the American boats when crossing the river.

The sound of battle aroused the brave General Brock at Fort George, seven miles below. He was soon in the saddle, and with his aids, M'Donell and Glegg, he hastened to Queenston. He was with them at the upper battery when Wool fell suddenly upon it, and they had barely

"Push on the York Volunteers!" when he fell, mortally wounded by a musket-ball. Thus perished a brave, good, and generous man. His countrymen and colonial friends have testified their love and veneration by erecting a splendid monument to his memory on Queenston Heights, and a more modest one on the spot where he fell, in the suburbs of the village. He was buried in a bastion of Fort George, near the old French magazine, now used for a dwelling. His aid, M'Donell, also fell on that occasion, and the British troops were driven beyond Queenston.

At this moment Lieutenant-Colonel Scott appeared upon Queenston Heights. He was dressed in full uniform, and commanded the attention and admiration of all the soldiers. He was six feet five inches in height, with the finest manly proportions of figure and dignity of bearing. As superior to all others upon the field in rank, he

assumed the command of the regulars ; and on the request of General Wadsworth of the New York militia, he became the commander of those troops likewise.

Reinforcements having arrived at about this time, Scott found himself in command of three hundred and fifty regulars, and two hundred and fifty volunteers under Wadsworth and Colonel Stranahan. The accomplished Captain Totten, Van Rensselaer's chief engineer (now Brigadier-General and chief of the Engineer Department), was with him, and a plan for permanent occupation was at once conceived. But they were allowed a very short time for deliberation. Brock had sent an order to General Sheaffe at Fort George to forward reinforcements ; and five hundred Indians, under Captain Jacobs and a son of Brant, the Mohawk warrior against the patriots of the Revolution, had rushed toward Queenston, as soon as the roar of cannon was heard. They joined the British light troops at Queenston, and fell upon the Americans. They were routed but not subdued, and they kept the little band of Americans constantly employed, while Sheaffe was approaching with a detachment more than eight hundred strong.

Chrystie had arrived and assumed the command of a portion of the troops ; Wool had been conveyed to a place of repose to have his wounds dressed ; and Scott, as chief, with magnetic power infused his own enthusiasm into his soldiers.

General Sheaffe arrived with his reinforcements late in the afternoon. Very few of the militia had come over from Lewiston during the day. A pressing demand was now made for them. It was a critical moment. Scott had not more than three hundred effective men, while Sheaffe had at least thirteen hundred. Scott looked anxiously toward Lewiston, but not a single boat was seen in motion. Indeed there were few there. A panic had seized the militia.



MONUMENT WHERE BROCK FELL, 1860.

The commands and pleadings of General Van Rensselaer were equally vain. Not a company would cross the river ! This fact was communicated to Scott when the strong foe was manoeuvring cautiously with the intention of striking fatally. Retreat and succor were equally impossible at that moment ; so the gallant commander resolved to fight as long as battle should be possible. He mounted a log in front of his wearied band, and said : "The enemy's balls begin to thin our ranks. His numbers are overwhelming. In a moment the shock must come, and there is no retreat. We are in the beginning of a national war. What Hull surrendered is to be redeemed, and the disgrace wiped out.

Let us then die, arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who follow will avenge our fall and their country's wrongs. *Whodare to stand?*" "ALL!" was the cry from every lip.

The shock soon came. For a while the Americans stood firm. They finally gave way as the enemy began to surround them, and they fell back to the brow of the high bank overlooking their landing-place.



FRENCH MAGAZINE, FORT GEORGE, IN 1860.

Some let themselves down by holding on to the bushes, and escaped. It was speedily agreed to surrender, and messengers with offers of submission were sent, but never returned. The Indians were between the American and the British lines, and murdered or captured those who were sent on the humiliating errand.

Scott determined to carry a flag of truce himself. He fastened his white handkerchief upon his sword, and, accompanied by Captains Totten and Gibson, went out to seek a parley with Sheaffe. They kept close along the edge of the river, under shelter of the bank, until they reached a road leading up to the village. There they were confronted by two powerful Indians, who attempted to seize Scott. In an instant the blades of his attendants came from their scabbards, and the menace was met, first by rifle shots from the Indians, and then by their knives and hatchets. At that critical moment a British officer and some soldiers appeared, and Scott and his companions were conducted in safety to General Sheaffe. Terms of capitulation were soon agreed upon, and Scott and his little band of less than three hundred were surrendered with the honors of war.

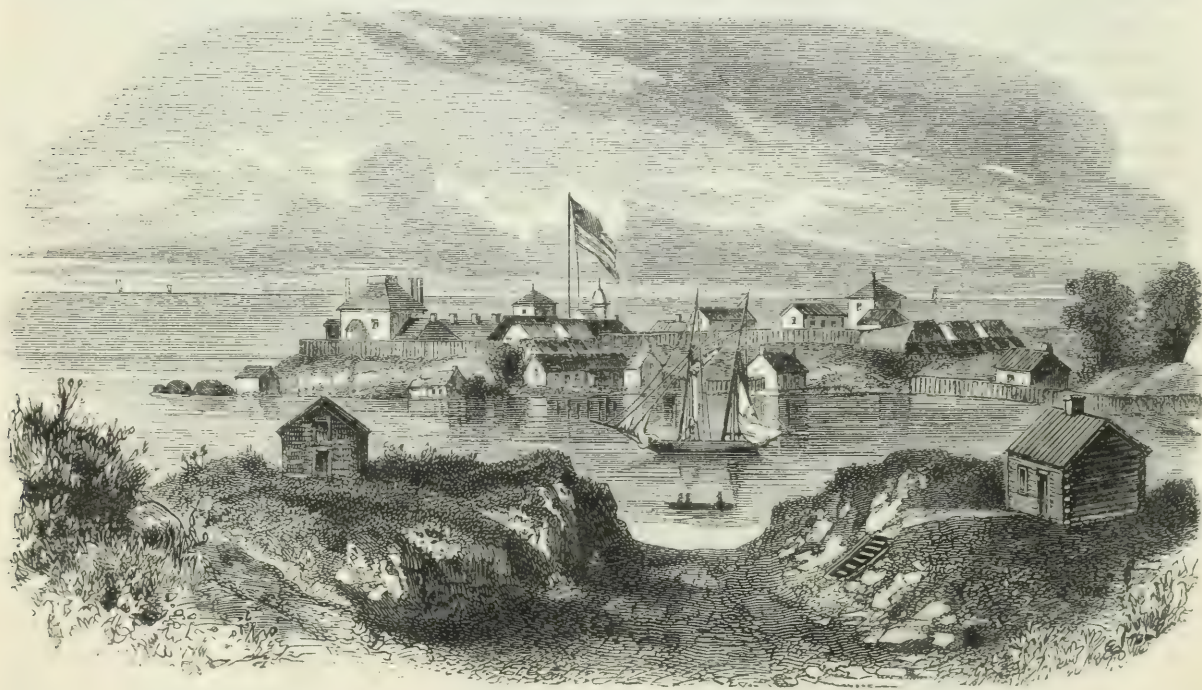
During the series of engagements on that memorable day Scott was a conspicuous object to the enemy on account of his stature and his full uniform. The Indians, who lost many of their number, were greatly exasperated, and singled him out as a precious mark for their bullets. But he remained unhurt. His companions urged him to change his dress. He smiled, and said, "No, gentlemen, I will die in my robes."

Scott and his fellow-prisoners were taken to Newark (now Niagara), a village near Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River. He and other officers were placed under guard in a tavern. They had not been there long

when Scott was informed that some one wished to speak to "the tall American." He went into the passage, and found his visitors to be the two Indians who had met him with his flag. One of them was Captain Jacobs, the other Captain Brant, a powerful young man. They could speak but few English words. With these and signs, they professed to be anxious to know how many bullet marks he had received, as they had leveled their pieces at him several times. Jacobs seized him rudely by the arm, and turned him half round. The indignant soldier threw the savage from him, exclaiming, "Off, villain! You fired like a squaw!" "We kill you now!" answered the angry savages, at the same moment seizing their knives and tomahawks. The swords of American officers were standing at the rear of the passage. Scott sprang quickly backward to them, snatched a heavy sabre and was about to cleave the head of Jacobs, when a British officer entered, called for the guard, and at the same moment seized the arm of the chief. The two warriors were quickly humbled, and they marched off muttering curses upon all white men, whether friends or foes.

The prisoners were taken to Quebec, and were soon afterward sent in a cartel to Boston. When they were about to sail from Quebec, a party of British officers came on board the cartel, mustered the prisoners, and commenced separating from the rest those who, by their accent, were found to be Irishmen. These they intended to place on board a frigate lying near, and send them to England for trial and execution as traitors, the doctrine of the British Government being that a subject of the realm can never expatriate himself. His allegiance is perpetual, and therefore, when found in arms against that government, he is a traitor.

Scott was below. Hearing a noise upon deck, he hastened up, and was soon informed of the



FORT NIAGARA IN 1813.

position of the prisoners. He at once entered a vehement protest against such proceedings, and commanded the soldiers to be absolutely silent, that their accent might not betray them. He was repeatedly ordered to go below, and as repeatedly refused. His command of silence was obeyed, and not another prisoner was separated from him. When the unfortunate ones were about to be conveyed to the frigate in irons, he gave them the solemn assurance that his Government would fully avenge the death of any or all of them (should they be executed), either by stern retaliation upon prisoners in its hands, or by refusing to give quarter in battle. He boldly defied the menacing officers, and comforted the manacled prisoners tenderly.

We will anticipate the order of the narrative a little, by giving the conclusion of this matter. Scott was exchanged in January, 1813, and on the 13th of that month he laid before the Secretary of War a full report of the proceedings at Quebec. At his instance the report was laid before Congress the same day, and on the 3d of March following an act was passed, "vesting the President of the United States with the power of retaliation." Although hostages were held, the President never had occasion to exercise his delegated power, for the British Government never presumed to act upon its doctrine of perpetual allegiance in the case of American prisoners.

Almost three years after the event at Quebec, Scott was greeted by loud huzzas while passing along the East River side of New York City. These came from a group of Irishmen who had just landed upon a pier. They were twenty-one of the twenty-three prisoners for whom he had

cared so tenderly. They had just returned after a long confinement in English prisons. They recognized their benefactor, and "nearly crushed him," says Mansfield, "by their warm-hearted embraces."

At the beginning of May, 1813, Scott joined the army at Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara River, nearly opposite Fort George. General Dearborn was in chief command, and Scott was his Adjutant-General, holding the reserved right of commanding his own regiment on extraordinary occasions. Being at the head of the staff, upon him devolved the duty of arranging the details of the several departments. This he performed with singular ability and dispatch.

The campaign had just opened. Toronto (then York), the capital of Upper Canada, had just been taken by the Americans, but with the great loss of General Pike. General Dearborn resolved to follow up this victory by an attempt to capture Fort George. He was in command of almost five thousand men, and had the co-operation of a fleet under Commodore Chauncey.

On the morning of the 27th of May the expedition embarked three miles east of Fort Niagara, and proceeded in six divisions of boats. Colonel Scott was in the first, and led the advanced guard, for which service he had specially volunteered. He landed at nine o'clock, half a mile from Newark (now Niagara), and about the same distance from the present Fort Mississauga, at the mouth of the river. The bank was several feet in height, and covered with an opposing force at least eight hundred strong. Scott formed his troops on the beach, under cover of the guns of the fleet, and at their head pushed forward to

scale the bank. Three times they were repulsed. Dearborn, with a glass on Chauncey's flag-ship, saw Scott fall backward from the bank, and exclaimed, "My God, he is killed!" But he immediately recovered his feet, and then, supported by Colonel Moses Porter's artillery and a part of General Boyd's brigade, he rushed forward, knocked up the bayonets of the British, gained the summit of the bank, and after a desperate struggle of twenty minutes, completely routed the foe. He followed them in hot pursuit, and was joined at Newark by the sixth regiment under Colonel Miller.

While pursuing the fugitives through and beyond Newark, Scott was informed that the garrison of disabled Fort George was about to blow it up. He wheeled immediately, and, with two companies, he hastened in that direction to save the property. A small magazine exploded as he drew near, and he was knocked from his horse and severely hurt by a flying piece of timber. He soon recovered, forced the gate, and, with his own hands, pulled down the British flag and hoisted the stripes and stars, at the same



FORT MISSISSAUGA IN 1860.



OLD FORT AT TORONTO IN 1860.

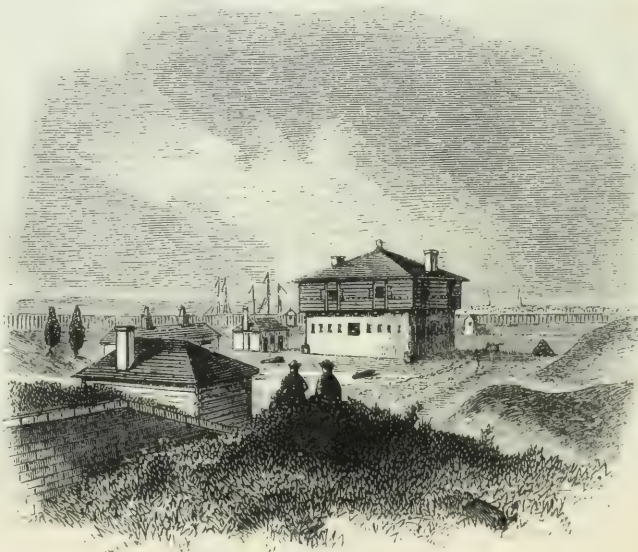
time ordering the seizure of the lighted matches intended for firing the train leading to the magazine. Colonel Porter had pushed forward to perform the same service, when, finding Scott already there, he said: "Confound your long legs, Scott! you have got in before me."

When the fort was secured—a work of only a few minutes—Scott dashed on after the still flying British, and halted only, after a pursuit of five miles, when he was recalled by General Boyd in person. He had already disregarded orders to return, sent by General Lewis of the New York militia, saying: "Your General does not know that I have the enemy within my power: let me alone, and I will capture his whole force in seventy minutes." No doubt he would have done so. The main body of the fugitives were in full sight, and his own troops were in good spirits.

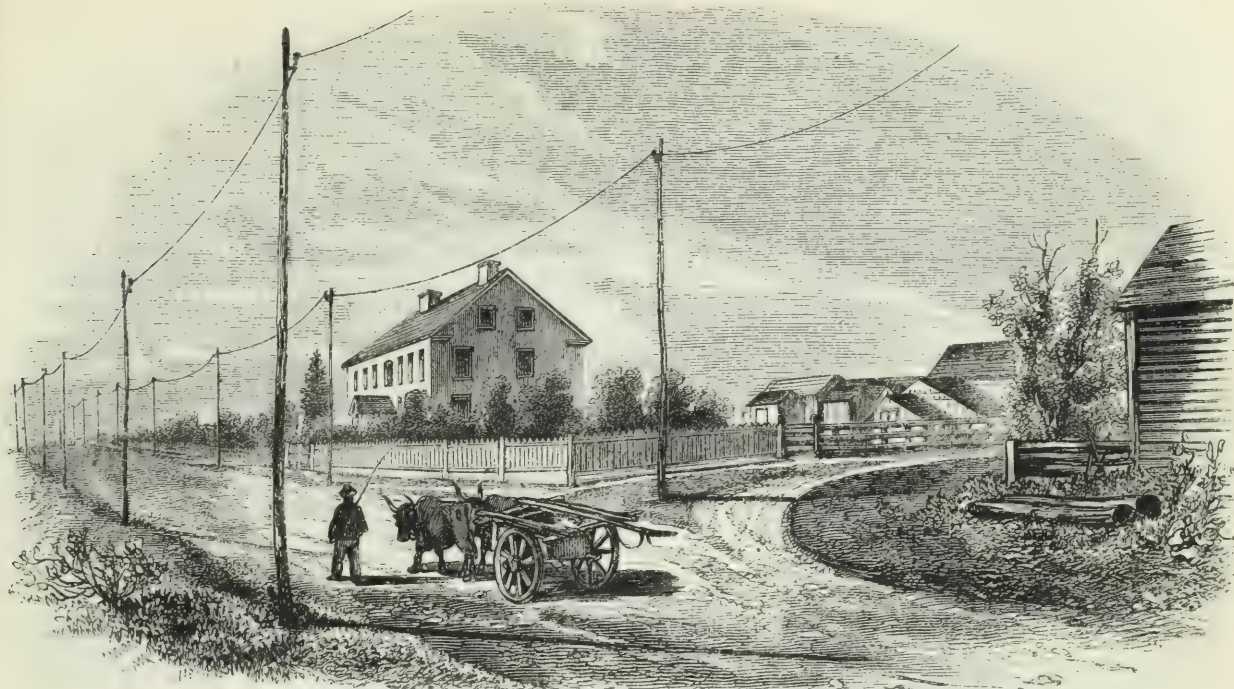
About six weeks after the capture of Fort George Colonel Scott was promoted to the command of a double regiment, composed of twenty companies, when he resigned the office of Adjutant-General. Meanwhile he had been performing monotonous camp duty, varied only by foraging and the attendant skirmishing. At length an expedition against Burlington Heights, at the west end of Lake Ontario, was planned. It was supposed that the British had a large quantity of provisions and stores there. Scott volunteered to command the land troops. They were conveyed in Chauncey's fleet. But no provisions nor stores were found at Burlington Heights; so the expedition crossed the lake and made a descent upon Toronto, which the Americans had abandoned as soon as captured in the spring.

Scott led the invading troops and marines on shore. The barracks and public stores were burned; a large amount of provisions were taken; and a quantity of ammunition, several pieces of cannon, and eleven armed boats were among the spoils. The building of the fort, now a partial ruin, had just been commenced by the British.

In the autumn General Wilkinson, Scott's old commander and personal enemy, led an expedition down the St. Lawrence for the purpose of capturing Kingston and Montreal. Scott was anxious to accompany the expedition; but he was left to perform important duty. He was made commander of the post at Fort George, the key of the peninsula, with eight hundred regulars and a part of Colonel Swift's militia, with instructions to strengthen it. In this he was aided by Captain Totten. For some time he was in daily expectation of an attack; but at length,



FORT WELLINGTON IN 1860.



CHRYSLER'S IN 1855.

toward the middle of October, the British in that vicinity followed Wilkinson, though upon the opposite side of the lake, to secure Kingston.

This movement gave much joy to Scott; for, according to discretion given him in his instructions, he was thereby allowed to place the fort under the command of M'Clure, at Niagara, and join Wilkinson's expedition. He accordingly pressed forward with his troops, through almost incessant rains, over almost impassable roads, until he met Armstrong, the Secretary of War, on his way from Utica to Sackett's Harbor. By his permission Scott left his men with his second in command, and hastened forward to join the army on the St. Lawrence. This he accomplished, a little above Ogdensburg, on the 6th of November, after a most fatiguing journey through rain and mud. He embarked on the flotilla, and had the honor of receiving, in the leading and largest boat, the first fire from the British at Fort Wellington, opposite Ogdensburg.

On the day after joining the expedition Colonel Scott was appointed to the command of the battalion of Colonel Macomb, one of the finest in the army, and now made the advanced guard of the expedition. On the 10th of November he had a short but severe encounter with the British near Fort Matilda, on the north side of the St. Lawrence. He captured the fort, took an officer and some men prisoners, and on the following day, while Brown and others were fighting at Chrysler's, he was fifteen miles below, at a narrow pass near Cornwall, engaged, with seven hundred men, in a conflict with Colonel Dennis and an equal number of British troops. He effected the passage while enduring a severe fire, landed and routed the British, pursued them a long while, and captured many prisoners.

There being very few British troops between Cornwall and Montreal, and but a small garrison at the latter place, Scott felt sure of an easy

conquest of that city within forty-eight hours. While flushed with success and impatient to advance he was astonished and mortified by an order from Wilkinson to halt. Hampton had refused to join Wilkinson; and because of the jealousy and mutual ill-feeling of those old officers, whose inefficiency was lamented by all, the expedition was abandoned, and the army went into winter-quarters at French Mills, now Fort Covington, at the head of navigation on the Salmon River. Had Brown or Scott been in chief command at that time, the Canadas would have been in possession of the Americans by the Christmas holidays. The passions and blunders of the chief commanders on the northern frontier compelled many brave and high-spirited young men to experience a hard school of adversity, out of which, however, they came as accomplished officers with the plaudits of their countrymen; and "many an empty fop, young and old," said the first biographer of Scott, in the *Analectic Magazine*, "who had been seduced into the service by the glitter of epaulets, and lace, and military buttons, had been severely taught his own incompetency."

Colonel Scott spent a part of the winter of 1813-'14 at Albany, and, in consultation with Governor Tompkins, was busily engaged in preparing materials for the next campaign. He was promoted to Brigadier-General in March; and early in April he joined Major-General Brown while on his march from French Mills to the Niagara frontier.

Almost immediately after their arrival at Buffalo, General Brown was called to Sackett's Harbor. He left the forces under the command of General Scott, with instructions to assemble an army at Buffalo as rapidly as possible, and to establish there a camp of instruction. For more than three months Scott was engaged there, preparing the army for the summer campaign. He



RUINS OF FORT ERIE IN 1860.

introduced the modern French tactics. He thoroughly drilled the officers, and they in turn as thoroughly drilled the men, while whole battalions were frequently drilled by Scott himself. These instructions were of incalculable benefit in the service that soon followed. The army was perfectly organized, and made capable of performing every evolution with the precision of veterans. Not a single movement was omitted, nor was less attention paid to etiquette. A single instance will illustrate this point. Scott observed a captain pass a sentinel without acknowledging the salute of the latter. He rebuked the impoliteness by informing the captain that if he did not repossess the sentinel, and "reform the fault" within twenty minutes, he would be tried before a court-martial.

General Brown returned to Buffalo at the close of June with reinforcements, and on the third of July the campaign was opened. On the morning of that day Scott led the van of a considerable force that crossed the Niagara River to attack Fort Erie. The garrison soon surrendered, and the fort was taken possession of by a battalion under Major Jesup, of Scott's brigade.

On the following morning, the Anniversary of American Independence, Scott moved down the Canada side of the Niagara toward Chipewa, where lay a strong British force under General Riall. He was followed by the remainder of the army, several hours in the rear. For sixteen hours he was compelled to have a running fight with the enemy under Lieutenant-



STREET'S CREEK BRIDGE IN 1860.



MOUTH OF LYON'S CREEK IN 1860.

Colonel Pearson. At twilight Pearson was driven across the Chippewa Creek, and Scott took position a short distance above Street's Creek bridge, near the banks of the Niagara opposite Navy Island, and two miles from Riall's camp. Between the belligerents lay a narrow, open plain, flanked by the river on one side and woods on the other. The latter swarmed with scouts and British Indians.

Both armies were in motion early on the morning of the 5th. Almost the whole of that long, hot summer day was spent by the belligerents in reconnoitring and skirmishing. Finally Brigadier-General Peter B. Porter, with militia, volunteers, and friendly Indians, cleared the woods on Chippewa plains and drove the fugitives back to the British lines. There he found the whole British column in order of march. Thus supported, the fugitives turned upon Porter. Some of his command were awed by the formidable array of British regulars, and fled toward Street's Creek in confusion.

It was now between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. Scott was advancing toward Street's Creek bridge, for the purpose of crossing and drilling his men on the open plain beyond. He was met by General Brown riding in haste from the direction of Chippewa, who said, in passing, "The enemy is advancing; you'll have a fight." He gave no instructions, but left the whole matter in the hands of Scott, while he pushed on to bring up the reserve.

A cloud of dust in the direction of Chippewa announced the approach of the foe; and when Scott and his brigade reached Street's Creek bridge Riall had displayed his forces in battle order on the plain, supported by a battery of nine cannon, arranged within point-blank shot of the Americans. Scott did not hesitate a moment. He moved forward and crossed the bridge in the face of a heavy fire. The battalions under Majors Leavenworth and M'Niel were immediately formed in front of the enemy, while another battalion, under Major Jesup, obliqued in column to the left, to keep the right flank of the British in check. Towson's battery took a position on the right of the Americans, which rested on the Niagara River.

The action soon became general. Jesup, in

the woods, held the British right wing in check, and Scott pressed forward, alternately advancing, halting and firing, until he was within eighty paces of the enemy. He then threw M'Niel's battalion obliquely upon the British right, calling out, loudly, "The enemy say that we are good at long shot, but can not stand the cold iron! I call upon the Eleventh instantly to give the lie to that slander! *Charge!*" The order was promptly obeyed, and Leavenworth's corps made a similar attack at the same time upon the British left. These were sustained by Towson's artillery. The movement was so quick, powerful, and effective that the British army broke and fled in confusion. Jesup also routed the left wing, and the whole line of the enemy was driven from the field of action to the intrenchments beyond the Chippewa, hotly pursued by Scott.

Such was the activity of Scott in this battle that it was all over before the arrival of the reserve. Scott's force actually in conflict did not exceed fourteen hundred men, while that of Riall was about twenty-four hundred. Both parties suffered severely; and the plain of Chippewa, after the battle, was strewn with the dead and dying. One of the American flags, borne in the conflict, and yet preserved, attests the abundance of bullets in the air during that hot conflict. At twilight the survivors of both armies sunk to rest within the respective lines.

The battle of Chippewa gave immense moral strength to the American army, and the soldiers seemed eager to follow wherever Scott might lead. Accordingly, two days after that conflict he moved forward, crossed the Chippewa at the mouth of Lyon's Creek, and menaced the British right wing so seriously that Riall broke up his camp and fell back, first to Queenston, and finally in the direction of Burlington Heights, near the present city of Hamilton.

At the close of 1813, the whole Niagara frontier, from Buffalo to the mouth of the river, had passed into the hands of the British. General Brown now determined to dispossess them. For this purpose he pressed forward to Queenston, intending to retake Fort George, and capture Fort Mississauga, lately erected at the mouth of the river. The illness of Chauncey made him

hesitate, for he needed his co-operation ; and he concluded to attack Riall, then at Burlington Heights. He finally determined to draw the enemy from that strong point by retreating up the Niagara and taking position at Chippewa.

Toward the evening of the twenty-fifth of July, Brown was startled by the false intelligence that a thousand British troops had crossed the river, from Queenston to Lewiston, with the probable intention of capturing his stores at Schlosser. To recall them, he immediately ordered an attack on Forts George and Mississauga ; and within twenty minutes after his command was issued Scott and thirteen hundred of his men were in motion. Just above Niagara Falls they discovered a few mounted British officers. Supposing a considerable detachment to be near, Scott sent word to General Brown, and then dashed through a piece of woods to reconnoitre. To his great astonishment he there found a larger force than he had encountered at Chippewa, drawn up in battle array in a road called Lundy's Lane. General Riall was there with a large reinforcement under Lieutenant-General Sir Gordon Drumond, lately arrived at Niagara. He was in a most perilous position. To stand or retreat was equally dangerous, for a heavy fire of cannon and musketry was opened upon him. He therefore resolved to fight, and keep the enemy in check until Brown should bring up the main body of the Americans. This bold resolution deceived Riall, and he did not venture to attack Scott's flank. The latter thus gained an initial advantage, and the British were kept on the defensive.

It was just before sunset when the battle began ; and Scott's advancing troops were enveloped in a rainbow created by the sunlight upon the mist that rises eternally from the great cataract. It must have presented a strange sight to the

vision of the foe. It soon passed away, the sun went down, the twilight faded, and night fell upon the scene. The fight was desperate. Scott's forces consisted of four battalions under Colonel Brady, and Majors Jesup, Leavenworth, and M'Neil, with Towson's artillery and Captain Harris's detachment of regular and volunteer cavalry. The enemy were at least eighteen hundred strong, and advantageously posted, chiefly upon a gentle eminence. But at nine o'clock in the evening the advantage was with the Americans. The skill and celerity of Scott's movements astonished the British. Major Jesup had gallantly turned the British left, and by a sudden movement made General Riall (who was wounded) and several other officers prisoners. He then charged back, cut off a portion of the enemy's left wing, and took his position in line.

The centre, alone, of the British line now remained firm, posted upon a ridge (the eastern slope of which is now covered by a burial-ground) supported by a battery of nine cannon. General Brown had arrived with the brigade of General Ripley and Porter's volunteers, and proposed to withdraw the wearied troops of Scott and hold them in reserve. But the brave brigadier would listen to nothing of the kind. He had borne the brunt of the battle, and was determined to fight to a decision. The carnage was great and still continued. The British battery on the hill was doing dreadful execution, and it became evident to all that its capture or silence was essential to the success of the Americans. Colonel James Miller, whose bravery was well known, was appointed to the task. "Can you take that battery?" he was asked. "I'll try!" was his curt reply. Scott was well acquainted with the ground, and he led Miller to a fence that bounded one side of the lane, half covered with bushes. Up the slope in the dark, concealed by these



VIEW AT LUNDY'S LANE IN 1860.

bushes, Miller crept cautiously, and when within musket-shot of the battery he chose nine sharpshooters, each of whom picked his man at the guns, and shot them. Miller's party then rushed forward, seized the battery, and turned the tide of war. The enemy rallied with reinforcements and attempted to recapture the battery. Again there was a desperate conflict. The scene was lighted only by the flash of powder from cannon and muskets. Every where on that bloody field, where personal courage or military skill was needed, the majestic form of Scott was seen, moving in the gloom, and made visible only by the fitful flashes of the guns. At ten o'clock he had been badly wounded in the side. At eleven he was on foot, two horses having been killed under him. Suddenly he was prostrated by a ball that passed through his left shoulder, and he was carried from the field. Brown had been wounded and carried off a few minutes earlier. Both fell when the heat of battle was over. It ended at midnight; and over the dead of both nations that strewed the field the awful voice of the great cataract chanted a thundering requiem.

On the fall of Brown and Scott General Ripley took chief command. The Americans fell back—first to Chippewa, and then to the ferry opposite Black Rock. Owing to a want of horses, harness, and drag-ropes the captured artillery could not be removed, and it remained the property of the British.

General Scott was taken to Buffalo, and thence to Williamsville, eleven miles distant, where he was placed in the charge of good nurses, under the same roof with the wounded General Riall. He suffered intensely; and for a month his recovery was considered doubtful. He was finally conveyed in a litter, first to Batavia, and then to Geneva; and at last, after a lapse of several weeks, he reached Philadelphia, and placed himself under the care of the eminent Drs. Physic and Chapman. Every where upon his journey he received the homage of the people. He halted at Princeton, in New Jersey, at the time of the Annual Commencement at Nassau Hall. The fact was soon communicated to the Faculty, and they sent a deputation to invite him to participate in the ceremonies. He was carried to the Hall, and was placed upon the stage prepared for the exercises. He was received by the audience with the greatest enthusiasm. The men cheered and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. It was a most grateful ovation for the young and gallant soldier. The orator of the day made a happy allusion to him and his services; and he was complimented on the spot by the presentation of the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

The Governor of Pennsylvania marched out of Philadelphia, at the head of the militia, to receive him; and as that city and Baltimore were then (September, 1814) threatened by the British, he was solicited by the delegates in Congress from Pennsylvania and Maryland to take the nominal command of the troops assembled

for the defense of their respective capitals. Accompanied by his aid-de-camp, the late General Worth, he passed on to Baltimore, where, under the hands of that skillful surgeon, Dr. Gibson, his wounded shoulder healed. At the middle of October he assumed the command of the Tenth Military District, with his head-quarters at Washington City; and there and at Baltimore he passed the early part of the winter of 1814–'15. In anticipation of another year of conflict, he had commenced, by direction of the Government, the preparation of plans of the campaign of 1815, when intelligence of the negotiation of a treaty of peace came, and gave joy to the whole country. Grateful for his services in the field, and impressed with the abundance of his executive abilities, the President of the United States invited General Scott into his Cabinet as Secretary of War. He modestly declined, on account of his youth; and he also declined acting as Secretary until the arrival of William H. Crawford from Paris, who had been appointed to that place. This he did out of deference to Generals Brown and Jackson, his superior officers; because at that time the Secretary of War was the acting Commander-in-chief of the Army.

General Scott was employed in 1815 in the delicate service of reducing the army from a *war* to a *peace* footing. This accomplished, and still feeble from the effects of his wounds, he was sent to Europe on a confidential diplomatic mission, the chief object being to ascertain the temper and views of the several courts in relation to the struggles for independence then going on among the Spanish-American colonies. He was so successful that he received from his Government a special letter of thanks. In Europe he was treated with marked attention. His military fame had gone before him. Among others, he received an autograph letter from the venerable Polish patriot Kosciuszko, addressed to a mutual friend. "Be pleased," he said, in conclusion, "to convey my compliments to General Scott, and especially for his victories in Canada. I hope the Americans will follow his example—his courage, his energy, and his virtues."

On his return to the United States General Scott was assigned the command of the sea-board, with his head-quarters at New York; and in March, 1817, he married Miss Maria Mayo, of Richmond, Virginia. He then held the commission of Major-General in the Army of the United States.

The promotions of General Scott were rapid beyond precedent. In 1809 he was Captain. When, in 1812, he was nominated to the President for a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, Madison objected on the ground of his youth. But the Executive yielded. When Scott's name was presented for Colonel, after the campaign of 1812, Madison made the same objections, but yielded. When, at the close of the campaign of 1813, his name was presented for the commission of Brigadier-General, again the President made the same objections, but again yielded. When the battles of Chippewa and Niagara had

been fought, the friends of Scott again presented his name to the President for promotion. Madison replied, with a smile, "Put him down a Major-General; I have done with objections to his youth." By this appointment he stood at the head of his profession, in rank, when a little more than twenty-eight years of age. The Congress of the United States had also conferred its highest honors upon him, by voting him thanks and a gold medal commemorative of his distinguished services. This gold medal was presented to General Scott at the beginning of 1825. Many years ago he deposited it, for safe keeping, in the vault of the City Bank, New York. That bank was robbed of bullion and other funds to the amount of \$250,000. Among the bullion was this medal, but it was left. All else in the trunk had been taken. Some time afterward General Scott was robbed of his purse on board

a Hudson River steamboat. The thief was caught, and in the course of the investigation the robber of the City Bank, who was also in custody, reproached his comrade in crime for robbing the General. "When I took the money," he said, "from the City Bank, I saw and well knew the value of that medal, as I examined it with my lantern; but I scorned to take from the soldier what had been given him by the gratitude of his country!" That man was not wholly a criminal.

Such, in brief outline, is the record of the early military services of the distinguished Commander-in-chief of the Armies of the United States, who, in 1861, was intrusted with the conduct of the military operations in defense of the Government, the Constitution, and the Laws, against a conspiracy of demagogues to overthrow them.

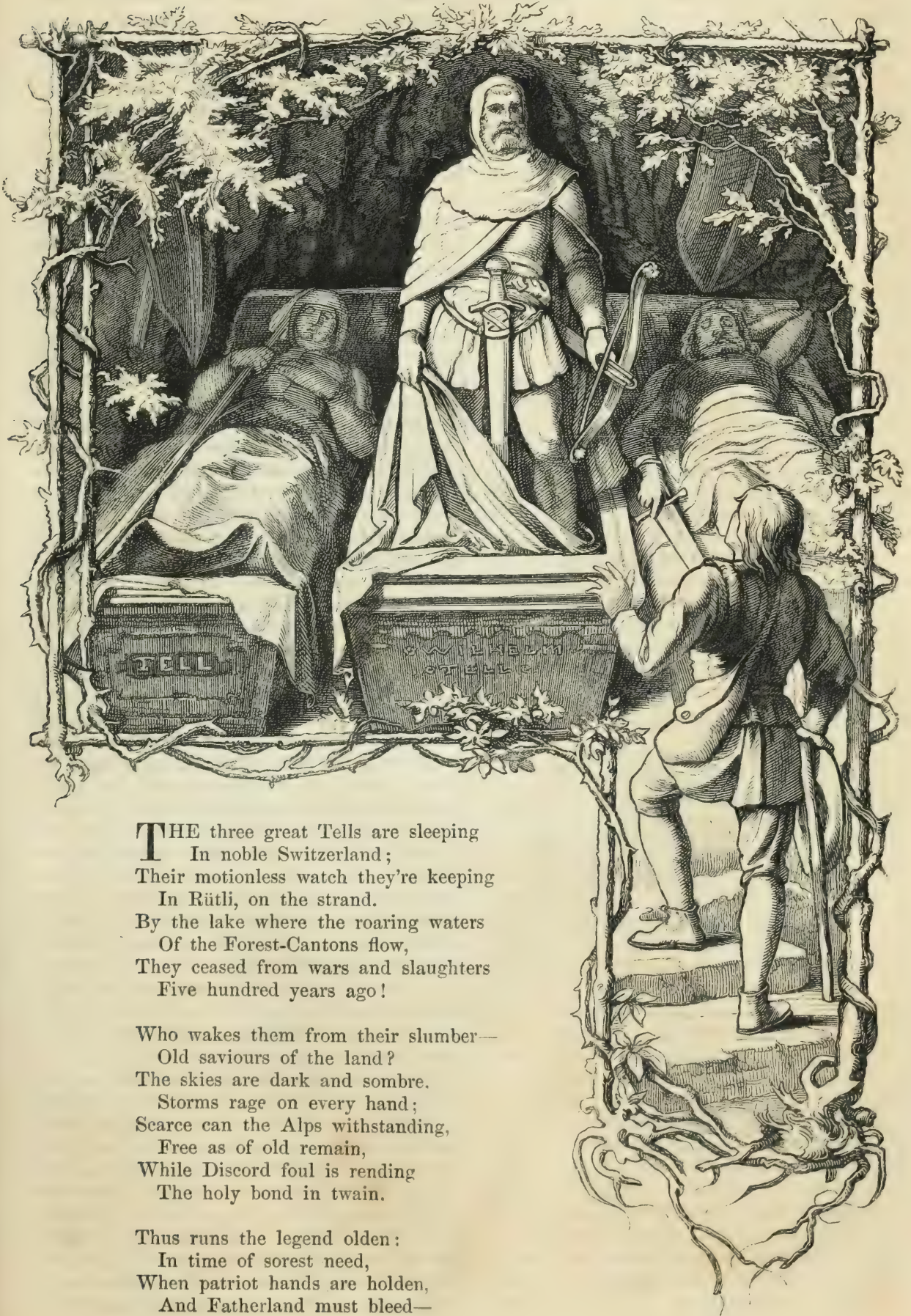


WINFIELD SCOTT, 1861, *Æt.* 75, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF U. S. A.

The Three Tells.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF WETZEL.)

"Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return,
The Patriot TELL—the BRUCE of Bannockburn!"



THE three great Tells are sleeping
In noble Switzerland;
Their motionless watch they're keeping
In Rütli, on the strand.
By the lake where the roaring waters
Of the Forest-Cantons flow,
They ceased from wars and slaughters
Five hundred years ago!

Who wakes them from their slumber—
Old saviours of the land?
The skies are dark and sombre.
Storms rage on every hand;
Scarcely can the Alps withstanding,
Free as of old remain,
While Discord foul is rending
The holy bond in twain.

Thus runs the legend olden:
In time of sorest need,
When patriot hands are holden,
And Fatherland must bleed—

Then, then, will rise the stillers
 Of tumults, in their might—
 The three great Tells, the pillars
 Of the old League for the right.

A pious herd-boy, keeping
 His Alpine watch alone,
 Strayed once where they were sleeping,
 In sepulchre of stone:
 Then to his startled vision
 Did true old Tell appear,
 With shining eyes uprisen,
 And visage bold and clear.

Gently the boy he greeted:
 "And what's the time, I pray,
 On earth?" The lad repeated,
 "Sir, it is yet high day."
 "No later?" quoth he, "marry!
 My time I still must bide."
 And laid him down to tarry
 By his two comrades' side.

Down the steep path retreating,
 The herd-boy homeward sped,
 The wondrous tale repeating,
 Of what the great Tell said.—
 A trusty band have taken
 The mountain way with speed,
 The three old Tells to waken
 In Fatherland's sore need.

Intent and eager ever,
 They sought it night and day;
 But found the cavern never,
 Where the great leaders lay.
 And still through weary ages,
 Upon the rocky shore,
 Sleep the three hero-sages,
 Forever—evermore!

Oh! could I but discover
 Such Tells for Germany,
 My search should ne'er be over,
 But eager, steadfast be,
 Until my zeal succeeded,
 Though I should find their grave
 At the world's end, unheeded,
 Washed by the utmost wave!

Then, like a tempest's roaring,
 My voice should lifted be,
 Deliverance imploring
 With a nation's agony—
 A wronged and injured nation,
 With none to hear its cry,
 Or heed its supplication,
 And not a helper nigh.

Then surely he will waken,
 The glorious German Tell,
 Out of his slumber shaken,
 As if by thunder's swell.
 He will arise—he must not tarry,
 Our rescuer in need,
 Our standard sheet to carry,
 Till every tyrant bleed!

ALBANY, July, 1861.

L. E. P.

VALLANDIGHAM.

I.—A WOMAN.

ELEANOR LEIGHTON was what people called the highest stepping girl in the village. But in a woman a good wholesome hearty pride is a core of strength, and when it is so blended with sweetness that you can not tell where one ends and the other begins, the thing is as near perfection as it can be found. But Eleanor Leighton had the right to step high, provided she wished to indulge in that exercise; not because there was no bluer blood in the country than ran in her veins, not that her ancestors had for generations been among the bulwarks of the state, not that the fact of present poverty and former wealth is inspiring, not for any such factitious circumstance, without which she had still been Eleanor Leighton, but simply from the innate dignity and reserve of her character. It was the nobility of womanhood that put on its crown in her and trailed the purple. But that was when Eleanor first impressed her individuality upon her world. Later, she found it possible to wander through the avenues of pride to the very confines of self-contempt.

Outdoor nature and she seemed always to be consonant. If you saw her under wintry skies, and in an atmosphere of crystal clarity, the sapphire's brilliance of the one painted in her eyes, and the keen breath of the other reddening the answering blood of her cheeks, she seemed to have escaped from the cleft ice-blocks behind her, since one would need to be rosy and strong and gay as she to keep comfortable in so cold a haunt as an ice-spirit's; and in summer, as she stepped from under green shadows, you would have believed again in Dryads, and said a prayer to the next white-stemmed maiden birch you met. But it was only with outdoor nature that she stood in unison; human nature and she had unpleasant misunderstandings; so, while some dubbed her vixen and some dubbed her shrew, some called her haughty and some called her fierce, there grew to be a general touch-me-not feeling in regard to her, which was highly congenial to the person concerned, and allowed complete liberty. But in my experience I have found such bitter terms most often applied to those who will on no account receive meddlesome and impertinent interference, who decline replying to obnoxious questions, and who meet inquisitive offense and advice by cool rebuff. But that is a rare faculty, and Eleanor Leighton was fortunate in possessing it.

The house where dwelt the Leightons, mother and child, stood in the very heart of a forest that extended around it for miles. This old mossy growth was traversed by many exceedingly narrow roads, where the grass and wild vines had grown across the ruts, and where the great hemlock boughs bent low and close to brush the cheek of the passer. The house was of brick, a one-storied affair, nondescript in gables and dormer-windows, overhung with trailers—honeysuckles, roses, sweet-brier—so that in June it

seemed more a bower of tangled blossom than any thing else, as it stood centred in rods of the greenest turf that ever rose elastic from a springing tread, and bathed in floods of sunshine. All about, the winds in the tree-tops, or the murmurous motion of gently swaying boughs, made a wild music like the song of a shell, and so wrapped in perpetual ease and warmth Eleanor Leighton had been bred. This place had formerly been their own, but having passed into other hands, they still managed it for the absent owner, and retained a stipend for themselves from the profits of the farm lands that lay beyond in the village.

Eleanor had several sisters, all well married as the world goes, to old names, old fames, and old gold. Eleanor had had one or two such lovers herself, but declared she found the soil so long tilled that it was utterly exhausted, and she preferred to try the virgin mould, at which her five sisters held up their hands in holy horror, and, to prevent so vulgar a thing as a *mésalliance*, laid traps for her heart, and whisked her off to the city. But there are no such fools as those who meddle with marriage; the world crystallizes into lovers and loved; and if one should take a sunbeam and stir the gathering diamond, less necessary atoms would be separated than those others which have fallen apart where a jewel of purer water forever wears its flaw. But Eleanor was as shrewd as determined; it needed but a short sojourn in her sisters' homes to teach her the value of the unions they had made or the lives they led. She entered with the spirit of youth and novelty the society they afforded her, she enjoyed the admiration she received, bore her sceptre regally, and to all appearance was completely ensnared in the brilliant life before her. One day when it was supposed she had pledged herself to these enjoyments too deeply to withdraw, it was judged prudent for a certain stately Dives to make his addresses, and great was the fluttering in the dovecotes when he met with rejection. In vain they urged, in vain they plead, and when, as a final argument, they declared that unless Mr. Ethelwolf Endicott were given encouragement, the sight of her would be agony to them: "Very well, then," said Eleanor, "I won't stay!" and was off before they could gainsay her. So bitterly was this breach felt by the haughty dames of the house of Leighton, that she knew it would be impossible ever to seek their aid or comfort again, to whatever dire extremity she might come.

But there were certain pleasant recollections connected with that winter which it was impossible to rend from her, if indeed any one had known their existence.

There was a morning in an art salon where a young painter superintended the hanging of his picture, brushes and pallet in hand, and then stood and gave the last strokes, deepening a shadow, lightening a distance, while she, in her unrustling gown of thick cloth, remained simply beside him, and now watched the flexible fingers, and now askance the soul just veiled in that

countenance that yet wanted something to be clear as the air that filters light, remained naturally and naïvely and without a second thought, not merely from curiosity, but because there was that about this youth touching her as nothing else had ever done. And when at last he finished, he looked up and met her eye, and so continued for a space, breathless and wordless, but with color gathering and thickening on the sallow cheek, then bowed in grave courtesy and turned away with something like a sigh.

There was another day when a wonderful antique, but just unearthed, had been brought to the place to be saluted by throngs; and earlier than others, that she might the more enjoy it, Eleanor has stolen out, and again this youth opposed her as he sat studying some fabulous line of beauty on lip or nostril. A small port-folio had half slipped from his knee, and as he saw her, with a start, it fell and scattered its contents before her. What was there to hinder her seeing a penciling of clear-cut features, a drooping eye, a heavy brow tressed in darkness, with curls that rolled low upon the bosom? Nothing but the will—perhaps her pride bound her, this youth was guilty of a great liberty—or was it that she felt he had beheld her in that look she treasured merely as a subject of art? Judge.

Then there were drives on which his form had perpetually recurred, as if each of them were the magnet for the other; and evenings when music surged up in divine choruses around her, and bending forward from her curtained seat, that face lustrous in its strange tinge alone flashed upon her. In some manner it came to pass that the whole of this winter was put away in her thought and sealed with the device of this one identity. Such little memories the Leighton ladies could not destroy, and it was with a very unconscious happiness that she retained them.

These sisters of hers were much older than she; her mamma was not their mamma; she had never been indebted to them for a single bank-note of all those that rustled in their hands as carelessly and as unvalued as yellow leaves rustle in an autumn forest; there was no reason why she should suffer them to interfere with her future; and so she set them aside, and devoted herself to the home life, which was in as fine contrast to the life she had lately lived as sunlight is to flaring gas. There were the gardens for her to oversee, the flowers for her to train, a thousand cares to lift from her mother, the daily walk to the village, that skirted the nearer edge of the wood, at a mile's distance. Then there were books and studies to fill the afternoon; and for some unknown motive she even began to sketch vague outlines, in which her creative eye found delight. But all this left much emptiness, and evenings, when the mother dozing in her soft arm-chair dreamed again the dreams of her youth, Eleanor leaned from the window and caught the fresh air of evening, where the dew steeped in fragrance was shaken round her, and felt a new, strange loneliness.

The summer heats are not often very provoking of new ideas; but here in these woods, shut from the free winds, they brooded too intensely to maintain their habit, and so it occurred one day to Eleanor to escape from them. "Mamma," said she, "why shouldn't we go to the mountains?"

Mamma had become so exasperated with a piece of unruly knitting that she found the heat trebled, and rolled up the work at once, as if the thought struck her for the first time in her life. "Let us start to-night!" said she. And the consequence was, that the next night found them comfortably ensconced in rooms whose windows opened on ranges of heaven-kissing hills and gave clear advent to all the fresh-blowing breezes. In the mornings before her mother rose, in the noons when she took *siesta*, Eleanor ranged over these trackless places, trusted to an unerring instinct for safe retreat, and enjoyed a freedom to which she was never unaccustomed. It was on returning one sunset from these rambles that she found a once well-known form stretched at ease on a sofa, whence he had watched her headlong descent and scamper.

"Brown as a berry!" he cried. "Well, Elle, I always knew your capacity! My fine wood-nymph, have you never a word for your Cousin Vallandigham?"

"Why—why, how came you here?"

"Warm and courteous. I proceeded to the Wood to find you, where nobody welcomed me. I came several miles by divers conveyances, and here I am, where also nobody welcomes me!"

"Oh, nonsense, Val! You know I'm real glad to see you."

"Then why don't you come and kiss me, like a sensible little cousin?"

"Well, in the first place, I'm not your cousin, and so, in the next place, it wouldn't be proper."

"Oh, I remember; you're great on proper. But I suppose you can shake hands?" And by this time the young officer had lifted himself, and having exalted an altitude of stature, reached her with two steps and took her in a pair of strong arms before she could say him nay. But there was something in her face that repelled his caress before it was given; he only bent then and raised the hand. "Dear little hand!" said he. "And still it wears my ring."

Then a thing flashed on Eleanor's mind. Had Val meant any thing when, parting from her two years ago to join his corps on the Western frontier, he slipped that ring on her finger and kissed it? He had been godson and adopted child of her father, so that their youth had been passed together; though his superior age made her little but a plaything for him, they had become like sister and brother, had indeed called each other cousin. Did he dream of drawing nearer? But that was not the finale of Eleanor's thought. In the instant, by the light of Val's hope, she saw that some strange flower had already blossomed in her heart; love, and not for him. But love? Yes, and toward an unknown; one of whom she had heard nothing, not even the

name. The red flushed her temples at the thought, and no sooner had she felt the thing than she shut her pride down over it to stifle it from her own knowledge forever. Then he who still held her hand saw the glow rise, deepen, and die, and with a second access of boldness bent and kissed the forehead. But one who has a secret is always bristling with suspicion lest it lie as open to all the world as to one's self; and rather than he should guess the true source of that hasty flush, she endured that he should think it for him, and so it happened that at the very moment when Vallandigham should have received his ring it still remained on her finger. Yet the young man saw that something was wanting to complete his dream; what, he knew not; much, he feared. That afternoon of his return he had not risen and hastened to meet her, because he wished to see if she would come to him, and now he was unable to tell if it were indifference that kept her away, or if it were the timid pride of passion. At least he learned that this black-browed woman was not to be wooed as the little damsel of former years had been, and that only by constant devotion could he hope to win and wear. This was a task for the indolent habit of the lover who had seldom accustomed himself to a whit more exertion than eked out necessity, but he met it bravely—and Elle lost her freedom.

II.—TWO MEN.

One morning they had gone out early to catch sight of some distant mountain peak struck by light in its sunrise vapors. They had long left trampling down the fern and wild juniper, and were scrambling from rock to rock, his length of limb striding over the steep ascents without an effort, and she mounting by the clasp of both his offered hands, or making his knee the step for some height beyond her scaling, when at last they reached the airy platform of their destination. Eleanor stood without turning, and looking up the precipitous cliff before her to watch a little cloud curl round its sharpest angle. Vallandigham strode on, passed some one with a cool "How are you?" and awaited her. She had not glanced round, nor swerved aside, yet she knew at once who sat there—knew it perfectly in every bound of her quickening heart. How, I am sure I can not tell, but it is to be presumed that lovers must have some subtle sense with which less gifted individuals are unacquainted. Then suddenly she faced him. He was not aware of her presence, for his whole soul was absorbed in the splendors that rose far away and before him—a valley full of rolling azure clouds, pierced by one needle that now seemed of glittering ice and now of soaring flame, at whose base, after a moment's gaze had refined the vision, gold and carmine and violet warred in tumultuous waves of turbid glory. As they stood their shadows fell at their feet aslant, a long spear of light shot athwart the valley, the azure beneath it paled and thickened to a fleece of snow, colors fled, and the peak rose one shaft

of white radiance, belted only by a steadfast rainbow. The painter sprung to his feet. "Great heavens, it is impossible!" he cried. "Never again will I put a flake of color on canvas!" and over the edge dashed pencils and easels and all. And then again his eye met Eleanor's.

"Now I am free!" he exclaimed, in the first words he had ever addressed her.

"And you were in bondage before?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"I longed for the beautiful. I felt the creative passion. But I was a dolt! I am a fountain's basin to hold the pool, not the river god's urn to pour it forth!"

"Are you sure?"

"Of course," he said, half petulantly. "Have I ever done any thing but fail?"

In an instant her memory retraced the sketch of herself.

"Yes, yes," he said, with her thought. "But then it was not art that led the pencil," and turned away.

"Elle!" cried Vallandigham, "are you trying to see if you can't melt into a little pink cloud yourself? Come along, or I'll turn the corner, and then where'll you be?" At this he walked backward a few steps, not caring much for the prospect, feeling breakfastly inclined, and something sleepy; for if he ever had his grandiose moods, this, under the spell of early rising, was not one of them. The scream rose to Eleanor's lips, but before a sound could pass them the painter had sprung and clutched his shoulder, and bracing his own foot against a projection of the rock, had hurled Vallandigham forward with the strength of a young giant.

"Good for you, Etienne!" cried Vallandigham, with fine *sang froid*, as he recovered his balance.

"I should say it was better for you," replied the other.

"What, Elle, you're not going to faint?" asked Val, as he saw her cheeks whiten.

"I never faint."

"Come, have you seen enough of this cursed damp stuff? I've no inclination to heel and toe so near eternity again. Well, Etienne des Vignes, when you picked me out of the Red River you didn't expect me to avail myself of your services so soon again? Third time lucky. Next opportunity I afford you of saving my life I hope it will be to some good purpose."

"You lazy giant! It shall be to make you take care of it. You are going? Good-morning."

"Breakfast with us?" cried out Val, as they left him. "We'll reserve a seat. Going up higher? Hark! hear the echo, Elle. Higher? Up higher?"

Elle tied the rosy ribbons beneath her chin, tangled the silky black curls in the knot, smiled with exultation as she remembered the words Des Vignes had exchanged with her as if she were his second self, bit her lip a moment after in wrath with her spiritless heart, and plunged down without a word.

But at the table whose sight Val had so coveted Eleanor meant to grant herself no indulgence, and hurried through her preparatory toilet, that she might finish before the painter appeared; for conscious of weakness, she had that contempt for it, and that desire to thwart it in herself that she would have had in another. But her labor was quite in vain; for before she was served, and while the hungry Val was prolonging his starvation that he might concoct various little messes for her delectation, the painter sauntered in and took the opposite chair, and by some chemistry of his own found cream and coffee and cakes at once before him. But a person whose life has just swung on a pivot to the very opposite pole of its desire, does not instantly avail himself of the creature comforts at hand, and so the painter drank bitter coffee in cup after cup of the blackest asperity, and forgot to eat.

"Not going to try the trout?" asked Val. "Where's your gallantry? Miss Eleanor Leighton decoyed these to shore—"

"With a silver hook?"

"Not she! Why, she's the greatest little sportswoman in the country. Have one? They don't look the same fellows they did when we brought them in; do they, Elle?"

"I wish you had seen them!" said Eleanor to Des Vignes, suddenly warming with the remembrance. "There were the little flames going and coming in their sides, the mouths so firmly outlined, the eyes so full and bold and black; they looked like singular pieces of carving."

"There is no form, I think," he replied, "that with the bizarre so combines beauty as the fish. There's a sinuosity that allows every liberty, and an adaptability of curve that makes me wonder it is not oftener used in decoration."

"Nobody wants fish out of water," said Val, shaking at reluctant cruetts.

"Alive, you mean," said Eleanor.

"Nobody wants any thing out of its element," muttered the painter.

"After all, do you know," said Eleanor, bending forward and speaking to him alone, "I don't believe much in art. Nature is so full, so lavish, so utterly satisfactory, that it is only heart-burning to try and reproduce her. There is just the difference between the two that there is between divine love and human love."

He smiled dreamily as he replied: "But your very illustration proves you mistaken. Because the divine is so perfect nobody expects us to go without the human."

But Eleanor had already said more than she intended, and leaned back in her chair till her mother should finish. Des Vignes relapsed into silence, one arm resting on the table, with the other hand idly laying tracks in the crumbs on the cloth, while Eleanor obliviously watched him. Suddenly he looked up, and through the usual fatality their gaze met. Taken by surprise, Eleanor at once hung out her colors, and then, in mute anger at herself, the blue flashing, and the white lost in red, she rose abruptly, and left the room.

So high-spirited a maiden decided at once that this was no place for her, and accordingly signified her intentions that morning to her mother. But Mrs. Leighton was not so pliant to her will as when under the influence of the exasperating heat and knitting; she had that perversity by which alone very weak-minded people seem to keep their hold upon life. No, they had engaged the rooms for six weeks; they couldn't afford to go; she liked here; it was one of Eleanor's absurd whims to leave, and she meant to stay. In this she was valorously upheld by Vallandigham, and Eleanor was forced to yield. In her heart of hearts she could not regret it; she had done the duty of pride, now the responsibility was on other shoulders. There are very few of us who like to take it on our own; we had rather wade through a slough of despond at another's command than follow an open road from personal choice. But without so much as admitting the resolve to her own heart, she was determined to meet this Etienne des Vignes, as Val called him—this unknown—no more. But then the creamy pallor of the Louisianan face; the clear, great eyes that melted in such depths of dark-lashed shadow; the low, long brow where the black straight locks swept away in one heavy line, rose before her, half blotted out her will, and drove her up and down the floor, and then out into the wild places; because she was resolved to forget it, because she was stung to the quick to find its owner's power over her, and because she felt herself to be half pledged to Vallandigham. But how could she stay here, and be shut up in a room forever? Yet of all places in the world where to avoid the other outdoors was the last. Still Mr. Des Vignes was a newcomer in these regions, although Val had known of his presence, as Val discovered every thing without seeming ever to lift his head to look behind him, and Eleanor flattered herself, forgetting to count upon an artist's spontaneity, that there were a thousand threads in these hills which she held, and he could not.

So she went springing up that afternoon into the wind that came blowing down over the crest of the mountain, or following up the course of the shrunken torrents, and gradually, as she lost herself and her vexations in abandonment to the place, little rills of singing came bubbling up to her lips, or great Scotch mountain songs poured forth with a resounding ring that would have been given the freedom of no drawing-room. She went, like Bettine, hands on sides, skirts just tucked beneath them, the wind blowing out her hair, the tune in her teeth, leaping down from jag to jag, as gay and defiant as the brook that tumbled beside her. But there a sudden spur sent the cascade flying off widely into space, and left beneath it an arch of tempting slippery darkness, guarded by shifting rainbows at either side. She passed under the shimmering veil of powdered spray, and peered into the cavern. Two eyes, so large and dark that they seemed at first to belong to some wild hill-creature, met her search; directly afterward

Etienne sprang up and offered an assisting hand.

"Did you ever see such a wilderness of unruly color?" said he. "I should have no surprise at seeing the whole solid fabric of this range—if it has any—dissolve into rainbows. Sit here but a moment and watch."

"Was that your occupation?" asked Eleanor.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because there are a myriad such places, and I think you only choose this for its seclusion. Now I am not to interrupt your meditation, but to go by on the other side."

But hardly had she escaped when the firm, rapid step came up behind her.

"Pray, if you will not stay with me, may I not walk with you?" said the voice of the moment before.

Eleanor paused. Was there any possibility that he could have read her heart? He had an aptitude. And could that account for this presumption? To be sure their acquaintance had not the warrant of formality, but was he not authorized to ask her companionship now by her familiarity of speech a moment since? She did not wish to be rude, and so she must pay the penalty of her imprudence. After but a second's waiting she took up her way beside him, but only when all the high spirits had forsaken her. Yet high spirits are not always indices of happiness; and as they still ascended Eleanor found herself listening to his words, accepting his aid, sitting at length beside him where they delayed for rest, with a pleased and deep content. Once or twice she caught her heart back to question why she were so dangerously enjoying the hour, but put the fear to sleep again, and suffered the delight to continue. At first they spoke of the place, and then again of art, and then he told her how he became a painter. But it was not what he said; not the account of his home beside that wild river of the South; not the incidents of his youth, for he was by no means unreserved; not the tropical flora that he made in one sentence unroll its petals, flaunt its dyes, and scatter its intoxicating breath before her; not plains of cacti, nor forests of magnolia; not bright-plumed birds, nor jeweled serpents, nor alligators mailed in their bronze scale armor; not all the scenes of Southern luxuriance, as eagerly and impassioned by memory he unspread their emblazoned rolls—it was nothing that he said, but the mere fact that he was speaking, speaking of all these things that were in a manner sacred remembrances to him, speaking, and to her.

"It was my dream, from the day when I first woke to a perception of beauty, that I should be what I have failed to be," said he. "It is true that I have met with a certain success; that Mexican Moonrise among rank reeds and rushes that you saw me hang last winter"—Eleanor winced—"was applauded to the skies again. But they were fools! I knew the gaps, the flaws, the lies in it! I can not face Nature hon-

estly and strive in this way longer. I never shall paint again."

"I don't understand," said Eleanor, "how when your heart is so fired your hand should fail to answer."

"My heart may be fired again and yet communicate no spark."

"Tell me about that time when you first woke to a perception of beauty," she said, turning toward him and forgetting herself since she saw how very sad he was.

"Oh, I was a boy then, some dozen years along. It was supposed that music was to be my destiny; when we were in the town I always sung in the cathedral choir, and I was to be sent to Europe for the correct culture. But they waited; wisely, as it proved; because now I do not sing at all. One evening there had been a shower just before the sunset, and there was yet a great rainbow, almost overhead, so low was the sun. But a rainbow is a rainbow the world wide over, and it was no whit more vivid than those that lie on the wet grass down there in the intervals at our feet. It struck me then for the first time as if I had never seen one. While it faded it seemed retreating, and I think its arch must have lifted my soul up with it. An arch always does, you know. The clouds were burning red in behind the stems of the wood, and then all went out together, and there filled the void of splendor a clear darkness that seemed softly to cling to every thing like oil, and the stars flowered out above it. I was in the midst of a wilderness of jasmine that had been beaten down by the rain and that was to be restored to its place, I stood waist-deep in the tumbled sprays, and almost drowned in the unutterable depth of sweetness. Then I remember thinking that I must not be made drunken with any thing, and I threw it all down and waded out. I remained then apart, unsupported, looking out; and slowly, and gently, and caressingly, the spirit of the night, the sense of beauty, stole up and surrounded me. There are no words for this: an intense joy like suppressed laughter brimmed me, and then it melted into the divine melancholy that you may have felt yourself, and quickly came tears. I threw myself on the grass, sobbing and weeping; it seemed to me that great tender voices spoke singingly to me, that strong, beautiful arms inclosed me. I even fancied the fragrant winds, that rose and curled around and died again, came from the fanning plumes of vast shadowy wings close above me. An ineffable longing seized me, only to see, to see clearly what I felt—only for one instant of vision. Eleanor! my eyes were not anointed, or I *had* seen. It is because I can not see, but can simply feel, that to-day I cease effort. In vain for me is the burning bush one of the perpetual mysteries of Egypt or of Florida. Never, never has that instant of vision come to me! I have faith and love, but I can not see God."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," said Eleanor, musingly.

"I know! I know! That means oneness,

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unity of object, of purpose, to be single-hearted. And I think I have been so. Then why do I not? It must be because I am miserably weak."

"One who can so bravely resign the hope of a life, as you have done this morning, has no right to imagine himself weak."

"Oh, there are hundreds who do the same. Many a man cherishes as long some phantasm of poesy in his soul, some determination to be among the world's laureled singers, but he wakes one day to find the banks broken and the channel cut in another line."

"Well then, what is there you will do?"

"Plenty of things. For instance, my real profession is that of an engineer. But I hate it."

"Think. Do you not need to be as single-hearted for one kind of work as another?"

"To be sure."

"Yet then—"

"Oh, I know your drift. But it is not necessary for all the world to have their feet beautiful upon the mountains as they bring the good tidings. The warders of the race are enough, the rest can grope on in semi-darkness, do their duty blindly, and bide their time."

"Not a very perfect scheme. You will not succeed in any thing by that. Now I think the delver among a mine's crystals should work as thoroughly as the man who sketches in the sharp lustre of some commanding ice-peak or moulds the arm of Achilles."

"One is blind, and the others see."

"See God?"

"Yes. It is not to imitate, to reproduce Nature, as you said this morning, but to see God in Nature, to catch the Divine, at which art aims. Oh, if I could but glimpse the trail of his garment, could see where he had brushed the dew from the grass, the bloom from the hill!"

"Now, Mr. Etienne des Vignes, let me tell you!" cried Eleanor. "When you lead the life you ought to lead as a man, you will never know this yearning without more satisfaction as an artist. And when dawns the morning of that day that your soul accords with the laws of the universe, do you dip your pitcher in again and see what comes of it!"

"Unless the pitcher is broken at the cistern first," said he, with a something sardonic air.

"You long to see God, because you feel by a correct instinct that then you will see the extremest beauty. Selfishly. Now when you truly love God, Mr. Des Vignes, you will have this beauty in your own soul, and if you only scratch a line from it on paper Apelles could not better it!" And before he brought back his wandering gaze from the clear sunshine of the scene below Eleanor had risen and was gone.

"What have you been doing on the mountain, Elle?" asked Val, coming to meet her.

"Talking with Mr. Des Vignes."

"Seems an unhappy kind of fellow—lost all his property and all his friends. Well, little Elle, you must be very kind to him, and we'll cheer him up. He swallows every crochets he

finds, and they don't digest, but get into his head."

After that morning it would have been difficult to meet Etienne with any formality; there was broken ground between them. He had given her confidences too personal to be ignored, her very pride refused to play him false, and then her whole soul went out to him. From their manner, when it occurred to his rather slow perception to observe it, Vallandigham carelessly decided that they were old friends. This latter individual shared with many another athlete quite a thorough contempt for the present apparent pursuit of the other; when he should resume his more stalwart profession he would become a more formidable rival.

A month had slipped away; Eleanor had no occasion to remember her resolutions, because Etienne sought her society so frequently that feminine pride was quelled and self-torture obviated. Gradually, too, that melancholy of his which had so softened her wore away or only came again in fitful flashes. A certain evanescent grace informed all his action; his natural temperament ruled once more; he became changeable as an iris—a sparkling merriment to-day, as if his soul were a fountain gushing to the light; to-morrow, dreamy, indolent, lounging, and with all the sleepy languor of the South; and then returned the dark mood, when smiles forsook him, and he buried himself in the recesses of the hills. But in his sunny seasons no one was ever more irresistible. He was at once not only the elegant, polished, courteous man, but the boy whose frank sweetness might have been fostered with caresses. In the latter phase he overflowed with daring pranks and interferences, always taking the mamma into his confidence when brewing some inordinate mischief, and then bewailing its effect with sighs and sadness out of the midst of bursts of gayety, mingling laughter and lamentation like a moral lemonade. But in the former—more frequent and more serious—phase, he was always so quiet, never reserved, yet, in spite of that, somewhat stately, that you forgot the possibility of his ever having appeared otherwise. It was then overflowed the wonderful wealth of words he held, and of which all were so many fetters to the attention even of Vallandigham. He related, in such a manner as to make you feel each was but one out of a myriad strange experiences that had befallen him in his wanderings; wanderings not few, for he had encamped among the ruins of ancient Aztec cities, crossed sandy Texan deserts, arid, and fervid, and glaring as some strip of the very sun itself, lost himself in a mere skiff on the great Gulf swells that he might catch the bareness of the loneliest sea, prowled through Louisianian morasses. He knew, moreover, a thousand dark legends concerning the old French and Spanish civilization of those alluring lands; he could recite bold buccaneer ballads of the haunted Main, or let the tones grow sibilant that whispered of silent, shadowy, inland lagoons—lagoons black beneath boughs rank and dank

with poisonous vegetation and long-hung trailing moss—lagoons whose sullen waters, never but once disturbed with plash of oars, heard then the single shriek that still might cry among the desolate, deathly hollows of surrounding forest.

But poor Vallandigham did not possess these fascinations; he was not fond of poetry, and so remembered none; if he told a story it was a comic one, or a joke with a fine point to it, and was through in two words; when Etienne and Eleanor talked abstrusely of art, he floundered in depths of impatient ignorance. And by degrees he found himself unconsciously watching the breath, the words, the countenances of the two, nor could he tell how long he had been so engaged. Then there opened before Vallandigham a vista of possibilities down which he quailed to look—a traitorous friend, an inconstant mistress, and a jealousy, which partook, as all jealousy does, of the savage, began to domineer him. If he possessed none of these seducing arts, he had, however, an inventive genius of which the Southerner could claim no iota: this helped him to tell a great many lies, was the source of countless devices to lead the two astray from each other (the self-disgust for which commissions he transferred bodily to Etienne), and finally was the occasion that, as an offset to the other's capacities, he one day set up in the open window a grandiose Æolian lyre, perhaps in the hope that it would make too much noise for Etienne to hear himself talk. But here Vallandigham made a blunder. Could any thing bid better speed to a love affair, than when in gentle pauses of speech it listens to the sweet capriccio of the wind through answering wires?

III.—TWO MEN AND A WOMAN.

But slowly Vallandigham woke to stouter anger as he saw his feminine friends sharing the day with Des Vignes, to his own exclusion in such pleasure—for there was in Etienne's manner that relic of the old chivalry that no woman ever contemns, and he had long since carried captive Mrs. Leighton. He woke also in bitterness to discover for himself his own mentality at a far lower pitch than the other's. And he woke too, to offer him then every silent affront and vexation that was possible. Eleanor at this point took up her observations; she wondered if he would have continued, had he known that as Etienne was of that temper that is always striking fire, he had also the courage to maintain his position. For, indeed, it is noticeable that those who refuse the right of duello are not always the most scrupulous to avoid necessity of such demand. But in this she wronged Vallandigham, for he had here attained such pitch of wretchedness that, as he said to himself, one or the other of them must leave the world, and he didn't much care which. Perhaps Etienne perceived something of this—people have pores for feeling such things—and whether determined to give him satisfaction finally, or glad to find himself of such consequence in another's life, or whether it was a matter of profound amusement to him, it

is certain that then he became much lighter and gayer than he had ever been since his renunciation. But near the close of this period there came two days of shadow upon him. He did not leave his friends, as his wont had been, but remained by Eleanor constantly, fixed her and followed her with his serious eye, replied to few of her questions, smiled at none of her sallies, slept none, ate nothing, and scarcely spoke.

They were sitting in the twilight, the other two together, Mrs. Leighton having nodded off to sleep, Eleanor in the window, Etienne on a footstool not far away, when Vallandigham entered. He swung a double loop of yellow straw in his hand, round the whole length of whose cord he had braided the long-stemmed wild strawberries, and he tossed it into Eleanor's lap.

"How fragrant!" cried Eleanor. "And how red! And how sweet! Have you had any yourself?"

"Plenty."

"Well, then, Mr. Des Vignes," she said, tossing him the other end, "dip your fingers into their heart's blood, and we'll see who'll meet the other first."

"I'll meet you at Philippi," said Etienne, accepting her challenge.

"He'll dip his fingers in redder blood if he touches one of them!" cried Val, fiercely.

"Swords or pistols?" asked Etienne, with a smothered laugh of cynical cadence, as he picked.

"Swords, Sir! And as you've shown me, you've the other in your trunk!"

"At your service."

"Enough said."

"I should think there was!" exclaimed Eleanor, with a start of vivid apprehension. "And too much. Come here, Val. Don't be a bear, except in the liking of honey; come here, and let me drop these little thimblefuls of sweet into your mouth!"

But Val strode out, and when shortly he returned there was a cruel glitter in his hand that he laid away on a side-table. Eleanor sprang to reach, but in an instant Etienne had withdrawn it and stood, when Vallandigham flared up the candles, bending its point and trying its edge.

"The very mate," said he. "Whips like a lash."

"Not here!" cried Val, in a terror.

"Nor any where else! I really know no reason we have to fight."

"Reason enough, if you've a particle of honor!"

"Don't drag honor into the affair, or we *shall* fight."

"And you don't mean to?"

"I should regret mingling your cousin's name in our difficulty. I should regret endangering the life of one dear to her. I should regret—"

"You should regret taking the life you had twice given!"

"I should regret making a fool of myself to-night, when to-morrow I might welcome here my affianced wife and her father!"

"In short, Etienne des Vignes, you are a

coward!" cried Vallandigham, with a gleam of savage joy, ready to kill Etienne and at the same time to embrace him.

"There need be no more words between us, Sir!" And Etienne's glove flew and lay at Val's feet.

Eleanor rushed and caught it and thrust it in a little crumpled heap into the owner's hand without turning on him her face.

"Val, for God's sake have some mercy on me!" she exclaimed, where she knelt.

"Elle, I don't know how this scene blazed out in your presence. I beg your pardon. Pray, rise."

"I never will till you are friends!" she replied, vehemently, and in the most approved style.

"Make the South pole kiss the North!" exclaimed Val, in response.

He tore himself away, but came back. "What do *you* care?" he asked, roughly.

Eleanor only caught his hand again and held it like a vice.

"This man has trifled with your honor," said he.

"Honor that can not take care of itself is not worth the keeping!" she responded, with branded cheeks. But there it all rushed over her. What words a moment before had been trembling on Etienne des Vignes' lips! What significance had not his manner, his silence, his glance, held! What unspoken passion had he not suffered to shine and melt in those eyes! What devotion had he not made to woo out her according soul! And here was his affianced wife on the morrow to flaunt it over her! The old pride sprung to the rescue; she was triply mailed as she knelt there after that instantaneous flash of thought, still clutching Vallandigham's hand. Yet not for all her pride should blood be shed. Her eyes were still imploring.

"Eleanor," he said, in a tone whose condensed volume well expressed the weight of feeling within it, "There is only one way in which you have the authority to ask this!"

"Well," she cried, rising and meeting his fervid glance, "in that way I ask it!"

Vallandigham paused a moment. It seemed too much, and yet too little. Was it a reluctant gage wrung from her? He had given her his whole soul, and now she seemed to pay him with a whim. But what then? he asked himself. Love does not demand payment. Let him but be allowed to love. And besides, he was so stupid, like some great creature but half endowed with any thing save tenderness, that he might not see the whole. All this time his gaze, searching and deep, lay on her; he extended his arm once more to take her to his heart; half-shrinking, half-timid, with deepening blushes, she suffered it.

Etienne stood by, growing livid with suppressed torment; his eyes seemed to be pits of blood.

"You love him? You will marry him?" he hissed, rather than said.

"I will marry him!" said she, firmly and haughtily.

"God bless you, Elle! God grant you never regret it!"

Etienne seemed then to tremble and totter, as if through the throbs of some tremendous engine within him, whose course he endeavored to check. Slowly he regained himself; the danger was past; a smile broke over his face and illuminated it to the old dazzling beauty; his grace and sweetness of manner stole back.

"We can not quarrel, Captain Allingham Vallandigham," said he, "for all our swords. You have taken a bond to keep the peace. And as for me, wherein I have offended, I did so unwittingly. I most sincerely beg you to forgive me."

"Don't mention it, man!" said Val, flushed with his happiness, and shaking hands heartily. "And for the swords—exchange them—why not? Yours becomes precious to me. Good tidings of great joy it brings!"

"Keep it and welcome. I shall not want to see it soon again." He approached Eleanor, and took her hand. "To-night," he murmured, almost inaudibly, "I had vowed should be my last of bliss. It will not be my first of misery!" and bowing, he retreated. But at the door Eleanor caught that look in his eyes, a wide darkness of bold reproach and passionate despair, and as he vanished hid her face in her hands to hold and restrain the hot, fast bursting tears. Poor Vallandigham, who in the openness of his heart fancied them to be tears of relief and joy, went and led her to a seat, coaxed away the hands, smoothed the tangled curls, and pressed light kisses in among the glossy rebellious rings.

"Elle," he said, when with great efforts she was growing calm, "have you loved so long as I? Do you love so well?"

Then the deception of the moment and of her promise started up under the glare of her pride, which again wrapped her like a robe of fire. That she cared for Vallandigham was true, but with a natural and deep affection, an affection that had flowed so quietly as to be almost unfelt, and that knew in its current none of the hollows, the shallows, the rapids of love. In this affection she should have found it impossible to trifle with his feelings; and yet she had done so, done so on that day, that wretched day of his return, when she failed to restore him his ring—ever since, when to appease his impatient regard she had bestowed some casual kindness, had deferred to his counsel, consulted his wishes, had listened to his unveiled intimations and given them no hush, had willfully and artfully suffered him to hope, that he might not discover the real reason he had for despair. All this rose and struck her to the soul.

"Oh, Val!" she cried, flinging her arms round him, "I haven't—I don't—but I will! Dear Val! as you sit there afraid to caress me lest you repel me, it breaks my heart. Oh, I will do my best to return such care. Do not love me

so much; wait till I love you more. Don't look so; don't doubt but that I shall be utterly happy when I am your wife."

"I hope you will," he said, with a grieved tenderness; for his heart had given a great throb, and out of its turbulent joy and expectation had turned over forever on a darker side. "But that will never happen while you cry so at the thought of it. Oh, little Elle! Why didn't you tell me in the first place, and not—"

But here his voice broke. A moment he tried to withhold them, and then, bowing his head to his knees, shook with heavy sobs.

"Give me back my ring, Elle," he said at length. "To-morrow I shall go away. I expected to take with me a happy plight. But all that I put behind me."

"To-morrow? to-morrow?" questioned Eleanor, in whom a sharp sense of total desertion was annihilating every thing else. "Oh, Val! I want to love you! Do you fling me away?"

That was too much. He only rose blindly, and put his arms again about her, and folded her into his soul it seemed. And for her, here she felt was rest, here was shelter. Oh! if he never had to leave her for an instant she need not think of that other. She would not think of that other. And so Eleanor still wore the ring.

The morning came, and Val was to depart. If it had not been for a novel timidity she would have begged him to marry her then, to take her with him, to make all sure, and give her a duty. But here came fear unfelt before: he might not choose to marry yet; perhaps he had changed in a night's reflection; pride forbade it, all womanly pride, in the name of all her kind—and so she was silent. But as she stood leaning on the great form beside her she felt how strong and loving was the heart that beat against her hand—how large and warm the nature, how unselfish the love that would have enwrapped her. She went to her mother and uttered a dozen vigorous words; stepped swiftly about herself; spurred the maid to haste; and while good Mrs. Leighton wondered, and hesitated, and feared, and wondered again, she found the trunks packed, and locked, and ticketed, her own bonnet tied beneath her chin, the bill paid, and the coach at the door.

"We are going too," cried Eleanor to Val, as he came for the final adieux. "At least as far as the Wood. You will go there too, Val?" For she desired that he should leave about the house the remembrance of himself in their new connection, in order that her youth might be forever banished. How much she found could pass in how few weeks! She had come here light-hearted, gay, not twenty: she was going back with a black gap half full of the blasted ashes of passion, and with gray threads in her curls.

As they waited a moment on the piazza, their coach was delayed by the arrival of another. There stepped from this last a rather pompous and very handsome gentleman, with little rings

of silver hair shining beneath his traveling-cap, assisting down a tall, large-moulded girl, who had been closely veiled. As she touched the ground and threw back the double folds of violet tissue, she disclosed the spotless skin they shielded and the dazzling beauty of an imperious blonde. Eleanor had been looking in another direction; when she turned she heard the elderly gentleman inquiring for Mr. Des Vignes, and bowed distantly both to Mr. Ethelwolf Endicott and to his daughter. In a thought the case stood before her. Mr. Endicott, never a covetous man, had been sufficiently flattered by the promise of fame in the artist to give to him his daughter. And Etienne had sold himself; for in spite of the Endicott's magnificence, Eleanor knew that he loved no one but herself. A true scorn sprung up in her heart and overflowed the curving shores of her lip, and she looked in yet more hope to Vallandigham, whom she knew with the knowledge of years to be incapable of meanness. Nevertheless there was an attraction for her in these people, and as they drew nearer she made no attempt to avoid them. It needed scarcely more than the few sentences they there interchanged, if even she had not previously known her, to convince Eleanor that this girl wore all her warmth in her coloring, and was more incapable of love than a sunset cloud. She shuddered as she thought of Etienne's fate. With a generous devotion this rival might at last have won him to herself; but now he had planted his tent in a desert. A little old-fashioned mandoline, in its case, was passed on with the other luggage of the new-comers. It gave Eleanor something to remember. She ran back through the halls, up stairs, and into the forsaken rooms where Val's Æolian wires were yet murmuring. As she entered there was a sudden snap, and then a wail in the hollow case, and she saw the thing in ruins. Etienne stood beside her as she disengaged it.

"You are angry that I have broken the bauble?" he said, shortly.

She gave him no reply.

"It was a ruder hand that rent my heart-strings last night!" he muttered, as she disengaged it, and confronted her.

Eleanor again dared no word; she only caught that dreadful look on as wild, impassioned, and desperate a gaze of her own, and fled from the room. Of what use, she thought, were her efforts, when one glance at that woeful face—haggard now in the midst of its power—destroyed them all. She saw her mother in the inside, and climbing with Vallandigham to the top of the coach, sat rigidly, without a word, looking steadfastly into the horizon. It was after sunset, and the soft summer dark had fallen before either of them spoke, and they were still plunging downward. The moon rose before them, over the tops of low and distant pine-trees, putting away masses of purple shadow, and shedding her soul on others till she seemed like a great pearl melting away in some revelry of the courts of heaven.

"That is just like a picture I bought last spring, Elle," said Val; "at a price as good as itself too, I found. One of those great Southern moonrises where darkness and light go mad, with a fore-ground of marsh grass, and a dancing flower or two holding up its head to watch the show. Exactly the thing I've so many times seen in the lonely hours out there, when I was glad to gaze, because soon I hoped my little Elle's gaze would meet me there. I left the picture at the Wood for you."

"You are very kind. We shall see it together, then, *this* time, because I have seen it before."

"I wanted to surprise you," he said, with a disappointed cadence.

"Dear old Val! Won't you ever leave off being kind to me?"

"Darling! how could I? But we sha'n't see it together, Elle. I must leave you at the boat. My orders are imperative, and I go another way."

Eleanor did not care for any thing, so she expressed no regret. Her conscience, that longed for something to lean against, something strong enough to hold her, might have urged him stay; her heart, like the sick wild creatures, only longed to be alone. And so, pallid and silent and miserable, no support to herself, and but little joy to another, she saw him depart.

Once at home, and of course Eleanor was ill; and of course the five sisters declared in chorus by letter that it all came of the willful jaunt taken by Mrs. Leighton without a word of advice from them. While she lay full of pain and delirium, she lived over again those mountain days, and trod exultingly up the paths with Etienne at her side; when she recovered, and wandered aimlessly round the house, nothing but these vivid scenes spread before her aching memory. Val's deepest impression had been but momentary, a thing of pity and self-pity; Etienne's individuality had burned in as with a burning iron.

The autumn flared itself out in the woods; letters from Vallandigham came in great spaces, and then with but little of his personality about them, being mostly brief detail, and by no means bearing the burden of his confiding heart. Before her hung Etienne's Moonrise, in her portfolio rustled the sheets over which he had guided her hand. All winter long, immured behind the snow-drifts, she worked up vigorous bunches of the October leaves, first sketched in their perfect ripeness. Forever rose before her that sad pale face, and blotted out her colors. At last came the spring. The willows showered about their fragrant gold; honey-suckles and sweet-briers budded and put out their fresh shoots; the glad birches quivered in their veils of green; here and there a maple lighted up the shadowy hemlock depths like a torch; the Venus sabot, the arethusa, and bloodroot shot up in the paths; wings darted every where in fearless circles; the gray prime under waning moons grew instinct with song; spring flooded every hollow, and overran the skies. But Eleanor's soul seemed

to have lost eternally its vernal season. She knew that it was April; she dreaded when it should be June. Purpose and energy forsook her; she dared not write and tell Vallandigham that this bond was stifling her heart; she only awaited in awed suspense the month that should make her his wife. Her mother became alarmed at her looks, roused herself, and succeeded in getting her into the saddle every morning. Once accustomed to this, she learned a certain joy in the new experience; put it to all perilous tests; galloped down the slippery, mossy hills; leaped the great storm-fallen trees, and perhaps, if chance had but taken the initiative, she would not have been sorry if the leap had been into infinite space itself.

One morning the servants told Eleanor that strangers had been seen lurking suspiciously about a portion of the wood known as the Great Gorge, some two miles from the house, and disregarding her mother's remonstrances, she mounted and rode away to look into the affair.

It was still so early as to be little lighter than sunrise among the trees; the dew was yet showering from the heavy branches that brushed her hat; the shadows were yet black in the tempting hollows; the birds were piping drowsy tunes from half-forsaken dreams. But all the sweet freshness of the dawn, the fanning winds, the flowing streams, touched her heart as they would have touched a rock. The reins hung loosely on her horse's neck; he had chosen his own path, and had as frequently gone astray as to the purpose. Suddenly some breeze seemed to blow athwart her cheek, some whisper to touch her ear; her heart for a moment stood still, and then beat up in great bounds; she gathered the reins and dashed off between the tree-stems, over thickets, through swamps and briers; and then, with light in her eyes, smiles round her mouth, and her cheeks the color of carnation, pulled up at the verge of the Great Gorge, dismounted, and bent to look over. At the same instant another face there below aspired to look up. And there the gaze of the two continued as if they had been slowly changed to stone, and were doomed for a thousand years to such penance, she to gaze down into the tempting blackness, he to gaze up into the impossible light. There were others below, yet she saw no one; then there came blankness, and before she recovered herself he was beside her. Then she remembered.

"You stood there," said he, "the woman's form beside this black horse's head, like some wild conjunction of demonology, if ever such were half so fair. And, indeed," he added, more quickly, "they needs must, to be one half so enticing!"

Truly, as she stood there, backed by the forest and an edge of sky, alone, and clearly outlined, the hat blown partly off, the curls massed on the ivory throat, the flush going and coming in wave after wave, nothing was ever lovelier. But as he finished the old pride rose and commanded her.

"I am not here for posturing," said she, "but to inquire your business below."

Her manner was too haughty to be borne. She had assumed it for safety from herself. She did not dare trust her lips with any such sentence as she might have addressed a friend. Her very pride betrayed itself. Such coldness was never indifference. Meantime he would reply, as she should have questioned, in a quiet, unruffled way.

"My business, of which I am happy to inform you, because you will approve it, is to lay the Breakneck Railroad, and to run it through these beautiful woods."

"Approve of it? Run a railroad through my beautiful woods?"

"Exactly."

"I can not understand you. This estate is Captain Vallandigham's, although we have a life-interest—"

"Yes. And he has been requested to state the value—"

"He never will."

"It makes no difference. It will still be taken, and the price be arranged for him."

"Is it inevitable? You speak as if you were Fate."

"A railroad company is Fate."

"But to have traffic, and dust, and noise, and speed—roaring wheels, and yelling whistles, and such strange eyes, come dashing through our dear old wood. Oh, it is wretched! I had rather leave it! I hate railways! We will go live in some dusty little city alley first!"

"Pray do not regard me with such displeasure. I am but the instrument. It was unavoidable to cross the wood, and I have even made a curve in order to occasion as little change as possible and to bring the track into the gorge."

"Oh, but it is ruin!"

"Is it so? To me here is a new charm. It is better than all the sun-dials that ever were set up; that far, far scream, like an eagle's on the wing, never fails the hour; it is a perpetual excitement. It flashes the city through your forest, it brings in the savor of the sea and the spice of foreign climates; the mountains send down their messages by it, the tall prairie timber shoots through it; it is an artery up and down which ever pours the great current of human life. It will bind you to all the wide world outside, when at the dead of night the ground throbs in distant tremor, and you hear the panting creature trail its thunderous music far off and low on the edge of the horizon. You will watch it, too, by irresistible attraction. I never see a great engine crashing along in its plates of shining iron and its fiery, invincible strength without having my heart beat with a wild propulsion inside me, and feeling a daring wish to attempt impossible things!"

Eleanor forgot the attitude she had previously taken, while her fancy warmed in listening. Her eye wandered over the gap, bathed, in its deeper distance, with thin rising and rolling mists, that were every where pierced and scattered by the warm sunbeams.

"And what becomes then of all my tangle down there?" she said. "The columbines and harebells and rues in the rock, the tall ferns and golden brakes and asters that plumed the edge, the great rosy clouds of laurel half down the side? The cardinals and gentians grew deep there by the brook. And now comes smoke to trail round and kill them out!"

"No, they will blossom just the same the year round. Why are you not thankful that so many a dusty heart will be gladdened at its flying glimpse of such cool airy loveliness blowing forever to itself whether they come or whether they go?"

"I have enough to do to take care of my own heart!" she exclaimed, without a thought, and then ready to wring her hands at her words.

"Eleanor," he said, stepping nearer, "if it were at right angles with my course, I would yet bring my work here, for it is where you are!"

She caught the bridle and led her horse off through the trees. He called to know if he might come and see her, but she did not turn her face or answer him a word; he only saw the slender figure walking on with drooping head and nerveless hand deep and deeper into the wood until the jealous spring hid her from his view.

All the evening Eleanor remained within; her mother fell off in little naps, and Eleanor withdrew herself into the furthest arch of the long room, without book or candle, dreaming, and unwittingly listening. She started at length upon the striking of the clock, and becoming irate to find with what a flush expectation and waiting and disappointment had dyed her cheek, woke her mother and went up stairs. To her room, but not to her sleep; sitting, instead, into the starlit midnight, and looking out across the lawn to its dark screen of silent boughs, where, ever and anon, she dreamed she saw one shadow come and go.

When Etienne did appear it was a warmer evening, and they sat on the veranda. Mrs. Leighton welcomed him with a surprised warmth that taught him Eleanor's silence concerning their meeting; the good lady was delighted to see again one who had the bearing that recalled her younger days, for the village people scarcely filled her fastidious fancy; she was gratified, moreover, at the opportunity of spreading her patronage, not often exercised; and she begged him to repeat his visit. It was not Eleanor's virtue that she added no words to the request; her eyes spoke for her. So again and again he came, every evening, every day, sometimes in the morning, or appearing with the sunset, joined them at the simple tea-table now so often spread under the open sky.

"I thought I had heard that by this time you were to have been married, Mr. Des Vignes," said Mrs. Leighton, simply, on the first evening.

"My engagement was broken, Madame," he replied, "many months ago."

"That is unfortunate!"

"You are kind to say so. But jilting is such a favorite pastime that I should be sorry in failing to afford it to any one."

"A young man is so much happier with a home that he makes himself, I have always believed."

"He is indeed," then said Etienne, gloomily.

"We have a wedding ourselves, you know, in June," she added, in a significant aside, with a glance at Eleanor. "A thing to which I have always looked forward. Captain Vallandigham is too dear to me to sustain any other relation than that of a son." And the good lady erected herself, bridling, and stroking her cap-ribbons.

Etienne looked at the daughter, and delayed with his bold glance the crimson that was sweeping her brow, and fixed the look of tormented disgust in her eyes till it melted to something fairer while the falling lashes strung themselves with tears. He needed nothing more to banish sadness and satire and let the old sunshine and sweetness of his nature have sovereign sway again. It was always with this potent wand that he proved himself a wizard, and certainly one more consummate never wove his spells round a woman's heart. Gradually again Eleanor's reserve faded before it; the sense of approaching summer stole into her soul; she suffered herself to bask in these rays, and never lifted a startled thought to question the future. Then the house became filled with needle-work and women; June was drawing near. Letters from Vallandigham came oftener: she piled them on her dressing-table with unbroken seals. As one day she crossed the wood with another in her hand, and the gloom from it overshadowing her face, Etienne met her, turned, and walked with her.

"Pardon me," said he, "but I see, I can not fail to see, that you are most miserable in your engagement."

"How do you dare—" she began, with an old gleam.

"Not to me. Not so to me!" he said; then withdrew his gaze and kept it on the ground, until at length and abruptly, "why do you not break it?" he asked.

"That way honor lies!" she exclaimed, savagely.

"Honor lies in an empty gift? Honor lies in the truth. You change."

"Do you remember when once we spoke of singleness of heart?" Eleanor asked, turning hastily, lest she should repent and keep silent.

"Do I not!"

"Very well, then. It is through that that this Vallandigham holds his power over me. When I gave him my promise I felt the same as now; there is no reason why I should retract it. There is something colossal about him that dwarfs me and takes away my will. He is so noble that I can not be ignoble. Moreover, why should I break his heart?"

"You prefer to break mine and your own."

"Never speak to me such words again!" and at her haughty motion he bowed and passed on in another path. But Eleanor might have

laughed bitterly at herself as she thought what a craven heart had ordered such a lordly gesture.

Yet nothing long made any difference. If he did not come again that night, he rose by her side like a wood-spirit next morning as she rode, smiles upon his lips, sunbeams gathering where he stood, and with just that difference between his old, careless gayety of the mountain days and his present and apparent clear quiet, that lies between rose quartz and the white rock crystal. He had already become as necessary in the household as years could have made another. He came with rare foreign prints; he brought them strange and exquisite things that had been upturned in the gorge, leaf-marks from an antediluvian world, fossils, old glacial treasures. One morning he bore in his arms a South American trophy—some tall plant where a little white bird hovered all day with spreading wings over a great crimson flower, and at night sank away to sleep in its bosom; and at another time he suddenly let flutter into Eleanor's lap a pair of tiny partridges with restless brown eyes and panting breasts—a handful of feathers and fear. In her wood rambles it seemed her fatality to encounter him; and in the evenings, when Mrs. Leighton commenced to nod, what more natural than for them to step down and stroll along the fragrant twilight walks? In renouncing Art, Etienne seemed to have possessed himself of all accomplishments: whether, as a troubadour, he gave her the key to all Provence in songs that he taught her to sing from his rapid sketch on paper; whether, when rain shut them in behind veils of soft-falling gray, he read to her, and became to the life some passionate Romeo or trenchant Benedick. One night, too, he put together a little flute, and piped the very tunes of Arcady; but it was Vallandigham's flute—she could not answer why, but inexplicably sacred; and Eleanor had that grace left next day to hide it. Wretched girl! not to have known, from the dim intuition that this was but the effervescence of her heart, not to have waited till the bead fell, and she could reach its sweet, strong body! But in action how can there be reflection, which implies rest? and it seemed as if destiny were hurrying on the drama whose crisis to-morrow should be at hand. These days had been divine! Etienne had become identified in Eleanor's mind with all their sweetness, their pathos, their beauty. She knew, too, that he suffered, and for her; and such suffering—all suffering—commands the heart. Partial and crude before, she felt as if she had become a completed spirit; sympathy met her at every point; and love, love softened those flaming eyes to twilights of passion. She wondered why Etienne never again spoke of their relation, and forgot that she had herself forbidden it. Of every thing else he spoke; spoke of his work here that was done; spoke of his next route, down among tropical hills and over fierce tropical rivers; spoke of a life that was to become lonelier than a grave—and there the light and blithe forsook his face—but never spoke of what

might have been. And so in this sphere of silence did they live and move, and each drew free breath only when some wild forgetful gaze, brief as the flash in the sky, told the one old story.

Mrs. Leighton threw down a letter.

"Vallandigham will be here in the morning," said she.

"And I leave you to-night," said Etienne.

"Dear me! You are not going to stay to the wedding?"

"I leave you to-night."

Eleanor's fingers pinched the little shell with which they played to powder. She gasped for strength only to let him go. Mrs. Leighton, with a word of regret—because she had that kind of mind not capable of double action, and just now she was busy with bustle and pleasure—adjusted her glass for another look at the letter. Etienne remained half lying back in the corner of the sofa—his face fixed, his eyes bent upon the fire-screen—remained so a long time. Suddenly and unexpectedly he raised those eyes, and they rested on Eleanor's. He rose and reached her; bent, and his words fell like water-drops in a parched night.

"What is the use of all this? Do you dare meet him? If you wait he will overpower you again. You will marry him with a lie—Your vows are slippery withes!"

His hand was on her shoulder; his eyes, his breath upon her. She did not look up. She saw nothing, but felt the sand slipping under her feet. He stooped lower; the dark, dropping hair brushed her brow.

"You love *me*!" he said. "Then fly with me!"

IV.—A MAN.

The village bells were ringing nine away on the dark edge of the wood that night; and with a tread that in its attempt at noiselessness could by no means be disguised, the martial stride and bearing, a form, made greater and stronger by shadow, was drawing near the house. Vallandigham had written that he should arrive in the morning; and then had come the wish to take his little Elle at unawares—and here he was. On the veranda he stooped to look in, but the drawing-room was dark. Mrs. Leighton had probably retired, that she might rise betimes on the morrow. So much the better. He would see his little Elle alone. A rough vine-wreathed pillar shielded him; he leaned upon it, because his heart beat so plungingly against his side, the blood burned so in his sun-fanned cheek, his breath so choked his voice, the tears were so ready to spin forth in gladness, that he did not want to go in till self-command resumed its rule.

The door opened gently, and some one closed it after them, then stole across the veranda and descended the flight of stone steps. On the last one she hesitated; swayed to and fro in a pained indecision; looked back at the dark door and casements an instant. Then the slender figure erected itself, the foot fell firmly, she looked back no more, but went down and on, and disappeared beneath the hemlock shadows.

Something leaped through the mind of Vallandigham! He knew, as if he had read it written on heaven, that departing she was to return no more. It had been noon with him—full, radiant noon—noon that hastily fell, quenched in night; but even in that night it seemed that his vision was supernaturally clear. He had that perfect faith in Elle that, though he might have been unaware of it, his whole scheme of life diverged from the central point of belief that she was incapable of a baseness. There was only one fierce breath, during which the world seemed rushing into chaos, and he doubted her. In that breath he recalled among the shadows a darker shadow lurking as he entered; recalled the horses that he had seen waiting on the edge of the wood; recalled and remembered now that the impatient step which crushed the crackling brush was Etienne des Vignes! But what of that? What though she had taken the very path that would lead her to his arms? His conviction remained the same: Elle, his pure, proud Elle, was in no danger from herself or another. And yet, so startlingly, stunningly rent from hope with pangs that pierced his soul as he was, if it had been to Etienne that she went, he himself would have taken her, have given her—this great, strong Vallandigham. He stood looking after her; he seemed yet to see her, sliding through the starlit glades, stepping along the swampy mosses, lifting the wide low boughs that guarded the deep-rutted ways. Elle had gone—his bride, his wife—and left him desolation.

The noises of the woodside, the crash of a falling branch, the slipping of a snake, the bird who nestled and chirped, each one became a terror of the night—for now he remembered the stragglers from the railway who might be haunting the by-paths, the great browsing cattle who wandered under the shadow, those fierce gigantic dogs of his, turned loose at bedtime, and knowing no odds 'twixt friend and foe. He started at thought of the fears that might beset the lonely girl, and stepped forward to follow her. But she had chosen to go alone—she had desired no shield, she had withdrawn from any watchful eye. His heart yearned too much that way to let it lead him into dishonor. If trouble befell her he should hear her voice, and there he would await it. He came back with a heavy, dragging step, and seated himself upon the stones that were thickly gathering dew. On the sound the big dogs came tearing round the corner of the house; but at an old gesture, so well recalled, they cowered, then sprang caressingly to reach his shoulders, fawning upon him, and at length crouching on either hand like guardant lions. So he sat listening, waiting, with no thought of his own desertion other than a blind, blackened sense of woe behind; with fears, and wishes, and hopes for her alone. The hours went on, he heard them tolled by the old house-clock within there. Lyra flung out her banner of blue flame above him, and slipped away; the constellations shifted silently over the darkness that seemed so full of weight and sorrow and some hushed, un-

whispered secret. But to all that could be seen he was insensible; his whole soul was centred in listening. Still he waited upon Elle, with the big dogs beside him. The sky became great and hollow at last; damp cold winds breathed up and down the place; gray dawn was upon him, with no splendor of sunrise, but ushering in the rains; the birds stirred and sent about the news of dew, broke into brief chorus, shivered back to their nests again. All the noises of day asserted themselves in the woods, and drowned the phantom sound for which he hearkened. He drew up his weary limbs, and rose as an old man rises, stiffened and sore, with the weight of years that had been compressed into that single night. The dogs rose too, shook off the dew in showers, and went bounding away, frolicking and rolling, into the wood. Vallandigham betook himself to another portion of the house where he knew of an old entrance, found it, made free with it, and was within. Then striding to the door through which Eleanor had passed he slid the bolts, upper and lower, inserted the chain, turned the key, and put it in his pocket: that door should never again be opened till Elle came to recross its threshold or he himself went to be carried out feet first. For now Vallandigham knew that he should never die in the din, and rush, and mad heart-boundings of battle. His determination was taken; he should resign his commission, and leave the place no more.

Many years ago, when the father of Elle had needed money for some transaction, he had arranged a transfer of the great farm to his ward, and taken instead the ready funds of the other. His transaction failed; and he at the same time dying, left his wife and child little except the devotion of Vallandigham. The young man chose then his profession, left Mrs. Leighton to manage the estate for him, as she was well able to do, and yearly he funded the profits which she rendered him therefrom to the account of Eleanor. But of this no one knew; nor did Eleanor ever suppose herself to be mistress of a portion which her father's fortunes, if unruffled, could hardly have awarded. Now Vallandigham would take the burden and care on himself; and this woman, whom he had so long regarded as a mother, would still need to lean on him, for he was all she had left.

There began to be a stir in the house. The crowing cocks had waked the maids. Mrs. Leighton had overslept herself in the cloudy morning; but rising and drawing aside her curtain, and lamenting that they had such a sorry day for the wedding, went to rouse Eleanor. Vallandigham never left the room that he paced to and fro. Commotion then disturbed all the region—doors slammed, agitated voices crossed each other—there were cries, and mandates, and loud, confused rumor. Some servant seemed to have snatched from one of the dogs, as they came pitchpolling toward the house, a little silk handkerchief; it was the one that Eleanor so often tied round her throat when she went out. There

came no subsidence then in the tumult, and affairs must have been at their height when the five sisters, gorgeous in the stiff robes that nearly enveloped their husbands as well as themselves, arrived to find Mrs. Leighton in hysterics in the midst of the shining bridal paraphernalia, and to learn from her that Eleanor had gone off—run away—over night—with—a surveyor or something.

In the afternoon there came a letter mailed in the village, brief, and to the point:

"DEAR MOTHER,—I can trust you with Vallandigham, and so I shall not fret."

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed the mother, "as if she'd any right to fret! I should think I was the one!" And here her woes again overcame her. "Oh, poor child!" she cried. "What has she done? Where can she be? Oh, I am going distracted!" But being composed with valerian, and having a handkerchief drenched in ether, she finally resumed the letter.

"As for me, I can not stay. I am gone to take care of myself. If any thing happens to you I shall know it and return."

"How's she *going* to know it? And how can she take care of herself? Can't stay? Run away? Oh—she's a living disgrace. Eleanor!" Here, however, she remembered there were other lines of the letter.

"Be at rest about me; the very spirit that sends me away is proof armor against the world. Be sure, dear mother, that my affection for you remains forever the same. E."

"Oh!" groaned Mrs. Leighton, at the general exclaim as she concluded, and the reiterations that she'd brought it all upon herself—she shouldn't have expected any thing different after the willful way in which she'd let that headstrong girl grow up; they were sure it didn't surprise them. "Oh, if every one knew what it was to be a mother, there'd never be another child born into the world!" For she had a way, not uncommon, be it known, of viewing a child as if the mother alone had any part or parcel in it.

But at this point Vallandigham came to her side, banished the others by his mere presence, soothed her and stilled her, and through the perpetual care which thenceforth he extended over her, at length gladdened her heart as Eleanor had never been able to do. But for that it took weeks, and months, almost years; to quiet her just now needed only hours; the forlorn little woman, as he carried her up and down in his arms, remembered how the strong loving arms of her husband had done the same when she was young, and fair, and tender, and sighed away to sleep with the gentle motion. Then he laid her in the pillows and sat beside her. Night fell again as he sat, and Vallandigham kept his second watch. It was not of Eleanor now that he thought—not of pity, not of love. He thought of the forsaken mother slumbering so heavily there; but then he forgave that. He thought of himself; and this he could not forgive. He thought of himself: through the livelong hours images of his misery crowded down upon him,

till he was like one who has passed the night with horrid phantasms; he remembered how all his love had been allowed to sweep on in its great current and dash headlong against a rock; he thought with fierce self-pity of the heart so ruthlessly shattered; looking into his soul he tried to measure that depth to which the iron had entered. He grew stern and merciless. Eleanor had gone—gone and left him not a word, not a sign; he was the last, the least, in her thought; he too would forget—he swore he would cease to love this woman. But in a dogged despair he swore; and with the great rush of tears a moment after he forswore himself.

And here Vallandigham took up his life.

There was much to fill this life, and yet how hollow it seemed! The cares of the vast farm, the wants of some distant tenants, the household affairs, the daily papers; he had but little time for more than these; yet it did not seem to him like duty done, steps taken on the solid earth; it was just a bridge, and a broken bridge at that, across which he trod what distance there might be between the days of his youth and the hour of his death. And in the evenings, the long dull evenings when the chess-table had been pushed aside and he took up his book, the book fell in an oblivious hand, and he heard Mrs. Leighton talk on as if in a dream, while he contemplated never what might have been, what yet might be, but only what was. Then he dragged himself from the chair and went out into the night, to pace with that long stolid stride the walks in the grass under the clear summer stars, till stung by the recollection that here she had wandered with Etienne (for he had heard all that her mother knew, perforce, and whether he would or no), he tore his feet from the spot and went in again.

Vallandigham was in the depth of his misery when some one brought him word concerning a sick man in the village. What were sick men to him? and why should he go? he was sick himself, sick at heart and ill at ease; but go he did, and go again, every day he went, staid all day long, and sometimes throughout the fierce-fevered nights.

Did the sick man think some demon haunted him, some Nemesis had fallen upon him? In those wild ravings that told Vallandigham all, did he—with that face bending above him—accuse Fate of baring her sword, Heaven with stooping to crush him? And when he woke, fainting it seemed into death, did he dream that his adversary sat there already waiting to judge him. If it had been so, indeed, lenient judgment would he have received; for this dark, patient man with the sympathizing eye and the tender mouth was not the same as he who entered—this soldier who had learned how to be a woman. Vallandigham had found that he was not the only one who suffered, the only one who loved. It had never entered his mind how much pain and more these others had had to endure. Full of sorrow and utter compassion for

them, of recrimination for himself, the depths of contrition in his great heart called unto each other. If he but knew where Elle was, he said to himself, he could make it all right. Perhaps the other knew. But no, she had left them both in equal darkness; there was nothing but to wait—wait and grow toward the light. In the mean time there was no magnanimous devotion, no lavish solicitude in his nature, that here he did not pour forth. His very incoming, after any brief absence, seemed to revive the object of his care. It was his turn to beguile tedium, to tell what he had amassed, to hum the wild frontier ballads, to devise a thousand jests. And by degrees a fraction of Val's old cheer returned to him as he did so: much, perhaps, he counterfeited, some, indeed, was genuine. He was so rich, so happy then, in generous resolve. One day as he sat near the bed where the wan man lay no longer sick, the latter rose unexpectedly on one arm, caught both his hands and covered them with kisses. A simple childish impulse, followed by what seemed to himself to be babyish tears; but then he doubted, as he felt that strong warm hand on his shoulder, if this man had not been an evangel to him, a very saviour, if in his forgiveness he had not gotten his lost youth again, if his soul had not found perchance its second birth.

And so, when he was strong enough, he went back with Vallandigham to the Wood. It was red autumn then; the pines breathed resinous balm, soul-satisfying sweetness; the orchards were giving up their golden hoards; the grapes dripped their clustered purple drops from the vine; and later, as here and there the leaves in bunches of juicy oak and maple flamed up among somber growth, Etienne felt as if the angel of the Lord had dropped his coals of living fire in passing. So strength returned to him, and he went out at length, out to his work, the work that had ever awaited him, with eyes opened, vision purified, seeing God.

Winter found Vallandigham as autumn had, in this softened and glorified mood, this atoning, sacrificial spirit. He longed for Elle to give some sign by which he might find her, and lead her over shining ways to peace. His love for her was none the less, but greater; he gave her himself, his very soul, he wished so to fill the chasm between her and happiness. But he would have spurned himself if in that devotion he had recognized any wish to possess her for his own; he looked upon her already as the wife of another; he believed that all that was over. Yet still the lonely hours recurred; the memory of a grief that he could not forget, of the desolation that had sealed him, he once in a while turned anew to read the impress. But he stifled the sigh, and refused to give voice to the murmur. The year came round again, crowned with plenty. He had been faithful in one thing, and was made faithful over many; all undertakings prospered with Vallandigham. But among the spring blossoms he plucked up a new purpose. Why should Elle waste all the flower

of her youth? He would put away foolish scruples, and seek her now, not for himself, but for another; he was so sure of himself that he could.

Vallandigham was in the city on the day that he fully formed this resolution, whither he had gone at Etienne's summons. A painting lay on the easel there, which he, first of all the world, was to behold. Vallandigham went, wondering that he should be chosen, expecting some scene of equatorial richness, where there should be too much for you to feel how little; he was not prepared for the thing before him.

A large canvas reigned by semi-tones of color, nameless and ineffable sea-tints, that on the right seemed fusing into purple; but as you gazed there you saw, instead, that dimmest veils of azure wrapped a region where breakers gored the turbid swell, and where some island splinter pierced it forever, plumed in snow. But beyond and all round was calm—no dead glassy calm, but one in which the clouds are gathered for the land, varied in hue through light and shadow by that mighty inner motion sufficient to itself. Nothing but sea—no shore line, no approaching billow, infinity that broke no more with showers of spray on any scattering point, that amassed itself in the deep bosom of that far horizon which seemed to compass the roundness of the globe, that line of *lapis lazuli*, in which were centred all the broad fields of ocean, all icy tracts of tempest, all summer sheets of swooning stillness. It was the sea that seems to roll in from eternity, to drown regret and pain, to solace and to rest you with its vast idea, to carry forth your spirit, and to lose it in mighty depths. Over the great plain, where emerald broke to beryl and beryl flashed to amber, stretched a tented sky, that served only to screen the dazzling light behind it. Far above, in the middle distance on the left, a frigate spread its long wings and rested in sleep on the airy tides; while close at hand, amidst the shimmering gray, rocked a mass of the wandering Gulf weed, strung with its scarlet berries.

As Vallandigham stood speechless and rapt before it, viewing it as no critic, but simply overcome by its spell of grandeur and burden of immortality, he groped in his own soul for the knowledge that it gave him; and though he could not fashion it into distincter thought, he felt that the one who had wrought here was at peace, and in league with all the beneficence of the universe.

"See!" said Etienne, at length. "If I had married, as I meant, I should never have done this."

"Why not?" said Vallandigham, turning upon him with something like anger.

"No," replied the other. "If I had met Eleanor differently; if there had been no gulf of honor and of right between us; if, in loving, we had used our highest faculties, and had not perpetually drawn upon selfish artifice—pique, pride, deceit; had soared, not sunk, marriage would have been for us that perfect state out

of whose exceeding happiness I should have climbed to broader work and higher finish than this. But now I need no wife. Eleanor was to me my Rosalind. Art is my Juliet. Art is sufficient to me."

Down fell all poor Vallandigham's splendid dreams in the dust.

"And Eleanor—if she loves yet?" he said, between his teeth.

"That—that, indeed, would change all!" exclaimed Etienne, with a singular shadow sweeping over his face, and leaving it again white and radiant. "But she does not. While she did, I felt it still in every pulse. Then I was unworthy; now she has overlived it."

"And you, Etienne?"

"I am going away; I shall see you no more, until something warns me of my last winter, and I return to pass it with you. Then things will have faded to mist in our memories, like the clouds of the morning at noon. And then I can see her again, for she will be with you."

V.—A MAN AND A WOMAN.

Vallandigham went out with a heavy sorrow. His poor, forsaken Elle! If he could but find her; find her, and comfort her; give her his heart itself to tread on, instead of the shards and flints! Etienne was still beside him; and as they walked, suddenly the latter stopped, with a sharp, stinging syllable on his lips. Vallandigham staid to look also. It was a pawnbroker's window. His eye roamed up and down the hurly-burly of trinkets sprinkled there in the midst of dust and cobwebs, but saw nothing; then turning to Etienne he caught the parted lip, the flushing cheek, the glowing eye, and followed the direction of the glance till he found the object which seemed to have cast such a light upon the other's face. A tiny beetle fashioned from a single emerald, interlaced and filleted with gold, that seemed, as a sunbeam sparkled on it, to be winding through the intricate ways before it, the very Egyptian scarabæus. The color shot over Vallandigham's face as well. Here was a clew to Elle at last! here was her ring! So intent was he on the thought that he did not feel the wringing of his hand; but when at the door he turned for Etienne he was gone.

The jewel was for sale, and the pawnbroker knew its value. But that comprised the sum of his knowledge. He knew nothing of the young woman who had brought it, except that she was a stranger in town and had been in haste for a train. So Vallandigham put the ring in his pocket, no wiser, much sadder, turned and resought the house that would never now, he felt, be any thing but the dreary tomb of dead desire.

As, having left the cars, he crossed the village and walked home through the wood he wondered that he had seen any joy in the year, any promise in the spring; the glooms always fell earlier, lay longer in this wood than elsewhere; when the mother died he would leave it and seek

some wild, adventurous life. But before he had traversed it the sweet influences entered his soul once more—the mood melted, he kept dashing tears from his eyes and fancying that some gentler shadow flitted ever in advance before him under the verdant canopies—an inexplicable gladness welled into his heart from the old intermittent springs, and before he was aware he caught himself caroling out in a bold clear voice,

"Sweet's the lavrock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang—
Will ye no come back again?"

While the tune was yet on his lips, some one came down and met him—some one who had heard his light-hearted singing, and who preferred to meet him beneath the boughs. She stood at a little distance, not able to look up, waiting for him to move.

"Vallandigham, I have come home," she said.

"To stay, Elle?"

"If you will let me."

His heart gave a great bound, but he feared to show the gladness, lest in her capricious pride she should flutter away again, not daring to reflect that going as she did her heart returned a beggar. And so, side by side, and in silence, they went up to the house.

At tea, all the evening, there was a tender regard of her wants manifested by him, a perpetual solicitous attention, but the silence was broken only by casual talk on indifferent things; his old slowness of apprehension prevented his reading that in the hastily dropping eye, the half-drawn respiration, the lips parted and closed again, there was a desire for speech, for some allusion to be made by him, some point that might hinge explanation. So nothing came of it; the old pride rose and forbade her initiative, the old honor rose and forbade his awaking a slumbering past. Or would have risen; but in very truth it was too intuitive a thing with him ever to be at rest, and here it was not in himself and his past that his thoughts were plunged, they soared and wandered only round Elle and her future. She sat and looked at him while her mother chatted on the delighted current of uninterrupted, wondered that he asked no questions, that he cared nothing about the life she had led in all these weary months, if he had just magnanimously forgiven her, or if there were any warm pity, any old tenderness remaining in his heart for her. When he left the room it seemed to be vacant indeed—her mother's happy little voice to be but the hum of empty air. She felt his returning foot along the passage again before she heard it; and as he re-entered her face lighted up so clearly that she bent over her work to hide it. The mother had already recited all his filial care for her. It seemed as she had listened that he grew ever larger in her view; he reached, too, fully the height to which, ever brooding on his memory during the last half year—remembering the wrong she had done him, conjecturing the

way he had endured it—she had raised him. There seemed to be a virtue in his very presence—it was so still, so soothing, and her soul was so vexed and pained. She saw the grand calm to which he had lifted himself; but then there was a trace of melancholy in the countenance, a touch of gray in the hair. He never used to stoop as he walked. Great emotions had furrowed that soul; and feeling out of what tumult he had gained the rest, her very heart bled again. Then, too, it was impossible to penetrate his thoughts. He could not help remembering their mutual circumstances—why did he not choose to speak of them? In that lay much to pique her fancy and her longing. It grew later in the evening, and still he continued the same—quiet, gentle, most kind; but was that to be all? Here was her mother, no pillar of support, no comfort, no strength, but one to whom she must be whatever those words implied; and for herself, she yearned for some strong heart to beat for her, some strong conscience to direct her, some strong arm to uphold her. She was weary with her journey, weary with her warring thoughts at length, and rose to go to rest. She knew she must go first or last, or perhaps she would never have risen to go at all; for being near him, she felt like some creature warmed and eased in the sun. She was so glad to be here once more, to touch upon the old delight of home. Of course he cared, sympathized there, felt as he used to feel a dozen years ago for his little cousin Elle—but only so? As she bade him good-night the petulant tears filled her eyes, and she turned away quickly, that he might not see them fall. But Vallandigham's serious eyes grew full of tears themselves as he thought she little knew the reason she had for her own.

But in the morning, refreshed and alert, daylight's courage entered Eleanor's will. She must know the truth—stay here as she had hoped—wildly, vainly hoped in coming—or go away again. Pride must fall, and as she said it she saw from her window Vallandigham coming with a springing step out of the hemlocks, shaking the boughs till the dew made a thousand prisms, and all his heart full of the yesterday gladness that again and unaccountably overcame him. It argued ill for her, but down she went a second time and met him. He turned about with her, and they wandered round their old haunts, recalling the old days of their childhood, living again in the old memories. At length they sat down on the opposite boughs of an old fallen oak.

"Val!" she said, suddenly. "Do you know why I came home?"

Home!—it was such pleasure for him to hear her call it by that name once more.

"Dear Elle," he replied, "I don't ask."

"I wish you would."

He looked up in astonishment, and, after a minute, "Why, then?" he asked.

"To get my ring."

"Your ring! How did you know I had it?" he demanded then in blanker amazement.

"After I was ill—I was very ill—I had no

money to pay my bills, and the people pestered me. And so—I had nothing else—and so I went to the city and pawned my ring; and then I came home for a day, and saw you and mamma, though neither of you saw me. When I had earned enough to redeem it—I earned a good deal, with painting leaves, and sewing, and music-lessons—I went. That was yesterday. The time had expired and it was sold. But when he described the purchaser I knew it could be no one but you, and so I had the courage again to come home. Dear Vallandigham, if you can ever forgive me and let me stay—" All this she said standing, not once glancing up, but calling out a great, piteous passion in his heart as he saw her, so sad, so appealing, so subdued, pale, and thin—the old luxuriant curls bound away, save here and there a little ring—rebellious as before, the elegant array vanished, no extrinsic ornament upon her, yet filling his heart with her simple, forlorn beauty more utterly than ever, when replete with smile and sparkle, as in the days gone by. He rose and crossed to her side. Every shade was melting in his soul before the rising sun.

"Your ring, Elle?" he said. "Do you want it?"

She extended her hand, and just indicated the waiting finger that had always worn it.

"Elle, dearest," he said, and his heart left its quaking, in a confident strength, "if I put it on your finger, do you know what it implies?"

"That I am going to—that I shall be—"

"My wife, darling?"

"Yes."

"And now most certainly?"

"Most certainly."

The ring slipped to its place as she spoke, and then the hand snatched away to clasp about his neck, while he bent with kisses to seal the face that lay on his bosom, white and still, in some ecstacy of repentant gratitude and love. All the world seemed changed to him—all the future brightened before him—and as they walked the wood itself seemed a living temple.

Elle gazed upon her ring once more. "It is the symbol of resurrection," said she.

"And our love has risen from the dead," replied Vallandigham.

But there they saw Mrs. Leighton stepping down through the dew to find them. Eleanor sprang to her mother's side, and began whispering, amidst tears and smiles, the joyful news.

Mrs. Leighton dared not trust her senses, and, at least, dared not trust time.

"She is mine! she is mine!" exclaimed Vallandigham, with exulting earnestness, on a returning flood of doubt.

"And what will you do with her?"

Vallandigham looked out through the wood glittering with morning, brimming with song, felt the little returning thing that clung to him, and with the sudden and intimate recognition of his perfect joy the tune burst from his lips again:

"And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine!"

SHAKSPEARE AND HOLLINGSBED.

"GREAT as was the genius of Shakspeare," says Coleridge, "his judgment was at least equal to it." This judgment is nowhere more clearly shown than in the use which he makes of the works which furnished the skeletons of his plays. Every student knows that Shakspeare obtained not only the naked outline, but many of the principal incidents and characters of his Historical Plays from the Chronicles of Hollingshed. But few are aware how much of language and expression he found in the Chronicles, which needed but a master touch, here and there, to become immortal. Hence passage after passage in the Plays is almost a verbal quotation from the Chronicles. In other cases a sentence contains a hint for the creation of a whole scene or an entire character. Shakspeare is so rich that he can afford to be indebted. His obligations to Hollingshed are nowhere greater than in *Macbeth*. This play was written during the last dozen years of his life, when he had

leisure to perfect his work before giving it to the public, and is perhaps the most magnificent production of his genius. It is certainly the most complete. While some of his plays—*Hamlet*, for example—were revised, altered, and corrected, *Macbeth* seems to have been fully wrought out and elaborated before any part of it was written, and when once written to have received no after touches. Every speech is thoroughly Shaksperian, and none more so than those which have their original in Hollingshed. In perusing the following parallel passages the reader can not fail to note the unfailing judgment which has retained in the drama every word of the Chronicle which was worth retaining, and which often, by the mere change of a word or phrase, has transmuted bald prose into the highest poetry. The citations from the Chronicles are from the folio printed in 1587, which may be assumed to be the very edition in the hands of Shakspeare.

MACBETH.—ACT I.—SCENE 3.

(*A Heath. Enter the three Witches.*)

ALL.

The weird sisters, hand in hand....

(*Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*)

BANQUO.

How far is't called to Fores?—What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire;
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?

FIRST WITCH.

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH.

All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH.

All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO.

My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak not.

FIRST WITCH.

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH.

Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH.

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

[*Witches vanish.*]

BANQUO.

Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

MACBETH.

Your children shall be kings.

BANQUO.

You shall be king....

BANQUO.

Are ye fantastical?....

ROSSE.

He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor.

ANGUS.

Treasons, capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

CHRONICLES, VOL. II. P. 170.

It fortun'd as Makbeth and Banquho journeyed toward Fores, where the king then laid, they went sporting by the waie together, without other Companie, save onelie themselves, passing through the woods and the fields, when suddenlie in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of the elder world, whome, when they attentivelie beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said, All haile Makbeth, thane of Glamis (for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said, All haile Makbeth, thane of Cawdor. But the third said, All haile Makbeth, that hereafter shall be king of Scotland.

Then Banquho, What manner of women (saith he) are you that seeme so little favourable unto me, whereas, to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assigne also the kingdome, appointing forsooth nothing for me at all. Yes (saith the first of them) we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him, for he shall reigne in deed, but with an unluckie end, neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarilie thou in deed shalt not reigne at all, but of thee those shall be borne, which shall governe the Scottish kingdome by long order of continuall descent. Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vaine fantastick illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, in-somuch that Banquho would call Makbeth in jest king of Scotland; and Makbeth againe would call him in sport likewise, the father of manie kings. But afterwards, the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye woulde say), the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge or prophesie by their necromantick science, because everie thing came to pass as they had spoken. For shortly after, the thane of Cawdor, being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed, his lands, livings, and offices were given of the king's liberalitie to Makbeth.

ACT II.—SCENE 4.

DUNCAN.

We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland.

MACBETH.

The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies.

Lady Macbeth is barely mentioned by Hollingshed. He says: "The words of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him hereunto, but specialie his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she was very ambitious, burning with unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." From this bare hint Shakspeare has created the whole character of Lady Macbeth. Compare with this brief sentence of

ACT I.—SCENE 7.

LADY MACBETH.

When Duncan is asleep....

....His two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassail so convince....

ACT II.—SCENE 2.

LADY MACBETH.

That which hath made them drunk, hath made me
bold:

That which hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.

....The doors are open,

And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with
snores....

That death and nature do contend about them.

Whether they live or die....

MACBETH.

O, yet I do repent me of my fury,

That I did kill them....

....Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood

....There the murderers

Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breeched with gore.

ACT II.—SCENE 3.

LENNOX.

The night has been unruly.

MACBETH.

'Twas a rough night.

ACT II.—SCENE 4.

ROSSE.

By the clock, 'tis day.

And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.

It's night's predominance on the day's shame

That darkness does the face of earth entomb

When living light should kiss it....

OLD MAN.

A falcon, tow'ring in his pride of place,

Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed.

ROSSE.

And Duncan's horses....

Beauteous and swift,

OLD MAN.

'Tis said they ate each other.

.....

ROSSE.

Where is Duncan's body?

MACDUFF.

Carried to Colme-kill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors.

CHRONICLES, VOL. II. P. 171.

Duncan having two sons....he made the elder of them, called Malcolme, Prince of Cumberland, as it was thereby to appoint him his successor in his kingdom immediately after his decease, Makbeth sorelie troubled herewith....he began to take counsell how he might usurpe the kingdom by force....

the Chronicler the wonderful temptation scenes in *Macbeth*, the murder of Duncan, the banquet, and the final breaking-down of that strong nature, overborne by the effort to uphold her husband's weaker nature. The four following citations from Hollingshed belong to the murder of King Duff by Donald. Shakspeare has interwoven them into the murder of Duncan by Macbeth:

CHRONICLES, VOL. II. P. 150.

At length, having talked with them a long time, he got him into his privie chamber, onelie with two of his chamberlains, who having brought him to bed, came forth againe, and then fell to banquetting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverse delicate dishes, and sundrie sorts of drinks for their reare supper or collation, whereat they sat up so long till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow, but asleepe they were so fast that a man might have removed the chamber ouer them sooner than to have awakened them out of their droonken sleepe.

Donwald....in the morning, when the noise was raised in the king's chamber, how the king was slaine, his bodie conueied awaie, and the bed all beuraied with blood....with the watch ran thither, as though he had knowne nothing of the matter, and breaking into the chamber....and finding....blood....he forthwith slue the chamberlains as guilty of that heinous murther, and then like a mad man running to and fro....he burdened the chamberlains whome he had slaine with all the fault.

CHRONICLES, VOL. II. P. 171.

After the murder of King Duffe, for the space of six months together there appeared no sunne by daye, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme; but stille the sky was covered with continuall clouds; and sometimes outrageous winds arose....

Monstrous sights also that were seene within the Scottish kingdom that yeere were these: horses in Louthian being of singular beautie and swiftnesse, did eat their owne flesh....There was a sparhawke also strangled by an owle. Neither was it anie lesse wonder that the sunne, as before is said, was continually covered with clouds for six months space.

The bodie of Duncane....was conueied unto Colme-kill, and there laid in a sepulture among his predecessors.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

MACBETH.

Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep....

They hailed him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

APPARITION.

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff.
Beware the Thane of Fife....

Be bloody, bold, and resolute, laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born,
Shall harm Macbeth....

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.

MACDUFF.

Each new morn,

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt for Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

MALCOLM.

What I believe, I'll wail....

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance....
You may deserve of him through me....

MACDUFF.

I am not treacherous.

MALCOLM.

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
At an imperial charge....
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

MACDUFF.

Whom should he be?

MALCOLM.

It is myself I mean....

....There is no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust;....

....Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

MACDUFF.

Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough....

MALCOLM.

With this there grows,

In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house

....I should forge

Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

CHRONICLES, VOL. II. P. 172.

The words of the three weird sisters would not
out of his mind, which as they promised him the
kingdome, so likewise did they promise it at the
same time unto the posterity of Banquho.

CHRONICLES, VOL. II. P. 174.

He had learned of certeine wizzards how that he
ought to take heed of Makduffe, who in time to
come should seeke to destroie him. And surelie
hereupon had he put Makduffe to death, but that a
certeine witch, whom he had in great trust, had told
him that he should never be slaine with man borne
of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bir-
nane came to the castell of Dunsinane.

CHRONICLES, VOL. II. P. 174.

Makduffe was....gotten into England unto Mal-
colm Canmore....At his coming into Malcolme, he
declared into what great miserie the estate of Scot-
land was brought....

....Malcolme hearing Makduffe's words bewail-
ing the miserable state of his countrie....yet doubt-
ing whether he were come as one that ment unfeined-
lie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to be-
traie him....answered as followeth:

I am trulie verie sorrie for the miserie chanced to
my countrie of Scotland, but though I have never
so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason
of certeine incurable vices, which reigne in me, I
am nothing meet thereto....

....First such immoderate
lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable
founteine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were
made king of Scots, I should seeke to deflowre your
maids and matrons, in such wise that mine intem-
perance should be no more importable unto you, than
the bloodie tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Hereunto
Makduff answered: This suerlie is a verie evill fault,
for manie noble princes and kings have lost both
lives and kingdoms for the same; nevertheless there
are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow
my counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I will con-
veie the matter so wiselie that thou shalt be so sat-
isfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise that no man
shall be aware thereof.

Then said Malcolme, I am also the most avari-
tious creature on the earth, so that if I were king, I
should seeke so manie ways to get land and goods
that I would slea the most part of all the nobles of
Scotland by surmized accusations, to the end I might

MACDUFF.

This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than Summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

MALCOLM.

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways....
If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

MACDUFF.

Fit to govern!
No, not to live!—Oh nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed?

....Fare thee well!

These evils thou reportest of thyself
Have banished me from Scotland.—Oh my breast
Thy hope ends here!

MALCOLM.

Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
Not less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth:

ACT V.—SCENE 4.

MALCOLM.

Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him.

ACT V.—SCENE 5.

MACBETH.

I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane; and now a wood
Comes towards Dunsinane.—Arm, arm and out!—
If this which he avouches doth appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.

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injoy their lands, goods, and possessions.... Mak-
duffe to this made answer, how it was a far worse
fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all
mischiefe, and for that crime the most part of our
kings have been slaine and brought to their finall
end; yet notwithstanding, follow my counsell and
take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches
enough in Scotland to satisfie thy greedie desire.

Then said Malcolme againe, I am furthermore in-
clined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all
other kinds of deceit, so that I naturalie rejoyse in
nothing so much as to betraie and deceive such as
put anie trust or confidence in my words. Then,
sith there is nothing that more becometh a prince
than constancie, veritie, truth, and justice, with the
other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble
vertues which are comprehended onelie in soothfast-
nesse, and that lieing utterly overthroweth the same;
you see how unable I am to governe anie province
or region: and therefore sith you have remedies to
cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I praie
you find shift to cloke this vice among the resi-
due....

Then said Makduffe.... Oh ye unhappie and mis-
erable Scottsmen.... Ye have one cursed and wicked
tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie
right or title. This other that hath the right to the
crowne.... by his owne confession, is not onely avar-
ritious, and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a
traitor withal, that no trust is to be had to anie
word he speaketh. Adieu, Scotland, for now I ac-
cord my selfe a banished man forever, without com-
fort or consolation....

Malcolme said.... I have none of these vices be-
fore remembered, but have jested with thee in this
manner, onelie to prove thy mind; for diverse times
heretofore hath Makbeth sought by this manner of
meanes to bring me into his hands.

Old Siward Earle of Northumberland was ap-
pointed with ten thousand men to go with him into
Scotland.

CHRONICLES, VOL. II. P. 176.

Malcolme.... came the night before the battell
into Birnam wood.... and commanded everie man
to get a bough.... as big as he might beare to march
forth therewith.

When Makbeth beheld them coming in this sort
.... he remembered himself that the prophesie....
of the coming of Birname wood to Dunsinane Cas-
tell, was likelie to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless
he brought his men in order of Battell.

ACT V.—SCENE 7.

MACBETH.

Thou lovest labour :
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman borne.

MACDUFF.

Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

.....

SIWARD.

Had he his hurts before

ROSSE.

Aye, on the front.

SIWARD.

Why then, God's soldier be he !
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.

.....

MALCOLM.

My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland,
In such an honour nam'd.

CHRONICLES, VOL. II. P. 176.

Makbeth perceiving that Makduffe was hard at
his backe, leapt from his horsse, saing, Thou trai-
tor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest in vaine
follow me that am not appointed to be slaine by anie
creature that is borne of a woman ?

But Makduffe...answered, saing, It is true,
Makbeth...for I am even he that thy wizzards
have told thee of, who was never borne of my mo-
ther, but ripped out of her womb.

CHRONICLES, VOL. I. P. 192.

Earle Siward...sent his sonne with an armie to
conquere the land, whose hap was there to be slaine :
and when his father heard the news, he demanded
whether he received the wound whereof he died, in
the forepart of his body or the hinderpart, and when
it was told him that he received it in the forepart ;
I rejoise (saith he) even with all my heart, for I
would not wish either to my sonne nor myselfe anie
other kind of death.

CHRONICLES, VOL. II. P. 177.

Immediatelie after his coronation he called a par-
lement at Forfair, in which...he created manie earles,
lords, barons, and knights. Manie of them that be-
fore were thanes, were at this time made earles.

Parallels with Hollingshed, not less striking
and numerous than those in *Macbeth*, occur in
all the Historical Dramas. They show that
Shakspeare must have been a diligent student
of the four folios of the old Chronicler. We
have here only space to present a single example
from *King Henry VIII.* The two characters

of Cardinal Wolsey, put into the mouths of
Queen Katharine and Griffith, are taken almost
word for word from Hollingshed. Yet the few
changes made by the Dramatist have so stamped
upon them the impress of his genius, that there
are few passages in his works more thoroughly
Shaksperian in thought and expression :

HENRY VIII.—ACT IV.—SCENE 2.

KATHARINE.

He was a man

Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

GRIFFITH.

This cardinal,

Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not ; [mer.
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as sum-
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely : ever witness for him,
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

CHRONICLES, VOL. IV. P. 922.

This Cardinal was a man of a great stomach, for
he compted himself equall with princes, and by
craftie suggestion gat into his hands innumerable
treasure : he forced little on simonie, and was not
pittifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion :
in open presence he would lie and saie untruth, and
was double both in speech and meaning : he would
promise much and perform little ; he was vicious of
his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example.

CHRONICLES, VOL. IV. P. 917.

This Cardinal (as Edmund Campion in his his-
torie of Ireland describeth him) was a man undoubt-
edly borne to honour...exceeding wise, faire spok-
en, high minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie,
loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those
that accepted and sought his friendship, wonderfull
courteous, a ripe schoolman...insatiable to get,
and more princelie in bestowing as appeareth by his
two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one over-
throwne with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet
...incomparable through Christendom.... Never
happie till this his overthrow wherein he shewed
such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the
houre of his death did him more honour than all the
pomp of his life passed.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XVII.

VON BAUHR.

IT will be remembered that Mr. Crabwitz was sent across from Lincoln's Inn to Bedford Row to ascertain the present address of old Mr. Round. "Mr. Round is at Birmingham," he said, coming back. "Every one connected with the profession is at Birmingham, except—"

"The more fools they," said Mr. Furnival.

"I am thinking of going down myself this evening," said Mr. Crabwitz. "As you will be out of town, Sir, I suppose I can be spared?"

"You too!"

"And why not me, Mr. Furnival? When all the profession is meeting together, why should not I be there as well as another? I hope you do not deny me my right to feel an interest in the great subjects which are being discussed."

"Not in the least, Mr. Crabwitz. I do not deny you your right to be Lord Chief Justice, if you can accomplish it. But you can not be Lord Chief Justice and my clerk at the same time. Nor can you be in my chambers if you are at Birmingham. I rather think I must trouble you to remain here, as I can not tell at what moment I may be in town again."

"Then, Sir, I'm afraid—" Mr. Crabwitz began his speech and then faltered. He was going to tell Mr. Furnival that he must suit himself with another clerk, when he remembered his fees, and paused. It would be very pleasant to him to quit Mr. Furnival, but where could he get such another place? He knew that he himself was invaluable, but then he was invaluable only to Mr. Furnival. Mr. Furnival would be mad to part with him, Mr. Crabwitz thought; but then would he not be almost more mad to part with Mr. Furnival?

"Eh; well?" said Mr. Furnival.

"Oh! of course; if you desire it, Mr. Furnival, I will remain. But I must say I think it is rather hard."

"Look here, Mr. Crabwitz; if you think my service is too hard upon you, you had better leave it. But if you take upon yourself to tell me so again, you must leave it. Remember that." Mr. Furnival possessed the master mind of the two; and Mr. Crabwitz felt this as he slunk back to his own room.

So Mr. Round also was at Birmingham, and could be seen there. This was so far well; and Mr. Furnival, having again with ruthless malice sent Mr. Crabwitz for a cab, at once started for the Euston Square Station. He could master Mr. Crabwitz, and felt a certain pleasure in having done so; but could he master Mrs. F.? That lady had on one or two late occasions shown her anger at the existing state of her domestic affairs, and had once previously gone so far as to make her lord understand that she

was jealous of his proceedings with reference to other goddesses. But she had never before done this in the presence of other people; she had never allowed any special goddess to see that she was the special object of such jealousy. Now she had not only committed herself in this way, but had also committed him, making him feel himself to be ridiculous; and it was highly necessary that some steps should be taken; if he only knew what step! All which kept his mind active as he journeyed in the cab.

At the station he found three or four other lawyers, all bound for Birmingham. Indeed, during this fortnight the whole line had been alive with learned gentlemen going to and fro, discussing weighty points as they rattled along the iron road, and shaking their ponderous heads at the new ideas which were being ventilated. Mr. Furnival, with many others—indeed, with most of those who were so far advanced in the world as to be making bread by their profession—was of opinion that all this palaver that was going on in the various tongues of Babel would end as it began—in words. "*Vox et præterea nihil.*" To practical Englishmen most of these international congresses seem to arrive at nothing else. Men will not be talked out of the convictions of their lives. No living orator would convince a grocer that coffee should be sold without chicory; and no amount of eloquence will make an English lawyer think that loyalty to truth should come before loyalty to his client. And therefore our own pundits, though on this occasion they went to Birmingham, summoned by the greatness of the occasion, by the dignity of foreign names, by interest in the question, and by the influence of such men as Lord Boanerges, went there without any doubt on their minds as to the rectitude of their own practice, and fortified with strong resolves to resist all idea of change.

And indeed one can not understand how the bent of any man's mind should be altered by the sayings and doings of such a congress.

"Well, Johnson, what have you all been doing to-day?" asked Mr. Furnival of a special friend whom he chanced to meet at the club which had been extemporized at Birmingham.

"We have had a paper read by Von Bauhr. It lasted three hours."

"Three hours! Heavens! Von Bauhr is, I think, from Berlin."

"Yes; he and Dr. Slotacher. Slotacher is to read his paper the day after to-morrow."

"Then I think I shall go to London again. But what did Von Bauhr say to you during those three hours?"

"Of course it was all in German, and I don't suppose that any one understood him—unless it was Boanerges. But I believe it was the old

story, going to show that the same man might be judge, advocate, and jury."

"No doubt; if men were machines, and if you could find such machines perfect at all points in their machinery."

"And if the machines had no hearts?"

"Machines don't have hearts," said Mr. Furnival; "especially those in Germany. And what did Boanerges say? His answer did not take three hours more, I hope."

"About twenty minutes; but what he did say was lost on Von Bauhr, who understands as much English as I do German. He said that the practice of the Prussian courts had always been to him a subject of intense interest, and that the general justice of their verdicts could not be impugned."

"Nor ought it, seeing that a single trial for murder will occupy a court for three weeks. He should have asked Von Bauhr how much work he usually got through in the course of a sessions. I don't seem to have lost much by being away. By-the-by, do you happen to know whether Round is here?"

"What, old Round? I saw him in the hall to-day yawning as though he would burst." And then Mr. Furnival strolled off to look for the attorney among the various purlicues frequented by the learned strangers.

"Furnival," said another barrister, accosting him—an elderly man, small, with sharp eyes and bushy eyebrows, dirty in his attire and poor in his general appearance, "have you seen Judge Staveley?" This was Mr. Chaffanbrass, great at the Old Bailey, a man well able to hold his own in spite of the meanness of his appearance. At such a meeting as this the English bar generally could have had no better representative than Mr. Chaffanbrass.

"No; is he here?"

"He must be here. He is the only man they could find who knows enough Italian to understand what that fat fellow from Florence will say to-morrow."

"We're to have the Italian to-morrow, are we?"

"Yes; and Staveley afterward. It's as good as a play; only, like all plays, it's three times too long. I wonder whether any body here believes in it?"

"Yes, Felix Graham does."

"He believes every thing—unless it is the Bible. He is one of those young men who look for an instant millennium, and who regard themselves not only as the prophets who foretell it, but as the preachers who will produce it. For myself, I am too old for a new gospel, with Felix Graham as an apostle."

"They say that Boanerges thinks a great deal of him."

"That can't be true, for Boanerges never thought much of any one but himself. Well, I'm off to bed, for I find a day here ten times more fatiguing than the Old Bailey in July."

On the whole the meeting was rather dull, as such meetings usually are. It must not be sup-

posed that any lawyer could get up at will, as the spirit moved him, and utter his own ideas; or that all members of the congress could speak if only they could catch the speaker's eye. Had this been so, a man might have been supported by the hope of having some finger in the pie, sooner or later. But in such case the congress would have lasted forever. As it was, the names of those who were invited to address the meeting were arranged, and of course men from each country were selected who were best known in their own special walks of their profession. But then these best-known men took an unfair advantage of their position, and were ruthless in the lengthy cruelty of their addresses. Von Bauhr at Berlin was no doubt a great lawyer, but he should not have felt so confident that the legal proceedings of England and of the civilized world in general could be reformed by his reading that book of his from the rostrum in the hall at Birmingham! The civilized world in general, as there represented, had been disgusted, and it was surmised that poor Dr. Slotacher would find but a meagre audience when his turn came.

At last Mr. Furnival succeeded in hunting up Mr. Round, and found him recruiting outraged nature with a glass of brandy-and-water and a cigar. "Looking for me, have you? Well, here I am; that is to say, what is left of me. Were you in the hall to-day?"

"No; I was up in town."

"Ah! that accounts for your being so fresh. I wish I had been there. Do you ever do any thing in this way?" and Mr. Round touched the outside of his glass of toddy with his spoon. Mr. Furnival said that he never did do any thing in that way, which was true. Port wine was his way, and it may be doubted whether on the whole it is not the more dangerous way of the two. But Mr. Furnival, though he would not drink brandy-and-water or smoke cigars, sat down opposite to Mr. Round, and had soon broached the subject which was on his mind.

"Yes," said the attorney, "it is quite true that I had a letter on the subject from Mr. Mason. The lady is not wrong in supposing that some one is moving in the matter."

"And your client wishes you to take up the case again?"

"No doubt he does. He was not a man that I ever greatly liked, Mr. Furnival, though I believe he means well. He thinks that he has been ill used; and perhaps he was ill used—by his father."

"But that can be no possible reason for badgering the life out of his father's widow twenty years after his father's death."

"Of course he thinks that he has some new evidence. I can't say I looked into the matter much myself. I did read the letter; but that was all, and then I handed it to my son. As far as I remember, Mr. Mason said that some attorney at Hamworth had been to him."

"Exactly; a low fellow whom you would be ashamed to see in your office! He fancies that young Mason has injured him; and though he

has received numberless benefits from Lady Mason, this is the way in which he chooses to be revenged on her son."

"We should have nothing to do with such a matter as that, you know. It's not our line."

"No, of course it is not; I am well aware of that. And I am equally well aware that nothing Mr. Mason can do can shake Lady Mason's title—or rather, her son's title—to the property. But, Mr. Round, if he be encouraged to gratify his malice—"

"If who be encouraged?"

"Your client, Mr. Mason of Groby—there can be no doubt that he might harass this unfortunate lady till he brought her nearly to the grave."

"That would be a pity, for I believe she's still an uncommon pretty woman." And the attorney indulged in a little fat inward chuckle; for in these days Mr. Furnival's taste with reference to strange goddesses was beginning to be understood by the profession.

"She is a very old friend of mine," said Mr. Furnival, gravely, "a very old friend indeed; and if I were to desert her now, she would have no one to whom she could look."

"Oh, ah, yes; I'm sure you're very kind;" and Mr. Round altered his face and tone so that they might be in conformity with those of his companion. "Any thing I can do, of course I shall be very happy. I should be slow, myself, to advise my client to try the matter again; but, to tell the truth, any thing of this kind would go to my son now. I did read Mr. Mason's letter, but I immediately handed it to Matthew."

"I will tell you how you can oblige me, Mr. Round."

"Do tell me; I am sure I shall be very happy."

"Look into this matter yourself, and talk it over with Mr. Mason before you allow any thing to be done. It is not that I doubt your son's discretion. Indeed we all know what an exceedingly good man of business he is."

"Matthew is sharp enough," said the prosperous father.

"But then young men are apt to be too sharp. I don't know whether you remember the case about that Orley Farm, Mr. Round."

"As well as if it were yesterday," said the attorney.

"Then you must recollect how thoroughly you were convinced that your client had not a leg to stand upon."

"It was I that insisted that he should not carry it before the Chancellor. Crook had the general management of those cases then, and would have gone on; but I said, no. I would not see my client's money wasted in such a wild-goose chase. In the first place, the property was not worth it; and, in the next place, there was nothing to impugn the will. If I remember right, it all turned on whether an old man who had signed as witness was well enough to write his name."

"That was the point."

"And I think it was shown that he had himself signed a receipt on that very day—or the day after, or the day before. It was something of that kind."

"Exactly; those were the facts. As regards the result of a new trial, no sane man, I fancy, could have any doubt. You know as well as any one living how great is the strength of twenty years of possession—"

"It would be very strong on her side, certainly."

"He would not have a chance; of course not. But, Mr. Round, he might make that poor woman so wretched that death would be a relief to her. Now it may be possible that something looking like fresh evidence may have been discovered; something of this kind probably has been found, or this man would not be moving; he would not have gone to the expense of a journey to Yorkshire had he not got hold of some new story."

"He has something in his head; you may be sure of that."

"Don't let your son be run away with by this, or advise your client to incur the terrible expense of a new trial, without knowing what you are about. I tell you fairly that I do dread such a trial on this poor lady's account. Reflect what it would be, Mr. Round, to any lady of your own family."

"I don't think Mrs. Round would mind it much—that is, if she were sure of her case."

"She is a strong-minded woman; but poor Lady Mason—"

"She was strong-minded enough too, if I remember right, at the last trial. I shall never forget how composed she was when old Bennett tried to shake her evidence. Do you remember how bothered he was?"

"He was an excellent lawyer, was Bennett. There are few better men at the bar nowadays."

"You wouldn't have found him down here, Mr. Furnival, listening to a German lecture three hours long. I don't know how it is, but I think we all used to work harder in those days than the young men do now." And then these eulogists of past days went back to the memories of their youths, declaring how in the old glorious years, now gone, no congress such as this would have had a chance of success. Men had men's work to do then, and were not wont to play the fool, first at one provincial town and then at another, but stuck to their oars and made their fortunes. "It seems to me, Mr. Furnival," said Mr. Round, "that this is all child's play, and to tell the truth I am half ashamed of myself for being here."

"And you'll look into that matter yourself, Mr. Round?"

"Yes, I will, certainly."

"I shall take it as a great favor. Of course you will advise your client in accordance with any new facts which may be brought before you; but as I feel certain that no case against young Mason can have any merits, I do hope that you will be able to suggest to Mr. Mason of Groby



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that the matter should be allowed to rest." And then Mr. Furnival took his leave, still thinking how far it might be possible that the enemy's side of the question might be supported by real merits. Mr. Round was a good-natured old fellow, and if the case could be inveigled out of his son's hands and into his own, it might be possible that even real merits should avail nothing.

"I confess I am getting rather tired of it,"

said Felix Graham that evening to his friend young Staveley, as he stood outside his bedroom door at the top of a narrow flight of stairs in the back part of a large hotel at Birmingham.

"Tired of it! I should think you are too."

"But nevertheless I am as sure as ever that good will come from it. I am inclined to think that the same kind of thing must be endured before any improvement is made in any thing."

"That all reformers have to undergo Von Bauhr?"

"Yes, all of them that do any good. Von Bauhr's words were very dry, no doubt."

"You don't mean to say that you understood them?"

"Not many of them. A few here and there, for the first half hour, came trembling home to my dull comprehension, and then—"

"You went to sleep."

"The sounds became too difficult for my ears; but dry and dull and hard at they were, they will not absolutely fall to the ground. He had a meaning in them, and that meaning will reproduce itself in some shape."

"Heaven forbid that it should ever do so in my presence! All the iniquities of which the English bar may be guilty can not be so intolerable to humanity as Von Bauhr."

"Well, good-night, old fellow; your governor is to give us his ideas to-morrow, and perhaps he will be as bad to the Germans as your Von Bauhr was to us."

"Then I can only say that my governor will be very cruel to the Germans." And so they two went to their dreams.

In the mean time Von Bauhr was sitting alone looking back on the past hours with ideas and views very different from those of the many English lawyers who were at that time discussing his demerits. To him the day had been one long triumph, for his voice had sounded sweet in his own ears as, period after period, he had poured forth in full flowing language the gathered wisdom and experience of his life. Public men in England have so much to do that they can not give time to the preparation of speeches for such meetings as these, but Von Bauhr had been at work on his pamphlet for months. Nay, taking it in the whole, had he not been at work on it for years? And now a kind Providence had given him the opportunity of pouring it forth before the assembled pundits gathered from all the nations of the civilized world.

As he sat there, solitary in his bedroom, his hands dropped down by his side, his pipe hung from his mouth on to his breast, and his eyes, turned up to the ceiling, were lighted almost with inspiration. Men there at the congress, Mr. Chaffanbrass, young Staveley, Felix Graham, and others, had regarded him as an impersonation of dullness; but through his mind and brain, as he sat there wrapped in his old dressing-gown, there ran thoughts which seemed to lift him lightly from the earth into an elysium of justice and mercy. And at the end of this elysium, which was not wild in its beauty, but trim and orderly in its gracefulness—as might be a beer-garden at Munich—there stood among flowers and vases a pedestal, grand above all other pedestals in that garden; and on this there was a bust with an inscription: "To Von Bauhr, who reformed the laws of nations."

It was a grand thought; and though there was in it much of human conceit, there was in it also much of human philanthropy. If a reign

of justice could be restored through his efforts—through those efforts in which on this hallowed day he had been enabled to make so great a progress—how beautiful would it be! And then as he sat there, while the smoke still curled from his unconscious nostrils, he felt that he loved all Germans, all Englishmen, even all Frenchmen, in his very heart of hearts, and especially those who had traveled wearily to this English town that they might listen to the results of his wisdom. He said to himself, and said truly, that he loved the world, and that he would willingly spend himself in these great endeavors for the amelioration of its laws and the perfection of its judicial proceedings. And then he betook himself to bed in a frame of mind that was not unenviable.

I am inclined, myself, to agree with Felix Graham that such efforts are seldom absolutely wasted. A man who strives honestly to do good will generally do good, though seldom perhaps as much as he has himself anticipated. Let Von Bauhr have his pedestal among the flowers, even though it be small and humble.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ENGLISH VON BAUHR.

ON the following morning, before breakfast, Felix Graham and Augustus Staveley prepared themselves for the labors of the coming day by a walk into the country; for even at Birmingham, by perseverance, a walk into the country may be attained—and very pretty country it is when reached. These congress meetings did not begin before eleven, so that for those who were active time for matutinal exercise was allowed.

Augustus Staveley was the only son of the judge who on that day was to defend the laws of England from such attacks as might be made on them by a very fat advocate from Florence. Of Judge Staveley himself much need not be said now, except that he lived at Noningsby near Alston, distant from The Cleeve about nine miles, and that at his house Sophia Furnival had been invited to pass the coming Christmas. His son was a handsome, clever fellow, who had nearly succeeded in getting the Newdegate, and was now a member of the Middle Temple. He was destined to follow the steps of his father, and become a light at the Common Law bar; but hitherto he had not made much essential progress. The world had been too pleasant to him to allow of his giving many of his hours to work. His father was one of the best men in the world, revered on the bench, and loved by all men; but he had not sufficient parental sternness to admit of his driving his son well into harness. He himself had begun the world with little or nothing, and had therefore succeeded; but his son was already possessed of almost every thing that he could want, and therefore his success seemed doubtful. His chambers were luxuriously furnished, he had his horse in Piccadilly, his father's

house at Noningsby was always open to him, and the society of London spread out for him all its allurements. Under such circumstances how could it be expected that he should work? Nevertheless he did talk of working, and had some idea in his head of the manner in which he would do so. To a certain extent he had worked, and he could talk fluently of the little that he knew. The idea of a *far niente* life would have been intolerable to him; but there were many among his friends who began to think that such a life would nevertheless be his ultimate destiny. Nor did it much matter, they said, for the judge was known to have made money.

But his friend Felix Graham was rowing in a very different boat; and of him also many prophesied that he would hardly be able to push his craft up against the strength of the stream. Not that he was an idle man, but that he would not work at his oars in the only approved method of making progress for his boat. He also had been at Oxford; but he had done little there except talk at a debating society, and make himself notorious by certain ideas on religious subjects which were not popular at the University. He had left without taking a degree, in consequence, as it was believed, of some such notions, and had now been called to the bar with a fixed resolve to open that oyster with such weapons, offensive and defensive, as nature had given to him. But here, as at Oxford, he would not labor on the same terms with other men, or make himself subject to the same conventional rules; and therefore it seemed only too probable that he might win no prize. He had ideas of his own that men should pursue their labors without special conventional regulations, but should be guided in their work by the general great rules of the world—such for instance as those given in the commandments: Thou shalt not bear false witness; Thou shalt not steal; and others. His notions no doubt were great, and perhaps were good; but hitherto they had not led him to much pecuniary success in his profession. A sort of a name he had obtained, but it was not a name sweet in the ears of practicing attorneys.

And yet it behooved Felix Graham to make money, for none was coming to him ready made from any father. Father or mother he had none, nor uncles and aunts likely to be of service to him. He had begun the world with some small sum, which had grown smaller and smaller, till now there was left to him hardly enough to create an infinitesimal dividend. But he was not a man to become downhearted on that account. A living of some kind he could pick up, and did now procure for himself, from the press of the day. He wrote poetry for the periodicals, and politics for the penny papers with considerable success and sufficient pecuniary results. He would sooner do this, he often boasted, than abandon his great ideas or descend into the arena with other weapons than those which he regarded as fitting for an honest man's hand.

Augustus Staveley, who could be very prudent for his friend, declared that marriage would set him right. If Felix would marry he would quietly slip his neck into the collar and work along with the team, as useful a horse as ever was put at the wheel of a coach. But Felix did not seem inclined to marry. He had notions about that also, and was believed by one or two who knew him intimately to cherish an insane affection for some unknown damsel, whose parentage, education, and future were not likely to assist his views in the outer world. Some said that he was educating this damsel for his wife—moulding her; so that she might be made fit to suit his taste; but Augustus, though he knew the secret of all this, was of opinion that it would come right at last. "He'll meet some girl in the world with a hatful of money, a pretty face, and a sharp tongue; then he'll bestow his moulded bride on a neighboring baker with two hundred pounds for her fortune; and every body will be happy."

Felix Graham was by no means a handsome man. He was tall and thin, and his face had been slightly marked with the small-pox. He stooped in his gait as he walked, and was often awkward with his hands and legs. But he was full of enthusiasm, indomitable, as far as pluck would make him so, in contests of all kinds, and when he talked on subjects which were near his heart there was a radiance about him which certainly might win the love of the pretty girl with the sharp tongue and the hatful of money. Staveley, who really loved him, had already selected the prize, and she was no other than our friend, Sophia Furnival. The sharp tongue and the pretty face and the hatful of money would all be there; but then Sophia Furnival was a girl who might perhaps expect in return for these things more than an ugly face which could occasionally become radiant with enthusiasm.

The two men had got away from the thickness of the Birmingham smoke, and were seated on the top rung of a gate leading into a stubble field. So far they had gone with mutual consent, but further than this Staveley refused to go. He was seated with a cigar in his mouth. Graham also was smoking, but he was accommodated with a short pipe.

"A walk before breakfast is all very well," said Staveley, "but I am not going on a pilgrimage. We are four miles from the inn this minute."

"And for your energies that is a good deal. Only think that you should have been doing any thing for two hours before you begin to feed."

"I wonder why matutinal labor should always be considered as so meritorious. Merely, I take it, because it is disagreeable."

"It proves that the man can make an effort."

"Every prig who wishes to have it believed that he does more than his neighbors either burns the midnight lamp or gets up at four in the morning. Good wholesome work between breakfast and dinner never seems to count for any thing."

"Have you ever tried?"



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"Yes; I am trying now, here at Birmingham."

"Not you."

"That's so like you, Graham. You don't believe that any body is attending to what is going on except yourself. I mean to-day to take in the whole theory of Italian jurisprudence."

"I have no doubt that you may do so with advantage. I do not suppose that it is very good, but it must at any rate be better than our own. Come, let us go back to the town; my pipe is finished."

"Fill another, there's a good fellow. I can't afford to throw away my cigar, and I hate walk-

ing and smoking. You mean to assert that our whole system is bad, and rotten, and unjust?"

"I mean to say that I think so."

"And yet we consider ourselves the greatest people in the world—or at any rate the honestest."

"I think we are; but laws and their management have nothing to do with making people honest. Good laws won't make people honest, nor bad laws dishonest."

"But a people who are dishonest in one trade will probably be dishonest in others. Now, you go so far as to say that all English lawyers are rogues."

"I have never said so. I believe your father to be as honest a man as ever breathed."

"Thank you, Sir," and Staveley lifted his hat.

"And I would fain hope that I am an honest man myself."

"Ah, but you don't make money by it."

"What I do mean is this, that from our love of precedent and ceremony and old usages, we have retained a system which contains many of the barbarities of the feudal times, and also many of its lies. We try our culprit as we did in the old days of the ordeal. If luck will carry him through the hot plowshares, we let him escape though we know him to be guilty. We give him the advantage of every technicality, and teach him to lie in his own defense, if nature has not sufficiently so taught him already."

"You mean as to his plea of not guilty."

"No, I don't; that is little or nothing. We ask him whether or no he confesses his guilt in a foolish way, tending to induce him to deny it; but that is not much. Guilt seldom will confess at long as a chance remains. But we teach him to lie, or rather we lie for him during the whole ceremony of his trial. We think it merciful to give him chances of escape, and hunt him as we do a fox, in obedience to certain laws framed for his protection."

"And should he have no protection?"

"None certainly, as a guilty man; none which may tend toward the concealing of his guilt. Till that be ascertained, proclaimed, and made apparent every man's hand should be against him."

"But if he is innocent?"

"Therefore let him be tried with every possible care. I know you understand what I mean, though you look as though you did not. For the protection of his innocence let astute and good men work their best, but for the concealing of his guilt let no astute or good man work at all."

"And you would leave the poor victim in the dock without defense."

"By no means. Let the poor victim, as you call him—who in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is a rat who has been preying in our granaries—let him, I say, have his defender—the defender of his possible innocence, not the protector of his probable guilt. It all resolves itself

into this. Let every lawyer go into court with a mind resolved to make conspicuous to the light of day that which seems to him to be the truth. A lawyer who does not do that, who does the reverse of that, has in my mind undertaken work which is unfit for a gentleman and impossible for an honest man."

"What a pity it is that you should not have an opportunity of rivaling Von Bauhr at the congress!"

"I have no doubt that Von Bauhr said a great deal of the same nature; and what Von Bauhr said will not wholly be wasted, though it may not yet have reached our sublime understandings."

"Perhaps he will vouchsafe to us a translation."

"It would be useless at present, seeing that we can not bring ourselves to believe it possible that a foreigner should in any respect be wiser than ourselves. If any such point out to us our follies, we at once claim those follies as the special evidences of our wisdom. We are so self-satisfied with our own customs, that we hold up our hands with surprise at the fatuity of men who presume to point out to us their defects. Those practices in which we most widely depart from the broad and recognized morality of all civilized ages and countries are to us the Palladiums of our jurisprudence. Modes of proceeding which, if now first proposed to us, would be thought to come direct from the devil, have been made so sacred by time that they have lost all the horror of their falseness in the holiness of their age. We can not understand that other nations look upon such doings as we regard the human sacrifices of the Brahmins; but the fact is that we drive a Juggernaut's car through every assize town in the country, three times a year, and allow it to be dragged ruthlessly through the streets of the metropolis at all times and seasons. Now come back to breakfast, for I won't wait here any longer." Seeing that these were the ideas of Felix Graham, it is hardly a matter of wonder that such men as Mr. Furnival and Mr. Round should have regarded his success at the bar as doubtful.

"Uncommon bad mutton-chops these are!" said Staveley, as they sat at their meal in the coffee-room of the Imperial Hotel.

"Are they?" said Graham. "They seem to me much the same as other mutton-chops."

"They are uneatable. And look at this for coffee! Waiter, take this away, and have some made fresh."

"Yes, Sir," said the waiter, striving to escape without further comment.

"And waiter—"

"Yes, Sir;" and the poor overdriven functionary returned.

"Ask them from me whether they know how to make coffee. It does not consist of an unlimited supply of lukewarm water poured over an infinitesimal proportion of chiccory. That process, time-honored in the hotel line, will not produce the beverage called coffee. Will you

have the goodness to explain that in the bar as coming from me?"

"Yes, Sir," said the waiter; and then he was allowed to disappear.

"How can you give yourself so much trouble with no possible hope of an advantageous result?" said Felix Graham.

"That's what you weak men always say. Perseverance in such a course will produce results. It is because we put up with bad things that hotel-keepers continue to give them to us. Three or four Frenchmen were dining with my father yesterday at the King's Head, and I had to sit at the bottom of the table. I declare to you that I literally blushed for my country; I did indeed. It was useless to say any thing then, but it was quite clear that there was nothing that one of them could eat. At any hotel in France you'll get a good dinner; but we're so proud that we are ashamed to take lessons." And thus Augustus Staveley was quite as loud against his own country, and as laudatory with regard to others, as Felix Graham had been before breakfast.

And so the congress went on at Birmingham. The fat Italian from Tuscany read his paper; but as he, though judge in his own country and reformer here in England, was somewhat given to comedy, this morning was not so dull as that which had been devoted to Von Bauhr. After him Judge Staveley made a very elegant, and some said, a very eloquent speech; and so that day was done. Many other days also wore themselves away in this process; numerous addresses were read, and answers made to them, and the newspapers for the time were full of law. The defense of our own system, which was supposed to be the most remarkable for its pertinacity, if not for its justice, came from Mr. Furnival, who roused himself to a divine wrath for the occasion. And then the famous congress at Birmingham was brought to a close, and all the foreigners returned to their own countries.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STAVELEY FAMILY.

THE next two months passed by without any events which deserve our special notice, unless it be that Mr. Joseph Mason and Mr. Dockwrath had a meeting in the room of Mr. Matthew Round, in Bedford Row. Mr. Dockwrath struggled hard to effect this without the presence of the London attorney; but he struggled in vain. Mr. Round was not the man to allow any stranger to tamper with his client, and Mr. Dockwrath was forced to lower his flag before him. The result was that the document or documents which had been discovered at Hamworth were brought up to Bedford Row; and Dockwrath at last made up his mind that as he could not supplant Matthew Round, he would consent to fight under him as his lieutenant—or

even as his sergeant or corporal, if no higher position might be allowed to him.

"There is something in it, certainly, Mr. Mason," said young Round; "but I can not undertake to say as yet that we are in a position to prove the point."

"It will be proved," said Mr. Dockwrath.

"I confess it seems to me very clear," said Mr. Mason, who by this time had been made to understand the bearings of the question. "It is evident that she chose that day for her date because those two persons had then been called upon to act as witnesses to that other deed."

"That of course is our allegation. I only say that we may have some difficulty in proving it."

"The crafty, thieving swindler!" exclaimed Mr. Mason.

"She has been sharp enough if it is as we think," said Round, laughing; and then there was nothing more done in the matter for some time, to the great disgust both of Mr. Dockwrath and Mr. Mason. Old Mr. Round had kept his promise to Mr. Furnival; or, at least, had done something toward keeping it. He had not himself taken the matter into his own hands, but he had begged his son to be cautious. "It's not the sort of business that we care for, Mat," said he; "and as for that fellow down in Yorkshire, I never liked him." To this Mat had answered that neither did he like Mr. Mason; but as the case had about it some very remarkable points, it was necessary to look into it; and then the matter was allowed to stand over till after Christmas.

We will now change the scene to Noningsby, the judge's country seat, near Alston, at which a party was assembled for the Christmas holidays. The judge was there of course—without his wig, in which guise I am inclined to think that judges spend the more comfortable hours of their existence; and there also was Lady Staveley, her presence at home being altogether a matter of course, inasmuch as she had no other home than Noningsby. For many years past, ever since the happy day on which Noningsby had been acquired, she had repudiated London; and the poor judge, when called upon by his duties to reside there, was compelled to live like a bachelor, in lodgings. Lady Staveley was a good, motherly, warm-hearted woman, who thought a great deal about her flowers and fruit, believing that no one else had them so excellent—much also about her butter and eggs, which in other houses were, in her opinion, generally unfit to be eaten; she thought also a great deal about her children, who were all swans—though, as she often observed with a happy sigh, those of her neighbors were so uncommonly like geese. But she thought most of all of her husband, who in her eyes was the perfection of all manly virtues. She had made up her mind that the position of a puisne judge in England was the highest which could fall to the lot of any mere mortal. To become a Lord Chancellor, or a Lord Chief Justice, or a Chief Baron, a man must

dabble with Parliament, politics, and dirt; but the bench-fellows of these politicians were selected for their wisdom, high conduct, knowledge, and discretion. Of all such selections, that made by the late king when he chose her husband, was the one which had done most honor to England, and had been in all its results most beneficial to Englishmen. Such was her creed with reference to domestic matters.

The Staveley young people at present were only two in number, Augustus, namely, and his sister Madeline. The eldest daughter was married, and therefore, though she spent these Christmas holidays at Noningsby, must not be regarded as one of the Noningsby family. Of Augustus we have said enough; but as I intend that Madeline Staveley shall, to many of my readers, be the most interesting personage in this story, I must pause to say something of her. I must say something of her; and as, with all women, the outward and visible signs of grace and beauty are those which are thought of the most, or at any rate spoken of the oftenest, I will begin with her exterior attributes. And that the muses may assist me in my endeavor, teaching my rough hands to draw with some accuracy the delicate lines of female beauty, I now make to them my humble but earnest prayer.

Madeline Staveley was at this time about nineteen years of age. That she was perfect in her beauty I can not ask the muses to say, but that she will some day become so, I think the goddesses may be requested to prophesy. At present she was very slight, and appeared to be almost too tall for her form. She was indeed above the average height of women, and from her brother encountered some ridicule on this head; but not the less were all her movements soft, graceful, and fawn-like as should be those of a young girl. She was still at this time a child in heart and spirit, and could have played as a child had not the instinct of a woman taught to her the expediency of a staid demeanor. There is nothing among the wonders of womanhood more wonderful than this, that the young mind and young heart—hearts and minds young as youth can make them, and in their natures as gay—can assume the gravity and discretion of threescore years and maintain it successfully before all comers. And this is done, not as a lesson that has been taught, but as the result of an instinct implanted from the birth. Let us remember the mirth of our sisters in our homes, and their altered demeanors when those homes were opened to strangers; and remember also that this change had come from the inward working of their own feminine natures!

But I am altogether departing from Madeline Staveley's external graces. It was a pity almost that she should ever have become grave, because with her it was her smile that was so lovely. She smiled with her whole face. There was at such moments a peculiar laughing light in her gray eyes, which inspired one with an earnest desire to be in her confidence; she smiled with her soft cheek, the light tints of which would

become a shade more pink from the excitement, as they softly rippled into dimples; she smiled with her forehead which would catch the light from her eyes and arch itself in its glory; but above all she smiled with her mouth, just showing, but hardly showing, the beauty of the pearls within. I never saw the face of a woman whose mouth was equal in pure beauty, in beauty that was expressive of feeling, to that of Madeline Staveley. Many have I seen with a richer lip, with a more luxurious curve, much more tempting as baits to the villainy and rudeness of man; but never one that told so much by its own mute eloquence of a woman's happy heart and a woman's happy beauty. It was lovely as I have said in its mirth, but if possible it was still more lovely in its woe; for then the lips would separate, and the breath would come, and in the emotion of her suffering the life of her beauty would be unrestrained.

Her face was oval, and some might say that it was almost too thin; they might say so till they knew it well, but would never say so when they did so know it. Her complexion was not clear, though it would be wrong to call her a brunette. Her face and forehead were never brown, but yet she could not boast the pure pink and the pearly white which go to the formation of a clear complexion. For myself, I am not sure that I love a clear complexion. Pink and white alone will not give that hue which seems best to denote light and life, and to tell of a mind that thinks and of a heart that feels. I can name no color in describing the soft changing tints of Madeline Staveley's face, but I will make bold to say that no man ever found it insipid or inexpressive.

And now what remains for me to tell? Her nose was Grecian, but perhaps a little too wide at the nostril to be considered perfect in its chiseling. Her hair was soft and brown—that dark brown which by some lights is almost black; but she was not a girl whose loveliness depended much upon her hair. With some women it is their great charm—Næaras who love to sit half sleeping in the shade—but it is a charm that possesses no powerful eloquence. All beauty of a high order should speak, and Madeline's beauty was ever speaking. And now that I have said that, I believe that I have told all that may be necessary to place her outward form before the inward eyes of my readers.

In commencing this description I said that I would begin with her exterior; but it seems to me now that in speaking of these I have sufficiently noted also that which was within. Of her actual thoughts and deeds up to this period it is not necessary for our purposes that any thing should be told; but of that which she might probably think or might possibly do, a fair guess may, I hope, be made from that which has been already written.

Such was the Staveley family. Those of their guests whom it is necessary that I should now name, have been already introduced to us. Miss Furnival was there, as was also her father. He

had not intended to make any prolonged stay at Noningsby—at least so he had said in his own drawing-room; but nevertheless he had now been there for a week, and it seemed probable that he might stay over Christmas-day. And Felix Graham was there. He had been asked with a special purpose by his friend Augustus, as we already have heard; in order, namely, that he might fall in love with Sophia Furnival, and by the aid of her supposed hatful of money avoid the evils which would otherwise so probably be the consequence of his highly impracticable turn of mind. The judge was not averse to Felix Graham; but as he himself was a man essentially practical in all his views, it often occurred that, in his mild, kindly way, he ridiculed the young barrister. And Sir Peregrine Orme was there, being absent from home as on a very rare occasion; and with him of course were Mrs. Orme and his grandson. Young Perry was making, or was prepared to make, somewhat of a prolonged stay at Noningsby. He had a horse there with him for the hunting, which was changed now and again; his groom going backward and forward between that place and The Cleeve. Sir Peregrine, however, intended to return before Christmas, and Mrs. Orme would go with him. He had come for four days, which for him had been a long absence from home, and at the end of the four days he would be gone.

They were all sitting in the dining-room round the luncheon-table on a hopelessly wet morning, listening to a lecture from the judge on the abomination of eating meat in the middle of the day, when a servant came behind young Orme's chair and told him that Mr. Mason was in the breakfast-parlor and wished to see him.

"Who wishes to see you?" said the baronet, in a tone of surprise. He had caught the name, and thought at the moment that it was the owner of Groby Park.

"Lucius Mason," said Peregrine, getting up. "I wonder what he can want me for?"

"Oh, Lucius Mason," said the grandfather. Since the discourse about agriculture he was not personally much attached even to Lucius; but for his mother's sake he could be forgiven.

"Pray ask him in to lunch," said Lady Staveley. Something had been said about Lady Mason since the Ormes had been at Noningsby, and the Staveley family were prepared to regard her with sympathy, and, if necessary, with the right hand of fellowship.

"He is the great agriculturist, is he not?" said Augustus. "Bring him in by all means; there is no knowing how much we may not learn before dinner on such a day as this."

"He is an ally of mine, and you must not laugh at him," said Miss Furnival, who was sitting next to Augustus.

But Lucius Mason did not come in. Young Orme remained with him for about a quarter of an hour, and then returned to the room, declaring, with rather a serious face, that he must ride to Hamworth and back before dinner.

"Are you going with young Mason?" asked his grandfather.

"Yes, Sir; he wishes me to do something for him at Hamworth, and I can not well refuse him."

"You are not going to fight a duel!" said Lady Staveley, holding up her hands in horror as the idea came across her brain.

"A duel!" screamed Mrs. Orme. "Oh, Peregrine!"

"There can be nothing of the sort," said the judge. "I should think that young Mason is not so foolish; and I am sure that Peregrine Orme is not."

"I have not heard of any thing of the kind," said Peregrine, laughing.

"Promise me, Peregrine," said his mother. "Say that you promise me."

"My dearest mother, I have no more thought of it than you have—indeed I may say not so much."

"You will be back to dinner?" said Lady Staveley.

"Oh yes, certainly."

"And tell Mr. Mason," said the judge, "that if he will return with you we shall be delighted to see him."

The errand which took Peregrine Orme off to Hamworth will be explained in the next chapter, but his going led to a discussion among the gentlemen after dinner as to the position in which Lady Mason was now placed. There was no longer any possibility of keeping the matter secret, seeing that Mr. Dockwrath had taken great care that every one in Hamworth should hear of it. He had openly declared that evidence would now be adduced to prove that Sir Joseph Mason's widow had herself forged the will, and had said to many people that Mr. Mason of Groby had determined to indict her for forgery. This had gone so far that Lucius had declared as openly that he would prosecute the attorney for a libel, and Dockwrath had sent him word that he was quite welcome to do so if he pleased.

"It is a scandalous state of things," said Sir Peregrine, speaking with much enthusiasm, and no little temper, on the subject. "Here is a question which was settled twenty years ago to the satisfaction of every one who knew any thing of the case, and now it is brought up again that two men may wreak their vengeance on a poor widow. They are not men; they are brutes."

"But why does she not bring an action against this attorney?" said young Staveley.

"Such actions do not easily lie," said his father. "It may be quite true that Dockwrath may have said all manner of evil things against this lady, and yet it may be very difficult to obtain evidence of a libel. It seems to me, from what I have heard, that the man himself wishes such an action to be brought."

"And think of the state of poor Lady Mason!" said Mr. Furnival. "Conceive the misery which it would occasion her if she were

dragged forward to give evidence on such a matter!"

"I believe it would kill her," said Sir Peregrine.

"The best means of assisting her would be to give her some countenance," said the judge; "and from all that I can hear of her, she deserves it."

"She does deserve it," said Sir Peregrine, "and she shall have it. The people at Hamworth shall see, at any rate, that my daughter regards her as a fit associate. I am happy to say that she is coming to The Cleeve on my return home, and that she will remain there till after Christmas."

"It is a very singular case," said Felix Graham, who had been thinking over the position of the lady hitherto in silence.

"Indeed it is," said the judge; "and it shows how careful men should be in all matters relating to their wills. The will and the codicil, as it appears, are both in the handwriting of the widow, who acted as an amanuensis not only for her husband but for the attorney. That fact does not in my mind produce suspicion; but I do not doubt that it has produced all this suspicion in the mind of the claimant. The attorney who advised Sir Joseph should have known better."

"It is one of those cases," continued Graham, "in which the sufferer should be protected by the very fact of her own innocence. No lawyer should consent to take up the cudgels against her."

"I am afraid that she will not escape persecution from any such professional chivalry," said the judge.

"All that is moonshine," said Mr. Furnival.

"And moonshine is a very pretty thing if you were not too much afraid of the night air to go and look at it. If the matter be as you all say, I do think that any gentleman would disgrace himself by lending a hand against her."

"Upon my word, Sir, I fully agree with you," said Sir Peregrine, bowing to Felix Graham over his glass.

"I will take permission to think, Sir Peregrine," said Mr. Furnival, "that you would not agree with Mr. Graham if you had given to the matter much deep consideration."

"I have not had the advantage of a professional education," said Sir Peregrine, again bowing, and on this occasion addressing himself to the lawyer; "but I can not see how any amount of learning should alter my views on such a subject."

"Truth and honor can not be altered by any professional arrangements," said Graham; and then the conversation turned away from Lady Mason, and directed itself to those great corrections of legal reform which had been debated during the past autumn.

The Orley Farm Case, though in other forms and different language, was being discussed also in the drawing-room. "I have not seen much of her," said Sophia Furnival, who by some art had usurped the most prominent part in the con-

versation, "but what I did see I liked much. She was at The Cleeve when I was staying there, if you remember, Mrs. Orme." Mrs. Orme said that she did remember.

"And we went over to Orley Farm. Poor lady! I think every body ought to notice her under such circumstances. Papa, I know, would move heaven and earth for her if he could."

"I can not move the heaven or the earth either," said Lady Staveley; "but if I thought that my calling on her would be any satisfaction to her—"

"It would, Lady Staveley," said Mrs. Orme. "It would be a great satisfaction to her. I can not tell you how warmly I regard her, nor how perfectly Sir Peregrine esteems her."

"We will drive over there next week, Madeline."

"Do, mamma. Every body says that she is very nice."

"It will be so kind of you, Lady Staveley," said Sophia Furnival.

"Next week she will be staying with us," said Mrs. Orme. "And that would save you three miles, you know, and we should be so glad to see you."

Lady Staveley declared that she would do both. She would call at The Cleeve, and again at Orley Farm after Lady Mason's return home. She well understood, though she could not herself then say so, that the greater part of the advantage to be received from her kindness would be derived from its being known at Hamworth that the Staveley carriage had been driven up to Lady Mason's door.

"Her son is very clever, is he not?" said Madeline, addressing herself to Miss Furnival.

Sophia shrugged her shoulders and put her head on one side with a pretty grace. "Yes, I believe so. People say so. But who is to tell whether a young man be clever or no?"

"But some are so much more clever than others. Don't you think so?"

"Oh yes, as some girls are so much prettier than others. But if Mr. Mason were to talk Greek to you, you would not think him clever."

"I should not understand him, you know."

"Of course not; but you would understand that he was a blockhead to show off his learning in that way. You don't want him to be clever, you see; you only want him to be agreeable."

"I don't know that I want either the one or the other."

"Do you not? I know I do. I think that young men in society are bound to be agreeable, and that they should not be there if they do not know how to talk pleasantly, and to give something in return for all the trouble we take for them."

"I don't take any trouble for them," said Madeline, laughing.

"Surely you must, if you only think of it. All ladies do, and so they ought. But if in return for that a man merely talks Greek to me, I, for my part, do not think that the bargain is fairly carried out."

"I declare you will make me quite afraid of Mr. Mason."

"Oh, he never talks Greek—at least, he never has to me. I rather like him. But what I mean is this, that I do not think a man a bit more likely to be agreeable because he has the reputation of being very clever. For my part I rather think that I like stupid young men."

"Oh, do you? Then now I shall know what you think of Augustus. We think he is very clever; but I do not know any man who makes himself more popular with young ladies."

"Ah, then he is a gay deceiver."

"He is gay enough, but I am sure he is no deceiver. A man may make himself nice to young ladies without deceiving any of them; may he not?"

"You must not take me *'au pied de la lettre*,' Miss Staveley, or I shall be lost. Of course he may. But when young gentlemen are so very nice, young ladies are so apt to—"

"To what?"

"Not to fall in love with them exactly, but to be ready to be fallen in love with; and then if a man does do it he is a deceiver. I declare it seems to me that we don't allow them a chance of going right."

"I think that Augustus manages to steer through such difficulties very cleverly."

"He sails about in the open sea, touching at all the most lovely capes and promontories, and is never driven on shore by stress of weather! What a happy sailor he must be!"

"I think he is happy, and that he makes others so."

"He ought to be made an admiral at once. But we shall hear some day of his coming to a terrible shipwreck."

"Oh, I hope not!"

"He will return home in desperate plight, with only two planks left together, with all his glory and beauty broken and crumpled to pieces against some rock that he has despised in his pride."

"Why do you prophesy such terrible things for him?"

"I mean that he will get married."

"Get married! Of course he will. That's just what we all want. You don't call that a shipwreck; do you?"

"It's the sort of shipwreck that these very gallant barks have to encounter."

"You don't mean that he'll marry a disagreeable wife!"

"Oh no; not in the least. I only mean to say that, like other sons of Adam, he will have to strike his colors. I dare say, if the truth were known, he has done so already."

"I am sure he has not."

"I don't at all ask to know his secrets, and I should look upon you as a very bad sister if you told them."

"But I am sure he has not got any—of that kind."

"Would he tell you if he had?"

"Oh, I hope so; any serious secret. I am

sure he ought, for I am always thinking about him."

"And would you tell him your secrets?"

"I have none."

"But when you have, will you do so?"

"Will I? Well, yes; I think so. But a girl has no such secret," she continued to say, after pausing for a moment. "None, generally, at least, which she tells, even to herself, till the time comes in which she tells it to all whom she really loves." And then there was another pause for a moment.

"I am not quite so sure of that," said Miss Furnival. After which the gentlemen came into the drawing-room.

Augustus Staveley had gone to work in a manner which he conceived to be quite systematic, having before him the praiseworthy object of making a match between Felix Graham and Sophia Furnival. "By George, Graham," he had said, "the finest girl in London is coming down to Noningsby; upon my word I think she is."

"And brought there expressly for your delectation, I suppose."

"Oh no, not at all; indeed, she is not exactly in my style; she is too—too—too—in point of fact, too much of a girl for me. She has lots of money, and is very clever, and all that kind of thing."

"I never knew you so humble before."

"I am not joking at all. She is a daughter of old Furnival's, whom, by-the-by, I hate as I do poison. Why my governor has him down at Noningsby I can't guess. But I tell you what, old fellow, he can give his daughter five-and-twenty thousand pounds. Think of that, Master Brook." But Felix Graham was a man who could not bring himself to think much of such things on the spur of the moment, and when he was introduced to Sophia, he did not seem to be taken with her in any wonderful way.

Augustus had asked his mother to help him, but she had laughed at him. "It would be a splendid arrangement," he had said, with energy. "Nonsense, Gus," she had answered. "You should always let those things take their chance. All I will ask of you is that you don't fall in love with her yourself; I don't think her family would be nice enough for you."

But Felix Graham certainly was ungrateful for the friendship spent upon him, and so his friend felt it. Augustus had contrived to whisper into the lady's ear that Mr. Graham was the cleverest young man now rising at the bar, and as far as she was concerned, some amount of intimacy might at any rate have been produced; but he, Graham himself, would not put himself forward. "I will pique him into it," said Augustus to himself, and therefore, when on this occasion they came into the drawing-room, Staveley immediately took a vacant seat beside Miss Furnival, with the very friendly object which he had proposed to himself.

There was great danger in this, for Miss Furnival was certainly handsome, and Augustus Staveley was very susceptible. But what will

not a man go through for his friend? "I hope we are to have the honor of your company as far as Monkton Grange the day we meet there," he said. The hounds were to meet at Monkton Grange, some seven miles from Noningsby, and all the sportsmen from the house were to be there.

"I shall be delighted," said Sophia; "that is to say if a seat in the carriage can be spared for me."

"But we'll mount you. I know that you are a horsewoman." In answer to which Miss Furnival confessed that she was a horsewoman, and owned also to having brought a habit and hat with her.

"That will be delightful. Madeline will ride also, and you will meet the Miss Tristrams. They are the famous horsewomen of this part of the country."

"You don't mean that they go after the dogs across the hedges."

"Indeed they do."

"And does Miss Staveley do that?"

"Oh no; Madeline is not good at a five-barred gate, and would make but a very bad hand at a double ditch. If you are inclined to remain among the tame people, she will be true to your side."

"I shall certainly be one of the tame people, Mr. Staveley."

"I rather think I shall be with you myself; I have only one horse that will jump well, and Graham will ride him. By-the-by, Miss Furnival, what do you think of my friend Graham?"

"Think of him! Am I bound to have thought any thing about him by this time?"

"Of course you are, or at any rate of course you have. I have no doubt that you have composed in your own mind an essay on the character of every body here. People who think at all always do."

"Do they? My essay upon him then is a very short one."

"But perhaps not the less correct on that account. You must allow me to read it."

"Like all my other essays of that kind, Mr. Staveley, it has been composed solely for my own use, and will be kept quite private."

"I am so sorry for that, for I intended to propose a bargain to you. If you would have shown me some of your essays, I would have been equally liberal with some of mine." And in this way, before the evening was over, Augustus Staveley and Miss Furnival became very good friends.

"Upon my word she is a very clever girl," he said afterward, as young Orme and Graham were sitting with him in an outside room which had been fitted up for smoking.

"And uncommonly handsome," said Peregrine.

"And they say she'll have lots of money," said Graham. "After all, Staveley, perhaps you could not do better."

"She's not my style at all," said he. "But of course a man is obliged to be civil to girls in his own house." And then they all went to bed.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. DOCKWRATH IN HIS OWN OFFICE.

IN the conversation which had taken place after dinner at Noningsby with regard to the Masons, Peregrine Orme took no part, but his silence had not arisen from any want of interest on the subject. He had been over to Hamworth that day on a very special mission regarding it, and as he was not inclined to speak of what he had then seen and done, he held his tongue altogether.

"I want you to do me a great favor," Lucius had said to him, when the two were together in the breakfast-parlor of Noningsby; "but I am afraid it will give you some trouble."

"I sha'n't mind that," said Peregrine, "if that's all."

"You have heard of this row about Joseph Mason and my mother? It has been so talked of that I fear you must have heard it."

"About the lawsuit? Oh yes. It has certainly been spoken of at The Cleeve."

"Of course it has. All the world is talking of it. Now there is a man named Dockwrath in Hamworth—;" and then he went on to explain how it had reached him from various quarters that Mr. Dockwrath was accusing his mother of the crime of forgery; how he had endeavored to persuade his mother to indict the man for libel; how his mother had pleaded to him with tears in her eyes that she found it impossible to go through such an ordeal; and how he, therefore, had resolved to go himself to Mr. Dockwrath. "But," said he, "I must have some one with me, some gentleman whom I can trust, and therefore I have ridden over to ask you to accompany me as far as Hamworth."

"I suppose he is not a man that you can kick," said Peregrine.

"I am afraid not," said Lucius; "he's over forty years old, and has dozens of children."

"And then he is such a low beast," said Peregrine.

"I have no idea of kicking him, but I think it would be wrong to allow him to go on saying these frightful things of my mother without showing him that we are not afraid of him." Upon this the two young men got on horseback, and, riding into Hamworth, put their horses up at the inn.

"And now I suppose we might as well go at once," said Peregrine, with a very serious face.

"Yes," said the other; "there's nothing to delay us. I can not tell you how much obliged I am to you for coming with me."

"Oh, don't say any thing about that; of course I'm only too happy." But all the same he felt that his heart was beating, and that he was a little nervous. Had he been called upon to go in and thrash somebody, he would have been quite at home; but he did not feel at his ease in making an inimical visit to an attorney's office.

It would have been wise, perhaps, if in this matter Lucius had submitted himself to Lady

Mason's wishes. On the previous evening they had talked the matter over with much serious energy. Lucius had been told in the streets of Hamworth by an intermeddling little busybody of an apothecary that it behooved him to do something, as Mr. Dockwrath was making grievous accusations against his mother. Lucius had replied haughtily, that he and his mother would know how to protect themselves, and the apothecary had retreated, resolving to spread the report every where. Lucius on his return home had declared to the unfortunate lady that she had now no alternative left to her. She must bring an action against the man, or at any rate put the matter into the hands of a lawyer with a view of ascertaining whether she could do so with any chance of success. If she could not, she must then make known her reason for remaining quiet. In answer to this, Lady Mason had begun by praying her son to allow the matter to pass by.

"But it will not pass by," Lucius had said.

"Yes, dearest, if we leave it, it will—in a month or two. We can do nothing by interference. Remember the old saying, You can not touch pitch without being defiled."

But Lucius had replied, almost with anger, that the pitch had already touched him, and that he was defiled. "I can not consent to hold the property," he had said, "unless something be done." And then his mother had bowed her head as she sat, and had covered her face with her hands.

"I shall go to the man myself," Lucius had declared with energy.

"As your mother, Lucius, I implore you not to do so," she had said to him through her tears.

"I must either do that or leave the country. It is impossible that I should live here, hearing such things said of you, and doing nothing to clear your name." To this she had made no actual reply, and now he was standing at the attorney's door about to do that which he had threatened.

They found Mr. Dockwrath sitting at his desk, at the other side of which was seated his clerk. He had not yet promoted himself to the dignity of a private office, but generally used his parlor as such when he was desirous of seeing his clients without disturbance. On this occasion, however, when he saw young Mason enter, he made no offer to withdraw. His hat was on his head as he sat on his stool, and he did not even take it off as he returned the stiff salutation of his visitor. "Keep your hat on your head, Mr. Orme," he said, as Peregrine was about to take his off. "Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

Lucius looked at the clerk, and felt that there would be great difficulty in talking about his mother before such a witness. "We wish to see you in private, Mr. Dockwrath, for a few minutes—if it be convenient."

"Is not this private enough?" said Dockwrath. "There is no one here but my confidential clerk."

"If you could make it convenient—" began Lucius.

"Well, then, Mr. Mason, I can not make it convenient, and there is the long and the short of it. You have brought Mr. Orme with you to hear what you've got to say, and I choose that my clerk shall remain by to hear it also. Seeing the position in which you stand there is no knowing what may come of such an interview as this."

"In what position do I stand, Sir?"

"If you don't know, Mr. Mason, I am not going to tell you. I feel for you, I do upon my word. I feel for you, and I pity you." Mr. Dockwrath as he thus expressed his commiseration was sitting with his high chair tilted back, with his knees against the edge of his desk, with his hat almost down upon his nose as he looked at his visitors from under it, and he amused himself by cutting up a quill pen into small pieces with his penknife. It was not pleasant to be pitted by such a man as that, and so Peregrine Orme conceived.

"Sir, that is nonsense," said Lucius. "I require no pity from you or from any man."

"I don't suppose there is one in all Hamworth that does not feel for you," said Dockwrath.

"He means to be impudent," said Peregrine.

"You had better come to the point with him at once."

"No, I don't mean to be impudent, young gentleman. A man may speak his own mind in his own house I suppose without any impudence. You wouldn't stand cap in hand to me if I were to go down to you at The Cleeve."

"I have come here to ask of you," said Lucius, "whether it be true that you are spreading these reports about the town with reference to Lady Mason? If you are a man you will tell me the truth."

"Well, I rather think I am a man."

"It is necessary that Lady Mason should be protected from such infamous falsehoods, and it may be necessary to bring the matter into a court of law—"

"You may be quite easy about that, Mr. Mason. It will be necessary."

"As it may be necessary, I wish to know whether you will acknowledge that these reports have come from you?"

"You want me to give evidence against myself. Well, for once in a way I don't mind if I do. The reports have come from me. Now, is that manly?" And Mr. Dockwrath, as he spoke, pushed his hat somewhat off his nose, and looked steadily across into the face of his opponent.

Lucius Mason was too young for the task which he had undertaken, and allowed himself to be disconcerted. He had expected that the lawyer would deny the charge, and was prepared for what he would say and do in such a case; but now he was not prepared.

"How on earth could you bring yourself to be guilty of such villainy?" said young Orme.

"Highly-tighty! What are you talking about, young man? The fact is, you do not know what you are talking about. But as I have a respect for your grandfather, and for your mother, I will give you and them a piece of advice, gratis.

Don't let them be too thick with Lady Mason till they see how this matter goes."

"Mr. Dockwrath," said Lucius, "you are a mean, low, vile scoundrel."

"Very well, Sir. Adams, just take a note of that. Don't mind what Mr. Orme said. I can easily excuse him. He'll know the truth before long, and then he'll beg my pardon."

"I'll take my oath I look upon you as the greatest miscreant that ever I met," said Peregrine, who was of course bound to support his friend.

"You'll change your mind, Mr. Orme, before long, and then you'll find that you have met a worse miscreant than I am. Did you put down those words, Adams?"

"Them as Mr. Mason spoke? Yes; I've got them down."

"Read them," said the master.

And the clerk read them, "Mr. Dockwrath, you are a mean, low, vile scoundrel."

"And now, young gentlemen, if you have got nothing else to observe, as I am rather busy, perhaps you will allow me to wish you good-morning."

"Very well, Mr. Dockwrath," said Mason; "you may be sure that you will hear further from me."

"We shall be sure to hear of each other. There is no doubt in the world about that," said the attorney. And then the two young men withdrew with an unexpressed feeling in the mind of each of them, that they had not so completely got the better of their antagonist as the justice of their case demanded.

They then remounted their horses, and Orme accompanied his friend as far as Orley Farm, from whence he got into the Alston road through The Cleeve grounds. "And what do you intend to do now?" said Peregrine, as soon as they were mounted.

"I shall employ a lawyer," said he, "on my own footing; not my mother's lawyer, but some one else. Then I suppose I shall be guided by his advice." Had he done this before he made his visit to Mr. Dockwrath, perhaps it might have been better. All this sat very heavily on poor Peregrine's mind; and therefore, as the company were talking about Lady Mason after dinner, he remained silent, listening, but not joining in the conversation.

The whole of that evening Lucius and his mother sat together, saying nothing. There was not absolutely any quarrel between them, but on this terrible subject there was an utter want of accordance, and almost of sympathy. It was not that Lucius had ever for a moment suspected his mother of aught that was wrong. Had he done so he might perhaps have been more gentle toward her in his thoughts and words. He not only fully trusted her, but he was quite fixed in his confidence that nothing could shake either her or him in their rights. But under these circumstances he could not understand how she could consent to endure without resistance the indignities which were put

upon her. "She should combat them for my sake, if not for her own," he said to himself over and over again. And he had said so also to her, but his words had had no effect.

She, on the other hand, felt that he was cruel to her. She was weighed down almost to the ground by these sufferings which had fallen on her, and yet he would not be gentle and soft to her. She could have borne it all, she thought, if he would have borne with her. She still hoped that if she remained quiet no further trial would take place. At any rate this might be so. That it would be so she had the assurance of Mr. Furnival. And yet all this evil which she dreaded worse than death was to be precipitated on her by her son! So they sat through the long evening speechless; each seated with the pretense of reading, but neither of them capable of the attention which a book requires.

He did not tell her then that he had been with Mr. Dockwrath, but she knew by his manner that he had taken some terrible step. She waited patiently the whole evening, hoping that he would tell her, but when the hour came for her to go up to her room he had told her nothing. If he now were to turn against her, that would be worse than all! She went up to her room and sat herself down to think. All that passed through her brain on that night I may not now tell; but the grief which pressed on her at this moment with peculiar weight was the self-will and obstinacy of her boy. She said to herself that she would be willing now to die—to give back her life at once, if such might be God's pleasure; but that her son should bring down her hairs with shame and sorrow to the grave! In that thought there was a bitterness of agony which she knew not how to endure!

The next morning at breakfast he still remained silent, and his brow was still black. "Lucius," she said, "did you do any thing in that matter yesterday?"

"Yes, mother; I saw Mr. Dockwrath."

"Well?"

"I took Peregrine Orme with me that I might have a witness, and I then asked him whether he had spread these reports. He acknowledged that he had done so, and I told him that he was a villain."

Upon hearing this she uttered a long, low sigh, but she said nothing. What use could there now be in her saying aught? Her look of agony went to the young man's heart, but he still thought he had been right. "Mother," he continued to say, "I am very sorry to grieve you in this way—very sorry; but I could not hold up my head in Hamworth—I could not hold up my head any where, if I heard these things said of you and did not resent it."

"Ah, Lucius, if you knew the weakness of a woman!"

"And therefore you should let me bear it all. There is nothing I would not suffer; no cost I would not undergo rather than you should endure all this. If you would only say that you would leave it to me!"

"But it can not be left to you. I have gone to a lawyer, to Mr. Furnival. Why will you not permit that I should act in it as he thinks best? Can you not believe that that will be the best for both of us?"

"If you wish it, I will see Mr. Furnival?"

Lady Mason did not wish that, but she was obliged so far to yield as to say that he might do so if he would. Her wish was that he should bear it all and say nothing. It was not that she was indifferent to good repute among her neighbors, or that she was careless as to what the apothecaries and attorneys said of her; but it was easier for her to bear the evil than to combat it. The Ormes and the Furnivals would support her. They and such-like persons would acknowledge her weakness, and would know that from her would not be expected such loud outbursting indignation as might be expected from a man. She had calculated the strength of her own weakness, and thought that she might still be supported by that—if only her son would so permit.

It was two days after this that Lucius was allowed the honor of a conference by appointment with the great lawyer; and at the expiration of of an hour's delay he was shown into the room by Mr. Crabwitz. "And, Crabwitz," said the barrister, before he addressed himself to his young friend, "just run your eye over those papers, and let Mr. Bideawhile have them to-morrow morning; and, Crabwitz—"

"Yes, Sir."

"That opinion of Sir Richard's in the Ahatualpaca Mining Company—I have not seen it, have I?"

"It's all ready, Mr. Furnival."

"I will look at it in five minutes. And now, my young friend, what can I do for you?"

It was quite clear from Mr. Furnival's tone and manner that he did not mean to devote much time to Lucius Mason, and that he was not generally anxious to hold any conversation with him on the subject in question. Such, indeed, was the case. Mr. Furnival was determined to pull Lady Mason out of the sea of trouble into which she had fallen, let the effort cost him what it might, but he did not wish to do so by the instrumentality, or even with the aid, of her son.

"Mr. Furnival," began Mason, "I want to ask your advice about these dreadful reports which are being spread on every side in Hamworth about my mother."

"If you will allow me then to say so, I think that the course which you should pursue is very simple. Indeed there is, I think, only one course which you can pursue with proper deference to your mother's feelings."

"And what is that, Mr. Furnival?"

"Do nothing, and say nothing. I fear from what I have heard that you have already done and said much more than was prudent."

"But how am I to hear such things as these spoken of my own mother?"

"That depends on the people by whom the

things are spoken. In this world, if we meet a chimney-sweep in the path we do not hustle with him for the right of way. Your mother is going next week to The Cleeve. It was only yesterday that I heard that the Noningsby people are going to call on her. You can hardly, I suppose, desire for your mother better friends than such as these. And can you not understand why such people gather to her at this moment? If you can understand it, you will not trouble yourself to interfere much more with Mr. Dockwrath."

There was a rebuke in this which Lucius Mason was forced to endure; but nevertheless, as he retreated disconcerted from the barrister's chambers, he could not bring himself to think it right that such calumny should be borne without resistance. He knew but little, as yet, of the ordinary life of gentlemen in England; but he did know—so at least he thought—that it was the duty of a son to shield his mother from insult and libel.

WINNIPISEOGEE.

WHAT is the fascination of water? And what the fascination of motion? And what the duplex joy of motion upon water? They seem—at least the first two—ultimate pleasurable sensations, as little analyzable as the pleasures of taste or smell or sight. As to many another question, so must we reply to these: we are so made that we enjoy them.

The most beautiful locomotions are two: of a swift boat over the sea, and of a swift horse over the land. They are indeed identical, both lines of progress being free, flowing, easy curves, horizontal in general direction, and of periodic flexure. And the sources of the derived enjoyment are identical. They are:

1. The passive reception of subtle delicate delight from the lithe sinuous freedom of the movement.

2. The proud consciousness of mastery, so sweet to men; the towering and predominating pleasure of control, felt in the strong, determinate wielding by the rider of the vast strength of the beast; in the sly, indirect domination of the sailor over the measureless forces of the elemental kings, the powers of the air and of the sea.

3. The emotion, unsubstantial and almost fantastic, stiller and more solemn, remoter and profounder in essence, imparting a loftier and grander exultation, which comes from the autocracy of the situation; the pride of knowing that although death, as beside Sintram, rides close beside you to snatch your life at the least default, nevertheless you can and do momentarily guard your life, and that by conscious skill and strength.

The water, however, chiefly the sea, has always been to me pre-eminently a delight—a charmed realm. Nor have I ever enjoyed days of more unmixed pleasure than those during which, alone, with tiller in one hand and main-

sheet in the other, I have steered all day straight out to sea in a twelve-foot boat, or wandered hither and thither in the watery labyrinth of island and bay along the rugged and deeply-indented sea-coast of Connecticut. To perfect pleasure three things were requisite. I must be alone; the boat must be small; the wind must be high. Alone, I was the sole intelligence and power. The smaller the boat the quicker her answer to every voice of the wind, to every heave of the waves, to every touch of the helm; and therefore the more complete my cognizance of the wild dancing vagaries and stormy assaults of the forces with which I contended, and of the decisions and movements by which I ruled them. The smaller the boat and the higher the wind, also, the greater the sense of daring and of victory with which I held her wet and foamy bows straight and steadily against the steep ascent of the roaring white-crested seas, or watched the little cataract foam along the lee gunwale, as she bowed far and farther over, down to her bearings, before some heavier squall, or leaped down the long slope into the deep black valley between the billows.

It was my glory to sail straight out into the face of great white fogs that came trooping up from the far open ocean; driving out to windward in my crank boat under all sail, until the clumsy sloops and schooners that tumbled along up and down the coast were single-reefed or double-reefed. Then—for I did not like the implication of submission involved in laying to and reefing down—to go about, not as unable to remain longer at sea, but assuming that it comported with my convenience, irrespective of atmospheric phenomena, to return home precisely then; the boat tearing back dead before the wind, leaping with eager thrills and tremblings in the peculiar swaying curves of such a course; the long boom lifting and lifting with the roll, even to the imminent risk of “jibing,” and of certain consequent capsizes; a great white furrow-slice of roaring foam whirling backward on either hand from the sharp prow, and limiting the widening track of boiling water astern.

Yet one of the most imminent of my perils by water was incurred far inland, within the girdle of mountains that look down upon Winnipiseogee.

Under the shadow of the Red Mountain, at Senter Harbor at the head of the lake, Harry and I found a whale-boat, an old ocean rover, well experienced in the perils of Arctic and Antarctic seas; now come inland as if to abide through its declining years amidst the lovely scenery and mild fresh-water dangers of Winnipiseogee. This ancient mariner we caused to be launched, cleansed, and refitted; and in this we determined to set forth down the lake for Cow Island, there and thereabouts to fish, taking sailing directions from our well-booted landlord, Mr. Coe. Well booted, I mean, as the Greeks were—*εὐκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί*—not as the rascals were; of which condition our certificate was patent in the garments themselves, which he wore long and large, and eke on the outside of

his pantaloons: which is the custom of the Muscovites, and was the custom of Senator Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, “on the principle,” says Senator Benton of him, “that leather is stronger than cloth.”

The boat was equipped after a most farmerly and unseamanlike fashion, with a little snub mast raking forward, like that of a Mediterranean felucca, and stepped right amidships; a queer fore-and-aft mainsail, whose boom was cocked up at an impertinent angle twenty degrees greater than that of the gaff; a great staysail running to the boat's stem, and a jib hoisting outside of that to a stumpy bowsprit. This, however, or none; so we entered with good courage and no provision, the route being straight and clear, and the northwest breeze fair and strong. We could not fail, said tall Mr. Coe, to reach our destination by noon or a little later.

Our equipment, however, had occupied some time; and the sun was already high when we slid gently forward from the shore over water mirror-smooth except for little ripples that here and there roughened the surface; for houses and trees kept off the wind which yet sang softly to us in the lofty boughs. Quietly we glided down the widening bay, and the fantastic wind-chant in the tree-tops grew louder and louder, and came down and sang in our scanty rigging too. We passed by an opening in the woods. Out of it a squall flew at us instead of a song, and snapped our brittle boom. We bore up, and making fast to a log, amputated a tough segment from a hickory “staddle” (*i. e.*, a tree-let; as much of a tree as a lad is of a man) with a sheath-knife; “fished” the fractured spar, and once more set sail.

Between two wooded promontories we passed forth upon the main waters of the lake, blue and clear, all studded with islands, and now darkened by the innumerable ripples that rose beneath the northwest breeze. We could hear no longer the wailing voices in the distant tree-tops, but the song among our cordage was louder, and a light organ-bass answered, bubbling and rustling from beneath the sharp prow. The water-spirits were joining in the song, and taking their part in charge of us.

“Hallo, the boat!”

Across the wind the shout came faintly, like an air-voice. It was from a live Yankee, however, who stood at the edge of an islet to the eastward, to our left—technically a little abaft our larboard beam—and brandished his fins at us. What need for haste? We had the day before us. Moreover, he might be in distress, or desirous to share with us a treasure-trove. So we turned aside and ran over to him.

“Well?”

“Goin’ to Meredith Bridge?”

“No. Why?”

“Wa’al, there was a boat was to call and take me down, and they ha’n’t come, and I didn’t know but you was them.”

“Suppose,” I said to Harry, “we take him part way?”

He nodded. I offered to set the stranger over to the western shore, whence he might walk the rest of the way, since our engagements would not permit us to convoy him to his destination. He thankfully stepped aboard, and heading westward we digressed upon our benevolent errand. In the country strangers talk; Yankees talk every where; we talked. How came our passenger upon the island? He lived there; his own boat it was which he had lent, and which some chance was delaying. Do many people live on the islands? Quite a number; one or two "solid men of Boston" have summer palaces upon them; some farmers live upon them; one, Mr. Weare, quite rich. He goes to Wolfboro' or Moultonboro' in planting time and other busy times, enlists "a crew of work-folks," to use our friend's words, and encamping upon Cow Island they do what is to be done and depart. Where is Cow Island? The Yankee pointed toward it, and we perceived its heights among the multitudinous island and mainland hills which made the high horizon in the east.

Thus we beguiled the way with friendly chat. The Yankee told us many marvels of the lake. Weird old Indian traditions of a horrible formless monster that abides within the unfathomable depths of "The Broads," as the largest open stretch of the lake in its southwestern corner is called, and in tempestuous nights comes forth and rides hither and thither upon the dark stormy water, destroying any chance voyager and uttering fearful and unearthly sounds of diabolic exultation. Other less fanciful stories he had of huge lake trout; sullen monsters, also resident within the deepest parts of the lake; cunning and proud, a species of fresh-water sea-kings, seldom to be caught, and desperately dangerous to the fisherman's slender armament. He spoke of Rattlesnake Island; a steep, rocky pile, far toward the south, rising sheer from the very deepest portion of the lake, and swarming with the deadly reptiles which give it a name, among whom aboriginal legends tell that "an enormous rattle-tailed snake"—to use the words of the enterprising proprietor of the Bunkumville Museum—called by the Indians *The King of the Rattlesnakes*, keeps his reptilian state, and wields many potent charms, being a great manitou or spirit-chieftain.

We reached the shore—with exchange of hearty good wishes, the Yankee stepped within the shadow of the summery woods, and strode away through the underbrush, and again we set off.

The wind was rising continually. Delighting ourselves with the speedy gliding of the sharp-prowed whale-boat, reveling in sunshine, in breeze and in water, in youth and health and wandering, we sped onward. To right and left the mountain forms changed and changed; and when we looked again for the island we scarcely found it; and it was further away than we had supposed. But what matter? We had neither "little amount to make up" before three o'clock, nor academic bell to obey at five; and with

hearts glad within us we passed on, leaving on either hand islets as numerous and as lovely as King Robert's galley is said to have passed, in the racing elastic rhythm of the "Lord of the Isles;" and from it Harry recited:

"Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale,
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
Is joyous in her sail.
With fluttering sound, like laughter hoarse,
The cords and canvas strain,
The waves, divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chased her course,
As if they laughed again."

It was afternoon by this time. Still we sped past one islet after another, looking ever for the marks which the Yankee had named to us as of that we sought. The gentle breeze had risen into a strong gale, fitful with the desperate and sudden blasts of overland winds. My boatmanship sufficed for a time, by watchful handling of tiller and of sheet, to save our flimsy rigging and keep right-side-up our crank and narrow craft. But not long. One wilder breath of the Wind-King, and slap went the misshapen sail down upon the water with an instantaneous wrench that spilled out us two luckless navigators, as one might toss pease out of a shovel, into the cold, dark-blue water. Swimmers both, we sank for a moment, but rising, laughed to each other a sputtering recognition, and unterrifiedly, with half a dozen strokes regained the boat, which had turned first half over and then quite over, and now showed a curved and striated back as of some great fish, above the little spiteful jumping waves.

It was over against the mouth of an island bay that our mischance happened. So each with a hand upon the gunwale, we swam strongly toward the haven, leading our capsized boat, like lacustrine Tritons convoying home an overturned sea-chariot of Amphitrite, within its grassy shores. There we found silent water; a small and sheltered harbor floored with pebbles of pure white intermingled with yellow, the jasper and alabaster floor of a water-nymph's bower; walled about and gracefully overhung with the close and waving leafage of birches and beeches, here and there pilastered with a dark columnar spruce; a nook recluse enough for the very bath and dressing-room of the more aristocratic and exclusive naiads. Neither wood-nymph nor naiad fled or spattered away at our appearing; and uncomfortably Tritonizing in soaked and clinging casimere and limp wet felt hats, we swam to the shallows, and with unstable foothold and awkward effort set our tub once more on its own bottom.

Our isle, enchanted, had, as it were, fled before us down the lake. Along the high and hilly eastern shore-line or island-line we could ascertain no locality answering to it. But not nautical enough to compute the distance we had come, and quite doubtful of our place, we at last hoisted sail once more, at a venture, and bore away.

The wind still rose, and scudding at a dan-

gerous rate before it, we passed more islands, more wide expanses of water; and soon, it being now well past the middle of the afternoon, we drove out upon the great southeastern stretch of deep open water called The Broads. As we did so, convinced by this time that we had far overpassed our mark, and satisfied that the distant dusky peaks before us were the mountains around Alton Bay, the extreme southern end of the lake, I turned and looked behind me for one last attempt to distinguish Cow Island. I could not see it; but in the sky I saw something much more startling. Over the line of the western horizon had deployed, within the hour last past, while we were busy with things before us and close around us, a vast and heavy army of black and stormy clouds. Already their whiter and fleecier vanguard had mounted nearly to the zenith, and had obscured the sunlight with a threatening shadow. Great masses of the cloudy host rose out of the northwest and fell down to northward and to southward as if outflanking some hostile array. A sombre and darkening shadow fled swiftly and silently over us, and went curtaining on before over the great open lake. Over Winnipegosee, "The Smile of God," there lowered a fearful frown. A chill came out of the cloud with the darkness, and wind and cold and shadows swept down upon us together.

What I describe in many words I saw at the single glance which was all I could give; for I had perforce to look forward, and that most instantly, at the risk of death; since here the shore was too distant to reach by swimming if we should overset, and we began to be cold and tired, all wet and hungry as we were.

The blasts came leaping ever wilder and higher; the jumping waves, white-capped and foamy, exulted around us, and sang a louder and a louder song beneath the prow, as we tore onward into the bosom of the lake. I lacked little of fancying that chuckling water-spirits had clutched our cutwater, and were dragging us forth into their widest waste domain, where they might drown us at their leisure and dance a devilish death-dance over our wet burial. The whale-boat, built not for carrying sail, but narrow, sharp, and totty almost as a bark canoe, careened hither and thither with wild, quick motions, wallowing along dangerously, creaking and straining. The foolish old mainsail flapped and jerked; the boom lifted and wavered as if to jibe, then thrashed madly down upon the foam as if the lee gunwale dipped and a bucketful or two of clear water bubbled alertly inboard; I wonder the lubberly tackle lasted so long. Harry, inexperienced in boat-sailing, thought it all very fine, and from his place forward enjoyed the fantastic movement and the raging of the air and of the water. As for me, although I clenched tiller and sheet with grasp as yet unfailing, and was conscious of no special fear, and still met each shrieking blast and each heavier surge with such seamanship as the clumsy bark permitted, yet, with hunger, cold, and stiffness from the constrained position that I had kept so long,

I felt my hands and limbs benumbing. I knew, moreover, that my lips were blue and ghastly, and my face white and grim; for besides the cold, my thoughts were of drowning, and my seamanship little more than mechanical. I doubted that I looked upon the face of Death; and my consciousness was mostly of the effort to endure the tremendous sight, and hardily to meet his coming blow. A grisly visage it is to see! And whereas I doubted, a few minutes later I was altogether sure—when I saw quite suddenly the line of rugged rocks that ranged along the shore not half a mile before us, and the high breakers that rolled, and foamed, and leaped freakishly about among them. For before that wild gale the wretched boat could never manœuvre; and one touch upon those sharp and edgy rocks would grind us and our boat into indistinguishable fragments together.

Yet it was better to try something than to drive stupidly into the roaring mill of rock and water. So "Ready, about!" I sang out to Harry. I had taught him the few words of command and simple processes used in "tacking boat." Down went the helm at a desperate venture; and hauling aft the sheet as she came up, I would have brought her upon the wind on the larboard tack, heading due north. But I could not even get the jib aback; she missed stays, and rolled helplessly, broadside on, toward the iron-bound shore. There was nothing for it but to try again, and no alternative except to be smashed if we failed. So getting her before the wind again, I ran straight toward the shore until she gained some headway; once more hauled upon the wind. As she lost way, and was evidently about to miss stays again, I sprang amidships, seized an oar, with quick and desperate strokes brought her up into the wind, until first the jib filled on the other tack and then the mainsail. Then I resumed the tiller; and slowly and laboriously, trembling and cracking, she crawled off inch by inch, when already I was feeling the long swells of the great shore-seas, when the roaring crash of the fierce breakers made continuous thunder scarce fifty feet away, and the water was all thick and red around us with earth rasped up from the bottom by the undertow.

Slowly and perilously we gained some little offing; and as soon as there was room I tacked once more, and steered, as I was now able to do with the wind on my starboard quarter, southwest, to gain the shelter of the highlands skirting the western side of Alton Bay. This also I had to give up; for we could not bale, I being at the helm, and the weight of both of us necessary to windward to save capsizing; and half-full of water, she rolled ever deeper, and so heavily and with action, as it were, so sick, and discouraged, and lifeless, that perforce I put her almost before the wind again, and ran down the coast. Yet we did ultimately contrive to weather the point east of the mouth of the bay. The wind lulled as we drew within the shelter of the mountains, although we could hear it howl and

wail far above us, and could look back into the tempest yet raging in the open lake. As we laid the boat against the quiet shore of a sheltered cove far within the depths of the bay, her gunwale was scarce three inches above the water; and stepping across from the stern, I stood over-knees in the midst of her, such a quantity had she received. But we had baffled the water-devils and the storm-king; and, in high spirits at our escape, we turned to and speedily freed her from the dangerous burden.

Evening approached. Leaving the whale-boat at her hidden mooring close beneath a great thicket of evergreens, we scrambled up a steep hill-side, found a road skirting the bay, and set off southward, seeking a supper up among the hills, with the sturdy resolve yet to reach the island for which we had started in the morning by a retrograde moonlight voyaging. The first house we found was a desolate, empty shell, window-shattered, brown, weather-stained, dreary, standing alone, without a tree or a shrub, the earth about it all bare and brown, without a well, or a barn, or a wood-shed—a very ghost of an old house. Within we found an old pair of shoes in a corner, and a rusty broadsword hung against a wall; nothing else—not even a tin pan or a footstool. At the next we found an old man, who said he was eighty-nine, deaf, blind, helpless. His daughter-in-law, the mistress of the dwelling, a skinny and ill-favored dame, could not furnish us a supper. Still we went on; and at the end of another mile we found a more hospitable roof. Here, in a jovial, cozy kitchen, where a great fire in a giantly fireplace tempered gratefully the raw evening air of the hills, by the ready consent of a comely young housewife and her broad-shouldered husband, we dried and warmed our weary bodies and wet clothes; did exceedingly rest and refresh ourselves with warmth and firelight, with meat and drink, and with pleasant conversation; and did set out upon our return, due payment made, quite other in body and in mind from the tired, bedraggled, forlorn wayfarers who had come in.

Reaching the whale-boat we pushed off, headed northward, took each an oar, and rowed softly down the bay over motionless water, in the silence due to the still bright moonlight, the sacred quiet of the flood and of the mountains that watched it. The sharp-edged oar-blades passed noiselessly into and from the water; their double-knock within the wooden row-locks sounded hollowly against the dark steep heights above us and echoed back again; the wild landscape, the spiritual power of the night, the dim, impenetrable glimmer of the moon, seemed all together to be passing into some dream.

"Hush!" I said to Harry. We both listened. I had not been mistaken. We could distinctly hear the rush of some large mass through the water, far north in the open lake. I should have said it was a steamboat; but there was none on the lake, although we had seen one building at Meredith's Bridge. We leaned over the edge of the boat and listened. Whatever the hollow,

rolling, roaring sound might be, it came steadily toward us. There was a little haze in the air; the moonlight interpenetrated and infused it; and together they were a great glimmering veil hung from far above down to the dark water; wavering and gleaming, and hiding what it covered with a witch-light more impenetrable than darkness. From behind this gray gleaming curtain came the strange sound that perplexed us. It grew perceptibly louder; we could not see ten rods; whatever the thing should be, we might not be able to discern it in time to get out of its way. The weird, dreamy time and place made me fancy absurd visionary things: of the monstrous water-devil that our passenger had described to us, whom I pictured to myself making a second and definite foray through the night to apprehend the audacious mortals who had escaped his power in the day; of some inexplicable whirlpool, or water-spout, or blast of wind. In vain we said to each other, "What can it be?" I even abjectly proposed to flee to the western shore; and but for shame I verily believe we should have done it. Watching intently, ready to pull either way if any thing should appear suitable to be run away from, we waited, oars in hand, breathless, half-frightened. The roaring voice of the unseen monster, exaggerated by the night stillness, and reverberating heavily through the thick air and the narrow mountain cleft, came swelling out vaster and vaster, yet still behind its inscrutable glimmering veil, until to our startled minds it seemed to be booming up into the air close above our heads, and we made sure that the invisible existence was advancing straight and close upon us.

Suddenly, as if magic had conjured it up, a huge, shadowy, black mass was sweeping past us, up the middle of the bay, toward Alton. There were lights and human voices.

"Hallo the boat!" hailed some one, all at once.

"Hallo yourself! Where bound?" I replied.

"Alton," was the answer. It was the horse-boat from Wolfboro'. We extremely quietly resumed our oars.

In the silent moonlight we rowed northward for an hour. Then sleep began to weigh heavy upon us; for indeed we had had a fatiguing day. Beneath the relaxing pressure of its burden we easily gave up the hope of reaching our intended lodging-place. Looking upon the land to the eastward, we discerned a great, dim, square opening among the woods. Turning our prow thitherward, we slowly rowed ashore, made the boat fast to a tree, shouldered our knapsacks, and, stumbling with weariness, and sleep, and the obstructions of the untrodden way, at last we reached the farmstead. Cautiously, with knife in hand, for fear of big dogs, we approached, reconnoitered the premises, found an open barn-door, felt about for the hay-mow and the peg-ladder which usually gives access to its top, found it, ascended, burrowed deep within fragrant herds-grass hay, and slept a chilly, troubled, and unrefreshing sleep.

THE HAVELOCK.

ON Southern uplands I was born,
Kissed by the lips of the golden morn;
Strong, and tall, and straight was I,
And my white plumes danced as the wind went by,
Till the hills above and the vales below
Seemed drowned in a mist of drifting snow.

But by-and-by my plumes were stripped
By negroes lusty and dusky-lipped,
And they bore me off to a darksome mill,
With jaws and teeth that never were still;
And there I was mangled and whirled about,
Till it chewed me up and it spat me out.

Bagged and bound with canvas and rope,
I hung on the edge of a dizzy slope,
Till I saw the panting steamer glide
Close to the edge of the terrible slide,
When they pushed me over and let me go,
And swift as a bullet I plunged below.

So down the river they bore me then,
And passed me over to trading men,
And bartered me off, and shipped me to sea,
From the crowded wharf of the long levée;
And so we sailed for many a day,
Till the mud of the Mersey around us lay.

Through dingy factories then I past,
Where flickered the shuttle flashing fast;
And British fingers all wan and thin
With labor, and hunger, and drink, and sin,
Twisted my threads in the fetid gloom,
And wove them close on the whirring loom.

So back to my country I came again,
Fit for the uses of busy men;
And the time went by, till one summer's day
In a beautiful maiden's lap I lay,
While with scissors, and thimble, and needle, and thread
She fashioned me thus for a soldier's head.

For the light of battle was in the sky,
And the armed thousands were hurrying by,
And the brawny farmer and slender clerk
Were side by side in the holy work;
For a wondrous fire through the people ran—
Through maid, and woman, and child, and man.

Ah! 'twas a tender and sorrowful day,
When the soldier lover went marching away;
For that self-same morn he had called her bride,
As they stood at the altar side by side;
Then with one long kiss and a hushed good-by
He went with his comrades to do or die!

To-day I am on the self-same earth
That nourished my parents and gave me birth;
But the waving snow is no longer there,
And muskets flash in the sunlit air,
And the hill-side shakes with the heavy tramp
Of the hostile armies from camp to camp.

And the head that I cover is thinking now
Of the fair hands that placed me upon his brow,
And wonders whether, in the coming fight
That will redden these Southern slopes to-night,
I will safely ride through the stormy fray,
Or ownerless lie in the crimson clay.

And Northward far, at the self same time
That he dreaming stands in that sunny clime,
The hands that made me are raised in prayer,
And her voice ascends through the silent air;
And if pureness and goodness have power to charm,
The head that I cover is safe from harm.

THE YANKEE CAPTAIN.

A VERY PROBABLE STORY, FROM DICKENS'S "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

"I WISH I could paint like that!" said a voice high pitched and with a nasal drawl in it, as I sat sketching among the Highlands of the Hudson.

"You take an interest in art?" said I, dabbing away at my landscape, for I saw that the man meant civilly.

"Art *and* nater!" answered the tall Yankee; "art *and* nater! You're making a pretty view of it, and so you had oughter, for 'tis an all-fired location this; yes, 'tis. I guess you're an artist?"

"Yes."

"A Britisher born?"

"Yes."

"I knowd it. Them blues and whites air neat, and like the real thing; the clouds is not bad; but the water's the thing that shows gump-tion."

"You should be a judge of your own element," I answered, laughing; for I had already settled my friend's calling, on a second glance at his cornelian waistcoat buttons and his coral breast-pin. "You have sailed over a good deal of blue water in your time."

"Scalp me, stranger," said he, "but you're right. We must be better acquainted, *we* must. I haven't a card, stranger, but my name's Daniel Coffin, of Providence, Massachusetts, first mate of the *Bird of Freedom*, clipper-ship, lying down at New York." And he held out his strong, sun-burned hand for me to shake.

Some more conversation followed. I found my new friend, like most of his countrymen, very inquisitive, though the questions he asked were propounded with an apparent simplicity that made them by no means offensive. It was not enough for him to know my name and profession. He was curious about my antecedents, my travels, my habits, my prospects, and the friends I had in America. "Tell you what, Sir," said he at last, "you kiender took me in, first I spied you out. Something of the soger officer about that individual, says I to myself; something square about the carrying of the shoulders and head, that a man who's knocked about the world as I have can't mistake. Meb-

be, thinks I, 'tis an engineer officer from West Point, making tactical sketches. Have you done a little in that line, Sir, afore you took to the brush?"

I owned that I had worn the Queen's colors, and had sold out, after some years in Sydney and Auckland, to escape the weariness of colonial quarters and the tardiness of promotion.

The first mate of the *Bird of Freedom* asked no more questions. He began extolling beyond measure the good qualities of his skipper, Captain Malachi Hodgson. The "cap'en" was a scholar; the "cap'en" was a gentleman fit to pick mutton-chops at Windsor; the "cap'en" could speak all languages, and had been over the Italian picture-galleries and museums, and was an antiquary, and a collector, and what not. Nothing came amiss to this extraordinary captain; he had autographs of all the great or notorious of the earth, gems, coins, medals, statuettes. Then the personal accomplishments of the commander were equal to his possessions: he could sing and play, and sketch, and model in wax and clay, and take photographs, and lecture on chemistry. Now would I come and see the *Bird of Freedom* when I came back to New York?

I faithfully promised that when I returned to the city I would call on Daniel Coffin. And we parted excellently well pleased with each other.

Three weeks passed before, quitting the old Dutch farm-house where I had boarded, I went back to the Empire City. There, as I was one day skimming the *Herald* in a *café*, my eye fell on the following advertisement: "CALIFORNIA DIRECT. The splendid clipper-ship *Bird of Freedom*. To sail on the 17th. For freight or passage apply," etc. The advertisement recalled my enthusiastic friend, Mr. Coffin, and the Admirable Crichton of a skipper whose praises he had so loyally sounded; and I resolved to be as good as my word, and to pay him a call. I found that the ship had dropped down, and was lying off Long Island. Hiring a pleasure pin-nace, I made the short voyage to her anchoring ground, and found reason to admit that the mate's eulogy had not been much overstrained.

The *Bird of Freedom* was a magnificent vessel, nearly new, and of immense tonnage. She was one of those long, sharp-bowed, lofty-masted craft of which Americans are so proud, and appeared, as indeed she was, admirably designed for speed. I could not help fancying, however, that her build was better adapted for summer seas and the trade-winds, for quick runs, in fact, under favorable circumstances, than for buffeting to and fro in rough, variable weather. "A raal darlint, your honor," cried my tough old Irish boatman, who had not in twenty years dropped a note of his brogue; "she lies on the say like a duck, and is as nate as if she'd a glass shade over her." By this time we were alongside, and a rough head, crowned by a Spanish straw-hat, was popped over the bulwarks, while a harsh voice swore at us, and asked what we wanted, that we scraped our boat's snout against their keelson? I answered from the stern-sheets, taking off my hat, "We were nterely admiring your fine vessel; but may I ask whether you have on board a gentleman who invited me to pay you a visit—I mean Mr. Daniel Coffin?"

The second mate, who was our questioner, acknowledged my salute by sulkily lifting his own Panama, and replied, "Yes, I kalkilate he air. Did you wish to come on board? You'll find a clean side rope at the starboard gang. The larboard one's tarry, and would spile them gloves o' yourn."

The boat was directly at the foot of the starboard side-ladder, and I jumped on board, just in time to meet honest Daniel Coffin, who came bustling aft to welcome me.

And, sure enough, Daniel Coffin did appear glad to see me. His mahogany face was as radiant as such a face could be, and the grip he gave my hand was like the pressure of a vice. He did the honors of the ship, at least of all above decks, making me duly admire the tapering of the masts, the squareness of the yards, the trim neatness which regulated every thing. There was no visible morsel of metal, whether ring-bolt, pin, rail, or brass gun, that was not scoured as brightly as the kettles in a Dutch kitchen. There was an unusual quantity of rackwork and windlass tackle about, as well as pulleys, patent blocks, and other mechanism for economizing labor. As for the crew, I saw three or four fine-looking seamen on the fore-castle, busy with serving mallets, spun-yarn, rattlins, and inch and a half rope, preparing something or other for the ship's top hamper, and a couple of wobegone persons were wringing swabs near them, which latter alone took some notice of us. One of these men touched his hat, not to the mate, but to me, and seemed disposed to speak; but Mr. Coffin swore at him, and bade him "keep his distance," and he shuffled off in a broken-spirited fashion.

"Those are not sailors!" said I, with a jerk of my thumb to point out the object of my query.

"No; they air not. They're what they call 'waisters' in the navy; but here we jest call 'em landlubbers," answered Mr. Coffin. "Never

mind 'em. I wish I could show you the cabins, but cap'en's busy writing. They're splendid, and that air a fact. Ah! here is cap'en himself."

And, sure enough, up the cabin stair came the commander, and the mate bustling to introduce me, we exchanged bows and compliments. The skipper was a little man, not puny, but a giant cut down, with broad shoulders and "double joints." He had a massive jaw, full of great white teeth, bright chestnut hair, blue eyes, and a very red and white complexion. Altogether he was as little like an American as any man I ever saw in any country. But he was very well-bred and polished, quite a gentleman in manner, and I soon found that I was talking to one who was at least my equal in education, and a man of talent to boot. He showed me the cabins, gave me a peep at two or three cabinets of medallions, cameos, rare shells, and so forth, as well as at some valuable pictures and curious arms, and only regretted that he was too much occupied on that day to submit to my inspection all his treasures. Would I come and dine with him before he sailed? Meanwhile I must have some lunch, and he tinkled a little silver hand-bell, which brought in the colored steward and a tray. During lunch we chatted on indifferent subjects; the captain pleasing me greatly by the frank shrewdness of his talk. Presently feats of strength were mentioned. There were some very heavy round shot in the steerage, the captain said he could hardly lift them, and he wondered whether I could make a better job of it than he. So, after lunch, we went into the steerage, and there, by a great effort, I contrived to heave up one of the shot to the level of my head, to the great amusement and satisfaction of my entertainer.

"Well, Sir," said he, "you have done what only six of us here aboard can manage. Myself—that is—Dan Coffin, who is strong, for all that he looks so loosely put together, and four of our primest fore-castle salts. I wish you were one of us. But the next best thing will be to get the advantage of your company while we can; so excuse a sailor's rough invitation, and come and dine with me aboard on Thursday, the 16th. We are advertised to sail on Friday, and the passengers come on board early on that day; but on Thursday we can have a cozy evening, and you shall look over my hoards of old rubbish. May I expect you?"

I said "Yes, I would be sure to come," and thanked him for his hospitality. We shook hands. I stepped into my boat, and went off, and the last things I saw on the deck of the clipper were the heads of Captain Hodgson and his mate Coffin, as they waved their hands in a parting salute.

No obstacle having intervened, on Thursday afternoon I found myself a guest at the captain's hospitable board, in his pretty cabin, with its trophies of weapons and its choice little Flemish pictures hanging on the walls. There was rather an ostentatious display of plate and glass, and

fruit and flowers, considering that covers were laid for only four, Captain Malachi Hodgson, his first officer, Mr. Dan. Coffin, Dr. Ellerman, the ship's surgeon, and myself. The dinner proved a capital one; the Champagne, the royal Madeira, were worthy of the dinner, and the conversation pleasant, for both the captain and the doctor were well-informed rattles. Captain Hodgson was very gay and amusing. As for the surgeon, he was a dry, caustic talker, with a good deal of ironical humor, and a talent for quotation. In person he was a large, bony man, with inscrutable eyes like those of an elephant. We did not spare the wine, but were all perfectly sober when we rose from table, and proceeded to sip our coffee and smoke our cigars, when I soon afterward proposed to take my leave. The skipper would not hear of it. Indeed, as he reminded me, I had no shore boat in attendance, having been pulled from the quay in the ship's yawl, which, with Nathan the second mate in it, had been fortunately lying off the jetty just as I came down to the water. I must trust to my entertainer's good offices for the means of departure, and the captain promised me his gig at eleven o'clock. "Not a minute before," said he gayly, "for till then you are my prisoner." Then I remember that the captain played a tune on the piano, very nicely indeed, and the doctor sang a sentimental Spanish air to the guitar, with an absurd gravity that set us all laughing. Then we played cards for low stakes, and I won a few dollars. Next, a bowl of punch was proposed, and the doctor was enjoined to brew it. "A famous punch-maker the doctor is," said the captain. The black steward brought in the materials, and the surgeon began his task in an elaborate manner. Then the captain jumped up, and proposed to show me his coins and other treasures while the punch-making went on. As I lifted my eyes from a tray of very curious Etruscan relics I happened to glance at the mirror opposite, and there, to my wonder, methought I saw the doctor shaking a white powder into his brew from a paper he held in his hand. The captain's eyes followed mine, and saw the reflection in the glass as well. He saw, too, my slight start. "Powdered sugar, hey, doctor?" said he. "Yes, to be sure," answered the man of healing. "I always use lump, myself," remarked the captain; "but that may be an old-fashioned prejudice. The result is undeniable, any how. Have you seen these seals, Sir? I bought them in Athens." Powdered sugar! to be sure it was powdered sugar, and I was an ass to be suspecting Borgian sleights of hand in the nineteenth century. But now we were asked to taste of the punch. It was hot, fragrant, and very tempting. The doctor flourished the ladle. We all sat down, and held out our glasses, which were filled. "Now, gentlemen, a toast," cried the doctor; "The fatherland of our accomplished visitor, Old England, and good luck to her!" We all lifted our glasses. I as a good patriot drained mine; and almost as I did so, noticed that the others held full glasses to their lips, but only

made a feint of sipping. I caught the captain's eyes fixed on me with a peculiar glance of triumph and mockery. The doctor's face, too, had a sneer on it, and the mate was chuckling audibly. Meanwhile I reeled in my chair, the glass quivered in my hand, there was a humming in my brain as if of a million bees, and the room was revolving like a top. I was giddy, sick, blind, and a laugh rang in my ears as I became insensible.

A dreadful roaring made me dream that I was in a den of lions, next, that I was in the midst of an earthquake, and, lastly, to awake to a dull sense that steam was being blown off somewhere, but where or how, even when awake, I could not conjecture. I had afterward no doubt that the steam-tug was then alongside. There were all sorts of dull, confused noises, but none that I understood. There were foul smells, too. Something crawled over my face. Another something, also with legs and antennæ, was rustling at my ear; that was a cockroach, and I swept it aside with disgust, but the drug still overcame me, and I fell asleep again. From this second slumber I was rudely awakened by a shower of merciless kicks in the ribs, against which not even morphia could make a sleeper proof. My eyes opened with a jerk, and in the dim light I could faintly discern the ill-looking face of Nathan, second mate of the clipper, who was swearing as hard as he kicked.

"Get up, ye skunk, and show your carcass on deck."

"On deck!" said I, in a bewildered way. "Why should I? where am I? Leave off, I say; you hurt me."

"I'll jest break your bones, ef ye don't obey orders," answered Nathan, tartly. "Cap'en says hands are to be mustered to sign articles afore sailing, and I've been told to rouse up the skulkers; so up with you."

Indignation was but a tenth part of what I felt. I made a lurching effort to rise, and tried to catch Nathan by the throat, but was too weak, and only got a grasp of the monkey-jacket, for which he had now changed his shore-going coat. Nathan laughed grimly as he caught me by the arm.

"We'll larn ye," he said, "to respect an officer, afore you've seen your last of blue water. But I must git ye to quarters. Halloa! Jonadab and Titus, ketch hold of the British skulker here, and help him to tumble up."

Two brawny natives of Cape Cod came jumping down a ladder, and before I could remonstrate I was hustled up some steps, through a hatchway, and finally found myself at the foot of the mainmast, in broad day, and surrounded by a crowd of men in all varieties of shabby dress. The *Bird of Freedom* was in open water, standing out to sea. There was "a sea on," and the vessel was rolling and pitching quite enough to account for the absence of any passengers from deck, and enough, too, to make it difficult for those recruits who had not their sea-legs to keep their feet.

Presently I saw advancing from the after-deck the treacherous skipper, Captain Malachi Hodgson, accompanied by his three mates, his supercargo, the surgeon, the carpenter, the cooper, and a gruff man who officiated as boatswain, the large crew requiring such an official. Captain Hodgson was in his sea-going clothes, a shabby old suit that had already borne the souse of much salt-water. He had a broad belt round his waist, in which was stuck a six-shot Colt's revolver, while a brass-hilted hanger swung at his left side. Each of the mates, too, as well as the boatswain, cooper, carpenter, etc., had a revolver and cutlass ostentatiously displayed. The captain's eye ranged along our ranks, calculating and keen. I had thought that he would wince when our glances met, and I dare say I looked stern enough in my just indignation, but I mistook him. His eye met mine quite coldly and unconcernedly, and all he deigned to say was,

"The forecastle hands will be picked from the strongest, of course, Mr. Coffin. Put that man along with them."

And as his forefinger pointed me out, Jonadab and Titus whisked me a little on one side, where several quiet large-limbed mariners were standing and chewing their quids. "That man!" It was thus he designated one who but yesterday had been his flattered guest. I choked with wrath, and when I did find my tongue, my voice was so peremptory and loud that Jonadab and Titus let go my arms in sheer surprise.

"Before Heaven, Sir, you shall repent this outrage, if there be law in America. You shall—"

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" bawled the captain. "Do you think, under my own flag, on my own deck, I'll submit to the impertinence of a whelp like you? I'll teach you your duty, unless you prefer Old Nick for a schoolmaster."

And then followed a volley of oaths.

"If we fall in with a cruiser, British or American, I give you my word—" I began, but I was cut short.

"Gag the hound, Mr. Coffin," said the skipper; "stop that tongue of his, or cut it out at once."

Gagged I was, accordingly, in spite of my feeble resistance, but even had not my brain been humming with the effects of the drug, I could not have shaken off the united strength of my three or four brawny tormentors with the biblical names. Thus roughly reduced to silence, I was lashed to a shroud and left to be a passive spectator of the scene. The captain then ran his eye over the shrinking mass of landsmen, and I could see that his violence had produced its effect, and that they were cowed into servility. "Bring forward those articles," and the writing-desk was the next order. "Now, men," said the skipper—but his oaths I leave un-repeated—"you have shipped, as you are aware, for California direct, on board this screamer of the seas, *Bird of Freedom*. Hush! no interruptions allowed; I don't ask you how you all

came on board, and I don't care. I make no distinction. Here you are, and here you stop. I don't ask you to ship for the return voyage, because I know for certain that I couldn't keep a scamp out of the lot, once we drop anchor at San Francisco. But for the voyage out, I've got you, and I'll keep you. Mutiny shall be punished. Skulkers and shamblers shall get their deserts. Provisions you'll find good, the biscuit won't hurt your teeth, nor the salt meat neither; there's lemon juice, there's a doctor, there's no stint of cocoa and tea, and Uncle Sam's full allowance of grog" (here there was a feeble cheer, set up by some sycophants in ragged garments). "As for wages, we won't quarrel. Twelve dollars for A.B.'s, eight for landsmen, four for boys. Supercargo and steward will find you in Jerseys, frocks, and shirts, if your kits are not in order. Now, each man will step forward, answer to his name, and sign the register."

Daniel Coffin unfolded the paper, as his superior's oration closed, and called the first man's name, "Kit Marsh!" "Here!" replied a brisk little English sailor, whose red eyes and sallow face told tales of the debauch at a tavern ashore, which had thrown him, helpless as a sack, into the hands of the crimps and the captain. But Kit cared little. It was only that he had spent his money like a fool, and must now go to sea months earlier than he intended. The kidnapping appeared to him in no very dreadful light, and he was always at home in a forecastle. So Kit Marsh signed articles with his shaky hand, remarking that he was but ten days back from China, and had not a cent left. The others followed suit, and name after name was appended to the register. Some of the men tried to remonstrate; one went down on his knees to beg to be put ashore; he was an emigrant house-painter, a Swiss, and had a wife and child in New York, who must starve in his absence. But the oak planks he knelt on were not harder than the heart of Captain Hodgson, and the suppliant was bidden to "leave off sniveling, and go forward." Of course I do not for a moment mean that every one there was an unwilling recruit. Far from it. There were several New Englanders, hard of head and hand, who had a small venture in the ship, and were treated considerably by the skipper and mates. There were also certain seamen, English, Scottish, or Dutch, who had been coaxed into shipping when intoxicated, and who had merely been wheedled out of their liberty. But hardly one of the landsmen was there of his own free-will. They had been beguiled on all sorts of pretexts; had been drugged, cajoled, and intimidated; in fact, had been enlisted very much as French recruits were in the days of Louis the Fifteenth, and before France had a conscription. For seamen were terribly scarce in New York, and were chiefly manned by crimped foreigners; the natives being unwilling to ship, except in whalers or coasters, where they could have a share in the venture.

The poor house-painter had been victimized in a cruel way. He had been tempted on board to do some job in the way of his trade, but scarcely had he fallen to work before he was unceremoniously forced into the hold, and there detained under hatches till the ship sailed. He told me this story with many tears—tears of no selfish sorrow, for his heart, poor fellow, was with the helpless creatures he had left in a garret at New York, and he was in a most distressing agony of mind when he recalled the privations and sufferings which in all likelihood awaited them.

When all but myself had signed, a pen was placed between my fingers, Nathan held my wrist, Mr. Coffin guided my hand, and between them they managed to affix a spluttering signature to the important document. Then we were all sent forward; libations of grog were served out, petty officers appointed, and the mates came up to teach us our duty. "You air in my watch," said Mr. Dan Coffin, as he very deftly removed the gag, and undid the cord that confined my wrists; "you air in my watch, and kinder under my care. Keep your mouth shut, now, ef you don't want to bite oakum again. I am speaking out of pure kindness, and for your good; for I don't mind saying I have taken a sort of fancy to you, mister, and we're old acquaintances. Don't bear malice, stranger, for I mean no harm, and I wish you no worse than jest to go quietly through the voyage, and keep a whole skin and sound bones. For that, mister, you must keep a civil tongue, and be less bumptious to cap'en. He's terrible, cap'en is, once he takes a spite, and already you've roused his grit. I see by your eye you're riled, but jest you consider this; it's better to go ashore at San Francisco alive, than mebbe to be food for the fishes atween this and the Gulf. I'm hard, myself, but not like cap'en. I'm hickory, but he's flint."

For all my righteous rage, for all my natural repugnance to submit to so unjustifiable an outrage, I felt that Dan Coffin gave good advice. I also felt sure that he spoke the truth; he *had* taken a "sort of fancy" to me, although he had been the original decoy-duck concerned in my capture. I had heard queer stories and read strange paragraphs, respecting the doings on board American vessels, even while in British waters. What, then, was to bridle the imperious will of Captain Hodgson, on the long voyage that was just begun—a voyage round the great western continent, from lax New York to lawless San Francisco? Entrapped as I had been, it was still necessary that I should obey and toil, until a chance of escape should present itself. I consented to work as a foremast man. The actual labor was the least part of what I had to undergo, for I was vigorous enough to get through my "duty" with comparative ease.

The voyages I had previously made had seasoned me against sea-sickness, and I could tread the deck with tolerable firmness; whereas many of the kidnapped men were in agonies of nausea, and slipped and tumbled as they went about

their work. But the cockroaches and vermin in the fore-castle, the foul air, the noise, the broken slumbers, the grease, dirt, and squalor, and the many disgusts of such a life! Nor was it agreeable to be the only educated man among companions who often jeered at me for not drinking rum and chewing tobacco like the rest—for being so "mealy-mouthed" when oaths were in question—and the like. But here, too, my robust constitution stood me in good stead, for nobody ventured on practical jokes or personal rudeness, whereas a more slightly made man would probably have had to endure a good deal of annoyance. Of my enforced messmates the majority were rather well-disposed fellows, although ignorant and fond of drink, and as impressionable as school-boys. Half a dozen of them were sad ruffians, quarrelsome evil-eyed scamps, who were the bullies of the fore-castle, and whose ordinary talk was full of blasphemy and threats. Among these, I have heard proposals for a mutiny broached twenty times, but nothing ever came of them. When once the ship's officers came hectoring in among the crew, to distribute the daily dole of cuffs and curses, the ruffians were always utterly cowed, and would bear any amount of beating.

But while it was needful to keep a tight hand on this portion of the ship's company nothing could excuse the capricious severity of those in authority. Captain, mates, and boatswain were never without revolvers, and seldom without a cutlass or hanger—which latter they would fetch and buckle on at the slightest murmur or remonstrance from the sailors. The boatswain always carried a thick ratan, and was unsparing in its use; the mates had knotted ropes-ends, or "colts," in their pockets, and mercilessly applied them to every laggard. But what the crew most feared was the free use of the "brass knuckles," or "knuckle-dusters," which our taskmasters wore six times out of seven. These are brass finger-guards, not unlike what the Roman gladiators called the cestus; they constitute a regular portion of the equipment of an officer of the American mercantile marine, and they convert the fist into a metal mace for cutting and gashing the face which it strikes. The punishment was unsparing and continual. The crew was an incongruous one, with its incapables, its skulkers, and its sick men—real and feigned. Picked up as it had been, it was certainly a very indifferent ship's company, and would have tried the patience of even a good-humored commander. But in our case pity and patience were put out of court at once. Sick or well, lazy or willing, stupid or shrewd, every man must work, and every man must obey any order, smartly and well, or bear the penalty. And the weather was exactly that least suited to a display of the clipper's qualities. Baffling winds, rough seas, and adverse currents, made the *Bird of Freedom* beat about in a most unsatisfactory style, and soured the temper of skipper and subalterns. If there came a fine sunny day, with favoring wind and

moderate sea, the passengers would appear on the poop, basking like butterflies; but soon the cloudy sky and increasing sea sent them all out of sight again. It was curious on these occasions for me to look from my post forward at the gay groups in silk and broadcloth, and the fluttering muslins, with spy-glasses and parasols and books, to hear the silvery peals of ladies' laughter, and the voices of educated men, from whose society I was shut out. And it was curious to see the captain a prime favorite among them, amusing, courteous, and kind, and then to see how the same captain came among us, swearing, black-browed, and cruel as Nero.

Four men died before we were off Cape Hatteras, every one of whom might have lived but for the brutal usage and neglect on board. The surgeon only attended to the passengers. He declared the sick seamen were shamming; they were driven to quarters, and buffeted while they could stand. They died like dogs, and had dogs' burial. A worn-out hammock, a round shot sewn up in it, a grating tilted over the gangway, and a sullen plunge in the sea, without prayer or blessing—and they were gone. By this time many others had received severe injuries, few or none were without cuts and bruises, for the mates thought nothing of felling a seaman with their brass knuckle-dusters, every blow of which broke the skin. As little did they think of a knock-down blow with a marline-spike or belaying-pin, and the canes and knotted colts were always in full play. I can not say that the more deadly weapons were much used. I have certainly seen the captain give a flesh wound with his hanger to a sluggish sailor, and two of the men were pistoled by the first-mate for disobedience, but the wounds were slight, and the shots had been designedly aimed at the calf of the leg. But I could have no doubt that, on very slender provocation, the shooting and hacking would have been resorted to freely. Yet many of the men were content and cheerful. The provisions were excellent and liberally furnished, check shirts and sea frocks were supplied freely against wages: and the grog was good. It was only when fresh from punishment that the more thoughtless were out of spirits.

But there were those to whom the discipline was unbearable, and the captain as much an object of dread as if he had been really a demon. The mates were harsh enough, but the captain was a worse tyrant still. He bore heavily on the weak, and most of all on the poor young Swiss, the kidnapped house-painter. He was a well-disposed fellow, rather puny and timid, and never quite free from the qualms of sea-sickness. He had been an excellent workman ashore, but never would have made a sailor. I protected him from the fore-castle bullies, and spoke in his favor to Dan Coffin; but Nathan and the captain were very severe with him. Poor wretch! what he went through will hardly bear detailing—the oppression, the injustice, the sickening brutality. I shall never forget how he crept to my side one night as we kept watch on deck, and whispered to me that he had seen his wife and child in a

dream, nights before, dead of want; and that in another dream he had seen them free from pain and trouble, happy in heaven, beckoning and smiling to him to join them. "I shall be with them soon," he said, wildly; "I can no longer bear the life on board this ship—this hell upon the waters!" I looked down at his white face in the moonlight, scarred with ill-usage as it was, and saw a new resolve there. I tried to comfort him, to put hope into him, and enable him to struggle on. He pressed my hand and thanked me, and glided off like a ghost. That night he drowned himself, springing over the side during the bustle of relieving the watch. "The thief! He has cheated me, has he?" was all the captain said about it.

We were in the tropics then, and the winds were light, and the clipper went like a wraith over the waters. She was a wonderful sailer. The men were now less maltreated than in rough weather. Nevertheless, seven had died before we crossed the line.

We were not much south of the line when an accident occurred. The great iron tank, a patent one, proved defective, and the water ran out, floating the cargo and mixing itself with the bilge-water of the hold. Only the casks remained. We sailors were restricted to a quart a day, then to a pint, and that in the tropics. But the torture of thirst conquered even fear; we spoke out loudly, in spite of steel and pistols, and we got our way. The captain was obliged to put into the harbor of Rio Janeiro to obtain a fresh supply. He was very unwilling. He would let no one go ashore except the American seamen, whom he trusted, lest he should lose his white slaves. Those Americans I speak of were not ill-treated; they were on a different footing from that of the crimped men.

With great trouble I succeeded in writing a letter, and bribing, with the few dollars I had about me, a black canoeman who sold fruit and yams, to carry it secretly ashore. This letter I addressed to the British Consul, my school-fellow in former days, and on whom I felt I could depend. Nor was I disappointed. Before the water was all shipped, the *Bird of Freedom* was boarded by the gentleman in question, who had wisely procured the attendance of a lieutenant and boat's crew from the United States frigate in harbor. The consul civilly but firmly claimed me as a British subject, under illegal restraint, and the American officer backed the claim.

I never shall forget the face of our "old man," as the sailors called Captain Hodgson, as he stood biting his lips, and looking from the consul to me. The whole thing had been managed so suddenly, that he was for once outwitted. "Take your Britisher!" he said, at last; and as I passed over the side to the consul's boat he eyed me with the malignity of a fiend. But over me, at least, his power no longer extended, though my heart ached for the poor fellows I had left, as I next day saw the *Bird of Freedom* unfold her white wings and glide away out of the port, and out of my life, over the blue sea.

PETS.

I AM not about to write any thing in defense of this word of four letters, which stands as a finger-post to show the way I travel when I wish agreeable company. I simply intimate, that, if you will go on with me, I flatter myself you will not regret it.

There never was a people so devoid of love for pets as we Americans. The *besoin d'aimer* is a weakness we spurn and hasten to get rid of, considering it insanely extravagant or sentimentally ridiculous, to use the mildest terms. In spite of these prejudices I am weak enough to confess my tastes are not eclectic. I have a very particular interest in every thing that runs, or flies, or swims, or walks, or creeps; and if it was possible I would open my door to an elephant, trunk and all, and share willingly with him my crust and cup of tea. Nay, more—I would not refuse reciprocity with that ghoul, the hyena, for from it I know I should extract something good, and discover something beautiful, besides those peculiar charms all its own, the susceptibility it shows to affection when treated kindly, and its strict fidelity to its trusts. Travelers tell us that in Africa and Asia they are trained to supply the place of watch-dogs, and are divested of the superstitious garb which more civilized nations hang around even their name. I am sorry to admit, however, my tolerating taste in this respect has never been put to the test.

This confession being made, do not turn away with contempt or disgust, but generously consider me, if we differ, to be simply mistaken. But in defense, I will relate a few of my experiences.

I shall not rehearse the many troubles, pains, disappointments, and anxieties this above-named weakness—that of being deeply interested in, if not fond of every thing—has given me during my sojourn on this earth, so full of beauty, sublimity, and love. Ay, *love*; rather an old-fashioned, almost obsolete word, is it not? If it has become a myth with men and women, it still exists in all its influence in the electric chain of life. The continuity of affinities is still triumphant throughout creation, whether acknowledged by man in his studies of physiological phenomena or not; and the contemplation of individual life is beautiful and complete, in every example, from the earth-worm to the troglodyte, who builds a house for his best beloved.

Life being thus exhibited manifests most interesting relations; and I watch with the deepest adoration, awe, and admiration the remarkable changes, the wonderful transformations, the most extraordinary and the simplest metamorphoses, constituting progressive development throughout every department of the animal kingdom.

I like to place myself *en rapport* with every thing; consequently I have had strange companions, have received marvelous confidences, and have witnessed strange acts of instinct and attachment from the brute beast, whose affec-

tionate rationality has made it more enjoyable to me than many a human being endowed with reason, but lacking perhaps all things besides.

I am not going to shelter myself behind a list of great names: not Mohammed's cat, who gained the skirt of a prophet's gown for a bed; nor Byron's dog, who sleeps so calmly beneath his beautiful tomb and exquisite epitaph; nor yet Lord Erskine's goose, who trotted after him in his walks, learning law if not wisdom from the great man's lips; nor yet the leeches, to whom the celebrated surgeons Home and Cline stood godfathers, and which being exhibited to friends caused them to marvel at the vivacity, the tones, the details, and the gestures which "his lordship exhibited in this singular scene;" nor a host of others, male and female, with whom I share this weakness. None of them shall exonerate me, or extenuate aught of this necessitating fondness on my part for these "intolerable nuisances." If

"The worth of any thing
Is just as much as it will bring,"

then do I enjoy a mine of wealth no one can rob me of—a pleasure unfading, ever increasing—lessons full of beauty and silent wisdom, and an expenditure of time rich with suggestions and demonstrations of the Divine creator of man and beast.

That there is an electric chain, an affinity existing in every thing enjoying life, the key-note of which is Love, no man of observation will deny. Almost all the old divines have translated St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, that famous chapter commencing, "Though I spake with the tongues of men and angels, and yet had no *love*, I am even as soundynge brasse and as a tynklynge cymball."* Charity is an after-thought—an innovation. Love was the word; it is so full, so comprehensive, so grand in all its requirements, and so easily understood—so instantly reciprocated; and it is measured back to you so largely, so freely, by those whose actions can alone demonstrate its purity, where the tongue is bound and held in abeyance to Nature's inexorable laws. Why, it is only a few weeks ago I ventured on an exhibition of this same feeling. For a dog my love has no bounds.

I had been taking a walk; had been to see a friend's hot-house; had been to take a long breath of flower sweets; and my eyes saw them still in all their beauty as I turned to look toward hills covered with snow, trees leafless, with branches divided into lines of light and darkness, and streets a conglomeration of mud and ice. I went on, watching the last beams of the setting sun gilding a distant spire, and dancing in streams of rosy beauty from window-panes, the topmost branches of trees, and the roof-tops of houses, in a valley not far away. At last I paused to watch a dark pigeon which was flying directly across the rays of light, which caused every feather to shimmer and scintillate—for a sec-

* William Tyndale, etc.

ond a bird of gorgeous plumage—a fabled bird of the far Orient, whose brightness was as evanescent as it was beautiful. As I turned from this glowing vision I saw just before me, at the corner of two streets, standing as if quite determined to dispute the way, a most hideous, outrageously-ugly dog—a butcher's dog—a cross upon an American cross of a bull-dog with a counter cross of a blood-hound. The distinctive lines of dog pedigree are as difficult to be got at with us as those of family genealogy. "The genuine article," as a dog-trainer in New York once told me, "must be *himported* afore it would fetch an *hidee* of what a *real* dog was." This I believe. But before me now stood a warrior—one who had been in a hundred fights. Two legs—one front, the other behind—showed they had been broken and badly set; slices of skin were denuded of hair, exhibiting where old wounds had been. On both sides his ears were fluted with seams and scallops, like Corinthian columns. His upper lip had been cleft in two, and had healed according to its own inherent adhesiveness. His tail was about four inches long, and he was nearly as large as a sheep. He had a most peculiar curl of the upper lip, which gave a sinister and disdainful expression to his broad visage, as he looked steadily at me out of those ferocious eyes, grinning defiance with a set of teeth that only the Wolf in "Little Red Riding-Hood" ever exhibited to trembling human flesh before. I felt cowardly, rather nervous, this evening. I do not believe "*conscience* makes cowards of us all;" but I know—ah! too well, from sad experience—the *stomach* can, and it deals harder with us than men are willing to allow.

I stood aghast within two or three yards of this formidable beast. I would not turn—that was out of the question. I had not courage to pass in front, and to attempt to go behind was inviting a positive assault. I involuntarily raised my muff to my throat, and fixing my eyes full into his, I confronted him for a second or more. At last I spoke, in a kind and gentle voice:

"Good-evening! how do you do, my excellent friend? I hope every thing is prosperous with you?"

No answer, only that ferocious stare; as if he was astonished at so much civility. I went on talking:

"A pleasant evening! I suppose you are waiting for your master? You are a true and faithful companion to those you love, I know. You are a fine dog, a nice dog—[only I wish you were a mile away: *Aside*]—a nice, yes, a handsome, brave dog. I see you have fought your way bravely through life, as every scar on your huge body tells!"

I shall not say how anxiously I looked up one street and down the next, in hopes of seeing a passenger of any size—one eye on the dog, the other peering round—mechanically repeating, "Nice dog, good dog, brave dog!" At last the stump of a tail began to wag, and then I knew he understood me.

He moved round suddenly and allowed me to pass; paused a moment, and then complacently trotted after me; and finally condescended to rub that horrible upper-lip against my elbow. I turned and patted him on that formidable head, and our friendship was cemented for life. I was nearly a mile from home, but he would not leave me, and we jogged along—I conversing, and he answering with that bit of a tail; and at last we became such excellent friends that he insisted upon carrying the small basket which hung on my arm, containing a few precious flowers. I put the handle into his awful mouth, and who now so proud and happy as he?

I do not wonder now, since I know the history of the dog, that passers-by, as we came down into the town, stopped and stared with amazement at such companionship. He is the terror of man and beast, is kept confined constantly in the butcher's slaughter-yard, and would have been killed for his ferocity long ago if it was not for the "obstreperous way in which he can pull a bull down by his muzzle." Fortunately, I was not aware of all his accomplishments this particular evening, or I should perhaps have shown some fear, which he would have understood as well as myself; but my confidence in him, gentle words, and kind voice, quite won his forbearance if not his affection.

We reached the door of my domicile with our friendship in its first glow, and taking the basket from his mouth, I patted him, and shook his big paw for "Good-night," answered by an affectionate bark which startled the street, it was so loud and clear; the remnant of the poor tail must have been exhausted with its ecstatic movements: and so we parted. I looked through the fan-light at him. He was under the gas-lamp, as if wondering at himself or at me, I can not divine which; but at last coming to the conclusion that I would not come forth again that night, he trotted off up the street back to the place, I suppose, where he had joined me, and where he is accustomed to wait for his master in his cart, who goes out usually at this time to prepare for next day's market. We have met frequently since, and always with a renewal of our friendship cemented by a biscuit or a delicate bone. I seldom go out without taking "something nice" for my four-footed friend, who is almost certain to bob out from some back alley or yard before I have gone far. People never interfere with his going in or coming out: he has it all his own way, I assure you.

Oh! the reminiscences I have of my canine and feline companions—their sagacity, their instinct, affection, and amusing qualities would fill volumes if all were written.

I recall with the tenderest feelings my lost favorite Kitto—the blackest of black cats, not a white hair on his entire body, not even his whiskers; and born, too, on a Good Friday. Those large eyes of burnished gold—how they would wink and blink with delight during our long social conversations! He would dispose himself in the corner of the sofa after breakfast, and

doze until the clock rung out ten ; then rising, he would rub his soft face against mine to remind me of his saucer of milk. At one, again, punctual to the minute, he would announce that it was time for his dinner. But after five o'clock in the afternoon he would come to the conclusion that it was time to give up work. He would spring upon the table, walk over my desk, arch his broad, high back, and flourish his wonderful tail across my face. If I took no notice of these salutations slowly he would sink down on all fours, and watch with those bright eyes of his the pen as it traveled over the paper, and, quick as a flash, the paw would dart under it, causing a long stroke to extend from one side of the page to the other. It was only a day or two ago I was pondering over some old manuscripts crossed and recrossed with these strange hieroglyphics. It was like reading a letter from some loved but long departed friend ; they made me very sad.

Sometimes he would annoy me with his mischief. I would give him a gentle tap with a ruler or pencil ; but this was only a signal for a more determined attack. He would roll over papers, books, inkstand, wild with anticipated fun ; until in self-defense, to save time in replacing papers the next day, I would yield to his solicitations, and prepare for our evening recreations. No nine-year-old youngster could play "hide and go seek" and "catcher" with more human delight than this four-footed companion. The ecstatic "spit" of recognition with which he would announce that he discovered me behind a door or a window curtain must have been seen to be really appreciated. He was so heavy and stout that he had to rest several times during our romp ; but I always got weary the first, and then we would enjoy the twilight stretched on the sofa, with his fore paws round my neck, soothing me with his soft purring, and a lick of the harsh tongue ever and anon across my hands.

And so we dwelt in love and confidence nearly two years ; and then the Fates became jealous of our happiness. I had to move. I was fearful of hardship for my pet in my new quarters ; and a friend offering to share every comfort with my inimitable Kitto, I removed cup, saucer, basket, and knitted blanket to her comfortable and pleasant hearth and bade him a temporary good-by.

It was a very severe winter, storms of snow and sleet alternated with wind and rain, and I was kept within doors nearly two weeks after our separation. One night in January, the snow falling "by wagon loads," I was seated at my desk with a hard task before me. It was in a corner of the room around which the wind wailed in most sad and melancholy cadence. It was very still in this back room save the wind and the sighing of the wet wood in the stove ; these were all the sounds disturbing the silence around me. There were two windows in this room which opened upon the shed of the piazza below. My shoulder almost touched the last of these when I leaned back from my desk. This evening I was weary, and the wind always brings to

me sad tales. Thoughts of other days crept up ; of other friends long gone over that unseen, that dreaded boundary ; others far away in the flesh ; and others again farther away in love or appreciation. That Bluebeard chamber which every one possesses, the key of which we are always seeking yet dreading to find, had been involuntarily opened, and ghosts stalked out and scene after scene passed in panoramic review, until I trembled at the unreal. I felt around me. From this trance I was suddenly startled by a fierce scratch against the pane of glass close beside me, and turning round, there I beheld the strangest object imaginable—a black face and glaring eyes peering at me from a winding-sheet of snow. My poor, sad, forsaken Kitto had traced me nearly a mile. I have often wondered since if during all this stormy period he had been wandering from house-roof to house-roof, peering in at every window to seek his lost companion. He could not unravel the mystery ; but he could tell me of his most complete, unfeigned delight at having once more found me. How he purred and sung his monotone of happiness ; how he enjoyed his supper of cold mutton and a saucer of milk ! He had lost all his flesh, his once glossy coat was rusty and neglected, and his eyes had lost all their strange fascination. He looked wild and troubled, as if he had been hunted and frightened during his peregrinations ; but now he had once more reached his paradise, he thought, as he curled himself up to sleep in my lap, after I had wiped him dry and warmed him by the stove. Early next morning, after a nice breakfast, I let him out of the window. Where he hid during the day I never discovered ; he seemed to understand his visits must be clandestine. Now and then he would appear for a few minutes at my friend's house "to see if his property remained undisturbed," she said, but no sooner was I seated at my desk in the evening than the familiar mew and scratch announced his arrival. Thus this Leander visited his Hero over snow-drifts, ice, and rain-sloughs for many weeks. It was hard to tell to which these clandestine visits revealed the most enjoyment, but they were to end, and all too soon and too tragically for both of us.

One unlucky morning he was discovered descending from the trellis-work of the piazza. The whoop was sung out, the chase began, the boys of the family sprang like Indians to the work. A white cat may stand a chance to escape sometimes ; but for a *black* cat there is no compassion, no pity. It is supposed to belong to "the Gentleman in Black," and although beloved, courted, and followed by half the world, people are ever ready to deny him the use of every subordinate supposed to prejudice themselves. As soon as I heard what constituted the *game* on this occasion I hastened to the rescue, dreading in my heart that my poor Kitto was being roughly handled, and arrived only in time to receive his last sigh. They had stoned my loving, sagacious, faithful companion to death. What a lecture on humanity to dumb animals I

gave those boys! how I rated them for their cruelty! But the grown-up people of the house thought they had done "the very thing, rid the world of one more black cat; they never failed to bring all kinds of trouble to a house where they should come." I was most thoroughly disgusted, so up stakes, struck my tent, moving away before another week had passed.

Odd enough, the day week they killed my pet sickness broke out among the boys; it penetrated to the nursery, and the whole year was a scene of trouble and anxiety. Other misfortunes have followed since, and these silly people maintain "they were all brought by the black cat," and superstitiously believe the black cat and I were emissaries of the Evil One.

This silver cord of love can be touched, and made to tell its wondrous tale even in the anatomy of that "slow coach," the tortoise. A specimen of the *emydes*, or fresh-water tortoise, was kidnapped by a little five-year-old thing during her rambles on the banks of one of our rivers, and taken home for a pet. It was daily fed, tended, and washed, even having its nails cleaned every day with the nail-brush. Its carapace became very brilliant and rich in the coloring of its scales, and it ultimately attained a great size for its species.

The little one fell sick, and "Turtly" was consigned to the watering-pot in the conservatory. Two days had passed, when, on the third morning, "Turtly" could stand it no longer; so up the stairs, holding on by the carpet, it began to clamber. It was the labor of hours, but was at last accomplished. The nurse was amazed to hear the "lumping sound" at the door, and still more when, on opening it, it rumbled "Turtly" up to the bed, its neck elongated, and eyes almost bursting from their sockets, and commenced clambering up with the aid of its long nails crushed into the quilt. The little one smiled amidst her sufferings, and welcomed her uncouth playmate with a faded joy; and so "Turtly" came faithfully every morning to the nursery door until the little one was able to renew her romps and walks in the fields and garden, where they became inseparable.

If my space allowed, what a number of unfamiliar tales I could tell you of frogs and toads! How "Tony," the large and brilliantly colored frog, luxuriated in the tin bottom of a bird-cage enveloped in fresh grass every day; how he refused to be fed by any one but myself, having undergone two weeks' starvation during a temporary visit I made to the city; with what apparent delight he popped up his head, with those brilliant eyes, out of the bed of grass under which he had hidden so disconsolately, and gave his usual sign of hunger by hopping near to the wires and protruding his head partly through them. On this occasion he devoured twenty earth-worms, and then was not satisfied. Every one might call, talk, and coax; but he was deaf to every persuasion until I spoke, when round he would bounce to the side from which my voice had come. Out would come that long

tongue swifter than lightning speed; the manner and the dexterity with which those front claws would crush the larger worms into his mouth was marvelous to behold.

He would repose fine moonlight nights in his wire home, and answer the croaking of friends away over the river and on the hill-side as if he was telling them of his comforts and domestic delights. The door of his cage was not always shut; he went in and out whenever he pleased; but, from over-indulgence, he was so fat that he became uncomfortable if he was out of the water any time, and his skin became dry. So, after two or three leaps, I would hear him plunge back into the water.

Then again there was "Black Peg," the toad, on the window-sill, her head hid away in the dark behind the blinds all day, and whirring out that strange song all night long. I confess she was very tiresome; she would not eat unless the insect was running before her; it must be "alive and kicking" if she condescended to touch it.

There was no care or feeding could alter her looks, or "make a lady of her." The granules on her skin never changed, shed it as often as she did—a toad she remained to the last. It was amusing to see her when, driven by the absorption of the atmosphere, she hopped into the water where "Tony" was squatted; how he would dash at her, splashing it over her. She would soon emerge, content. She had had one dip. Still there was beauty even in this toad. I never saw eyes express more patient and mild endurance, mingled with a sad, dreamy glance, than was exhibited by those in this ugly head. Neither of them hibernated while with me; they were stupid, dull, and indifferent to eating. Still, a stray fly or a slug was acceptable any time during the severest weather. To keep them comfortable it was necessary to have them always wet. I allowed them once to undergo desiccation four weeks; they dwindled to mere anatomies, and were nearly dead. Placing them in lukewarm water, they soon regained their usual proportions. Being thus unable to stand the want of moisture, and being reduced therefrom into such a small compass, I think has given rise to the belief of their being able to exist in the body of "solid trees and stone walls," having been often discovered in rocks and wood. After being thus reduced, they can force the entire body through an aperture into which they could not push one of their legs when the skin and stomach are filled with water. Making their way when thus attenuated through openings the discoverer would pass unnoticed, they might astonish any one by making their appearance in such darksome holes. But for the statement of toads and frogs being able to exist in sealed boxes, etc., I have no faith, for I know it to be untenable from experience.

Then, again, the venom said to exist in the skin of the toad I consider fabulous. In the face of the experiments made by the French philosophers, Messrs. Gratiolet and S. Cloeg, I confess I am incredulous, at least as relates to

the toads and salamanders of this country. They assert having inoculated various animals with the poison from the skin pustules of these amphibia, and have demonstrated their poisonous quality on other animals. I have not space to relate my experiments; but I have been *handling* varieties of the Bufoidæ, the Kanides, and other divisions of the Amphibians almost every year of my life, in every stage of transition, and never could trace the slightest approximation to poison in their skins.

Before me, at this moment of writing, *mon bien aimé* "Peter" is scrambling, in his lazy fashion, over my hand. You ask, "Who is Peter?" He is a salamander (*Salamandra vulgaris* of American herpetologists). He has been my companion nearly two years. He lives in a flower-pot half full of clay, covered with moss kept ever beautifully green by moistening.

Years ago, "way down South," a ball of earth, gravel, and clay was sent me, saying, "it was alive—it moved." And so it did; but on opening this ball one of these pretty salamanders looked out with astonishment upon a world so new to him. We enjoyed ourselves very much for a month or more; but alas! one unlucky morning, while holding him in the palm of my hand, the other engaged with a magnifier watching the oozing from the pores of his skin the moisture which the heat of my hand caused to evaporate over his body, another pet—a large white crane of the South, called familiarly "Poor Job"—crept up near me, and, with a dash of his long neck, my little pet was gobbled up, and disappeared from mortal ken.

Nearly two years ago a kind friend, remembering the hobby I ride, brought me another ball. This last was found here (in Connecticut), nearly eight feet below the surface. A fine tree had been blown down by a storm, and men were engaged in throwing up the earth to see whether it could not be drawn back into position, and take root again, consequently saved; and with a spadeful of earth "Peter," in his ball, rolled forth. He had reposed in a perfect mould—every crease, wrinkle, and toe were distinctly traced in the soft clay. He was stiff, almost lifeless; but on being exposed to the warm air of the room he slowly revived, but did not become lively or active until spring was far advanced. Of course I had nothing to feed him on. Slugs had disappeared, and flies had gone into winter-quarters, so for months he lived and thrived upon cold water; he is now lively and brisk under the same *régime*, having enjoyed four flies in as many months.

He has grown considerably since his resurrection. This summer he has averaged twenty flies a day, but as fall approached he was satisfied with fewer; even in November, when they were still plentiful, he would take but three a day—but how languid and thin he becomes if by chance you neglect to soak the moss or to bathe him! He is little more than four inches long, beautifully mottled with pearly white and black, in lozenges, triangles, and crescents over his

back. These spots were very faint, almost unseen, when he first emerged; but having been nicely nursed and looked after, he does credit to the company he keeps, and is exceedingly pretty. He knows his name; go ever so softly to the jar and whisper "Peter," and up pops from the moss the little square head. But the oddity of the answering action is that he does not *see* you. This cold weather he keeps the lids down over his eyes; but his power of hearing is very acute. This is the only mark of hibernating he has ever exhibited, except once, when absent about two weeks and no fire being made in the room, he found it necessary for comfort to descend into the clay; but he left about half an inch of his tail above the surface, by way of thermometer I conclude, for the fire had not been made a quarter of an hour before he was aware of it, and backed out to his usual position under the moss.

The query I have often asked myself is, how they can manage to get into these balls of earth? The only conclusion I can arrive at is that they roll themselves to and fro, as I have often seen him do, until the skin becomes incrustated with clay in layers over it to keep in the moisture. In a state of nature, these never being disturbed, the earth adheres more and more, they meanwhile obtaining their moisture from the absence of light and the porous nature of the clay. They could exist ages in such a domicile unchanged—the earth ball increasing by the adhesiveness of its own natural laws.

"Peter" and I are not in every respect such good friends as we were formerly. I was engaged, late in the autumn, lulling with chloroform into everlasting sleep a fine moth. A plump, gay fly came buzzing along, which I soon entrapped, and hastened to the jar, inviting "Peter" to the repast; but, most unfortunately, I offered it with the finger and thumb which had just been experimenting in chloroform. He came eagerly forth at my call, but had no sooner approached his head toward the fly than he drew back under the moss. Since then, if he has been starving for weeks, he will not accept any thing in the eating line from me, but another member of the family has only to announce her presence, when his head pops up to see what he can devour; before this *contretemps* no one could get him to accept any thing but myself.

I can not conceive how the fabulous accounts among the ancients concerning this division of Amphibia could have originated—their fancied resistance to fire, their ability to suffer any amount of heat, their poisonous *stinging*, dangerous qualities, etc. I might as well add—which are still existent among the moderns. The truth is, as my own experience demonstrates—and I have seen almost all the varieties we have in this country—they *can not stand heat at all*.

The longest time I dare hold "Peter" on my hand, without seeing him ready to expire with anguish from the oppression caused from its natural warmth, is less than two minutes. The *sweat* literally (pardon this vulgar term, but it

is the only word to express the state he will be in) bursts in globules, and runs down on to my hand; his sides and throat pant, his eyes distend, his jaws relax and open, his legs lose their strength; and if not thrown instantly into water I know he would expire. He loses all his good looks if the moss becomes dry or the room is over-warm, becoming stupefied and dull; and as for *light*, he can not suffer it any more than he "whose deeds are evil." Put him down any where, and away he will scamper under a book, up your sleeve, into a drawer—any where, so he gets his head, like the ostrich, hidden; then he imagines himself safe. By candle, or lamp-light, or moonlight, or sunlight, it is all the same; but a dark night, when you can barely distinguish any thing by the light of the stars, he is happy, and enjoys a ramble over the moss or other jars of plants amazingly. They are strictly nocturnal animals, and were not made for the garish light of day; they exist only in wet and dark places, rambling abroad for food, which consists, in a state of nature, of slugs, worms, and insects of the diptera order. Again, it is said when frightened they will emit an acrid, milky fluid, which oozes from tubercles on the sides of the body, and that this is poisonous to small animals. It may be so with those in Europe, but with all my watchfulness I have never observed a semblance even of this white fluid; and furthermore, the pores which throw out the moisture, and which evidently absorb it, range only along the head, back, and tail, at a line just above where the

legs intersect the body. While "Peter" is apparently perspiring at every pore, drop chalk or any white powder over his body, instantly it becomes absorbed by the moisture above this line, but can be easily brushed off with a camel's-hair pencil below it.

And a beautiful provision of Nature this is; for if the clay for the purpose of retaining moisture adhered to the entire body, it would be impossible for the little animal to move abroad after food; his legs would become so incrustated and his body so weighty that, unless the food came to it, it must starve—which is a sequence Mother Nature would never recognize.

In the mating season the male exudes a fluid, as it passes along, which leaves behind him a powerful odor, closely resembling the fashionable perfume "patchoulie," and which, probably, may have been mistaken for the moisture of a milky nature said to flow from the body.

But I shall weary you: permit me only to add, I have selected here a chapter of truths for your amusement, may I hope for your instruction. But yet there is a moral to all this which blesses the giver as much as the recipient. It is to become familiar, to cultivate the society of every living thing that crosses your path. You will find so much to amuse, to amaze, to admire, and to love, you will never be weary with too much variety; there is so much to learn—a new and divine Thought in every creeping, leaping, walking, flying creature—that Life will become to you of double significance.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XVII.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

NEVER, General Baynes afterward declared, did fever come and go so pleasantly as that attack to which we have seen the Mrs. General advert in her letter to her sister, Mrs. Major MacWhirter. The cold fit was merely a lively,

pleasant chatter and rattle of the teeth; the hot fit an agreeable warmth; and though the ensuing sleep, with which I believe such aguish attacks are usually concluded, was enlivened by several dreams of death, demons, and torture, how felicitous it was to wake and find that dreadful thought of ruin removed which had always, for the last few months, ever since Dr. Firmin's flight and the knowledge of his own imprudence, pursued the good-natured gentleman! What! this boy might go to college, and that get his commission; and their meals need be imbittered by no more dreadful thoughts of the morrow, and their walks no longer were dogged by imaginary bailiffs, and presented a jail in the vista! It was too much bliss; and again and again the old soldier said his thankful prayers, and blessed his benefactor.

Philip thought no more of his act of kindness, except to be very grateful, and very happy that he had rendered other people so. He could no more have taken the old man's all, and plunged that innocent family into poverty, than he could have stolen the forks off my table. But other folks were disposed to rate his virtue much more highly; and among these was my wife, who chose positively to worship this young gentleman, and

I believe would have let him smoke in her drawing-room if he had been so minded, and though her genteel acquaintances were in the room. Goodness knows what a noise and what piteous looks are produced if ever the master of the house chooses to indulge in a cigar after dinner; but then, you understand, *I* have never declined to claim mine and my children's right because an old gentleman would be inconvenienced: and this is what I tell Mrs. Pen. If I order a coat from my tailor must I refuse to pay him because a rogue steals it, and ought I to expect to be let off? Women won't see matters of fact in a matter-of-fact point of view; and justice, unless it is tinged with a little romance, gets no respect from them.

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"I could not love her better if I were her *mother-in-law*," says Laura, running to her young friend, casting a glance at me over her shoulder; and that kissing nonsense begins between the two ladies. To be sure the girl looks uncommonly bright and pretty with her pink cheeks, her bright eyes, her slim form, and that charming white India shawl which her father brought home for her.

To this osculatory party enters presently Mr. Philip Firmin, who has been dawdling about the ramparts ever since breakfast. He says he has been reading law there. He has found a jolly quiet place to read. Law, has he? And much good may it do him! Why has he not gone back to his law, and his reviewing?

"You must—you *must* stay on a little longer. You have only been here five days. Do, Charlotte, ask Philip to stay a little."

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is the only word to express the state he will be in) bursts in globules, and runs down on to my hand; his sides and throat pant, his eyes distend, his jaws relax and open, his legs lose their strength; and if not thrown instantly into water I know he would expire. He loses all his good looks if the moss becomes dry or the room is over-warm, becoming stupefied and dull; and as for *light*, he can not suffer it any more than he "whose deeds are evil." Put him down any where, and away he will scamper under a book, up your sleeve, into a drawer—any where, so he gets his head, like the ostrich, hidden; then he imagines himself safe. By candle, or lamp-light, or moonlight, or sunlight, it is all the same; but a dark night, when you can barely distinguish any thing by the light of the stars, he is happy, and enjoys a ramble over the moss or other jars of plants amazingly. They are strictly nocturnal animals, and were not made for the garish light of day; they exist only in wet and dark places, rambling abroad for food, which consists, in a state of nature, of slugs, worms, and insects of the diptera order. Again, it is said when frightened they will emit an acrid, milky fluid, which oozes from tubercles on the sides of the body, and that this is poisonous to small animals. It may be so with those in Europe, but with all my watchfulness I have never observed a semblance even of this white fluid; and furthermore, the pores which throw out the moisture, and which evidently absorb it, range only along the head, back, and tail, at a line just above where the

legs intersect the body. While "Peter" is apparently perspiring at every pore, drop chalk or any white powder over his body, instantly it becomes absorbed by the moisture above this line, but can be easily brushed off with a camel's-hair pencil below it.

And a beautiful provision of Nature this is; for if the clay for the purpose of retaining moisture adhered to the entire body, it would be impossible for the little animal to move abroad after food; his legs would become so incrustated and his body so weighty that, unless the food came to it, it must starve—which is a sequence Mother Nature would never recognize.

In the mating season the male exudes a fluid, as it passes along, which leaves behind him a powerful odor, closely resembling the fashionable perfume "patchoulie," and which, probably, may have been mistaken for the moisture of a milky nature said to flow from the body.

But I shall weary you: permit me only to add, I have selected here a chapter of truths for your amusement, may I hope for your instruction. But yet there is a moral to all this which blesses the giver as much as the recipient. It is to become familiar, to cultivate the society of every living thing that crosses your path. You will find so much to amuse, to amaze, to admire, and to love, you will never be weary with too much variety; there is so much to learn—a new and divine Thought in every creeping, leaping, walking, flying creature—that Life will become to you of double significance.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XVII.

BREVIS ESSE LABORO.

NEVER, General Baynes afterward declared, did fever come and go so pleasantly as that attack to which we have seen the Mrs. General advert in her letter to her sister, Mrs. Major MacWhirter. The cold fit was merely a lively,

pleasant chatter and rattle of the teeth; the hot fit an agreeable warmth; and though the ensuing sleep, with which I believe such aguish attacks are usually concluded, was enlivened by several dreams of death, demons, and torture, how felicitous it was to wake and find that dreadful thought of ruin removed which had always, for the last few months, ever since Dr. Firmin's flight and the knowledge of his own imprudence, pursued the good-natured gentleman! What! this boy might go to college, and that get his commission; and their meals need be imbittered by no more dreadful thoughts of the morrow, and their walks no longer were dogged by imaginary bailiffs, and presented a jail in the vista! It was too much bliss; and again and again the old soldier said his thankful prayers, and blessed his benefactor.

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bad. Why, Philip has not a penny piece in the world."

"Yes, he has a hundred pounds, and expects to sell his mare for ninety at least. He has excellent talents. He can easily write three articles a week in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I am sure no one writes so well, and it is much better done and more amusing than it used to be. That is three hundred a year. Lord Ringwood must be applied to, and must and shall get him something. Don't you know that Captain Baynes stood by Colonel Ringwood's side at Busaco, and that they were the closest friends? And pray, how did *we* get on, I should like to know? How did *we* get on, baby?"

"How did we det on?" says the baby.

"Oh, woman! woman!" yells the father of the family. "Why, Philip Firmin has all the habits of a rich man with the pay of a mechanic. Do you suppose he ever sate in a second-class carriage in his life, or denied himself any pleasure to which he had a mind? He gave five francs to a beggar girl yesterday."

"He had always a noble heart," says my wife.

"He gave a fortune to a whole family a week ago; and" (out comes the pocket-handkerchief—oh, of course, the pocket-handkerchief)—"and—'God loves a cheerful giver!'"

"He is careless; he is extravagant; he is lazy; I don't know that he is remarkably clever—"

"Oh, yes! he is your friend, of course. Now, abuse him—*do*, Arthur!"

"And, pray, when did you become acquainted with this astounding piece of news?" I inquire.

"When? From the very first moment when I saw Charlotte looking at him, to be sure. The poor child said to me only yesterday, 'Oh, Laura! he is our preserver!' And their preserver he has been, under Heaven."

"Yes. But he has not got a five-pound note!" I cry.

"Arthur, I am surprised at you. Oh, men, men are awfully worldly! Do you suppose Heaven will not send him help at its good time, and be kind to him who has rescued so many from ruin? Do you suppose the prayers, the blessings of that father, of those little ones, of that dear child, will not avail him? Suppose he has to wait a year, ten years, have they not time, and will not the good day come?"

Yes. This was actually the talk of a woman of sense and discernment when her prejudices and romance were not in the way, and she looked forward to the marriage of these folks, some ten years hence, as confidently as if they were both rich, and going to St. George's to-morrow.

As for making a romantic story of it, or spinning out love conversations between Jenny and Jessamy, or describing moonlight raptures and passionate outpourings of two young hearts and so forth—excuse me, *s'il vous plait*. I am a man of the world, and of a certain age. Let the young people fill in this outline, and color it as they please. Let the old folks who read lay

down the book a minute and remember. It is well remembered, isn't it, that time? Yes, good John Anderson and Mrs. John. Yes, good Darby and Joan. The lips won't tell now what they did once. To-day is for the happy, and to-morrow for the young, and yesterday, is not that dear and here too?

I was in the company of an elderly gentleman not very long since, who was perfectly sober, who is not particularly handsome, or healthy, or wealthy, or witty; and who, speaking of his past life, volunteered to declare that he would gladly live every minute of it over again. Is a man who can say that a hardened sinner, not aware how miserable he ought to be by rights, and therefore really in a most desperate and deplorable condition; or is he *fortunatus nimium*, and ought his statue to be put up in the most splendid and crowded thoroughfare of the town? Would you who are reading this, for example, like to live *your* life over again? What has been its chief joy? What are to-day's pleasures? Are they so exquisite that you would prolong them forever? Would you like to have the roast beef on which you have dined brought back again to table, and have more beef, and more, and more? Would you like to hear yesterday's sermon over and over again—eternally voluble? Would you like to get on the Edinburgh mail and travel outside for fifty hours, as you did in your youth? You might as well say you would like to go into the flogging-room and take a turn under the rods: you would like to be thrashed over again by your bully at school: you would like to go to the dentist's, where your dear parents were in the habit of taking you: you would like to be taking hot Epsom salts, with a piece of dry bread to take away the taste: you would like to be jilted by your first love: you would like to be going in to your father to tell him you had contracted debts to the amount of $x + y + z$, while you were at the University. As I consider the passionate griefs of childhood, the weariness and sameness of shaving, the agony of corns, and the thousand other ills to which flesh is heir, I cheerfully say for one, I am not anxious to wear it forever. No. I do not want to go to school again. I do not want to hear Trotman's sermon over again. Take me out and finish me. Give me the cup of hemlock at once. Here's a health to you, my lads. Don't weep, my Simmias. Be cheerful, my Phædon. Ha! I feel the co-o-old stealing, stealing upward. Now it is in my ankles—no more gout in my foot: now my knees are numb. What, is—is that poor executioner crying too? Good-by. Sacrifice a cock to *Æscu*—to *Æscula*—... Have you ever read the chapter in Grote's *History*? Ah! When the Sacred Ship returns from Delos, and is telegraphed as entering into port, may we be at peace and ready!

What is this funeral chant, when the pipes should be playing gayly as Love, and Youth, and Spring, and Joy are dancing under the windows. Look you. Men not so wise as Socrates have their demons, who will be heard and whis-

per in the queerest times and places. Perhaps I shall have to tell of a funeral presently, and shall be outrageously cheerful; or of an execution, and shall split my sides with laughing. Arrived at my time of life, when I see a penniless young friend falling in love, and thinking, of course, of committing matrimony, what can I do but be melancholy? How is a man to marry who has not enough to keep ever so miniature a brougham—ever so small a house—not enough to keep himself, let alone a wife and family? Gracious powers! is it not blasphemy to marry without fifteen hundred a year? Poverty, debt, protested bills, duns, crime, fall assuredly on the wretch who has not fifteen—say at once two thousand a year; for you can't live decently in London for less. And a wife whom you have met a score of times at balls or breakfasts, and with her best dresses and behavior at a country house—how do you know how she will turn out; what her temper is; what her relations are likely to be? Suppose she has poor relations, or loud coarse brothers who are always dropping in to dinner? What is her mother like? and can you bear to have that woman meddling and domineering over your establishment? Old General Baynes was very well—a weak, quiet, and presentable old man; but Mrs. General Baynes, and that awful Mrs. Major MacWhirter—and those hobbledchoys of boys in creaking shoes, hectoring about the premises? As a man of the world I saw all these dreadful liabilities impending over the husband of Miss Charlotte Baynes, and could not view them without horror. Gracefully and slightly, but wittily and in my sarcastic way, I thought it my duty to show up the oddities of the Baynes family to Philip. I mimicked the boys, and their clumping Blucher-boots. I touched off the dreadful military ladies, very smartly and cleverly as I thought, and as if I never supposed that Philip had any idea of Miss Baynes. To do him justice, he laughed once or twice; then he grew very red. His sense of humor is very limited; that even Laura allows. Then he came out with strong expression, and said it was a confounded shame, and strode off with his cigar. And when I remarked to my wife how susceptible he was in some things, and how little in the matter of joking, she shrugged her shoulders, and said, “Philip not only understood perfectly well what I said, but would tell it all to Mrs. General and Mrs. Major on the first opportunity.” And this was the fact, as Mrs. Baynes took care to tell me *afterward*. She was aware who was her *enemy*. She was aware who spoke ill of her and her blessed darling *behind our backs*. And “do you think it was to see *you* or any one belonging to your *stuck-up house*, Sir, that we came to you so often, which we certainly did, day and night, breakfast and supper, and no thanks to you? No, Sir! ha, ha!” I can see her flaunting out of my sitting-room as she speaks with a strident laugh, and snapping her dingily-gloved fingers at the door. Oh, Philip, Philip! To think that you were such a coward

as to go and tell her! But I pardon him; from my heart I pity and pardon him.

For the step which he is meditating, you may be sure that the young man himself does not feel the smallest need of pardon or pity. He is in a state of happiness so crazy that it is useless to reason with him. Not being at all of a poetical turn originally, the wretch is actually perpetrating verse in secret, and my servants found fragments of his manuscript on the dressing-table in his bedroom. *Heart and art, sever and forever*, and so on; what stale rhymes are these? I do not feel at liberty to give in entire the poem which our maid found in Mr. Philip's room, and brought sniggering to my wife, who only said “Poor thing!” The fact is, it was too pitiable. Such maundering rubbish! Such stale rhymes, and such old thoughts! But then, says Laura, “I dare say all people's love-making is not amusing to their neighbors; and I know who wrote not very wise love-verses when he was young.” No, I won't publish Philip's verses, until some day he shall mortally offend me. I can recall some of my own written under similar circumstances with twinges of shame, and shall drop a veil of decent friendship over my friend's folly.

Under that veil, meanwhile, the young man is perfectly contented, nay, uproariously happy. All earth and nature smiles round about him. “When Jove meets his Juno, in Homer, Sir,” says Philip, in his hectoring way, “don't immortal flowers of beauty spring up around them, and rainbows of celestial hues bend over their heads? Love, Sir, flings a halo round the loved one. Where she moves rise roses, hyacinths, and ambrosial odors. Don't talk to me about poverty, Sir! He either fears his fate too much or his desert is small, who dares not put it to the touch and win or lose it all! Haven't I endured poverty? Am I not as poor now as a man can be—and what is there in it? Do I want for any thing? Haven't I got a guinea in my pocket? Do I owe any man any thing? Isn't there manna in the wilderness for those who have faith to walk in it? That's where you fail, Pen. By all that is sacred, you have no faith; your heart is cowardly, Sir; and if you are to escape, as perhaps you may, I suspect it is by your wife that you will be saved. Laura has a trust in Heaven, but Arthur's morals are a genteel atheism. Just reach me that claret—the wine's not bad. I say your morals are a genteel atheism, and I shudder when I think of your condition. Talk to *me* about a brougham being necessary for the comfort of a woman! A broomstick to ride to the moon! And I don't say that a brougham is not a comfort, mind you; but that, when it is a necessity, mark you, Heaven will provide it! Why, Sir, hang it, look at me! Ain't I suffering in the most abject poverty? I ask you is there a man in London so poor as I am? And since my father's ruin do I want for any thing? I want for shelter for a day or two. Good. There's my dear Little Sister ready to give it me. I want for money. Does not that sainted widow's cruse pour its oil

out for me? Heaven bless and reward her. Boo!" (Here, for reasons which need not be named, the orator squeezes his fists into his eyes.) "I want shelter; ain't I in good quarters? I want work; haven't I got work, and did you not get it for me? You should just see, Sir, how I polished off that book of travels this morning. I read some of the article to Char——, to Miss ——, to some friends, in fact. I don't mean to say that they are very intellectual people, but your common humdrum average audience is the public to try. Recollect Molière and his housekeeper, you know."

"By the housekeeper do you mean Mrs. Baynes?" I ask, in my *amontillado* manner. (By-the-way, who ever heard of *amontillado* in the early days of which I write?) "In manner she would do, and I dare say in accomplishments; but I doubt about her temper."

"You're almost as worldly as the Twysdens, by George, you are! Unless persons are of a certain *monde*, you don't value them. A little adversity would do you good, Pen; and I heartily wish you might get it, except for the dear wife and children. You measure your morality by May-fair standards; and if an angel unawares came to you in pattens and a cotton umbrella, you would turn away from her. *You* would never have found out the Little Sister. A duchess—God bless her! A creature of an imperial generosity, and delicacy, and intrepidity, and the finest sense of humor, but she drops her *h's* often, and how could you pardon such a crime? Sir, you are my better in wit and a dexterous application of your powers; but I think, Sir," says Phil, curling the flaming mustaches, "I am your superior in a certain magnanimity; though, by Jove, old fellow, man and boy, you have always been one of the best fellows in the world to P. F.; one of the best fellows, and the most generous, and the most cordial—that you have: only you *do* rile me when you sing in that confounded May-fair twang."

Here one of the children summoned us to tea—and "Papa was laughing, and uncle Philip was flinging his hands about and pulling his beard off," said the little messenger.

"I shall keep a fine lock of it for you, Nelly, my dear," says uncle Philip. On which the child said, "Oh no! I know whom you'll give it to, don't I, mamma?" and she goes up to her mamma, and whispers.

Miss Nelly knows? At what age do those little match-makers begin to know, and how soon do they practice the use of their young eyes, their little smiles, wiles, and ogles? This young woman, I believe, coquetted while she was yet a baby in arms, over her nurse's shoulder. Before she could speak she could be proud of her new vermilion shoes, and would point out the charms of her blue sash. She was jealous in the nursery, and her little heart had beat for years and years before she left off pinafores.

For whom will Philip keep a lock of that red, red gold which curls round his face? Can you guess? Of what color is the hair in that little

locket which the gentleman himself occultly wears? A few months ago, I believe, a pale straw-colored wisp of hair occupied that place of honor; now it is a chestnut-brown, as far as I can see, of precisely the same color as that which waves round Charlotte Baynes's pretty face, and tumbles in clusters on her neck, very nearly the color of Mrs. Paynter's this last season. So, you see, we chop and we change: straw gives place to chestnut, and chestnut is succeeded by ebony; and for our own parts, we defy time; and if you want a lock of my hair, Belinda, take this pair of scissors, and look in that cupboard, in the band-box marked No. 3, and cut off a thick glossy piece, darling, and wear it, dear, and my blessings go with thee! What is this? Am I sneering because Corydon and Phillis are wooing and happy? You see I pledged myself not to have any sentimental nonsense. To describe love-making is immoral and immodest; you know it is. To describe it as it really is, or would appear to you and me as lookers-on, would be to describe the most dreary farce, to chronicle the most tautological twaddle. To take a note of sighs, hand-squeezes, looks at the moon, and so forth—does this business become our dignity as historians? Come away from those foolish young people—they don't want us; and dreary as their farce is, and tautological as their twaddle, you may be sure it amuses them, and that they are happy enough without us. Happy? Is there any happiness like it, pray? Was it not rapture to watch the messenger, to seize the note, and fee the bearer?—to retire out of sight of all prying eyes and read: "Dearest! Mamma's cold is better this morning. The Joneses came to tea, and Julia sang. I did not enjoy it, as my dear was at his *horrid dinner*, where I hope he amused himself. Send me a word by Buttles, who brings this, if only to say you are your Louisa's own, own," etc., etc., etc. That used to be the kind of thing. In such coy lines artless Innocence used to whisper its little vows. So she used to smile; so she used to warble; so she used to prattle. Young people, at present engaged in the pretty sport, be assured your middle-aged parents have played the game, and remember the rules of it. Yes, under papa's bow-window of a waistcoat is a heart which took very violent exercise when that waist was slim. Now he sits tranquilly in his tent, and watches the lads going in for their innings. Why, look at grandmamma in her spectacles reading that sermon. In *her* old heart there is a corner as romantic still as when she used to read the "Wild Irish Girl" or the "Scottish Chiefs" in the days of her misshood. And as for your grandfather, my dears, to see him now you would little suppose that that calm, polished, dear old gentleman was once as wild—as wild as Orson.....Under my windows, as I write, there passes an itinerant flower-merchant. He has his roses and geraniums on a cart drawn by a quadruped—a little long-eared quadruped, which lifts up its voice, and sings after its manner. When I was young, donkeys

used to bray precisely in the same way; and others will heehaw so when we are silent and our ears hear no more.



CHAPTER XVIII.

DRUM IST'S SO WOHL MIR IN DER WELT.

OUR new friends lived for a while contentedly enough at Boulogne, where they found comrades and acquaintances gathered together from those many regions which they had visited in the course of their military career. Mrs. Baynes, out of the field, was the commanding officer over the general. She ordered his clothes for him, tied his neckcloth into a neat bow, and, on tea-party evenings, pinned his brooch into his shirt-frill. She gave him to understand when he had had enough to eat or drink at dinner, and explained, with great frankness, how this or that dish did not agree with him. If he was disposed to exceed, she would call out, in a loud voice, "Remember, general, what you took this morning!" Knowing his constitution, as she said, she knew the remedies which were necessary for her husband, and administered them to him with great liberality. Resistance was impossible, as the veteran officer acknowledged. "The boys have fought about the medicine since we came home," he confessed, "but she has me under her thumb, by George. She really is a magnificent physician now. She has got some invaluable prescriptions, and in India she used to doctor the whole station." She would have taken the present writer's little household under her care, and proposed several remedies for my children, until their alarmed mother was obliged to keep them out of her sight. I am not saying this was an agreeable woman. Her voice was loud and harsh. The anecdotes which she was forever narrating related to military personages in foreign countries with whom I was unacquainted, and whose history failed to interest me. She took her wine with much spirit while engaged in this prattle. I have heard talk not

less foolish in much finer company, and known people delighted to listen to anecdotes of the duchess and the marchioness who would yawn over the history of Captain Jones's quarrels with his lady, or Mrs. Major Wolfe's monstrous flirtations with young Ensign Kyd. My wife, with the mischievousness of her sex, would mimic the Baynes's conversation very drolly, but always insisted that she was not more really vulgar than many much greater persons.

For all this, Mrs. General Baynes did not hesitate to declare that we were "stuck-up" people; and from the very first setting eyes on us she declared that she viewed us with a constant darkling suspicion. Mrs. P. was a harmless, washed-out creature with nothing in her. As for that high and mighty Mr. P. and his airs, she would be glad to know whether the wife of a British general officer who had seen service in *every part of the globe*, and met the *most distinguished* governors, generals, and their ladies, several of whom *were noblemen*—she would be glad to know whether such people were not good enough for, etc., etc. Who has not met with these difficulties in life, and who can escape them? "Hang it, Sir," Phil would say, twirling the red mustaches, "I like to be hated by some fellows;" and it must be owned that Mr. Philip got what he liked. I suppose Mr. Philip's friend and biographer had something of the same feeling. At any rate, in regard of this lady the hypocrisy of politeness was very hard to keep up; wanting us for reasons of her own, she covered the dagger with which she would have stabbed us: but we knew it was there clenched in her skinny hand in her meagre pocket. She would pay us the most fulsome compliments with anger raging out of her eyes—a little hate-bearing woman, envious, malicious, but loving her cubs, and nursing them, and clutching them in her lean arms with a jealous strain. It was "Good-by, darling! I shall leave you here with your friends. Oh, how kind you are to her, Mrs. Pendennis! How can I ever thank you, and Mr. P. I am sure;" and she looked as if she could poison both of us, as she went away, courtesying and darting dreary parting smiles.

The lady had an intimate friend and companion in arms, Mrs. Colonel Bunch, in fact, of the—the Bengal cavalry, who was now in Europe with Bunch and their children, who were residing at Paris for the young folks' education. At first, as we have heard, Mrs. Baynes's predilections had been all for Tours, where her sister was living, and where lodgings were cheap and food reasonable in proportion. But Bunch happening to pass through Boulogne on his way to his wife at Paris, and meeting his old comrade, gave General Baynes such an account of the cheapness and pleasures of the French capital, as to induce the general to think of bending his steps thither. Mrs. Baynes would not hear of such a plan. She was all for her dear sister and Tours; but when, in the course of conversation, Colonel Bunch described a ball at the Tuileries, where he and Mrs. B. had been received with

the most flattering politeness by the royal family; it was remarked that Mrs. Baynes's mind underwent a change. When Bunch went on to aver that the balls at Government House at Calcutta were nothing compared to those at the Tuileries or the Prefecture of the Seine; that the English were invited and respected every where; that the ambassador was most hospitable; that the clergymen were admirable; and that at their boarding-house, kept by Madame la Générale Baronne de Smolensk, at the Petit Château d'Espagne, Avenue de Valmy, Champs Elysées, they had balls twice a month, the most comfortable apartments, the most choice society, and every comfort and luxury at so many francs per month, with an allowance for children—I say, Mrs. Baynes was very greatly moved. “It is not,” she said, “in consequence of the balls at the ambassador’s or the Tuileries, for I am an old woman; and in spite of what you say, colonel, I can’t fancy, after Government House, any thing more magnificent in any French palace. It is not for *me*, goodness knows, I speak: but the children should have education, and my Charlotte an entrée into the world; and what you say of the invaluable clergyman, Mr. X——, I have been thinking of it all night; but above all, above all, of the chances of education for my darlings. Nothing should give way to that—nothing!” On this a long and delightful conversation and calculation took place. Bunch produced his bills at the Baroness de Smolensk’s. The two gentlemen jotted up accounts, and made calculations all through the evening. It was hard even for Mrs. Baynes to force the figures into such a shape as to make them accord with the general’s income; but, driven away by one calculation after another, she returned again and again to the charge, until she overcame the stubborn arithmetical difficulties, and the pounds, shillings, and pence lay prostrate before her. They could save upon this point; they could screw upon that; they *must* make a sacrifice to educate the children. “Sarah Bunch and her girls go to Court, indeed! Why shouldn’t mine go?” she asked. On which her general said, “By George, Eliza, that’s the point you are thinking of.” On which Eliza said, “No,” and repeated “No” a score of times, growing more angry as she uttered each denial. And she declared before Heaven she did *not* want to go to any Court. Had she not refused to be presented at home, though Mrs. Colonel Flack went, because she did not choose to go to the wicked expense of a train? And it was base of the general, *base* and *mean* of him to say so. And there was a fine scene, as I am given to understand; not that I was present at this family fight: but my informant was Mr. Firmin; and Mr. Firmin had his information from a little person who, about this time, had got to prattle out all the secrets of her young heart to him; who would have jumped off the pier-head with her hand in his if he had said “Come,” without his hand if he had said “Go:” a little person whose whole life had been changed—changed for a month past—changed in one

minute, that minute when she saw Philip’s fiery whiskers and heard his great big voice saluting her father among the commissioners on the *quai* before the custom-house.

Tours was, at any rate, a hundred and fifty miles further off than Paris from—from a city where a young gentleman lived in whom Miss Charlotte Baynes felt an interest; hence, I suppose, arose her delight that her parents had determined upon taking up their residence in the larger and nearer city. Besides, she owned, in the course of her artless confidences to my wife, that, when together, mamma and aunt MacWhirter quarreled unceasingly; and had once caused the old boys, the major and the general, to call each other out. She preferred, then, to live away from aunt Mac. She had never had such a friend as Laura, never. She had never been so happy as at Boulogne, never. She should always love every body in our house, that she should, forever and ever—and so forth, and so forth. The ladies meet; cling together; osculations are carried round the whole family circle, from our wondering eldest boy, who cries, “I say, hullo! what are you kissing me so about?” to darling baby, crowing and sputtering unconscious in the rapturous young girl’s embraces. I tell you, these two women were making fools of themselves, and they were burning with enthusiasm for the “preserver” of the Baynes family, as they called that big fellow yonder, whose biographer I have aspired to be. The lazy rogue lay basking in the glorious warmth and sunshine of early love. He would stretch his big limbs out in our garden; pour out his feelings with endless volubility; call upon *hominum divinumque voluptas, alma Venus*; vow that he had never lived or been happy until now; declare that he laughed poverty to scorn and all her ills; and fume against his masters of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, because they declined to insert certain love verses which Mr. Philip now composed almost every day. Poor little Charlotte! And didst thou receive those treasures of song; and wonder over them, not perhaps comprehending them altogether; and lock them up in thy heart’s inmost casket as well as in thy little desk; and take them out in quiet hours, and kiss them, and bless Heaven for giving thee such jewels? I dare say. I can fancy all this without seeing it. I can read the little letters in the little desk without picking lock or breaking seal. Poor little letters! Sometimes they are not spelled right, quite; but I don’t know that the style is worse for that. Poor little letters! You are flung to the winds sometimes and forgotten with all your sweet secrets and loving, artless confessions; but not always—no, not always. As for Philip, who was the most careless creature alive, and left all his clothes and haberdashery sprawling on his bedroom floor, he had at this time a breast-pocket stuffed out with papers which crackled in the most ridiculous way. He was always looking down at this precious pocket, and putting one of his great hands over it as though he would guard it. The pocket did not contain bank-

notes, you may be sure of that. It contained documents stating that mamma's cold is better; the Joneses came to tea, and Julia sang, etc. Ah, friend, however old you are now, however cold you are now, however tough, I hope you, too, remember how Julia sang, and the Joneses came to tea.

Mr. Philip staid on week after week, declaring to my wife that she was a perfect angel for keeping him so long. Bunch wrote from his boarding-house more and more enthusiastic reports about the comforts of the establishment. For his sake, Madame la Baronne de Smolensk would make unheard-of sacrifices, in order to accommodate the general and his distinguished party. The balls were going to be perfectly splendid that winter. There were several old Indians living near; in fact, they could form a regular little club. It was agreed that Baynes should go and reconnoitre the ground. He did go. Madame de Smolensk, a most elegant woman, had a magnificent dinner for him—quite splendid, I give you my word, but only what they have every day. Soup, of course, my love; fish, capital wine, and, I should say, some five or six and thirty made dishes. The general was quite enraptured. Bunch had put his boys to a famous school, where they might “whop” the French boys, and learn all the modern languages. The little ones would dine early; the baroness would take the whole family at an astonishingly cheap rate. In a word, the Baynes's column got the route for Paris shortly before our family-party was crossing the seas to return to London fogs and duty.

You have, no doubt, remarked how, under certain tender circumstances, women will help one another. They help where they ought not to help. When Mr. Darby ought to be separated from Miss Joan, and the best thing that could happen for both would be a *lettre de cachet* to whip off Mons. Darby to the Bastile for five years, and an order from her parents to lock up Mademoiselle Jeanne in a convent, some aunt, some relative, some pitying female friend is sure to be found, who will give the pair a chance of meeting, and turn her head away while those unhappy lovers are warbling endless good-bys close up to each other's ears. My wife, I have said, chose to feel this absurd sympathy for the young people about whom we have been just talking. As the day for Charlotte's departure drew near this wretched, misguiding matron would take the girl out walking into I know not what unfrequented by-lanes, quiet streets, rampart-nooks, and the like; and la! by the most singular coincidence, Mr. Philip's hulking boots would assuredly come tramping after the women's little feet. What will you say, when I tell you that I myself, the father of the family, the renter of the old-fashioned house, Rue Roucoule, Haute Ville, Boulogne-sur-Mer—as I am going into my own study—am met at the threshold by Helen, my eldest daughter, who puts her little arms before the glass-door at which I was about to enter, and says, “You must not go in

there, papa! Mamma says we none of us are to go in there.”

“And why, pray?” I ask.

“Because uncle Philip and Charlotte are talking secrets there; and nobody is to disturb them—*nobody!*”

Upon my word, wasn't this too monstrous? Am I Sir Pandarus of Troy become? Am I going to allow a penniless young man to steal away the heart of a young girl who has not twopence half-penny to her fortune? Shall I, I say, lend myself to this most unjustifiable intrigue?

“Sir,” says my wife (we happened to have been bred up from childhood together, and I own to have had one or two foolish initiatory flirtations before I settled down to matrimonial fidelity)—“Sir,” says she, “when you were so wild—so spoony, I think is your elegant word—about Blanche, and used to put letters into a hollow tree for her at home, I used to see the letters, and I never disturbed them. These two people have much warmer hearts, and are a great deal fonder of each other than you and Blanche used to be. I should not like to separate Charlotte from Philip now. It is too late, Sir. She can never like any body else as she likes him. If she lives to be a hundred, she will never forget him. Why should not the poor thing be happy a little, while she may?”

An old house, with a green old court-yard and an ancient mossy wall, through breaks of which I can see the roofs and gables of the quaint old town, the city below, the shining sea, and the white English cliffs beyond; a green old court-yard, and a tall old stone house rising up in it, grown over with many a creeper on which the sun casts flickering shadows; and under the shadows, and through the glass of a tall gray window, I can just peep into a brown twilight parlor, and there I see two hazy figures by a table. One slim figure has brown hair, and one has flame-colored whiskers. Look! a ray of sunshine has just peered into the room, and is lighting the whiskers up!

“Poor little thing,” whispers my wife, very gently. “They are going away to-morrow. Let them have their talk out. She is crying her little eyes out, I am sure. Poor little Charlotte!”

While my wife was pitying Miss Charlotte in this pathetic way, and was going, I dare say, to have recourse to her own pocket-handkerchief, as I live there came a burst of laughter from the darkling chamber where the two lovers were billing and cooing. First came Mr. Philip's great boom (such a roar—such a haw-haw, or hee-haw, I never heard any other *two-legged* animal perform). Then follows Miss Charlotte's tinkling peal; and presently that young person comes out into the garden, with her round face not bedewed with tears at all, but perfectly rosy, fresh, dimpled, and good-humored. Charlotte gives me a little courtesy, and my wife a hand and a kind glance. They retreat through the open casement, twining round each other as the



CHARLOTTE'S CONVOY.

vine does round the window; though which is the vine and which is the window in this simile I pretend not to say—I can't see through either of them, that is the truth. They pass through the parlor, and into the street beyond, doubtless: and as for Mr. Philip, I presently see *his* head

popped out of his window in the upper floor with his great pipe in his mouth. He can't "work" without his pipe, he says; and my wife believes him. Work indeed!

Miss Charlotte paid us another little visit that evening, when we happened to be alone. The

children were gone to bed. The darlings! Charlotte must go up and kiss them. Mr. Philip Firmin was out. She did not seem to miss him in the least, nor did she make a single inquiry for him. We had been so good to her—so kind. How should she ever forget our great kindness? She had been so happy—oh! so happy! She had never been so happy before. She would write often and often, and Laura would write constantly—wouldn't she? "Yes, dear child!" says my wife. And now a little more kissing, and it is time to go home to the Tintelleries. What a lovely night! Indeed the moon was blazing in full round in the purple heavens, and the stars were twinkling by myriads.

"Good-by, dear Charlotte; happiness go with you!" I seize her hand. I feel a paternal desire to kiss her fair, round face. Her sweetness, her happiness, her artless good-humor, and gentleness has endeared her to us all. As for me, I love her with a fatherly affection. "Stay, my dear!" I cry, with a happy gallantry. "I'll go home with you to the Tintelleries."

You should have seen the fair round face *then*! Such a piteous expression came over it! She looked at my wife; and as for that Mrs. Laura she pulled the tail of my coat.

"What do you mean, my dear?" I ask.

"Don't go out on such a dreadful night. You'll catch cold!" says Laura.

"Cold, my love!" I say. "Why, it's as fine a night as ever—"

"Oh! you—you *stupid*!" says Laura, and begins to laugh. And there goes Miss Charlotte tripping away from us without a word more!

Philip came in about half an hour afterward. And do you know I very strongly suspect that he had been waiting round the corner. Few things escape *me*, you see, when I have a mind to be observant. And, certainly, if I had thought of that possibility, and that I might be spoiling sport, I should not have proposed to Miss Charlotte to walk home with her.

At a very early hour on the next morning my wife arose, and spent, in my opinion, a great deal of unprofitable time, bread, butter, cold beef, mustard and salt, in compiling a heap of sandwiches, which were tied up in a copy of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That persistence in making sandwiches, in providing cakes and other refreshments for a journey, is a strange infatuation in women; as if there was not always enough to eat to be had at road inns and railway stations! What a good dinner we used to have at Montrenil in the old days, before railways were, and when the diligence spent four or six and twenty cheerful hours on its way to Paris! I think the finest dishes are not to be compared to that well-remembered fricandeau of youth, nor do wines of the most dainty vintage surpass the rough, honest, blue ordinaire which was served at the plenteous inn-table. I took our bale of sandwiches down to the office of the Messageries, whence our friends were to start. We saw six of the Baynes family packed into the interior of

the diligence; and the boys climb cheerily into the rotonde. Charlotte's pretty lips and hands wafted kisses to us from her corner. Mrs. General Baynes commanded the column, pushed the little ones into their places in the ark, ordered the general and young ones hither and thither with her parasol, declined to give the grumbling porters any but the smallest gratuity, and talked a shrieking jargon of French and Hindustanee to the people assembled round the carriage. My wife has that command over me that she actually made me demean myself so far as to deliver the sandwich parcel to one of the Baynes boys. I said, "Take this," and the poor wretch held out his hand eagerly, evidently expecting that I was about to tip him with a five-franc piece or some such coin. *Fouette, cocher!* The horses squeal. The huge machine jingles over the road, and rattles down the street. Farewell, pretty Charlotte, with your sweet face and sweet voice and kind eyes! But why, pray, is Mr. Philip Firmin not here to say farewell too?

Before the diligence got under way, the Baynes boys had fought and quarreled, and wanted to mount on the imperial or cabriolet of the carriage, where there was only one passenger as yet. But the conductor called the lads off, saying that the remaining place was engaged by a gentleman, whom they were to take up on the road. And who should this turn out to be? Just outside the town a man springs up to the imperial; his light luggage, it appears, was on the coach already, and that luggage belonged to Philip Firmin. Ah, monsieur! and that was the reason, was it, why they were so merry yesterday—the parting day? Because they were not going to part just then. Because, when the time of execution drew near, they had managed to smuggle a little reprieve! Upon my conscience, I never heard of such imprudence in the whole course of my life! Why, it is starvation—certainly misery to one and the other. "I don't like to meddle in other people's affairs," I say to my wife; "but I have no patience with such folly, or with myself for not speaking to General Baynes on the subject. I shall write to the general."

"My dear, the general knows all about it," says Charlotte's, Philip's (in my opinion) most injudicious friend. "We have talked about it, and, like a man of sense, the general makes light of it. 'Young folks will be young folks,' he says; 'and, by George! ma'am, when I married—I should say, when Mrs. B. ordered me to marry her—she had nothing, and I but my captain's pay. People get on, somehow. Better for a young man to marry, and keep out of idleness and mischief; and, I promise you, the chap who marries my girl gets a treasure. I like the boy for the sake of my old friend Phil Ringwood. I don't see that the fellows with the rich wives are much the happier, or that men should wait to marry until they are gouty old rakes.' And, it appears, the general instanced several officers of his own acquaintance; some of whom had married when they

were young and poor; some who had married when they were old and sulky; some who had never married at all. And he mentioned his comrade, my own uncle, the late Major Pendenis, whom he called a selfish old creature, and hinted that the major had jilted some lady in early life, whom he would have done much better to marry."

And so Philip is actually gone after his charmer, and is pursuing her *summâ diligentia*? The Baynes family has allowed this penniless young law student to make love to their daughter, to accompany them to Paris, to appear as the almost recognized son of the house. "Other people, when they were young, wanted to make imprudent marriages," says my wife (as if that wretched *tu quoque* were any answer to my remark!). "This penniless law student might have a good sum of money if he chose to press the Baynes family to pay him what, after all, they owe him." And so poor little Charlotte was to be her father's ransom! To be sure, little Charlotte did not object to offer herself up in payment of her papa's debt! And though I objected as a moral man, and a prudent man, and a father of a family, I could not be very seriously angry. I am secretly of the disposition of the time-honored *père de famille* in the comedies, the irascible old gentleman in the crop wig and George-the-Second coat, who is always menacing "Tom the young dog" with his cane. When the deed is done, and Miranda (the little sly-boots!) falls before my square-toes and shoe-buckles, and Tom the young dog kneels before me in his white ducks, and they cry out in a pretty chorus, "Forgive us, grandpapa!" I say, "Well, you rogue, boys will be boys. Take her, sirrah! Be happy with her; and, hark ye! in this pocket-book you will find ten thousand," etc., etc. You all know the story: I can not help liking it, however old it may be. In love, somehow, one is pleased that young people should dare a little. Was not Bessy Eldon famous as an economist, and Lord Eldon celebrated for wisdom and caution? and did not John Scott marry Elizabeth Surtees when they had scarcely two-pence a year between them? "Of course, my dear," I say to the partner of my existence, "now this madcap fellow is utterly ruined, now is the very time he ought to marry. The accepted doctrine is, that a man should spend his own fortune, then his wife's fortune, and then he may begin to get on at the bar. Philip has a hundred pounds, let us say; Charlotte has nothing; so that in about six weeks we may look to hear of Philip being in successful practice—"

"Successful nonsense!" cries the lady. "Don't go on like a cold-blooded calculating machine! You don't believe a word of what you say, and a more imprudent person never lived than you yourself were as a young man." This was departing from the question, which women will do. "Nonsense!" again says my romantic being of a partner-of-existence. "Don't tell me, Sir. They WILL be provided for! Are we to be forever taking care of the morrow, and

not trusting that we shall be cared for? You may call your way of thinking prudence. I call it *sinful worldliness*, Sir." When my life-partner speaks in a certain strain, I know that remonstrance is useless and argument unavailing, and I generally resort to cowardly subterfuges, and sneak out of the conversation by a pun, a side joke, or some other flippancy. Besides, in this case, though I argue against my wife, my sympathy is on her side. I know Mr. Philip is imprudent and headstrong, but I should like him to succeed and be happy. I own he is a scapegrace, but I wish him well.

So, just as the diligence of Laffitte and Cailard is clearing out of Boulogne town, the conductor causes the carriage to stop, and a young fellow has mounted up on the roof in a twinkling; and the postillion says, "Hi!" to his horses, and away those squealing grays go clattering. And a young lady, happening to look out of one of the windows of the intérieur, has perfectly recognized the young gentleman who leaped up to the roof so nimbly; and the two boys who were in the rotonde would have recognized the gentleman, but that they were already eating the sandwiches which my wife had provided. And so the diligence goes on until it reaches that hill where the girls used to come and offer to sell you apples; and some of the passengers descend and walk, and the tall young man on the roof jumps down, and approaches the party in the interior, and a young lady cries out, "La!" and her mamma looks impenetrably grave, and not in the least surprised; and her father gives a wink of one eye, and says, "It's him, is it, by George!" and the two boys coming out of the rotonde, their mouths full of sandwich, cry out, "Hullo! It's Mr. Firmin."

"How do you do, ladies?" he says, blushing as red as an apple, and his heart thumping—but that may be from walking up hill. And he puts a hand toward the carriage-window, and a little hand comes out and lights on his. And Mrs. General Baynes, who is reading a religious work, looks up and says, "Oh! how do you do, Mr. Firmin?" And this is the remarkable dialogue that takes place. It is not very witty; but Philip's tones sends a rapture into one young heart; and when he is absent, and has climbed up to his place in the cabriolet, the kick of his boots on the roof gives the said young heart inexpressible comfort and consolation. Shine stars and moon. Shriek gray horses through the calm night. Snore sweetly, papa and mamma, in your corners, with your pocket-handkerchiefs tied round your old fronts! I suppose, under all the stars of heaven, there is nobody more happy than that child in that carriage—that wakeful girl, in sweet maiden meditation—who has given her heart to the keeping of the champion who is so near her. Has he not been always their champion and preserver? Don't they owe to his generosity every thing in life? One of the little sisters wakes wildly, and cries in the night, and Charlotte takes the child into her arms and soothes her. "Hush, dear! He's there—he's

there," she whispers, as she bends over the child. Nothing wrong can happen with *him* there, she feels. If the robbers were to spring out from yonder dark pines, why, he would jump down, and they would all fly before him! The carriage rolls on through sleeping villages, and as the old team retires all in a halo of smoke, and the fresh horses come clattering up to their pole, Charlotte sees a well-known white face in the gleam of the carriage lanterns. Through the long avenues, the great vehicle rolls on its course. The dawn peers over the poplars: the stars quiver out of sight: the sun is up in the sky, and the heaven is all in a flame. The night is over—the night of nights. In all the round world, whether lighted by stars or sunshine, there were not two people more happy than these had been.

A very short time afterward, at the end of October, our own little sea-side sojourn came to an end. That astounding bill for broken glass, chairs, crockery, was paid. The London steamer takes us all on board on a beautiful, sunny autumn evening, and lands us at the Custom-house Quay in the midst of a deep, dun fog, through which our cabs have to work their way over greasy pavements, and bearing two loads of silent and terrified children. Ah, that return, if but after a fortnight's absence and holiday! Oh, that heap of letters lying in a ghastly pile, and yet so clearly visible in the dim twilight of master's study! We cheerfully breakfast by candle-light for the first two days after my arrival at home, and I have the pleasure of cutting a part of my chin off because it is too dark to shave at nine o'clock in the morning.

My wife can't be so unfeeling as to laugh and be merry because I have met with an accident which temporarily disfigures me? If the dun fog makes her jocular, she has a very queer sense of humor. She has a letter before her, over which she is perfectly radiant. When she is especially pleased I can see by her face and a particular animation and affectionateness toward the rest of the family. On this present morning her face beams out of the fog-clouds. The room is illuminated by it, and perhaps by the two candles which are placed one on either side of the urn. The fire crackles, and flames, and spits most cheerfully; and the sky without, which is of the hue of brown paper, seems to set off the brightness of the little interior scene.

"A letter from Charlotte, papa!" cries one little girl, with an air of consequence. "And a letter from uncle Philip, papa!" cries another; "and they like Paris so much," continues the little reporter.

"And there, Sir, didn't I tell you?" cries the lady, handing me over a letter.

"Mamma always told you so," echoes the child, with an important nod of the head; "and I shouldn't be surprised if he were to be *very rich*, should you, mamma?" continues this arithmetician.

I would not put Miss Charlotte's letter into print if I could, for do you know that little per-

son's grammar was frequently incorrect; there were three or four words spelled wrongly; and the letter was so *scored* and *marked* with *dashes* under *every* other word, that it is clear to me her education had been neglected; and as I am very fond of her, I do not wish to make fun of her. And I can't print Mr. Philip's letter, for I haven't kept it. Of what use keeping letters? I say, Burn, burn, burn. No heart-pangs. No reproaches. No yesterday. Was it happy, or miserable? To think of it is always melancholy. Go to! I dare say it is the thought of that fog which is making this sentence so dismal. Meanwhile there is Madam Laura's face smiling out of the darkness, as pleased as may be; and no wonder, she is always happy when her friends are so.

Charlotte's letter contained a full account of the settlement of the Baynes family at Madame Smolensk's boarding-house, where they appear to have been really comfortable, and to have lived at a very cheap rate. As for Mr. Philip, he made his way to a crib, to which his artist friends had recommended him, on the Faubourg St. Germain side of the water—the Hotel Pousin, in the street of that name, which lies, you know, between the Mazarin Library and the Musée des Beaux Arts. In former days my gentleman had lived in state and bounty in the English hotels and quarter. Now he found himself very handsomely lodged for thirty francs per month, and with five or six pounds, he has repeatedly said since, he could carry through the month very comfortably. I don't say, my young traveler, that *you* can be so lucky nowadays. Are we not telling a story of twenty years ago? Ay marry. Ere steam-coaches had begun to scream on French rails; and when Louis Philippe was king.

As soon as Mr. Philip Firmin is ruined he must needs fall in love. In order to be near the beloved object, he must needs follow her to Paris, and give up his promised studies for the bar at home; where, to do him justice, I believe the fellow would never have done any good. And he has not been in Paris a fortnight when that fantastic jade Fortune, who had seemed to fly away from him, gives him a smiling look of recognition, as if to say, "Young gentleman, I have not quite done with you."

The good fortune was not much. Do not suppose that Philip suddenly drew a twenty-thousand pound prize in a lottery. But, being in much want of money, he suddenly found himself enabled to earn some in a way pretty easy to himself.

In the first place, Philip found his friends Mr. and Mrs. Mugford in a bewildered state in the midst of Paris, in which city Mugford would never consent to have a *laquais de place*, being firmly convinced to the day of his death that he knew the French language quite sufficiently for all purposes of conversation. Philip, who had often visited Paris before, came to the aid of his friends in a two-franc dining-house, which he frequented for economy's sake; and they, be-

cause they thought the banquet there provided not only cheap but most magnificent and satisfactory. He interpreted for them, and rescued them from their perplexity, whatever it was. He treated them handsomely to caddy on the bullyvard, as Mugford said on returning home and in recounting the adventure to me. "He can't forget that he has been a swell; and he does do things like a gentleman, that Firmin does. He came back with us to our hotel—Meurice's," said Mr. Mugford, "and who should drive into the yard and step out of his carriage but Lord Ringwood—you know Lord Ringwood; every body knows him. As he gets out of his carriage—'What! is that you, Philip?' says his lordship, giving the young fellow his hand. 'Come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning.' And away he goes most friendly."

How came it to pass that Lord Ringwood, whose instinct of self-preservation was strong—who, I fear, was rather a selfish nobleman—and who, of late, as we have heard, had given orders to refuse Mr. Philip entrance at his door—should all of a sudden turn round and greet the young man with cordiality? In the first place, Philip had never troubled his lordship's knocker at all; and second, as luck would have it, on this very day of their meeting his lordship had been to dine with that well-known Parisian resident and *bon vivant*, my Lord Viscount Trim, who had been governor of the Sago Islands when Colonel Baynes was there with his regiment, the gallant 100th. And the general and his old West India governor meeting at church, my Lord Trim straightway asked General Baynes to dinner, where Lord Ringwood was present, along with other distinguished company, whom at present we need not particularize. Now it has been said that Philip Ringwood, my lord's brother, and Captain Baynes, in early youth, had been close friends, and that the colonel had died in the captain's arms. Lord Ringwood, who had an excellent memory when he chose to use it, was pleased on this occasion to remember General Baynes and his intimacy with his brother in old days. And of those old times they talked; the general waxing more eloquent, I suppose, than his wont over Lord Trim's excellent wine. And in the course of conversation Philip was named, and the general, warm with drink, poured out a most enthusiastic eulogium on his young friend, and mentioned how noble and self-denying Philip's conduct had been in his own case. And perhaps Lord Ringwood was pleased at hearing these praises of his brother's grandson; and perhaps he thought of old times, when he had a heart, and he and his brother loved each other. And though he might think Philip Firmin an absurd young blockhead for giving up any claims which he might have on General Baynes, at any rate I have no doubt his lordship thought, "This boy is not likely to come begging money from me!" Hence, when he drove back to his hotel on the very night after this dinner, and in the court-yard saw that Philip Firmin, his brother's grandson, the heart of the old noble-

man was smitten with a kindly sentiment, and he bade Philip to come and see him.

I have described some of Philip's oddities, and among these was a very remarkable change in his appearance, which ensued very speedily after his ruin. I know that the greater number of story readers are young, and those who are ever so old remember that their own young days occurred but a very, very short while ago. Don't you remember, most potent, grave, and reverend senior, when you were a junior, and actually rather pleased with new clothes? Does a new coat or a waistcoat cause you any pleasure now? To a well-constituted middle-aged gentleman, I rather trust a smart new suit causes a sensation of uneasiness—not from the tightness of the fit, which may be a reason—but from the gloss and splendor. When my late kind friend, Mrs. —, gave me the emerald tabinet waistcoat, with the gold shamrocks, I wore it once to go to Richmond to dine with her; but I buttoned myself so closely in an upper coat that I am sure nobody in the omnibus saw what a painted vest I had on. Gold sprigs and emerald tabinet, what a gorgeous raiment! It has formed for ten years the chief ornament of my wardrobe; and though I have never dared to wear it since, I always think with a secret pleasure of possessing that treasure. Do women, when they are sixty, like handsome and fashionable attire, and a youthful appearance? Look at Lady Jezebel's blushing cheek, her raven hair, her splendid garments! But this disquisition may be carried to too great a length. I want to note a fact which has occurred not seldom in my experience—that men who have been great dandies will often and suddenly give up their long-accustomed splendor of dress, and walk about, most happy and contented, with the shabbiest of coats and hats. No. The majority of men are not vain about their dress. For instance, within a very few years men used to have pretty feet. See in what a resolute way they have kicked their pretty boots off almost to a man, and wear great, thick, formless, comfortable walking boots, of shape scarcely more graceful than a tub!

When Philip Firmin first came on the town there were dandies still; there were dazzling waistcoats of velvet and brocade, and tall stocks with cataracts of satin; there were pins, studs, neck-chains, I know not what fantastic splendors of youth. His varnished boots grew upon forests of trees. He had a most resplendent silver-gilt dressing-case presented to him by his father (for which, it is true, the doctor neglected to pay, leaving that duty to his son). "It is a mere ceremony," said the worthy doctor, "a cumbrous thing you may fancy at first; but take it about with you. It looks well on a man's dressing-table at a country house. It *poses* a man, you understand. I have known women come in and peep at it. A trifle you may say, my boy; but what is the use of flinging any chance in life away?" Now, when misfortune came, young Philip flung away all these magnificent follies. He wrapped himself *virtute sua*;

and I am bound to say a more queer-looking fellow than friend Philip seldom walked the pavement of London or Paris. He could not wear the nap off all his coats, or rub his elbows into rags in six months; but, as he would say of himself with much simplicity, "I do think I run to seed more quickly than any fellow I ever knew. All my socks in holes, Mrs. Pendennis; all my shirt-buttons gone, I give you my word. I don't know how the things hold together, and why they don't tumble to pieces. I suspect I must have a bad laundress." Suspect! My children used to laugh and crow as they sewed buttons on to him. As for the Little Sister, she broke into his apartments in his absence, and said that it turned her hair gray to see the state of his poor wardrobe. I believe that Mrs. Brandon put in surreptitious linen into his drawers. He did not know. He wore the shirts in a contented spirit. The glossy boots began to crack and then to burst, and Philip wore them with perfect equanimity. Where were the beautiful lavender and lemon gloves of last year? His great naked hands (with which he gesticulates so grandly) were as brown as an Indian's now. We had liked him heartily in his days of splendor; we loved him now in his threadbare suit.

I can fancy the young man striding into the room where his lordship's guests were assembled. In the presence of great or small, Philip has always been entirely unconcerned, and he is one of the half-dozen men I have seen in my life upon whom rank made no impression. It appears that, on occasion of this breakfast, there were one or two dandies present who were aghast at Philip's freedom of behavior. He engaged in conversation with a famous French statesman; contradicted him with much energy in his own language; and when the statesman asked whether monsieur was membre du Parlement? Philip burst into one of his roars of laughter, which almost breaks the glasses on a table, and said, "Je suis journaliste, monsieur, à vos ordres!" Young Timbury of the embassy was aghast at Philip's insolence; and Dr. Botts, his lordship's traveling physician, looked at him with a terrified face. A bottle of claret was brought, which almost all the gentlemen present began to swallow, until Philip, tasting his glass, called out, "Faugh. It's corked!" "So it is, and very badly corked," growls my lord, with one of his usual oaths. "Why didn't some of you fellows speak? Do you like corked wine?" There were gallant fellows round that table who would have drunk corked black dose, had his lordship professed to like senna. The old host was tickled and amused. "Your mother was a quiet soul, and your father used to bow like a dancing-master. You ain't much like him. I dine at home most days. Leave word in the morning with my people, and come when you like, Philip," he growled. A part of this news Philip narrated to us in his letter, and other part was given verbally by Mr. and Mrs. Mugford on their return to London. "I tell you, Sir," says Mugford, "he has been taken by the hand by some of the tip-

top people, and I have booked him at three guineas a week for a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*."

And this was the cause of my wife's exultation and triumphant "Didn't I tell you?" Philip's foot was on the ladder; and who so capable of mounting to the top? When happiness and a fond and lovely girl were waiting for him there, would he lose heart, spare exertion, or be afraid to climb? He had no truer well-wisher than myself, and no friend who liked him better, though, I dare say, many admired him much more than I did. But these were women for the most part; and women become so absurdly unjust and partial to persons whom they love, when these latter are in misfortune, that I am surprised Mr. Philip did not quite lose his head in his poverty, with such fond flatterers and sycophants round him. Would you grudge him the consolation to be had from these sweet uses of adversity? Many a heart would be hardened but for the memory of past griefs; when eyes, now averted, perhaps, were full of sympathy, and hands, now cold, were eager to soothe and succor.

RICHARD PORSON.

"PORSON, Sir, is the first Greek scholar in England: we all yield to him. Burney is the third. Who the second is, I leave you to guess."—Such was the oracular response of old Sam Parr, the sage of Hatton, so famous in his day for ponderous learning, tobacco-smoking, Whiggery, and shaggy eyebrows. Porson's claim to the chief place in this classical triad is conceded by all. Of Burney, however, and his "metrical conundrums," as Butler, of Shrewsbury, used to style them, and whom Lachmann, in his work on choral measures, called, not very politely, "*Summum litteratæ Britannicæ dedecus*," we must be allowed to entertain very serious doubts. As to the second niche in this temple of fame, which old "Dr. Bellenden" (so Porson nicknamed him) evidently reserved for himself, there is no great danger of its ever being filled by any bust of his. Posterity will judge him by his own Pindaric motto, and "the days that are left to come will prove," in his case at least, "the wisest witnesses."

And so Porson has at last found a regular biographer.* More fortunate in this respect than Bentley, he has had to wait *only* fifty-three years, while the latter remained unhonored by any regular and connected account of his labors for very nearly a century. Our cousins across the water, with their splendidly-endowed universities, and all the other appliances of scholarship, appear to us rather slow in writing the biographies of some of their eminent linguists, and even when these are at length written, we somehow or other think that their authors might have shown a little more ability. Monk's "Life of Bentley," for instance, is certainly rather prosy;

* *The Life of Richard Porson, M.A., etc.* By the Rev. JOHN SELBY WATSON, M.A., etc. London, 1861. 8vo.

and Mr. Watson would have appeared to much more advantage in his old vocation of making versions for Bohn's "blue-book series," than in coming forth as the biographer of Porson. Still, however, we are under obligations to him for giving us a very readable work, and one that can not fail to prove interesting to the rising generation of scholars, if we have any such non-descripts in this utilitarian and bank-note land of ours.

Richard Bentley and Richard Porson, the two Classical Richards of England, though of high emprise in deeds of scholarship, were both of lowly origin, mere proletarians, as the learned would say. The former was the son either of a tanner or a blacksmith (how fiercely old Cumberland used to kick at this, and insist that "grandfather Bentley" sprang from a family of rank and consideration!); the other was the son of a weaver, who was also clerk of the parish. Both, however, had remarkable mothers. Bentley's mother was a woman of excellent understanding, and taught him his Latin Accidence. Porson's, though of limited education, was familiar with the plays of Shakspeare, and fond of repeating the more popular and striking passages.—"Aha!" some advocate of "Woman's Rights" will here exclaim, "Physiology! Doric mothers! Transmission of intellectual qualities!" Very true. But then, these same estimable females, Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Porson, also cooked their husbands' dinners, kept their rooms clean, and carefully observed the other minor morals of housekeeping, which is a good deal more than most of our present "Doric mothers" do.

Porson's father, however, must also come in for his own share of praise. Though he had never read *Æschylus*, he still believed Memory to be "the mother of the Muses," and at a very early period set about cultivating in his son that peculiar faculty for which the latter became so conspicuous in after-years. Here we have young Master Dick, hatless, shoeless, slateless, and of course pencilless, figuring out sums in his own head, under the watchful ken of the old weaver, until, before he had completed his ninth year, the little fellow could work, by the unaided operations of his own brain, a question in the cube root. No wonder that the boy, when first sent to school, soon floored his teacher in arithmetic, and was pointed out as "the fellow who had beat the master!" No wonder, too, that the habit of mental concentration thus early acquired led the way to that astonishing development of the powers of memory for which he became so famous in after-days. With the doctrine of "bumps" we do not here intend to meddle (thorough heretics though we are on this point), not wishing to arouse the ire of Professor Fowler; but certainly, if that quality of the mind which we term memory can not be actually created, yet it may be improved to an extent of which Porson was a most felicitous instance. Talking of Porson's running about in early life without a hat, it may be as well to remark, that the popular belief, which at one time prevailed, that Porson's skull, owing probably to this ex-

posure when he was young, was found, on examination after death, to be of uncommon thickness, rests on no foundation whatever, but, much to the satisfaction, we may suppose, of the followers of Helvetius, was very like the skulls of other men.

The village prodigy soon excited the attention of the higher classes in the neighborhood, and arrangements were speedily made to give the boy a more regular education. He was at first placed under a private classical instructor, and, a fund having been raised for that purpose, was afterward, at the age of fifteen, transferred to Eton. Of his progress at this famous seat of learning we have only a meagre account. His instructors there, fettered by their "longs and shorts," and viewing every thing through the medium of "verse-making optics," appear to have rated him at rather a low figure. According to Porson's own statement, however, in after-years, he added but little to his acquirements at Eton, having read, before he went thither, almost all that was required from him in the school, and his chief delight here was hunting rats in the Long Hall! Only to think of those "distant spires," and "antique towers," and (horrid profanation) of "grateful science" adorning "her Henry's holy shade," and of young Porson, the future successor of Bentley, hunting rats in the holes and corners of that venerated edifice! One feels tempted to introduce a new reading into Gray's celebrated Ode:

"What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rat with folie speed,
Throughout yon ancient hall?"

From Eton next to the University of Cambridge, from the rat-abounding Long Hall to the proud portals of Trinity. Here again but little is known of the youth, except that the hunting for rats was succeeded by the hunting for roots, and that the talents which had remained undiscovered at Eton, gained for him the "Craven University Scholarship," without difficulty, in December, 1781. The epitaph "On the young Alexis," translated into Greek Iambics, which formed part of the examination for this prize, and which Porson is said to have completed in less than an hour, with the help only of Morell's *Thesaurus*, is given by Watson, Maltby, Kidd, and others. As these learned pundits, however, differ from one another in the fourth line, will some one of our college friends have the goodness to tell us what the true reading is?

Bachelor in 1782, and third senior optime among eighteen wranglers, soon afterward first chancellor's medallist, and, in the same year still, elected fellow of Trinity, an exception having been made in his case on account of his eminent abilities; such was Porson's early record, unstained as yet by the excesses of the wine-cup, and marked by habits of rigorous and persevering application. But now the scene changes. In proportion as he becomes distinguished his society is sought after, convivial habits are either formed or confirmed, and Porson, the first scholar of England, the Greek Professor of Cambridge,

the great critic, the demolisher of Travis, the castigator of Hermann, the far-famed editor of Euripides, passes regularly through the gradations of boon companion, tippler, and sot, and dies the death of a drunkard!

Those of our readers who wish to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with the details of Porson's life, we must refer to the work of Mr. Watson, which, imperfect though it be, will still be found to supply a great desideratum. Our present object is merely to give a popular account of the man, and we think that this object will be best accomplished by grouping together some of the more remarkable points of view under which his character is presented to us.

I.—PORSON AS A CRITIC.

Porson's preface to Toup's *Emendations of Suidas* will best show the nature of his own criticism. "I have never," he observes, "admired the practice of those critics, who exclaim *pulchre, bene, recte*, 'excellent, just, incontrovertible,' at every second or third word. Had I not, indeed, had the highest regard for Toup's abilities and learning, I should never have offered these observations, such as they are, on his writings. But I consider it to be the part of an editor or commentator to correct the errors and supply the deficiencies of his author. I have hardly ever, therefore, expressed mere assent to Toup's remarks, except when it seemed possible to support them by new arguments, or when they seemed to have been unreasonably assailed by other critics."

II.—PORSON AS AN EDITOR.

"There is one quality of the mind," says Bishop Turton, "in which it may be confidently affirmed that Porson had no superior; I mean the most pure and inflexible love of truth. Under the influence of this principle, he was cautious, and patient, and persevering in his researches; and scrupulously accurate in stating facts as he found them. All who were intimately acquainted with him bear witness to this noble part of his character, and his works confirm the testimony of his friends." Whenever, therefore, Porson cites an authority, you may be sure of his accuracy, and may rely implicitly on what he says. Imagination, indeed, he had none; but this only makes him the better editor, by confining his thoughts to the subject before him. His emendations show calm judgment. He is slow to alter, but when he makes an alteration, he makes it, almost always, with unquestionable success. The corrections of Bentley, as Watson remarks, do not make, in general, the same impression on the reader with those of Porson. The latter appears to alter the text because alteration was evidently necessary; Bentley, because he himself thought that it was necessary. Porson, as a corrector, offers good wine that needs no bush; Bentley is a host that must often use argument to recommend his fare. As Porson's touches remind us of Johnson's remark about a just restoration, Bentley's recall his say-

ing about doubtful alterations; for we can not help suspecting that the reading is right which requires many words to prove it wrong, and that the emendation is wrong, which can not without so much labor appear to be right. Bentley was often presumptuous and rash; Porson was to all critics an example of caution. Before he operated upon a passage, he took care to ascertain what others had done. He consulted not only commentaries, but translations, and, as we are assured on good authority, never wrote a note on any passage of an ancient author without carefully looking how it had been rendered by the different translators.

In the style of his notes Porson is entitled to high praise. His Latinity is clear and neat; occasionally somewhat dry and stiff, it is true, yet never disfigured by trite or affected phraseology. Here, however, our praises must end. He should have thrown far more of general information into his notes, and should have given us far more translations of difficult passages. It is well known that he scarcely ever condescends to explain a single passage in the whole of his lengthy notes to the four plays. His followers, the Porsonian school of critics, follow his example, and though conspicuous for varied learning and ingenuity, give us notes, as has justly been remarked, useless to the mere beginner, often tiresome even to the advanced student, and fitted only for professed critics. In the conflict that is now being waged between dull utilitarianism and classical learning, we must always bear in mind that the true mode of proving the pre-eminent claims of the Greek and Latin languages to cultivate at once the taste, the judgment, and the intellect, is to popularize their study, and render it more interesting, as well as more practically and generally useful. Give the student good notes, and plenty of them, and thus awaken in him the desire of becoming more intimately acquainted with all that is striking and beautiful in Classical Literature.

III.—PORSON AS A SCHOLAR.

Parr, on one occasion, when alluding to Porson, called him, in his usual pompous way, "a giant in literature; a prodigy in intellect; a critic, whose mighty achievements left imitation panting at a distance behind him," etc. In all this overwrought eulogy, however, there was little sincerity, and a great deal of exaggeration. Porson was undoubtedly the first Greek Attic scholar of his day, and in an acquaintance with the niceties of Greek metre, so far as the drama was concerned, was far ahead of all his contemporaries. In these respects he ranked far above Hermann, his old antagonist, against whom he always cherished the bitterest enmity. In point, however, of general knowledge, in compass of mind, in extent of Greek reading, and in philosophical investigation, we candidly think that Hermann was far in advance of him. This assertion, of course, will appear rank heresy to some, who have not forgotten the doggerel imitation of the old saw of Phocylides, about "the

Germans in Greek" being "sadly to seek;" but still it is the truth, and ought not to be kept back. At the present day, indeed, the classical scholarship of Britain bears no comparison with that of Germany, and even Oxford has had to call in German aid in editing her classics.

IV.—PORSON'S POWER OF MEMORY.

Of Porson's wonderful memory so many stories have been told, that only a few need here be mentioned. What was most remarkable, however, in regard to it, was not so much its retentiveness, as its power of producing at all times, and in all circumstances, the stores which it contained; and, singularly enough, whenever he fell into excess, his mind was less clouded, and his recollection more perfect than any other man's in the same condition. Nothing, it is said, came amiss to his memory. He would set a child right in his two-penny fable-book, repeat the whole of the moral tale of the Dean of Badajos, or a page of Athenæus on cups, or of Eustathius on Homer. Dr. Danney, of Aberdeen, told Mr. Maltby that, during a visit to London, he heard Porson declare that he could repeat Smollet's "Roderick Random" from beginning to end: and Mr. Richard Heber assured Maltby that soon after the appearance of the "Essay on Irish Bulls," Porson used, when somewhat tipsy, to recite whole pages of it *verbatim*, with great delight. He said that he would undertake to learn by heart a copy of the *Morning Chronicle* in a week. Basil Montague related that Porson, in his presence and that of some other persons, read a page or two of a book, and then repeated what he had read from memory. "That is very well," said one of the company, "but could the Professor repeat it backward?" Porson immediately began to repeat it backward, and failed only in two words. It may be remarked here that Porson often used to say that he would engage to remember any thing after having read it thrice. Priestley, the bookseller, used to relate that Porson was once in his shop, when a gentleman came in, and asked for a particular edition of Demosthenes, of which Priestley was not in possession. The gentleman being somewhat disappointed, Porson, whose attention was directed toward him, asked him whether he wished to consult any passage in Demosthenes. The gentleman replied in the affirmative, and specified the passage. Porson then asked Priestley for a copy of the Aldine edition, and, having received it, and turned over a few leaves, put his finger on the passage, showing not only his knowledge of the author, but his familiarity with the position of the passage in that particular edition. A similar anecdote used to be told of him by Mr. Cogan. One day Porson called on a friend who happened to be reading Thucydides, and who asked leave to consult him on the meaning of a word. Porson, on hearing the word, did not look at the book, but at once repeated the passage. His friend asked how he knew that it was that passage. "Because," replied Porson, "the word occurs only twice in

Thucydides, once on the right hand page, in the edition which you are using, and once on the left. I observed on which side you looked, and accordingly knew to which passage you referred."

On one occasion, when Porson, Reed, and some other of the literati, with John Kemble, were assembled at Dr. Burney's at Hammer-smith, and were examining some old newspapers in which the execution of Charles I. was detailed, they observed some particulars stated in them which they doubted whether Hume or Rapin had mentioned. Reed, who, being versed in old literature, was consulted as the oracle on the point, could not recollect; but Porson repeated a long passage from Rapin, in which the circumstances were fully noted. Archdeacon Burney, from whom Mr. Watson received this anecdote, assured the latter, at the same time, that he had often, when a boy, taken down Humphry Clinker, or Foote's plays, from his father's shelves, and heard Porson repeat whole pages of them walking about the room. One more instance. Mr. Gordon, in his "Personal Memoirs," says that Porson, having been invited to dine with him, and having come, by mistake, on Thursday instead of Friday, was kept to dinner on the Thursday, and, testifying no desire to go to bed when his host retired, was left with two bottles of wine before him, and an Italian novel, which he sat up all night reading, and of which, at a dinner-party the following day, he gave a translation from memory, and, though there were forty names mentioned in the story, he had forgotten only one of them. This slight failure in his recollection, however, annoyed him so much, that he started up, and paced round the room for about ten minutes, when, stopping suddenly, he exclaimed, "Eureka! The count's name was Don Francisco Averrani."

V.—PORSON'S CALLIGRAPHY.

One mode, in which Porson wasted much time, was in the practice of mere penmanship. He excelled, as all men know, in writing with neatness and beauty. He wrote notes on the margins of books with such studied accuracy that they rivaled print. He used to say, that Dr. Young had the advantage in "command of hand," but that he preferred the shape of his own letters to that of Young's. It is well known that the Porsonian Greek type of Cambridge was cut in imitation of his handwriting. That he was rather vain of this acquirement would appear from the story told by one of Parr's old pupils, of Porson's taking a small book out of his pocket, on one occasion after dinner, containing some of his writing, and allowing it to be handed round the table for the guests to look at. His rage for calligraphy was such, says Mr. Maltby, that he once offered to letter the backs of some of Mr. Richard Heber's vellum-bound classics. "No," said Heber, "I won't let you do that; but I shall be most thankful if you will write in an Athenæus some of those excellent emendations, which I have heard from you in conversation." Porson consented, Heber

sent him an interleaved copy of Casaubon's edition, which had belonged to Brunck, and in which Porson inserted the notes that were afterward published in the *Adversaria*. He often spent much time also in producing extremely small writing. A specimen is extant, comprising, in a circle of an inch and a half in diameter, the Greek verses on music from the *Medea* of Euripides, with Johnson's translation of them for Burney's *History of Music*, in all more than 220 words, with a considerable space left blank in the centre. It is written on vellum, a portion of a leaf which fell from the Photius which he copied.

VI.—PORSON'S INTEMPERATE HABITS.

We are told, in the *Menagiana*, that, on one occasion, certain spots having appeared on the disc of the sun, and having given rise to much conversation and alarm at Paris, a gentleman, on his being asked by a lady of the court what was the latest news, replied, "there are evil reports, Madam, respecting the sun." Just so with poor Porson. His eminent abilities only made his obliquities the more notorious. The record is a melancholy one, but yet calculated to prove useful. Partial friends have supposed that he may have found wine or spirits a relief to the asthma with which he was afflicted during much of his life, and that, in this way, habits of intemperance were gradually formed. Mr. Watson remarks, however, with more truth, that we must remember, that to drink to excess was one of the vices of the day in which Porson lived; when a capacity for three bottles was thought a necessary qualification for society; when noblemen and gentlemen fell senseless under the dinner-table, and were carried to bed by their servants; and when Pitt and Dundas, on whom Porson made his epigrams, rose reeling from a carouse to join the Senate. Something, too, perhaps should be said for the habit of sleeplessness from which Porson suffered, and which led him frequently to protract his sittings. Still it must be admitted that Porson's drinking was enormous.

Lord Byron says, that he remembers to have seen Porson at Cambridge, though not frequently; that in the hall, where he himself dined at the vice-master's table, and Porson at the Dean's, he always appeared sober in his demeanor, nor was he ever guilty, as far as his lordship knew, of any excess or outrage in public; but that in an evening, with a party of undergraduates, his behavior would often be of a very different character, as he would, in fits of intoxication, get into violent disputes with the young men, and revile them for not knowing what he thought they might be expected to know. Lord Byron had seen him, he says, take up a poker to one of them, using language corresponding in violence to the action, and once saw him go away in a rage because none of them knew the name of the "Cobbler of Messina," insulting their ignorance with the strongest terms of reprobation. In this condition his lordship used to see

him at Bankes's rooms, where he would pour forth whole pages of various languages, and distinguish himself especially by copious floods of Greek.

Of liquors his favorite was brandy, the drink of heroes. Mrs. Parr said that more brandy was drunk during three weeks that Porson spent at Hatton than during all the time that she had kept house before. He also indulged greatly in port, which he preferred to every other wine, as well at dinner as after it. This gave him a redness of nose to which he himself alludes in one of his letters, tracing a resemblance between it and "honest Bardolph's," or that of Sheridan, and it was often seen covered with bits of brown paper, as a kind of cooling and healing process. For tea and coffee he had no liking. At breakfast his favorite beverage was porter. One Sunday morning, when he was on a visit at Eton, he met Dr. Goodall, the Provost, going to church, and asked him where Mrs. Goodall was? "At breakfast," replied the Doctor. "Very well, then," rejoined Porson, "I'll go and breakfast with her." He accordingly presented himself at Mrs. Goodall's table, and, being asked what he chose to take, answered "Porter." Porter was in consequence sent for, pot after pot, and the sixth pot was just being carried into the house when Dr. Goodall returned from church.

Of his capacities of drinking and of sitting up at nights, extraordinary stories are told. The first evening which he spent with Horne Tooke, he never thought of retiring till the harbinger of day gave warning to depart. On another occasion, Tooke contrived to find out the opportunity of requesting his company when he knew that he had been sitting up the whole of the night before. This, however, made no difference; Porson sat up the second night also until sunrise. Tooke, on a third occasion, invited Porson to dine with him; and as he knew that Porson had not been in bed for the three preceding nights, he expected to get rid of him at an early hour. Porson, however, kept Tooke up the whole night; and in the morning the latter, in perfect despair, said, "Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee-house in Leicester Square." "Oh," replied Porson, "I will go with you;" and he accordingly did so. Soon after they had reached the coffee-house Tooke contrived to slip out, and, running home, ordered his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to batter down the door. "A man," observed Tooke, "who could sit up four nights successively, could sit up forty."

He would not scruple, according to Rogers, to return to the dining-room after the company had left it, pour into a tumbler the drops remaining in the wine-glasses, and drink off the omnium-gatherum. Indeed, he would drink liquids of all kinds. Tooke used to say, that he would drink ink rather than not drink at all. He was once sitting with a gentleman after dinner, in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill and confined to bed. A servant came into the room, sent thither by his

master, for a bottle of embrocation which was on the chimney-piece. "I drank it an hour ago," said Porson.

When Hoppner, the painter, was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson one afternoon unexpectedly arrived there. Hoppner said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. Hoppner had gone to town, and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson, however, declared that he would be content with a mutton-chop, and beer from the next ale-house; and accordingly staid to dine. During the evening Porson said, "I am quite certain that Mrs. Hoppner keeps some nice bottle for her private drinking, in her own bedroom; so, pray, try if you can lay your hands on it." His host assured him that Mrs. Hoppner had no such secret stores; but Porson insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hoppner, and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day, Hoppner, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. "Drunk every drop of it!" cried she. "My God, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!"

VII.—MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

"Porson," said Parr, "with all your learning, I do not think you well versed in metaphysics." "I presume you mean *your* metaphysics," was the reply.—On another occasion, the same personage asked the Professor what he thought of the origin of evil: "I see no good in it," answered the latter.—When the "Letters to Travis" first appeared, Rennell said, "It is just such a book as the devil would write, if he could hold a pen."—One day after dinner, a certain Captain Ash, who was always ready to warble, burst out, as usual, with a song. Porson hated singing after dinner, and, while Ash was in the middle of his song, an ass happening to bray in the street, Porson interrupted the Captain with, "Sir, you have a rival!"—A gentleman, who had heard that Bentley was born in the north, said to Porson, "Wasn't he a Scotchman?" "No, Sir," replied Porson, "Bentley was a Greek scholar."—To a gentleman, who, at the close of a fierce dispute with Porson, exclaimed "My opinion of you is most contemptible, Sir," he retorted, "I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible."—Porson, on one occasion, said that he would make, some say a rhyme, others a pun, on any thing. One of the company said, that he had better try one on the Latin gerunds. He immediately replied,

"When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was *Di-do-dum*."

The following playful epitaph has been attributed to him:

"Here lies a Doctor of Divinity;
He was a Fellow, too, of Trinity:
He knew as much about Divinity,
As other Fellows do of Trinity."

Porson's friends all thought that he would never marry, since he appeared to be a confirmed convivial bachelor. One night, however, while he was smoking his pipe with George Gordon, at the Cider Cellar, his favorite place of resort, he suddenly said, "Friend George, do you not think that the Widow Lunan is an agreeable sort of personage as times go?" Gordon said something in the affirmative. "In that case," continued Porson, "you must meet me to-morrow morning at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields at eight o'clock," and, without saying more, paid his reckoning and retired. Gordon was somewhat astonished, but, knowing that Porson was likely to mean what he said, determined to comply with the invitation, and repaired to the church at the hour specified, where he found Porson with Mrs. Lunan and a female friend, and the parson waiting to begin the ceremony. When service was ended, the parties separated, the bride and her friend retiring by one door, and Porson and Gordon by another. How long the Professor sat after the wedding dinner we are not told, but he afterward adjourned to the Cider Cellar, and staid there until eight the next morning. This is a good deal worse than Budæus, who is said to have studied eight hours on his wedding day.—Porson, on one of his visits to the Cider Cellar, met with a stranger who discoursed most learnedly on the *οἶνος κριθινος* of the ancients, suggesting that it might have been whisky, and who surprised Porson by the accuracy, variety, and extent of his information. He was never found out, notwithstanding all Porson's inquiries. A fortnight afterward Porson was asked about the existence of the devil: "Sir," said he, "I doubted his existence till I saw him seated in that chair a fortnight ago." It may be important, in connection with this affair of Porson's, to remark, that the devil has very rarely showed himself to classical scholars. He appeared on one occasion, indeed, to Salmasius, and excited the wonder of the latter by his splendid Latinity. He was floored, however, in Greek, when evoked by old Hermolaus Barbarus, and could not tell what the Aristotelian *ἐντελέχεια* meant. At another time he showed himself to the younger Scaliger, as we are told in the *Scaligerana Secunda*, under the form of a dark-complexioned man mounted on a black horse (the prototype probably of the black cavalry of Virginia), and the scholar came very near being soused by him into a marsh. Some of the company, it seems, had been swearing a great deal, and no doubt our friend Scaliger among the number. The elder Scaliger, however, had a supreme contempt for the devil, and maintained that he never made his appearance except to blockheads.

Here are some of Porson's charades, with which we will close our account of him:

I.

My first of unity's a sign,
My second ere we knew to plant,
We used upon my third to dine
If all be true the poets chant.

II.

My first is expressive of no disrespect
Yet I never shall call you it while you are by,
If my second you still are resolved to reject,
As dead as my third I shall speedily lie.

III.

If nature and fortune had placed me with you
On my first, we my second might hope to obtain;
I might marry you, were I my third, it is true,
But the marriage would only imbitter my pain.

IV.

My first is the lot, that is destined by fate
For my second to meet with in every state;
My third is by many philosophers reckoned
To bring very often my first to my second.

V.

My first, from the thief though your house it defends,
Like a slave, or a cheat, you abuse or despise;
My second, though brief, yet alas! comprehends
All the good, all the great, all the learned, all the
wise;
Of my third I have little or nothing to say,
Except that it marks the departure of day.

VI.

My first, 'tis said, in ghosts abounds,
And wheresoe'er she walks her rounds,
My second never fails to go,
Yet oft attends her mortal foe.
If with my third you quench your thirst,
You sink forever in my first.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS adjourned on the 6th of August. In the Senate Messrs. Wiley and Carlisle, appointed from Virginia, in place of Messrs. Hunter and Mason, were admitted to seats. The House resolved, at the opening of the Session, that it would only consider bills and resolutions relating to military and naval appropriations, and that all other bills should be referred without debate to the appropriate Committees, to be considered at the next regular Session. This resolution was subsequently modified, but nearly all the business of the Session related directly to war measures. The bills were mostly passed by very decided majorities, the votes against them in either House rarely exceeding half a dozen. The principal exceptions to this were the Tariff Act, which, as finally amended, was passed in the House by a vote of 89 to 39, and the Confiscation bill by 60 to 48. There were very few formal speeches made; the most noticeable of these were in the Senate, upon Mr. Wilson's bill indorsing the acts of the President. This was opposed at length by Messrs. Breckinridge and Powell of Kentucky, Polk of Missouri, and Bayard of Delaware. No direct vote was taken upon this bill. In the House the principal opponents of the war measures were Messrs. Wood of New York, Vallandigham of Ohio, and Burnet of Kentucky. Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky offered a resolution, which was passed almost unanimously, to the effect that the present war has been forced upon the country by the Southern disunionists; that the only object of the Government in prosecuting it is to maintain its integrity and the unity of the entire country, and that when these objects shall have been accomplished the war shall terminate. A similar resolution offered in the Senate, by Mr. Johnson of Tennessee, was passed by a vote of 30 to 5.—The following list comprises a synopsis of the most important public acts passed during the Session:

Authorizing a National Loan of \$250,000,000. The Secretary of the Treasury may borrow this amount within twelve months, for which he is to issue bonds or Treasury notes. The bonds to bear interest not exceeding 7 per cent., redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after twenty years; the treasury notes, of not less than \$50 each, payable after three years, with interest at the rate of 7 3-10 per cent. He may also issue Treasury notes of \$10 and upward, payable on demand without interest, or notes of similar denomination, payable in one year with interest 3 65-100 per cent.; but the issue of notes without interest shall not exceed \$50,000,000. The Secretary may open books of subscription to the loan; in case a larger amount is subscribed than is required, smaller subscriptions to have the preference. He may also issue proposals

for the sale of the bonds, and may accept such as he thinks proper, but no offer at less than par may be accepted. He may also negotiate the sale of not more than \$100,000,000 of this loan in foreign countries. The faith of the United States is pledged for the payment of the principal and interest of this loan. A supplementary Act authorizes the issue of Treasury notes of five dollars, instead of ten, as limited by the original Act.

Levying direct taxes, and increasing the tariff. A direct tax of \$20,000,000 per annum is imposed, the amount apportioned among the States in proportion to their representative population. The following is the sum assigned to each State and Territory:

Maine	\$420,826	Indiana	\$904,875
New Hampshire ..	218,496	Illinois	1,146,551
Vermont	211,063	Missouri	761,127
Massachusetts ..	824,581	Kansas	71,743
Rhode Island	116,963	Arkansas	261,836
Connecticut	303,214	Michigan	501,763
New York	2,603,918	Florida	77,522
New Jersey	450,134	Texas	255,106
Pennsylvania ...	1,946,719	Iowa	452,083
Delaware	74,681	Wisconsin	519,683
Maryland	436,823	California	254,533
Virginia	937,550	Minnesota	108,524
North Carolina ..	576,194	Oregon	35,140
South Carolina ..	363,570	New Mexico	62,640
Georgia	584,367	Utah	26,982
Alabama	523,313	Washington	7,755
Mississippi	413,084	Nebraska	19,321
Louisiana	385,886	Nevada	4,532
Ohio	1,567,089	Colorado	22,905
Kentucky	713,695	Dakota	3,241
Tennessee	669,498	Dist. Columbia ..	49,437

To collect this tax the Secretary of the Treasury may divide the country into suitable districts, appointing collectors and assessors, and making all needful regulations. The tax is assessed upon the value of lands, lots of ground, with their improvements and dwelling-houses, which are to be valued at what they are worth in money on the 1st of April, 1862. Property specially exempted from taxation by State laws, and property to the amount of five hundred dollars belonging to any person who resides upon the same, to be exempt from taxation. The act makes full provisions for the cases of fraudulent returns, and absentee property owners, and defaults in payment. In addition to this direct tax, an *income tax* is levied. Incomes less than \$800 per annum are not taxed; those above this amount, derived from salaries, profits, dividends, interests, or any source not included in the foregoing "direct tax," pay three per cent. upon the excess of income over \$800; persons residing abroad, deriving income from property in this country, pay 5 per cent. Any State may assume the collection and payment of the foregoing direct and income taxes; the State is then to be entitled to an abatement of 15 per cent. upon all amounts paid to the treasury of the United States before the last day of June, or 10 per cent. upon all paid in before the last day of September in the year to which the payment relates—the year commencing with the 1st of April. The collectors receive for their services, four per cent. upon the first hundred thousand dollars paid over by them, one per cent. upon the second hundred thousand, and one-half per cent. upon all further sums; but no one shall receive more than 8000 dollars. These taxes are due on the 13th of June, 1862; if not paid at that time six per cent. interest is to be added until paid; if not paid within 30 days after

due notice, the collector shall levy upon property, and in default of property, the delinquent is to be imprisoned until taxes and costs are paid; but he may be released from imprisonment in the manner provided for release from custody for the non-payment of State taxes, or by order of the Secretary of the Treasury. In case the taxes can not be collected in any State, by reason of insurrection, they are to be collected, with interest, when the authority of the United States is re-established.

To provide for increased revenue from imposts. The most important additions made by this tariff are that tea pays 15 cents per pound and coffee 4 cents; these were formerly free. Raw sugar pays 2 cents, and white sugar 2½, instead of ¼ cents, refined and loaf sugars 4 cents, instead of 2. The duty on silks is increased 10 per cent.; on wines 10 per cent.; on brandy it is raised from \$1 to \$1 25; on distilled spirits from 40 to 50 cents; and on molasses from 2 to 5 cents per gallon. This bill forms a part of tax-bill, as finally passed.

Providing for the collection of duties in disaffected States. The President may order these to be collected at a port of delivery, or upon shipboard, or where they can not be so collected in any district he may by proclamation close the ports of that district; any vessel from abroad attempting to enter these ports to be forfeited. When any part of a State is in insurrection against the United States, the President may by proclamation forbid all commercial intercourse with the remainder of the States, all goods, proceeding to or from these portions, with the vessels or vehicles conveying them, to be forfeited. But he may license commercial intercourse in such articles, and to such extent, as he deems advisable. Vessels belonging wholly or in part to citizens of the insurrectionary States, found at sea or in any port of the loyal States fifteen days after the issue of the proclamation, to be forfeited. But the forfeitures under this act may be remitted or mitigated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Authorizing the employment of volunteers to aid in enforcing the laws and protecting public property. Authorizes the President to accept the services of volunteers, not exceeding 500,000 in number, cavalry, artillery, or infantry; they are to be enlisted for the war, and are to be subject to the rules of the articles of war, and to be in all respects on the same footing as similar corps in the United States army. The President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, is to appoint such major-generals and brigadier-generals as are, in his judgment, required for the organization of the volunteers.

Increasing the pay of volunteers. Non-commissioned officers and privates shall receive two dollars a month in addition to their former pay, making 13 dollars a month for privates; in lieu of clothing they shall be paid three dollars and fifty cents a month additional; they shall receive rations computed at nine dollars a month; if wounded in battle, they will be awarded the same pension as is given a disabled soldier of the regular army; and if death ensues from wounds received, the widow, or, if there be none, the legal heirs, shall receive, in addition to all arrearages of pay and allowances, the sum of one hundred dollars. Bounties are to be paid to troops who re-enlist for the war. If they enlist individually, they receive 30 dollars; if by companies of not less than 64 men, 50 dollars each; if a whole regiment re-enlists, each man receives 75 dollars.

Increasing the present military establishment of the United States. In addition to the present regular army there are to be enlisted nine regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery; this increase is to be for service during the present insurrection; and within one year after constitutional authority shall be restored, the number of the army may be reduced to 25,000 men, unless otherwise ordered by Congress.

Providing for the suppression of rebellion. This act authorizes the President to call out by proclamation the militia and employ the land and naval force to execute the laws, when necessary. The militia so called out to receive the same pay and allowances as the regular army. Any officer or private failing to obey the proclamation to forfeit a sum not less than one month's or more than one year's pay.

Making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1862, and for arrearages for the preceding year. This act makes appropriations to the amount of about \$180,000,000. The following are some of the principal items; we give the sums in millions of dollars: For pay of the army, 4 millions; for pay of three months' volunteers, 3¼ millions; for pay of two and three years' volunteers, 55 millions; for subsistence of regular troops, 2¼ millions; for subsistence of two and three years' volunteers, 23 millions; for regular supplies in quarter-master's department, 14 millions; for incidental expenses of quarter-master's department, 7¼ millions; for purchase of dragoon and artillery horses, 10¼ millions; for trans-

portation of the army, 16½ millions; for gun-boats on Western waters, 1 million; for hire of quarters, etc., 1¼ millions; for clothing and camp equipage, 13¼ millions; for ordnance and supplies, 2 millions; for the manufacture of arms, 2¼ millions; for amount to refund to the States expenses incurred in sending out volunteers, 10 millions.

Making appropriations for the naval service for the year ending June 30, 1862, and for arrearages for the preceding year. This bill makes appropriations to the amount of about \$30,000,000. The following are the principal items, also given in millions of dollars: For pay of officers and seamen, 7 millions; for repair and equipment of vessels, 8¼ millions; for fuel, 1 million; for ordnance and stores, 3¼ millions; for the completion of seven screw sloops, 1¼ millions; for provisions, 2 millions; for contingent expenses, 1 million; for arrearages due on purchase, charter, and fitting out of vessels, 4 millions.

Providing for the temporary increase of the navy, appropriating \$3,000,000 for the hire and purchase of vessels, and for the payment of officers and men.

Appropriating two millions of dollars to defray the cost of transporting and delivering arms and munitions of war to the loyal citizens of States now in insurrection against the United States, and for defraying the expenses of organizing these citizens for protection against rebellion or invasion.

Appropriating \$10,000,000 for the purchase of arms and equipments for the volunteers and regular troops.

Directing the Secretary of the Treasury to remit duties paid by any State upon arms imported for the use of troops engaged in suppressing insurrection.

Appropriating \$10,000,000 for the purchase and manufacture of arms, ordnance, and ordnance stores.

Authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay to each State the costs incurred in fitting out and sending its troops to aid in suppressing the present insurrection.

Directing all letters sent prepaid to soldiers, directed to any place where they have been stationed, to be forwarded to the places where they have been removed, without extra charge.

Defining and punishing conspiracies. If two or more persons in any State or Territory combine together to overthrow the Government of the United States, seize its property, or obstruct the execution of its laws, they are to be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both: fines to be not less than five hundred or more than five thousand dollars; imprisonments to be not less than six months or more than six years.

Confiscating property used for insurrectionary purposes. —This act provides that, in the present or any future insurrection, any property given to aid such insurrection, or used for that purpose with the knowledge and consent of the owner, shall be subject to seizure and confiscation: any person claiming service or labor from any other person, under the laws of any State, who shall employ such person in aiding or abetting the insurrection, forfeits all right to this service or labor, any law to the contrary notwithstanding.

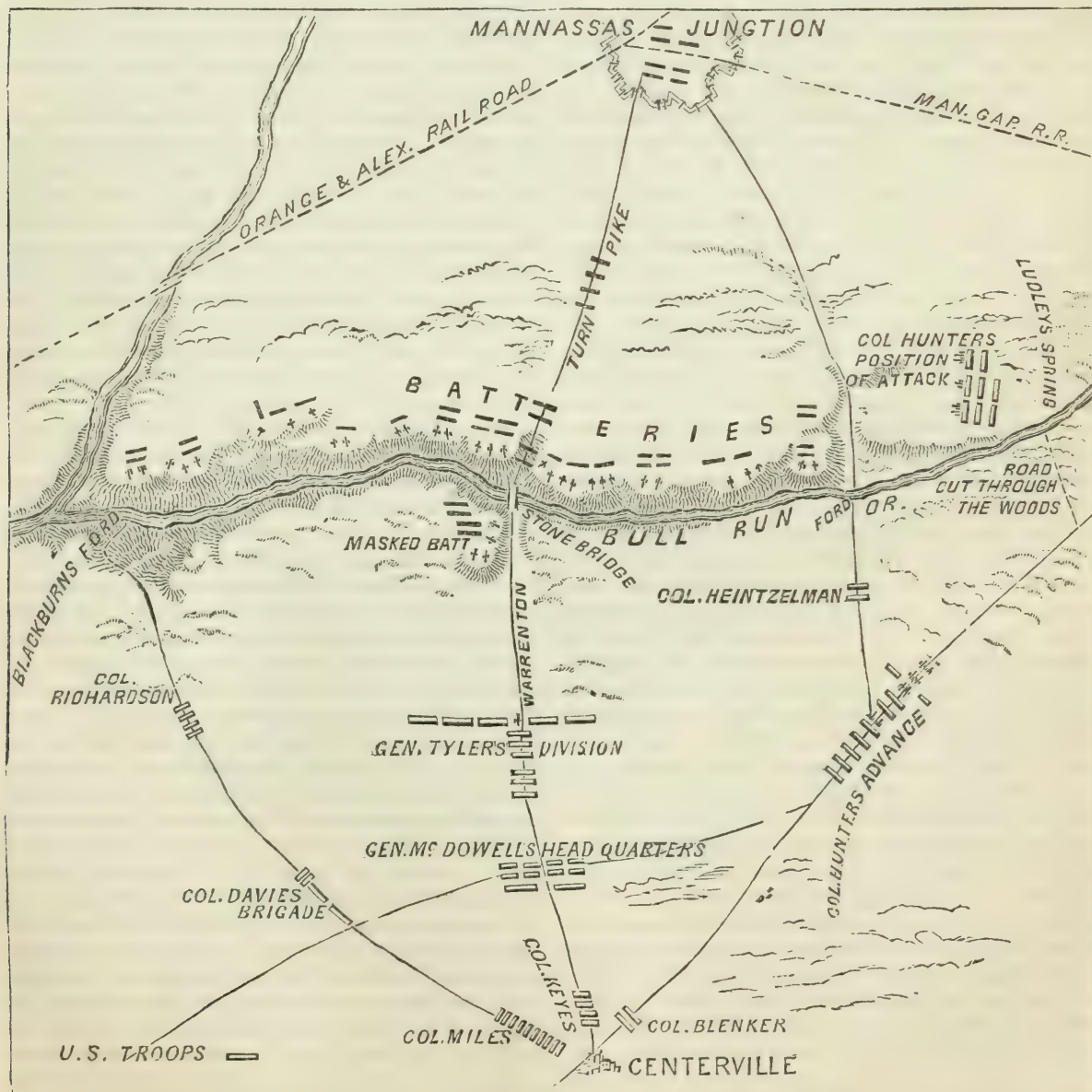
The military operations of the month have been of decided importance. In Western Virginia the Federal troops, under command of General McClellan, have met with brilliant success in several engagements. On the 11th of July an action took place at Rich Mountain, where a body of Confederates, commanded by Colonel Pegram, were attacked and defeated by the Ohio and Indiana troops, commanded by General Rosencranz, with a loss of 60 killed; they also lost all their guns and camp equipage. Colonel Pegram, and the remnant of his command, amounting to 600 men, surrendered themselves prisoners of war. Two days after General Garnett, the commander of the Confederate army in this section, while retreating from Laurel Hill, where he had been posted, was overtaken by the Federal troops under General Morris, at Carrick's Ford. They made a stand, but were defeated with a loss stated at some hundreds; among the killed was General Garnett. Several other minor actions of less consequence took place in this region, the result of all being in favor of the Federal troops. General McClellan, in an order to his army, dated July 19, thus sums up the results of the campaign to that day: "Soldiers of the Army of the West: You have annihilated two armies, commanded by educated and experienced soldiers, intrenched

in mountain fastnesses, and fortified at their leisure. You have taken five guns, twelve colors, fifteen hundred stand of arms, one thousand prisoners, including more than forty officers. One of the second commanders of the rebels is a prisoner, the other lost his life on the field of battle. You have killed more than two hundred and fifty of the enemy, who has lost all his baggage and camp equipage. All this has been accomplished with the loss of twenty brave men killed, and sixty wounded on your part."—General M'Clellan having been called to Washington, after the disaster at Bull Run, the command in Western Virginia devolved upon General Rosenzanz, who, on the 7th of August, announced to the Government that the enemy had been driven from the valley of the Kanawha, and asking for the resumption of the United States mail service.

General Patterson's division, which crossed the Potomac above Harper's Ferry on the 2d of July, was expected to follow the Confederate troops under General Johnston, who had abandoned Harper's Ferry, and at all events prevent them from uniting with the main body at Manassas Junction. Johnston fell back as far as Winchester; but Patterson did not advance beyond Martinsburg; and as the event showed did nothing to prevent the junction of the Confederate forces. He reports that the enemy were reinforced so as to outnumber his own, and that his forces were composed in a great measure of

volunteers whose term was about to expire. The advance of this column accomplished nothing, and to its failure may be attributed the disaster at Bull Run. General Patterson, a few days before the close of his time of service, was superseded by General Banks, and this division of the army returned across the Potomac to Maryland.

The main column of the army, commanded by General M'Dowell, commenced the passage of the Potomac opposite Washington on the 7th of July; but it was more than a week before the division was collected, and then many of the regiments advanced without ever having been collected into a brigade. But on the 16th General M'Dowell left Arlington, though poorly prepared to advance; but the period of the service of many of his troops was about to expire; in a few days he would have lost 10,000 of his best men from this cause. The design was to reach Centreville, some seven miles from Manassas, on the 17th, and bring on a battle on the 19th. But the obstructions of the road, and the condition of the men, who were unaccustomed to marching, caused a delay of two full days, giving the enemy time to concentrate their forces. On the evening of the 20th M'Dowell's command was mainly at Centreville, while the enemy was at or near Manassas. The accompanying diagram will illustrate the account of the battle of the following day, condensed from M'Dowell's official report: Midway between Centre-



ville and Manassas is a small stream called Bull Run. A reconnoissance made on the 18th, resulting in a partial engagement under General Tyler, had shown that Blackburn's Ford, one passage over the Run, was strongly fortified; so also was the Stone Bridge on the Warrenton turnpike, the direct road from Centreville to Manassas. Three miles west of the bridge is a ford at Sudley's Spring, which was supposed to be undefended, between which and the bridge was a defended ford. It was therefore resolved to cross at this upper ford, and having guarded the lower ford and bridge, to send a detachment to destroy a portion of the Manassas Railroad, and thus break up the communication between the forces at Manassas and those supposed to be held in check at Winchester by General Patterson. The divisions were ordered to march at half past two o'clock on the morning of the 21st, rations for three days having been given out on the previous evening. A strong force was to hold the road from Blackburn's Ford, to prevent our left from being turned by the enemy; General Tyler was to move on the Warrenton road, and cannonade the enemy's batteries near the bridge, while Colonel Hunter's division, following after, was to turn northward to the upper ford, and having crossed this, to turn south, and thus gain the rear of the enemy's batteries; and in the mean while, Colonel Heintzelman's division was to follow Hunter's for a distance, and then turn to the lower ford, where he was to cross, after the enemy had been driven off by Hunter. These movements are clearly shown on the map. Tyler commenced fire at half past six A. M., but was not answered from the enemy's batteries, which led to the suspicion that the Confederate forces were not in force in front, but intended themselves to attack our left by way of Blackburn's Ford. Hunter's division found the road to the upper ford longer than had been anticipated. The crossing was effected, and Hunter's division, reinforced by Heintzelman's, advanced southward toward the Warrenton turnpike, while Tyler fired upon the bodies of the enemy who were advancing in front of him upon the troops who had just crossed. The main battle-field was thus on the west side of Bull Run, between Sudley's Spring and the Warrenton turnpike. The Confederate troops were, after severe fighting, pressed back for a mile and a half beyond the Warrenton road, when reinforcements arrived for the Confederates. These consisted of the residue of General Johnston's army, which had just arrived from Winchester, a part having been on the ground previously. The Federal troops were exhausted. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon; they had been up since two in the morning, and after a weary march had been fighting for five hours; many of them had eaten nothing, having thrown away the rations with which they had been supplied the previous night. The fresh troops of the Confederates threw themselves into the woods on our right, and drove our forces back; the retreat then became a rout, soon degenerating into a panic. The enemy followed only a short distance, but at the crossing of the ford, where the road was blocked up by the flying masses, occasioned much loss. By sundown the greater portion of our men had got beyond Centreville; but so utterly demoralized were our forces that no attempt was made at a stand; and the fragments of the army rushed back to Arlington, and occupied the positions which they had left but five days before. During the action they fought with unquestioned bravery, and almost secured a victory, against large odds, both in numbers and position; but the arrival of

Johnston's reinforcements turned the scale, and the result was a defeat, which might have been fatal had the enemy followed up his advantage. The most disgraceful part of the affair, as reported by General M'Dowell, is the conduct of the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment of volunteers and the battery of the volunteer artillery of the New York Eighth Militia. Their term had expired on the eve of the battle. They insisted on being discharged, refusing to remain even for a few days longer. They marched off the next morning, moving to the rear to the sound of the enemy's cannon, while their former comrades were advancing to battle. The Federal troops who crossed Bull Run numbered 18,000. Their loss is officially stated as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.
Officers	19	64
Privates	462	947
Total	481	1011

Many of the wounded received but slight hurts. The total number disabled will probably be less than 1000. The number returned as missing is 1216; how many of these are prisoners it is impossible to say; but the number is undoubtedly large. The loss of arms and munitions was about 17 rifled cannon, 8 smooth bores, 2500 muskets, 150 boxes of small-arm ammunition, 80 boxes cannon ammunition, 13 wagons of provisions, 8000 knapsacks and blankets. The whole number of cannon taken into the action was 49 pieces, of which 28 were rifled.

Directly after the battle of Bull Run General M'Clellan was summoned from Western Virginia, and placed at the head of the division of the army near Washington.—General Frémont has reached his field of command, making St. Louis his headquarters. General Banks commands the division of the Upper Potomac, having superseded General Patterson.—General Butler, apprehending an attack upon his post at Hampton, withdrew his forces; the town was abandoned by the greater portion of the population. On the 2d of August General Magruder advanced from Yorktown with a large body of Confederates, and on the night of the 7th set fire to Hampton, giving the remaining inhabitants only a few minutes to escape; the village was almost entirely consumed.

General Butler, in command at Fortress Monroe, has asked the direction of the Government as to the disposition to be made of the slaves who seek refuge at the fortress, of whom there were nearly a thousand.—Secretary Cameron replied that it was the desire of the President that all existing rights in the States be maintained; and hence no question could arise as to fugitives from service in loyal States and Territories; but in States wholly or in part under insurrectionary control, the rights dependent upon the execution of the laws must temporarily fail; and in States within which military operations are conducted, the rights dependent upon the laws of the States must of necessity be subordinated to the exigencies created by the insurrection, if not wholly forfeited by the treasonable conduct of parties claiming them. By a recent Act of Congress if persons held to service are employed in hostility to the United States, the right to such services is forfeited; hence no claim can be recognized by the military authority of the Union for the services of such persons, when fugitives. In respect to persons escaping from the service of loyal masters in these States, the Secretary concludes that the rights of the masters will be best subserved by receiving the fugitives into the service of the United States, and employing

them as circumstances may require, keeping a record of all the facts and circumstances, so that upon the return of tranquillity Congress may be able to provide for their return, and for just compensation to the masters. In the mean while General Butler is directed not to permit any interference by his troops with the servants of peaceful citizens in the house or field, nor to encourage them to leave their masters; nor, except in cases where the public good may seem to require it, to prevent the voluntary return of any fugitive to the service from which he may have escaped.

The blockade of the Southern ports is far from efficient. A large number of privateers have succeeded in evading the blockading vessels, and putting out to sea. They are mostly vessels of light draft, capable of running into inlets where ships of war can not follow them. They have made many prizes; at least fifty merchant vessels are known to have been captured. The most successful of these privateers have been the steamer *Sumter* and the brig *Jeff Davis*. The *Sumter*, formerly the *Marquis de la Habana*, belonging to General Miramon, was captured by the United States, and taken to New Orleans, where she was seized by the Confederates. She is commanded by Raphael Semmes, formerly a lieutenant in the United States Navy. She succeeded in running the blockade of the mouth of the Mississippi, and is known to have captured eight vessels off the coast of Cuba; one of these was burned at sea, the others were taken to the port of Cienfuegos, in Cuba; these were given up by the Spanish Government to the United States. Three of these prizes have reached New York, having been convoyed for a part of the way by the United States steamer *Cru-sader*, which had been sent to look out for the *Sumter*.—The *Jeff Davis*, supposed to be the former slaver *Echo*, is known to have taken three prizes. The most valuable of these was the schooner *S. J. Waring*, captured within 200 miles of New York. The privateer took away the captain, mates, and two seamen, putting in their place five men as prize crew, and leaving on board William Tillman, the colored steward, two seamen, and Bryce Mackinnon, a passenger. The vessel was then steered toward Charleston. The steward imagined that he had discovered a design to sell him as a slave, and determined to retake the vessel. One of the crew agreed to join him, the other, named M'Leod, refused. On the 16th of July, the vessel being not far from Charleston, Tillman, taking an opportunity when the prize captain and mates were asleep, killed them successively with a hatchet, and, assisted by his comrade, threw the bodies overboard, and then assuming the command of the vessel, brought her to New York, with the two surviving members of the prize crew.—Another Confederate privateer, the *Petrel*, was taken off the coast of South Carolina by the frigate *St. Lawrence*, on the 1st of August. The privateer, formerly the United States revenue cutter *Aiken*, mistook the frigate for a merchantman, and fired upon her; the *St. Lawrence* answered with a broadside which cut her completely in two, and she sunk almost on the instant. Of her crew 5 were lost, the remainder, 36 in number, being picked up by boats from the *St. Lawrence*, and taken to Philadelphia.—President Davis sent a flag of truce to the President of the United States, threatening that the same treatment and the same fate would be given to the prisoners held by the Confederates as shall be experienced by those persons captured on the *Savannah*.

In *Missouri* affairs are assuming a critical position. As noted last month, Governor Jackson, abandoning the capital, proceeded southwest toward Arkansas, where troops were gathering, under the command of Major M'Culloch, the Texan Ranger, joined by bodies of the Missouri "State Guard." General Lyon, with United States troops and bodies of the "Home Guard," proceeded in the same direction. Several skirmishes have taken place in different parts of the State, mostly in the southwest. One of the most important of these occurred at Carthage, on the 5th of July, the Federal troops being commanded by Colonel (now General) Siegel, and the Confederates by General Rains, in which the former had a decided advantage, although, being greatly outnumbered, he retreated to Springfield, toward which place General Lyon was advancing. On the 1st of August General Lyon, learning of the approach of M'Culloch, advanced to meet him; on the following day a skirmish occurred at Dug Spring, nineteen miles from Springfield, in which a gallant charge was made by a small body of cavalry upon a superior force of the enemy, who retired. General Lyon, having but four days' rations, did not pursue, but returned to Springfield on the 4th. At the latest dates, the enemy were concentrating in large numbers in this quarter, and a decisive engagement was hourly expected.—In the mean while the State Convention re-assembled at Jefferson City, and on the 30th of July, by a vote of 56 to 25, passed an ordinance vacating the offices of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, and members of Assembly, and appointing a new election for these offices, to be held on the first Monday of November. Hamilton R. Gamble was appointed by the Convention as temporary Governor. He issued a proclamation enjoining all citizens to enroll themselves in military organizations for the defense of the State; announcing that the late law of the Assembly, called the "Military Law," was abrogated by the Convention, and ordering all troops enlisted under it to disband. He promises full security to all who have taken up arms at the call of the late Government, if they return to their homes. The officers and troops of the Confederate States who have invaded Missouri are informed that their presence is against the will of the people of the State, and they are notified to depart at once. The choice which has been made for temporary Governor, he says, "will satisfy all that no countenance will be afforded to any scheme or to any conduct calculated in any degree to interfere with the institution of Slavery existing in the State; but that institution will be protected to the very utmost extent of the executive power."

The Confederate Congress is in session at Richmond. The sessions being close, little definite information of its proceedings is given in the Southern papers. It is understood, however, that large additions to the army are to be called for. Mr. Toombs, having accepted an appointment as General in the army, has resigned his post of Secretary of State, Hon. R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia succeeding him.—The Rev. Leonidas Polk, Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, has been appointed Major-General in the Confederate Army, to have chief command on the Mississippi.

The election has been held in *Kentucky* for members of the Legislature and for several State officers. A very large majority of the members chosen to the Legislature are in favor of the Union. The aggregate Union majority is estimated at about 60,000 in the State.

Literary Notices.

Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa, by PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Some months since we gave, in advance of its publication, a full analysis of this remarkable book. It has since been republished in England, where it has been subjected to the ordeal of the most searching criticism. Some obscurity in dates, arising from a desire to present the different journeys in a geographical connection rather than in strict chronological order, was made the pretext for throwing doubt upon the credibility of Mr. Du Chaillu's narrative. It was fortunate for the author that the collections of animals and implements which he brought with him furnished substantive proofs of the most incredible of his statements. One might have doubted his account of the gorilla were it not for the skins and skeletons contained in his collection. His account of the strange kind of semi-civilization existing among the interior tribes, who have never seen a white man, is corroborated by the numerous implements and manufactures which are wholly unlike any thing ever before brought before the civilized world. Professor Owen, the most eminent zoologist of the day, says that Mr. Du Chaillu has furnished "the amplest, rarest, and most interesting illustrations of the lower creatures that have ever reached Europe." His geographical theory of the existence of a chain of lofty mountains stretching across the continent from east to west, almost on the line of the equator, put forth against the express opinion of Barth, and the implied doubts of Livingstone, is confirmed by every traveler who has penetrated at all into that unknown belt of Africa. Captain Burton, whose explorations come nearer to those of Du Chaillu than those of any other traveler, gives assurance of his full belief in the accuracy of Mr. Du Chaillu's accounts of the country and its inhabitants. The many hundreds of persons who became personally acquainted with him during the many months of his residence in this country while preparing his book, will need no guarantee for its truthfulness. They were sure, from the first, that it must be received as by far the most interesting as well as the most valuable of recent books of travel and adventure. It throws light upon a hitherto unknown part of that great continent which every thing goes to show will soon come to take a prominent place in the regard of the civilized world.

Framley Parsonage; a Novel, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Mr. Trollope has within a few years, by a rapid succession of clever novels, won a place among the foremost of the younger writers of fiction. As a simple story-teller he fairly rivals Wilkie Collins. His characters are hearty flesh-and-blood beings, such as one is quite sure are to be found in every town in England; they live, move, and talk in accordance with their nature. They go through no adventures which might not reasonably be expected would happen to them. "Framley Parsonage," which for many months formed the main attraction of the *Cornhill Magazine*, fairly eclipsing Mr. Thackeray's "Lovel the Widower," which appeared simultaneously with it, loses nothing by its publication in a collected form. The readers of "Doctor Thorne," the best of Mr. Trollope's previous novels, will be pleased to meet with some of their old acquaintances. We have glimpses of Frank Gresham and Mary, of the Duke of Omnium, Lady Scatterd, and of good Doctor Thorne himself; and a full view of

queer, downright, sharp-sighted, clever Miss Dunstable, the millionaire proprietress of the Balm of Lebanon—one of the most thoroughly original characters of modern fiction. Taken altogether, "Framley Parsonage" is one of the very best of the novels of a period which has produced "The Woman in White," "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," and "Great Expectations." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Military Dictionary. By Colonel H. L. SCOTT, Inspector-General U. S. A. (Published by D. Van Nostrand.) This is an Encyclopædia rather than a Dictionary of Military Science; for while mere technical terms are defined as briefly as possible, all leading topics relating to the raising and maintenance of troops, materials and munitions of war, military law and administration, are treated in elaborate and exhaustive articles. Thus, from ten to twenty pages each are devoted to "Small-arms," "Artillery," "Booby," "Bridges," "Cooking," "Execution of the Laws" by military officers, "Injuries" inflicted by them, and the mode of redress. The article on "Rifled Ordnance" is especially valuable, containing illustrated descriptions of the Lancaster, Whitworth, and Armstrong guns, Columbiads, James's projectiles. The description of the United States rifled musket is illustrated with more than one hundred diagrams, representing in detail every part of the gun and its appendages, with minute directions for cleaning, repairing, and keeping it in order. The article on "Cooking" embodies specific directions for preparing every article of food adapted for the army. The various articles on military law and its relations to the civil power are of the highest value both to soldiers and civilians. While the plan of the work embraces every topic pertaining to military science, the position and acquirements of the author furnish abundant guarantees for its accuracy and reliability. The work has not been hastily compiled to meet a temporary emergency; but has been the labor of years. It should be made a text-book for the study of every volunteer officer. Any one of competent natural capacity who, in addition to the ordinary drill duties has mastered the contents of this work, ought to be able to take command of a company in camp or field.

Primary Object Lessons: a Manual for Teachers and Parents, by N. A. CALKINS. The fundamental idea of this work is that primary education should aim to develop the observing powers, rather than, as is the usual plan, to exercise the memory. For this purpose a series of interesting exercises has been framed to develop the ideas of form, color, number, size, weight, sound, and place. The idea of the work is an admirable one; and no parent or teacher who will master its plan can fail to appreciate the advantages which it offers. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Fifth Reader of the School and Family Series, by MARCIUS WILLSON, develops still further the admirable idea upon which the series is based—that of combining useful knowledge with instruction in reading. This volume contains carefully prepared introductions to the study of Botany, Chemistry, several departments of Zoology, Human Physiology, Architecture, Natural Philosophy, Physical Geography, and Geology. Each of these departments of knowledge possesses a literature of its own, some of the choicest specimens of which are given as illustrations in connection with more formal lessons.

Thus Holmes's "Living Temple" appears in the section on Physiology; Mrs. Sigourney's "Coral Insect" and Bryant's "Prairies" in Physical Geography; Longfellow's "Sea-Weed" in Botany. This arrangement can not fail to impress upon the mind of the learner the cardinal principle that in the department of imaginative literature, as every where else, truth to nature and fact is an essential element of beauty. Mr. Willson modestly calls his scientific sections "Introductions." They are more than this: they are so far complete treatises that the more advanced pupil, who has repeatedly gone over them merely as ordinary exercises in reading, will have almost insensibly acquired an amount of information greater than that possessed by most well-educated people. The illustrations to this volume are excellent. Those in the different departments of Zoology are equal to any thing to be found in the best foreign scientific works; and those in each division being drawn to a uniform scale, the pupil sees at a glance not only the form, but the relative size of the animals represented. In respect to excellence of plan, completeness of execution, and beauty of appearance, this series of Readers is far in advance of any thing which has ever before been attempted in this department of school books. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Vetromile Wewessi Ubibian: elit'bi'klang'sa K'tchi-ulameuhanganal—"Of Vetromile's Noble Bible: Such as happened Great-Truths". This volume, published by Rennie, Shea, and Lindsay, at *Manhattan Udenek* ("New York Village"), is prepared by "EUGENE VETROMILE, Indian Patriarch, Corresponding Member of the Maine Historical Society, etc." (*Alnambay Patlias, Maine Hannekanadzemuhangan Ketchi-awikhighè*), for the benefit of the Penobscot, Micmac, and other tribes of the Abenaki Indians. It contains a summary of Biblical History and Catholic doctrine in the Penobscot and Micmac dialects, with a literal English translation. In a few years this book will be a curiosity in literature, as a memorial of a language no longer spoken or understood. We give the Lord's Prayer in both dialects. In Penobscot it reads: "Tani edutchi aiamihàn, k'ditâmen. K'mitankusena, Spomkik eyane, weweselmogwodetch eli wizyane, ketepêltemwangan petzussewitch; keteleltamwangan uli kiktangwadetch tali kik tahanlaho te Spomkik. Manmiline nikwamb' bemghiskak etaskiskwè n'tapan'mena; te anehêltamiwinè nepalalokkewangannawal, tanhanlawi nyona eli anehêltamahukt ewanpalellokedjik; te ekkwi elossaline unemihotwangane, wetchi kighehièku tannil mematchikkil. Nialetch." In the Micmac it reads: "Elajudmayogwel n'didohep, Nuschinen wajok ebin, tchiptook delwigin meguidèdemek, wajok n'telidânen tchiptook ignemwièk, ula nemûlek uledèchinen; natel wajok deli chkedulk, tchiptook deli chkedulek makamiguek eimek. Delamûkubeniguel echemièguel, apch neguèch kichkook delamuktech penegunnemwin nilûnen; deli abikchiktachik wegaiwinametnik, elpkil deli abikchiktwin elwèultiek; melkenin mech winnehudil mu k'tygalinen, keginukamkel winnehigwel twaktwin. N'delietch." The literal English rendering is as follows: "When you pray, say, Our Father, who are seated in heaven; that your name be respected; grant to us to see you in heaven; as they obey you in heaven, so may we obey you upon the earth, where we are. In the same manner that you have given it to us, so also at present give to us our nourishment; as we forgive them who have offended us, in the same manner you forgive us our faults.

Hold us strongly by the hand, that we may not fall; remove from us sufferings, evils. May it be so."

Harper and Brothers have recently added to their collection of *Greek and Latin Texts* Cæsar, Cicero de Senectute, and Lucretius, put forth with the same accuracy and neatness which characterize the former volumes of the series.—FARRADAY'S *Chemical History of a Candle*, a series of lectures delivered before a juvenile auditory, is a perfect model of what a popular lecture on a scientific subject should be. The phenomena presented in the manufacture and combustion of a candle are presented in such a form as to be comprehensible by any intelligent youth; yet there is not a law under which any part of the physical universe is governed which does not come fairly into play, and may not be illustrated in a lecture on a candle—provided that the lecturer is Farraday.—The *History of Margaret of Anjou* is another of the admirable series of biographies produced by JACOB ABBOTT. The lives of few historical women present so many remarkable personal and political vicissitudes as that of the Queen of the feeble Henry VI. of England, whose career is well worthy of narration in a separate form.

Great Expectations, by CHARLES DICKENS. In this novel Mr. Dickens has put forth his full strength. The conduct of the story is indeed something wonderful. Written to be read in parts issued from week to week, it was essential that the reader should not be able to anticipate the course of the story, while it was equally essential that when subsequently reviewed it should appear consistent. These two conditions have been perfectly attained. Each part of the story involves a surprise; yet the reader feels that he ought not to have been surprised. He sees that every leading incident was clearly foreshadowed long before. Thus, when it is finally revealed who Pip's benefactor really was, we wonder that we should ever have been mistaken in the person. "Great Expectations" adds some absolutely new characters to our literature. Joe Gargery, a rough blacksmith, with the chivalric soul of Sir Philip Sidney; Pumblechook, whose name, like that of Pecksniff, has already given us an adjective descriptive of a special phase of meanness; Jaggers, the great criminal lawyer, and Wemmick his clerk, officially as hard and unsympathetic as the ice which girdles a continent, privately as gentle as the waves which ripple over a pebbly beach; and, above all, Abel Magwitch, criminal by birth, outlaw by training, desperado by circumstances, yet having within him such untold capacities of love and devotion: this one character is worth all the "Prisoners' relief" reports ever published. "Great Expectations" will take place if not as absolutely the best, yet certainly as one of the three best, of the long series of works with which Mr. Dickens has enriched the world. (T. B. Peterson and Brothers.)

Carthage and her Remains, by Dr. N. DAVIS, F.R.G.S. This elaborately illustrated work, the result of an exploration undertaken under the sanction of the British Government, embodies all that can now be known of the site of the ancient rival of Rome. Its value is not inferior to Mr. Layard's works upon Nineveh and Babylon, while the incidental pictures of life and manners among the people who now occupy the region once inhabited by the countrymen of Hannibal are graphic and lively. The work fills a place heretofore wholly unoccupied, and presents many points of special interest to the student of history. (Harper and Brothers, Publishers.)

Editor's Table.

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.—We are all taught to hold the pen, and the man who can not write his name is hardly ranked among civilized persons. Yet the time was when it was thought of far more importance to know how to wield the sword; and many a renowned soldier upon whom high-born dames smiled and haughty princes waited, could not, to save his life, sign his name to the treaty which his valor had won. We wonder and laugh at such ignorance or stupidity, and boast that the age of the pen has put to flight the age of the sword, and the empire of ideas has succeeded the dominion of blows.

If any people have occasion for boasting what the pen can do, it is we, the people of these United States, this universally reading and writing nation, in this age of unstinted paper and print. The pen is mighty among us pre-eminently—not because we make better books than other nations, but because we make so many, and for so many eyes. Perhaps the very highest style of composition, whether in prose or verse, can not be claimed for our authors; and certainly no American in his senses will claim that our books are altogether better than the French or the English. Yet we do say that more power is wielded here by the pen than any where else. In the first place, it is undeniable that more of our people are readers than of any people on the globe, and that we have no class or caste of free inhabitants who do not read and write. In the second place, nowhere in the world does such universal and intense interest attach to what is written as with us; for here we are all voters, and called constantly to investigate the political questions and candidates presented to our judgment through the press. In the third place, the range of interests subjected to our decision is greater than any where else; and while a portion of other constitutional nations vote upon certain measures and men, all national and local affairs are laid before the people here, and the farmer or mechanic is obliged to have something like an intelligent opinion upon the merits of all candidates, whether for President or for tax-collector, and upon all questions, from the tariff to street-cleaning.

It is our press—especially our newspaper press—that enthrones the pen in America, and clothes it with such favor and such fear. The newspaper is every where; for every considerable village has its little sheet for local news and business, while the great journals of the cities, either in their weekly or their daily issues, circulate through the length and breadth of the land. The newspaper transacts our commercial, political, and no small portion of our religious business. The humblest reader is sure to find notice of the persons and enterprises of a public nature that are most interesting to him, while all men of any note are well aware that if the press has not made their reputation, it has done much to extend it, and may do much to destroy it. In fact, no class of men have by their position so much influence as editors; and as our poor human nature is never slow to discover its own consequence, it is not strange that the lords of the quill have found out their importance, and sometimes pervert it by ill-nature and dishonesty and exaggerate it in conceit. Perhaps, however, the abuse is in the inverse ratio of the actual power: for as far as our observation goes, we have never seen so much spite and recklessness in the great metropolitan organs as in the petty village oracles; and probably the reason is

that the great newspapers have fair game enough constantly before their eyes, while the village pen is obliged to make game of some unoffending person or party to keep its ink flowing and its readers awake. Every where, however, our press has full enough license, and woe to the man of sensitive nerves who falls under its displeasure. In some cases it is a fearful tyranny, and some of our leading journals show a spirit of dictation and denunciation that would be appalling were it not so much qualified by rival sheets that often defend the victim of obloquy, not so much to secure his rights as to wreak their own vengeance and fight their own battles.

The pen, in great emergencies, assumes the office of dictator to the people and the Government, and we have had lately grave and sad reason to fear that the press has forced our army into hasty and rash movements, and the pen insists upon being master of the sword. We are waiting somewhat anxiously the issue of the claim, convinced that we are near great events, and that evil days must come unless we have wise and strong men for our rulers, who can do their work and hold their tongues without asking leave of the knights of the quill what orders they shall issue or what blows they shall strike. The men who have done great things with the sword have not generally been great talkers, and we are soon to know whether our soldiers are to be ruled by men of deeds or of words. The war would be a small affair if the Government would only be as wise as the dauntless editor who never wielded a stouter weapon than his steel pen, and who plans the campaign with all the more certainty because not hampered by any knowledge of the subject, and therefore able to project movements into the enemy's territory as easily as he moves his impatient pen over the unresisting paper. What a great nation we might have been if our generals were only as wise and heroic as our journalists!

Convinced as we are that the insolence of our men of words is to be mightily and wholesomely checked by the solid logic of deeds, and that public opinion is already beginning to pass very sober judgment upon the conceited writers and talkers who have been so much more successful in getting us into difficulty than in extricating us, we are moved to consider with some seriousness the relation between the pen and the sword in this country, and especially the need of bringing a powerful class of practical men to bear upon our current declaimers, and give us the solid generalship of the camp instead of the dashing generalities of the newspaper.

We must not indeed forget that the pen has already one important check upon its license which is not wholly evil: we mean the business interest, or what may properly be called the *purse*. Money is not our God, yet we can not call it the devil; and we have no scruples to keep us from saying that the prosperity of business is often a very wholesome restraint upon the rashness of demagogues and the vagaries of theorists. Sometimes, indeed, we must be ready to sacrifice wealth to principle; but it is no proof of the excellence of a scheme that it is likely to ruin the people; and it is well that our newspapers are kept from playing into the hands of destructives by the power of our substantial business interests. The money article is generally pretty judiciously written, and although not always free from fancy, it is never allowed wholly to part company with common sense. An independent editor may

indeed make war upon some chartered monopoly, and read severe lectures to the proud lords of the exchange; but he can never assail the industry of the people, or strike at the foundations of capital, which is so closely the friend of labor, without finding speedy rebuke in the wrath of public opinion and the cutting off of his own supplies. The pen must be fed, and he who writes must have readers who will pay for the writing. We believe that the close connection of journalism with the business of the country has tended to give it good sense; and if some editors bow the knee too devoutly to Mammon, we do not think that our press, on the whole, can be justly accused of servility to the moneyed class. The pen need not play the libertine to prove its freedom; and we certainly look upon the press with far more respect from its being so much in the interest of popular industry, and being obliged to test every opinion and policy by its direct bearing upon the wealth of the nation.

Money to a certain extent, indeed, may be made by writing to the passions and vices of the baser sort of readers, yet it is found that what is decidedly evil does not pay; and although the law of the purse is not the best kind of censorship, it is a censorship, and the lowest class of journals die out quite as much by starvation as by prosecution. Whenever a thing does not pay, it is sure to die; and while some things do not pay because they are above the heads or hearts of the majority, most of the books and journals that die for want of support owe their demise more to the folly or dullness of the writers than to the prejudice or blindness of readers. The pen generally pleads its own case against the purse, and tells a doleful story of selfish publishers and the capricious public, who bear the purse; but the purse, in the grave silence of its closed mouth, carries a weighty meaning, and could evidently speak for itself most emphatically, if it only had motive enough to open its lips. Genius, indeed, will force open its lips; and any writer who can charm the public by his pathos or humor, or command them by his wisdom or eloquence, is sure of a golden harvest; but such genius is very rare, and it must be confessed that the greater number of writers feel somewhat bitterly the restrictions of the purse, and great as may be the number of books that are proscribed because offensive to the ruling powers, the number is far greater of those that never see the light because of not sufficient interest to find a publisher.

We have been somewhat accustomed to this strain of thought, and it has been one of the standing complaints of writers with us, as every where, that they are poorly paid, and sadly compelled to wait upon the humors of patrons. But in our day and country the pen has not yet been seriously called to measure its strength with the sword, and the present crisis is important as opening the lists for the encounter. We have been led for years by politicians and editors, and the nation has looked to newspaper articles and reports of speeches for political knowledge and training. Thus parties have been formed, candidates chosen, and elections held. Indeed it seems to be supposed by many persons that the talking and writing faculty is the sovereign power; and the glib speaker or writer, if he contrives not to run his head against the solid business interests of the country, is sure to carry the day against all opponents. We read, indeed, of a censorship of the press in the Old World; but mourn and marvel at the cowardice of the people that allows its journals to be overawed by the police, and rejoice that America has no Louis

Napoleon to silence the whole host of editors by his word. We do not look for any such dictatorship here, but we are convinced that public opinion with us is soon to undergo a great revolution in its estimate of its usual organs and leaders. We are to revise our free-and-easy methods of talking and writing, and see as never before the difference between doing things on paper and doing them in solid fact, or between the heroism that brandishes the pen and that which wields the sword.

We believe that we have made and are making very serious mistakes in our estimate of the human faculties, from the predominance of the *talking and writing gifts and habits over active courage and energy*. We have estimated ourselves more by our opinions and fancies than by our powers and deeds. We have had great success in business, and the population and wealth of the nation have been marvelously increased, and given us roseate visions of the future. We are tempted to write and speak as if we had done these great things by our self-sacrifice and daring; and often the very men who have floated upon the tide of prosperity are led to believe that they control its stream, and to talk of things to come as in like manner subject to their word. The mistake, enormous as it often is, may be readily accounted for, and comes from the very nature of the human faculties. We are apt to confound literary ability with practical force, by overlooking the difference between the taste and intellect that criticise affairs and men, and the courage and force that actually command them. We forget that the mind, like the body, has two sets of nerves—the one sensitive, the other muscular—and sometimes the sensitive and perceptive intellect may be highly cultivated while the muscular will is neglected. This distinction may be obviously illustrated by comparing the very looks and habits of a sedentary author with an active worker; or, if you please, compare the writer with the soldier. Certainly no muscular force is needed to hold the pen, and he is the readiest writer who is most susceptible to impressions, and best able, by his quick perception, to give most readily his views of what he sees and hears. His temperament and constitution, like his pages, are apt to smell of the lamp, and the pale cast of thought is likely to be upon mind and body alike. He becomes sometimes little more than a susceptible medium through which impressions and ideas flow, with about as little modification from his personal will as the ink undergoes in flowing from his pen to the paper. Now, take such a man and put him through the drill with sword or musket, and straightway what a new set of faculties come into play as he grasps the solid weapon with his earnest hand, and drops the pen from his tremulous fingers! He finds out now not only that he has muscles as well as nerves, but that he has a kind of mental muscle that he before knew little of; and that, with the flow of animal spirits toward the hand, there goes forth also a force of will, an energy of mind, very different from the sensitive delicacy that had before seemed to him the most desirable quality and the truest mark of culture. He looks upon the complexions and studies the habits of his new companions of the camp, and he is sure to find some most wholesome points of superiority in the men of the sword over the usual type of the men of the pen. He sees that they are not only more robust, but more elastic and energetic; and that, while he may be more marked by nervous delicacy, they abound more in nervous force—or, in other words, that if life cen-

tres most within him in the organs of sensation and perception, it centres in them most in the nerves of volition and activity. With him the tide mainly sets in from nature to the brain, while with them it sets in rather from the brain to nature; and the hand not so much is trained to record impressions as to make them, by bringing the stout will directly to bear upon the solid world.

There is indeed a courage of the pen as well as of the sword, and some men there are, like Luther, whose words are battles; but such men have had more than a merely literary schooling, and have learned heroism amidst the storms of revolution and the perils of the camp and the court. It may be said of writers as a class that they are lacking in active force and commanding will, and that their ideas are likely to be partial or erroneous from being busied more with the speculative than the actual side of life, and from recording rather the impressions which they have received from life by their quick perception than the impressions which they have made by their strong hand. We have suffered much from being under such imperfect counselors, and the whole country, so often and so greatly deceived by fluent and presuming paragraphists, is crying out for a more reliable class of guides. The men who are now answering the call are not those who have been most frequently heard of at our caucuses and in our newspapers. We are sick of talking oracles, and we want practical oracles who shall tell us what to do and help us to do it, instead of showing us how to think and feel and dream. We have certainly been sadly deceived by the most conspicuous pens of the country; and they who are too honest to vent falsehoods have not been so wise as to see actual dangers and point out the solemn truth. We confess to a feeling of disappointment at the whole body of popular talkers and writers; and what we want more than any thing now is not men of words but of deeds. It has been hard to keep the talking mania from intruding itself into the field where deeper thunder ought to be heard; and we own to having some feelings not wholly of chagrin on learning that a check had been put upon newspaper gossip, and the telegraph was not to be permitted to blab the secrets or supposed secrets of the war to the curious world of readers.

It is evident that a certain style of mind belongs to the sword which is needed to check the sensitiveness and speculativeness of the pen. Our writers need to have their ideas turn more on the practical point which the soldier is bound to see, and upon the practical energy which he is trained to seek. The military mind is thus a necessary balance and finish to the literary mind; and the true virtue is lacking to us until we learn to dare and do as well as to criticise and scheme. True indeed that the sword is not the only implement of force, and men may be brave with the axe and plow and helm. It is none the less true, however, that all great strifes must be tested at last by war, and nothing so brings out courage and energy as the battle-field and its discipline. Its force has, indeed, been called material and without spiritual ideas and inspiration, and it has been a standing argument for the pen against the sword that the former deals with things spiritual, the latter with things material. Channing has virtually taken this view in his famous article on Napoleon; but we do not think his position wholly sound, however justifiable in his strictures upon the great Corsican. The sword, like the pen, carries with it whatever is in the man who

wields it; and a battle, like a book, has most of its character from the spirit of the man who makes it. Napoleon himself wrote out the ideas of his time with the point of his sword, and the new age for France was spoken out more mightily at Marengo and Austerlitz than in the Parliaments of France or Institutes of Paris. To say nothing of the opinions which move great generals to their career, and are defended by their arms, we must remember that there is one kind of inspiration in which the great soldier abounds, and which is generally left out of sight by our superficial metaphysicians. The will has its afflatus as well as the intellect, and brave battle is as much an inspiration as is a true poem. Holy writ is full of illustrations of this fact, and the valor of David and his brother champions of the faith and empire was as impassioned and inspired as his Psalms. Even the great muscular hero, Samson, was inwardly moved, and was comparatively feeble when the afflatus was not upon him. But we need not recur to ancient precedent or sacred records to prove what we all ought to know, that courage is as much under inspiration as intellect or imagination, and a brave soldier is as mysteriously moved from within as a great poet. Our modes of education will be wiser when we learn this truth, and give the active will something of the same life and fire which we now claim for the reason and the fancy. What is this but saying that we want more spirit in our deeds, and that we suffer much because we have allowed our spirit to strike to the brain and nerves in mere talk or meditation, and have not trained it to flow forth in earnest action? We are all feeling this difference now; and, weary of the vain excitement in which we have been so long kept by the fevered press of the country, we are asking for a more wholesome stimulus, and looking for more practical and strengthening leaders.

It may, indeed, be said that, as the highest power is in the mind, and the world is ruled by thought, we are to look to the literary class for the governing force, and that an editor or orator may show the highest active qualities by his pen or voice. We allow that there is a virtue of the pen and the voice, and that the best eloquence has a heroic quality in its fire. But it is such mainly when it is militant in its tone, and thus borrows the very function of the sword, and not dwelling merely with ideas or sentiments, deals directly with man and nature, and strikes blows as in actual battle. In fact, the great orator is half a soldier, and needs only physical hardihood to enable him to marshal men as he marshals principles, characters, and arguments into the field; and it is not a casual coincidence that a Julius Caesar was as strong in the field as in the Senate, and that Napoleon could write sentences that were as heroic as his sword. The training of the practical orator, as distinguished from that of the mere rhetorician, brings him into direct contact with reality, and saves him from the mere intellectualism and sentimentality too common with the writing and talking class. He fights not as one that beateth the air, but who knows how to hit the mark.

Here the second great distinction between the sword and the pen opens upon us. We have seen that writing is apt to quicken the taste and intellect without adding much of the force to the active powers of the will and the hand, such as the sword most calls out. We now remark that writing bears more directly upon the *opinions* than upon the *conduct* of men, and thus differs from warfare in its *object*, as we have heretofore seen it to differ in its

spirit. The author is sometimes said, indeed, to deal with mind and the soldier with matter; but this is not a fair distinction, since the whole material world is the constant theme of the scientific and poetical and economical pen; and, moreover, the valor of the soldier marvelously inspires poetry and eloquence, and moves popular enthusiasm. The truth is, that the author deals with the mind mainly in its ideas and tastes, while the soldier deals more with its purposes and acts. A battle is called by eminence an *action*; and there is nothing which probably concentrates so much force of will within the same time, or more controls the conduct and institutions of men. Nor does the effect end with the deed, for valor in the field carries its force and its glory into social and international life, and a brave people have a commanding power over their age and give great force to their ideas and usages. We, of course, can not say that the sword can make converts to religion, for the true religion is not of this world; yet no missionary can be successful without possessing qualities essentially militant, such as would have power in any camp; and nothing is clearer than that the nations who have been converted by such heroes, when they have opportunity to show their pluck in the field, prove by their conduct that the sword of the spirit does not enfeeble the more carnal weapon, and Christians are never cowards.

We, as a nation, are learning now as never before the difference between opinions and actions, as we put to the practical test the large amount of political speculation and paper warfare that has been set before us by the press. Our editors have led us to suppose that the issue of the contest was wholly in the field of opinion, and the important point to be considered was what is to be *thought* upon a certain controverted question. The substantial and undisputed foundations of government were left unnoticed, and the whole emphasis was given to a matter of opinion as to the future of our territories, or the controverted relations of sections. They comparatively ignored the question that a military man asks at once, What is to be *done*; and what are the qualities most likely to do it? The lords of the pen—who had been shedding so much ink for years, and forgotten that there is a more costly liquid than their wordy strifes may cause to be shed—seem to have supposed that there was no sterner implement than that which they pass so glibly over the willing paper; and if they thought at all of stirring hot blood, they comforted themselves with assurance of their ability to change their ground at pleasure, and say or unsay what they please. A military training compels a man to begin with the other side of the matter, and think, not of ideas and schemes, but of actual men and things. If he is asked what is the course to be pursued with a new territory or with an enslaved people, he will consider what *can* be done, well aware that after the opinion or abstraction goes forth the land or the race stands just as it was before, unless some actual measures can be taken to change it for the better.

If we are dealing with a class of men, whether masters or servants, who are not habitual readers of our newspapers, but subject to instincts and circumstances more potent, the point to be decided is what these people actually are, what will they do, and what can be done with them? As the pen has made a great mistake in its estimate, it must now look to the sword for rectification; and we are studying anew the temper and prospects of our na-

tion in the school of stern reality, under the schooling of the sword. We are finding much that is discouraging and much that is cheering. We are seeing that we have been sadly deceived by hordes of politicians, who have been seeking to feather their nests in the name of universal philanthropy, and cliques of theorists who have passed off upon us their empty speculations for solid wisdom. We have learned that mighty as is talk, it is not almighty; and great as is the pen, it can not save us from the sword—and, in fact, now appeals to the sword to save its schemes from contempt and its liberties from destruction. We have learned that whatever men may think about the nation, thinking is not acting; and stubborn facts look us sternly in the face, in spite of all our attempts to theorize them away.

We are learning the superficiality of much that has passed under the name of education, and seeing to our shame that mere learning is not of itself vital power, and that the memory may be crammed while the judgment is impoverished, and the tongue may be swift while the will is languid and the hand and foot are feeble. Comparing our power with that of our sturdy fathers, who fought and labored before this age of print and talk had begun, we find ourselves not wholly flattered by the parallel; and we must confess that our energy does not keep pace with our knowledge, and we do not *do* as well and as much as we *know*. We evidently need to consider, in a more practical way, not only the *matter* but the *manner* of our duty—not only what is to be done, but how we are to do it; and in both respects the new generation may learn much from the discipline of the camp and the logic of the sword. We have not only mistaken the loose leaves of changing opinion for the substance of truth, and failed to test every declaration by practice, but we have too often taken it for granted that every man is not only to think for himself in the most conceited individualism, but we have carried individualism into action, and set up self-will in the place of civil and social and religious allegiance. The idea of authority has been made light of, and it is undoubtedly true that thousands of our restless young men have lately learned, for the first time in their lives, from the discipline of the camp, that some orders are to be obeyed other than those which each man issues by right of the autocrat within his own soul. It may be that Providence, in pity on us for the decline of the spirit of rightful obedience, is teaching it to us in the mightiest, certainly in the most imperious of schools; and the hosts who have had their conceit so fearfully pampered by being treated as dictators on all subjects by the dashing journalists and declaimers of the day, find the nonsense taken out of them, in a wonderful way, by a few days' drill and a few weeks of genuine campaigning under officers who must be obeyed.

We are taking useful lessons in the philosophy of organization, and learning that it is not the height of wisdom or of power for every man to do what is pleasing in his own eyes. The authority of the camp is not only putting a wholesome check to the license of the press, but curbing the restive temper of a people who have been too ready to believe that each man is an independent sovereignty, and may secede at will from the body politic and social. So we are to study anew the science and the art of society, and the order of the sword is interpreting to us as never before the wisdom and the power of due organization. The pen, indeed, has its own power,

gathering its staff of editors about the editor-in-chief, and relying upon the support of a corps of readers, numbering, sometimes, hundreds of thousands. But the nation and the world would fare ill if there were no stronger organizations, and all associate activity were to rest upon a basis as vague and vacillating as items and articles, and a companionship as loose and shifting as that of the readers of newspapers and sensation novels. We are probably to suffer some bitter disappointments from our want of organic discipline, and we must expect the magnificence of our egotistic musings and schemings to be pretty roughly rebuked when we call the powers of combination into play, urge a central authority which we have never truly acknowledged, and are called to an obedience that we have never cherished. Ideas, aspirations, impulses, we may abound in, and we are surely not wanting, as a people, in the stuff that heroes are made of; but how shall these materials be worked into shape and brought to bear together upon the true point? This is the great question that concerns the future of the nation. We have, indeed, a certain kind of organization in business, and every great business establishment is a kingdom or an army in miniature; but the authority and the obedience rest mainly upon the purse, and is binding during mutual profit or pleasure, and does not rest upon the allegiance that the country claims from its citizens, and which the sword urges with a logic quite its own. Moreover, we must remember that with us the greater portion of the organizing practical mind of our people has been withdrawn from the public service by hope of private gain, and that our strongest men do not crowd into politics, or into the army and navy. Our ready talkers and writers have had things very much their own way, and from lack of leaders who feel and impress upon others the sense of loyalty, and carry with them the force of personal authority, we have suffered much, and perhaps may take wholesome lessons in these respects from neighbors who are otherwise our inferiors. Certainly our public personages have not mastered the great art of governing men by dignity of character and obedience to constitutional authority; and statesmanship needs among us some of the ruling qualities that the camp tends to foster, especially the quality that commands well because it serves faithfully, and serves faithfully that it may command well.

We confess that we anticipate much good to our people from the rise of a superior class of military men, who shall give our people something of the spirit that shall strengthen our thinking by manly energy, and make the conduct more than opinion the object of interest. Common as it is to dread military despotism, we are more afraid of the despotism of the pen and the stump, quite sure that a true soldier who knows what men are, and who understands the difficulty of governing well, will not be likely to mistake words for things, and to venture upon mad schemes that time and experience will be sure to bring to naught and the schemers too. We do not say that our rulers should be soldiers, although we believe that the best sovereigns, even of the late ages, have been military men; and the two presidents whose administration has left the strongest mark upon our country learned strength and order in the camp and field, and by a brave will knew how to deal with the talkers and scribblers who are always insisting that they ought to hold the reins of the Government. We are not afraid of what a great soldier will do to our people, but we do fear much from what the prating demagogues will do by using the prestige

of some available soldier of fortune to cloak their schemes and to favor their intrigues; and it may be that such men will be again placed at the head of affairs, and again saved from failure by being killed by squadrons of office-seekers more formidable than armed brigades. But the soldiers we need to invigorate the nation, to teach our writers how to add valor to intelligence and give reality to speculation. The pen does enough to honor the sword to claim some substantial return, and we advise the authors, lecturers, editors, and even the preachers of the land to study carefully the ways of the camp and the field, and take home with them to their inkstand the lessons that they learn. If they do this, we have no fear that the pen will be destroyed or supplanted by the sword, but are sure that it will have a finer point, a freer flow, a more luminous perception and positive power.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is a pity when an author is too sensitive to criticism, or rather to the remarks which are publicly made upon his character and talents, because in this day of entire freedom and facility of talk by types, every body can find the opportunity of saying just what he likes of every body else.

There are, indeed—and every man who is likely to be mentioned in print, ought to bear it in mind—two kinds of criticism. One is criticism, and the other is not. The painful, puerile, and pitiful personal gossip about famous people which is circulated in newspapers is one of the penalties of reputation. And it is of several kinds. It may, for instance, be the kind of talk in which Mr. Somebody indulged about Thackeray, two or three years ago, in *Town Talk*; or it may be the tone of the *Saturday Review* toward the same gentleman; or it may be the comment upon Mr. Dickens's private history; or, still again, the assaults upon personal character which greeted Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization."

The London *Saturday Review*, for instance, is perpetually lecturing Mr. Thackeray upon not being a gentleman. It sneers and girds and gibes at him. It makes faces, so to say, at a charming and beneficent and sagacious satirist. But the spectacle is so old, of anonymous mediocrity carping at genius, that the talk provokes no feeling of any kind, and would naturally run along the gutter and disappear with the other slops of the week, except that the object of it gives it importance by considering it and by being evidently wounded by it. In his pleasant *Roundabout Papers* the author can not help an occasional "pish," at the *Superfine Review*, as he calls it.

But he ought to remember that when he consented to go into print he agreed to go into the pillory of personal remark. As a man of the world, it is a pity that he could not bear it with equanimity. For the only rule of comfort is to hold your tongue. Don't defend yourself. Let them lay on as they will. But do you take good care never to cry hold, enough. What savages want is an expression of pain. They may crucify you and tear your heart out piecemeal, but if you can only contrive to smile through it all, they are balked and disappointed.

It is advice easy to give and hard to follow, *Don't defend yourself*; but it is the part of wisdom. If you are a general, and newspaper critics call you to account, aspersing your motives, your character, your sagacity, don't defend yourself. Leave that to the great advocate, Time.

If you are a statesman, and obliged, as great men

have sometimes felt themselves to be, to appear to be a traitor to the great cause in order more effectually to serve it, don't defend yourself, nor explain, nor exculpate. Whoever works for the welfare of mankind must consent to be misunderstood, derided, and crucified. Honesty and wisdom justify themselves at last; but if you contemplate them suspiciously at any particular moment they may seem to be far enough from honest or wise.

So if you are an author, understand that you must be slandered and pecked at, like all the rest; but, above all things, don't defend yourself. Don't be an author unless you can hold your tongue and smile, whatever is said about you and your works and ways. Dickens defended "Little Dorrit" most successfully in the *Household Words*, but it was a great mistake. Somebody said that he had no plot in the story, that he wrote at hap-hazard, and took his striking points out of the newspapers—citing in illustration the spontaneous combustion in "Bleak House," and the fall of Mrs. Clennam's old house in "Little Dorrit." Dickens wrote a capital reply. It bristled with sharp wit. It stung the accuser through and through; and left him not only utterly discomfited but utterly ridiculous.

Still it had been better not to do it. Every body knew that the assailant was only one person. He roared through the loud-resounding speaking-trumpet of a review, but it was only one small voice; and what that voice said was, of course, assumed; for it was not stated as knowledge. Now the assumption was based upon the story itself; and therefore it was the story that would finally settle the question. If that evidently justified the assumption, the word of the author could not possibly withstand that impression. If it did not justify it, the criticism was of no importance, and would presently show itself to be so by the blank oblivion into which it fell. But the flash of the author's blade as he strikes a man of straw to the heart reveals forever that there was a man of straw to strike.

Besides, the very defense suggests a sense of injury upon the author's part, which carries with it an unpleasant feeling of weakness and nervousness. We do not want to feel that a man like Dickens can be so seriously hurt by such feeble blows, or by unfriendly blows of any kind. We want him to feel so secure in the love and sympathy of readers that he shall only smile at the thrusts of critics. It makes us jealous that he does not confide in us if he defends himself. What man wants his brother to prove to him that he did not tell a lie?

And if you begin to defend yourself there is no end. What is to prevent Mr. Anonymous from wagging his wise head in a newspaper or magazine, and declaring that there really seems to be no evidence that Mr. Du Chaillu has traveled in Africa? He has certainly written a very agreeable book; but then, and then, and then, and so forth.

Now shall Mr. Du Chaillu defend himself? Shall he indignantly, or sorrowfully, or brilliantly, or sarcastically show that he has been in Africa? When Mr. Kinglake published "Eöthen," it was quite a popular theory that he had made up the work from travels that he had performed in his London library, not in the East. Was it for Mr. Kinglake to prove that he had actually been to "historic Belgrade?"

Or, to take another class of writers like John Stuart Mill, Buckle, and the authors of the *Essays and Reviews*—they do not escape the same general kind of treatment, but why should they undertake to defend themselves? They are men who, in the fear of God

and the love of man, have sought to understand the method of Nature—in other words, the way in which God governs the world—and they frequently explain that method differently from the current interpretation. And how they catch it! Splash comes that infinitely stagnant twaddle about infidelity and atheism which has been immemorably squirted upon every individual honest thought which differs from the general honest thought, or, more truly speaking, unquestioning assent and want of thought.

Shall these men, more than the others, betake themselves to self-defense? Clearly not; for the appeal of every man who writes is not to the next newspaper, whether it calls itself a sacred or a secular paper. It is to the collective conscience and common sense of mankind. That tribunal judges him, and he can not escape its verdict. Whether he defends or explains, or is smart or is bitter, that terrible tribunal finally determines his case without appeal. If Mr. Thackeray is no gentleman, if Mr. Dickens can not construct a plot, if Du Chaillu never went to Africa, if Dr. Temple is a corrupter of the human mind, they can not escape the final publication of those facts, any more than worthy old Samuel Richardson can set aside the verdict of bore, or Mrs. Aphra Behn of foul.

FOURTEEN years ago this Easy Chair was sitting one day in his cool room in Florence—cool, although it was Italy and summer. A knock at the door was followed by the brisk entrance of one of the few men in Europe that Mr. Easy Chair then cared to see—Robert Browning. How delightful the hour that followed was, those at once know who know Robert Browning. It ended with a promise of meeting at Browning's tea-table that evening.

In the evening the same alert, robust, thoroughly English-looking man presented to his wife one of the thousand young Americans who had read with eager enthusiasm her then recently-published volumes, which had a more general and hearty welcome in the United States than any English poet since the time of Byron and Company, who were the poets of our fathers.

The visitor saw, seated at the tea-table in the great room of the palace in which they were living, a very small, very slight woman, with very long curls drooping forward, almost across the eyes, hanging to the bosom, and quite concealing the pale, small face, from which the piercing, inquiring eyes looked out sensitively at the stranger. Rising from her chair she put out cordially the thin, white hand of an invalid, and in a few moments they were pleasantly chatting, while the husband strode up and down the room, joining in the conversation with a vigor, humor, eagerness, and affluence of curious lore which, with his trenchant thought and subtle sympathy, make him one of the most charming and inspiring of companions.

A few days after the same party, with one or two more, went to Vallombrosa, where they passed two days. Mrs. Browning was still too much of an invalid to walk, but we sat under the great trees upon the lawn-like hill-sides near the convent, or in the seats in the dusky convent-chapel, while Robert Browning at the organ chased a fugue of Master Hugues, of Saxe-Gotha, or dreamed out upon twilight keys a faint-throbbing toccata of Galuppi's.

In all her conversation, so mild and tender and womanly, so true and intense and rich with rare learning, there was a girl-like simplicity and sensitiveness and a womanly earnestness that took the

heart captive. She was deeply and most intelligently interested in America and Americans, and felt a kind of enthusiastic gratitude to them for their generous fondness of her poetry.

She had then been married not a year, and since then she has lived almost exclusively in Italy. Few Italians, and certainly no foreigner, are so saturated with the very spirit of Italy as her husband; and few Italians and no foreigner have been more enthusiastically devoted than she to the political regeneration of that country. Her poems within a few years have been almost exclusively inspired by her Italian political sympathies, and have insensibly been much moulded in their expression by the style of her husband.

Without question or delay Elizabeth Barrett Browning must be counted among the chief English poets of this century, and unquestionably the first English poet of her sex. And her memorable excellence will be that she was not only a singer but a hearty, active worker in her way, understanding her time, and trying, as she could, to help it. It is a curious juxtaposition, that of "Don Juan" and "Aurora Leigh," and yet they are related in this that they are the two great poems of modern English social life as felt by a man of the world and a religious woman, who were both poets. On the other hand, the literature of love has had few additions since the *Vita Nuova*, the sonnets of Shakespeare, and of Petrarch (if you like him), so true and sweet and subtle as Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." And were they not repaid by the "One word more," the last poem in Browning's last volume?

Her public fame will make her widely mentioned. Literature mourns a loss. But the private grief to the many who loved her is a deeper pang. Her death changes Italy and Europe to how many! If you would know what she was, read Browning's "One word more." He made no secret of it; why should another?

"This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
This to you, yourself my moon of poets!
Ah! but that's the world's side—there's the wonder—
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you,
There, in turn, I stand with them and praise you,
Out of my own self I dare to phrase it.
But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence."

In the midst of the great war the great city has very much its usual aspect. Although it is mid-summer the streets are thronged, buildings are going up in Broadway and elsewhere, the theatres are open, the cafés are crowded, and there is an unusual sobriety and peace.

Yet hearts enough are strained Southward to the seat of war. Newspapers, never so little profitable, were never in so great demand. The street corners, at which their offices usually are, are surrounded by eager people, and a few brief words at noon or night are the kernel of the abundant fullness of news which the morning papers bring.

It is a good thing that we have been brought face to face with war. From some of us it has snatched dear and noble friends; in some sad homes it has planted the rue of bitter memory, but those are the people and the homes which have earned the right to say that it is well we have been confronted with war.

For it has taught us our willingness to make the

last sacrifices for principles which we really value. It has shown us our readiness to give fortune and life to preserve the system upon which alone, as we believe, fortune and life can be made secure. Had our prosperity so weakened us that we should succumb to violence? That was the painful doubt that rankled in thoughtful breasts. It is solved now. War has taught us the answer. War is itself the answer.

Peace is beloved of God and desired by good men. But every man should remember that quiet is not peace. Peace is an active, positive condition, not a negative surrender or endurance. It is life, not death. The child healthfully sleeping is the image of peace, not the dead child in his coffin. And to secure that peace of health what sharp treatment, what bitter anguish, may not be necessary!

Which was the peace-maker, Cicero or Catiline? How much we forgive to Cicero—his vanity, his inconstancy, his cold sarcasm, his selfishness—for the sake of the incisive clearness with which he pierced the sophistry of those who sought to be tyrants of the people under the pretense of serving them! When P. Servilius Rullius proposed to supply the poorer citizens in Italy with land, by naming a commission of ten persons who should have power to sell the national property in all parts of the empire and with the proceeds buy lands in Italy and settle them upon Roman citizens, he did something which might be supposed so pleasing to the populace of Rome that nobody would dare to resist it. But the details of the law were such as to make the ten commissioners virtually masters of the empire, and Cicero so plainly proved it to the people that they willingly relinquished the largess to preserve their liberty.

So throughout the whole conspiracy of Catiline, was Cicero opposed to peace because he most pertinaciously pursued and finally exposed the plans of the traitors? He knew that rich people and noble people were implicated. He knew that Antony, his colleague in the consulate, and Julius Cæsar, one of the great senators, were probably not unfavorable to the conspiracy—ought he to have preserved the peace by blinking the danger and smoothing things over? He pushed on, and driving Catiline from Rome to take up arms, he secured the execution of the chief conspirators in the city. Did he inaugurate civil war?

Had he done less, or otherwise, could he have been justly hailed, as he was by the tearful, ardent acclamation of Rome, Father of his Country?

—It is mid-summer, and the voice of Commencements is heard in the land. We may therefore not untimely indulge these classical reminiscences, and turn the studies that we have all more or less pursued to some practical account. "Cicero, the peace-maker," might have been a good theme for some young orator of the season:

"O'er whose slight figure lightly floated down
In graceful folds the academic gown."

But, young orator, shadowed with early bays, do not forget that history did not end with Rome, nor human nature with Cicero and Catiline.

In the warm summer days there are plenty of cool and tranquil nooks to be found in the streets of the city as well as out of it in the woods and by the streams. One in particular I have in mind. You will not hear the exquisite gurgle of the wood-thrush, but you may hear George Herbert; nor the sumptuous nightingale, but you may listen to Milton;

nor the heaven-soaring lark, but you may hearken Dan Chaucer; nor will you hear the multitudinous murmur of all the birds near and far, but you may catch the song of all the poets of all times.

And if, in that calm nook, in meditative meads you may not stray, you may muse upon the broad expanse of my Lord of Verulam; the fair and copious reaches of James Harrington's Oceana; the soberer shades of Algernon Sydney; or in the trim paddocks of Clarendon and Burnet. Or in that still retreat from the fierce sun and news of fiercer war, Fielding shall jest with you, and John Boccaccio wile the languid hours, or John Bunyan shall frown the Italian John away.

And if, in the passionless seclusion of this nook, we might reason with the immortal tinker who wrote the Sunday Robinson Crusoe, might we not say for the Southern John, that his sweet simplicity and wit are greater than his license, and that even his indecency has the artlessness of Robin Goodfellow? Ah, saintly John of Bedford jail, the mind that finds no difference between Paul de Kock and Giovanni Boccaccio would see none between Charles Second's Duchess of Cleveland and the sea-born Venus.

Where is this nook? Well, it is not one but many. It is one of a system of placid coves, of sheltered bays, that open suddenly out of the stony and brick shore of the streets. It is a land-bound harbor along which the lotus grows. You drift in, and you dream the day away. There are other spectres there, but few and silent. They glimmer about with upraised eyes or heads bent over. Is it for stars they look, or pearls? Shakespeare or Vaughan?

Is it still a riddle?

Sailor of the street, it is a second-hand book-store.

REVEREND Bishops have a kindly habit of issuing pastoral letters, in which, doubtless—for Mr. Easy Chair has never read one—much spiritual assistance is bestowed upon those who do read them. The rescripts come, from time to time, probably pointing out the path of duty, and supplying scrip and staff, as it were, to walk therein.

It has occurred to Mr. Easy Chair that, in humble and distant imitation of so good and venerable a custom, he might occasionally issue a few words of advice and consolation for the benefit of those who not yet having entered the somewhat narrow and difficult way of magazine writing, would most gladly enter thereat, and do contemplate with wistful eyes those that gayly walk therein.

He is so constantly receiving private letters of inquiry, and is really, and without banter, made aware of so much honest desire and wishful talent, that it will not be thought impertinent if he makes a few suggestions.

In the first place, dearly beloved fellow-authors—for such you are, whether or not your works come to the press or the public—magazine writing, unlike kissing, does not go by favor. The editor is a person who has (ideally) a clear perception of what he likes as an individual, and also of what the public likes. When he has determined whether he edits his magazine for himself or the public, he has done his first duty. If for himself, he will please himself in every way he can. If for the public, he will try first of all to please them.

Now a reputable magazine is published by merchants who believe that they can help themselves by innocently gratifying the public. The view

themselves-ward probably precedes the other. In other words, very few of the sinners who live upon this planet and are called men, by way of briefly expressing all sins in a monosyllable (see the pastoral letters aforesaid), publish magazines or transact any other kind of business for the benefit of other people exclusively. The condition, therefore, of the particular business of magazine-publishing is that the more the public is pleased the larger is the profit of the merchant.

But the public has nothing to do with the private affections of the purveyor of that mental food which, when properly served for consumption, constitutes the literary feast called a magazine. Consequently he does not serve this or that dish because his friend Tom or his cousin Matilda cooked it.

When the mighty *chef de cuisine littéraire*, who is known to us as editor, begins his great duty of composing the monthly *menu*, or bill of fare, he writes down the rarest, richest, choicest meats and morsels he has in his larder or can find in the market. If his dearest bosom friend, Thomas, brings him a tough drum-stick of turkey-buzzard which he has deviled, and a total stranger offers him the tenderest of delicate ortolans, do you think he hesitates between the two? Not at all, brethren, not at all. He says to his friend, "Tom, you know that I love you; but the public, for whom I have promised to provide a dinner, does not like deviled tough turkey-buzzard drum-sticks; while I know that it has a wonderful weakness for tender ortolans, with delicate bread-sauce—so you see that I have no choice." And the honest purveyor keeps faith with the public, and loves his friend just as dearly as he did before.

The thing to do, then, dear brethren, is evidently to offer your commodity, not yourself, to the cook. A magazine is a peculiar feast. You must bear that in mind always. You must consider the fitness to the purpose of the article you offer. Why be disappointed if your barbecued ox is not found appropriate for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*? If you chance to have a *paté de foie gras* about you—*à la bonne heure!* That is to say, all right. If you *do* have it, send it at once; and be perfectly sure that it will be accepted. But if it is not—if it is returned to you—look again. See if it really be a *paté*, or something else—possibly eel-pie, for instance.

And you may be very sure that every thing sent is fairly considered. Every hamper is carefully opened, whether the writing of the address be recognized or not. And for the very simple reason that experience has taught the *chef* that his choicest morsels are quite likely to arrive from entirely unexpected points. Then, too, if you were in the kitchen you would know that a great deal of game is sent in by famous shots which is laid aside as not quite up to the mark. A crow brought down by Berdan even, would not be preferred, by a *chef* fit for his place, to a pheasant snared by an unknown bungler unworthy to be the least in the rifle-corps.

Finally, then, brethren, do your best. Send the result confidently to the cook. If he thinks it succulent and seasonable, he will take it, pay you for it, and serve it up at his table. If he does not like it, he will not use it because he likes you, or because it is sent to him by one person rather than another. Would you, the most sensitive and honorable of persons, pay your friend the price of sound woollens for damaged blankets? Would you buy orange-trees of him when you wanted cauliflowers? You may wish to help him; and you may, indeed, take his blankets and orange-trees, and give him money.

But it is alms, and not a bargain. And when you have his merchandise you will not use it, because it would injure your own trade.

The word is, Try. Try, and send. Don't plead youth and inexperience. If they have spoiled your work trust the *chef*, the editor, to discover it. There must be a first time; there must be a first success. To begin with doubt is wise; but to begin with despair is deserved failure.

It is true, as you will say, that your works may be a hundred-fold better than those which succeed; that you are shod with beauty and grace to walk where the awkward squad is strolling, and yet where you can not reach. Well, it is not your fault; and if it be that of the gate-keeper, he will soon be seen to be unworthy his post. Do you believe much in the mute Miltons, brethren? Is not Milton Milton because he can sing, and will be heard? If he neither sings nor is heard, can he be Milton? Not to feel poetry, but to sing it, is Miltonic. If you are singing your song will be heard; and if Diogenes scorns your picture, Pericles will crown you for it.

THE Fourth of July this year was a very solemn and touching festival. The London *Times* said that it was very natural the Americans in England should hesitate about celebrating it, because it was like celebrating the wedding-day of a divorced couple. No, no; not so. It was like keeping the union day of

"Friends long parted
Grown single-hearted."

It is, as Dr. McClinton said, the beginning of a heartier understanding than ever before.

For one great cause of our difficulties is ignorance. There has been in one part of the country the foulest and saddest misrepresentation of the other. Nothing has been too wild for assertion and belief. Take, for instance, the proclamation of General Beauregard. "Beauty and booty is the motto of the enemy!" he cried. And yet his wife was willingly within the lines of the enemy at the time. "No, my dear friend," wrote one lady in Massachusetts to another in South Carolina, "we have not become griffins in a day."

The inevitable result of the war must be to remove much of this misunderstanding. When it is over, certain things will have been demonstrated so forcibly that they will never again be questioned. It will be found that personal valor is not the peculiar praise of any section of the country; and that those who love peace so truly value it that they will gladly give all, and fight to the last, to secure the conditions upon which alone peace is possible. That once proved, and peace will be a hundred-fold surer. No people can long be at peace with another that despises it; and it is often only by war that the contempt can be extinguished.

The Fourth will then always shine hereafter upon a nation that understands itself more truly, and consequently respects itself more. Self-knowledge comes always through sharp discipline, but it is the best and surest knowledge of all. And it is true of nations as of individual men, that he is the wisest who sees how little is what he knows compared with what he can and should know. The freest and happiest nation, measured by the possible freedom and felicity of nations, is, as Newton said of himself, but a child idling upon the shore of the unexplored ocean.

Let our great festival, then, be hereafter a day of gratitude and resolution—a time of self-investigation and renewing. All history lies open to us to read.

Has it been written in vain? Is it only the record of an inexorable fate? Nations have risen, flourished, and fallen. Is the only lesson from that dismal truth the inevitable law that all nations must rise, flourish, and fall forever? Is death the only moral and result of life?

These are our national questions. And if we answer No, there remains the grand and final problem of human politics—how to secure the self-renewing life of a people. And if history does not help us to answer the question, history has been written in vain.

It is very difficult to allow that those who differ from us are as honest as we; but we shall be constantly deceived and defeated in life until we do.

The difficulty is, that we seem to suppose that if we grant a man's honesty we therefore justify his action.

But because Isabella of Spain was sincere, must we justify the Inquisition? It is very conceivable that a man should honestly think there ought to be a community of goods. Is he therefore to be allowed to take the money of other men?

Not at all. Men may honestly think and say what they will; but when they come to action, they necessarily touch other men who are equally honest. And that is the point at which common sense declares that when honest acts conflict they must be determined by the general welfare. You may, for instance, honestly think that you have a right to take my money. But I honestly think you have no right to take it. Why should my honest conviction yield to yours?

Besides, it is perfectly easy to add lying to theft, and for some one who does not honestly believe as you do to say that he does, and to act as if he did.

Society says, therefore, your private convictions, when they proceed to action, must be controlled by the general welfare. To suffer you to gratify your private and sincere persuasion that you have as good a right to Mr. Easy Chair's property as he has would lead to endless confusion; you shall, therefore, be restrained of that gratification.

If you persist notwithstanding all this, you will be properly resisted by society even to the end, and you ought to be. There can be no doubt that many of the old Tories in our Revolution sincerely thought that our war was parricidal, so that they took up arms to crush it. Should the honesty of their conviction prevent our soldiers from firing? Was our conviction any less honest?

We can never assume, in any case, that all the enemy are villains. But we are never to forget that they are the enemy.

THE present difficulty in our affairs has put the newspapers to the proof—not only of their pecuniary ability, but of their essential influence upon our public life and private opinion. The war is a terrible blow to the prosperity of the daily newspapers in common with all other business. The profit of a daily paper does not come from the sale, for the price of the copy scarcely covers the cost of the white paper; but it springs from the advertisements, which, in dull times, decline, and in time of war cease almost entirely.

But they are now quite as severely tested in their essential value. Do they control public opinion, or are they controlled by it? Do they lead or follow? In this country, at least, it is pretty well settled that they follow. The importance of a paper's opinion

comes from the tremendous sonority and echo with which it is spoken. If with alarming peals of thunder the words should be roared out, "Twice two are five!" there would be a great many people ready to exclaim, "Good gracious! there must be some truth in what is said in such a tone as that."

But the American reader is generally very independent of his newspaper. He values his own opinion quite as much as that of the editor or anonymous writer in print. He makes his own plans of battle, and his own comments, and he is not convinced that the General, or the Captain, or any officer did right or wrong because his neighbor who writes in the paper thinks one way or the other.

Why then does any body care what the newspaper says? Because it talks so loud. Because it talks so positively. Because it so unwillingly retracts or corrects. Because it so freely asperses motives. Because it believes so easily what will make a sensation. Because it is such an inveterate and vituperative gossip. Because it talks to a hundred thousand people at once.

These are the things that make its immense responsibility, and this is the kind of importance it has.

Of course there is another side. The paper employs, often, by no means always, the best available talent. It secures the comments of sagacity and capacity upon important questions. There are men of genius, honor, and education engaged upon it. Their comments are what the men are. But they do not compose all the paper, and they are apt to become gladiators, or again knights who stand against all comers—not sagacious guides looking for the way.

It is a curious study to look at a newspaper any morning, and reflect how much of what is stated in it as fact will shrivel into fiction before sunset. With the fact goes the comment.

The recent months and their events will teach us all greater caution in believing what is written or reported as news. That it is printed in the newspaper is no longer the credential of a statement; and the more closely we scrutinize the fact, and the more deliberately judge the "improvement" of it, the less bitterness will there be in our minds, and, by necessary reaction, the greater truthfulness and candor in the newspaper.

Our Foreign Bureau.

WHEN, on some September month of a year gone by, we took our readers in company to that charming city which sits upon the shore of the loveliest lake of Switzerland (we mean Lake Lemán, and the city is Geneva), the mountains that we saw across the lake, frowning with shaggy firs or purpled by distance, were Savoyard mountains. And when we left the city to go eastward for only a half day's walk, it was requisite to have the countersign of some official of Sardinia. It seems strange to think that Savoyards and mountains have made sudden slip of their nationality, and are now no longer Sardinian but French; stranger still to find Chamouni itself presided over by the tri-color of France, and the little tobacconist near to the *Hôtel du Londres* selling snuff under permission of Napoleon the Third! The change has come like a cloud—not altogether a rosy cloud. There was an easy *insouciance* about the old Sardinian rule, in all that regarded Savoy, under which the far-away mountaineers of such nooks as Chamouni and Orsine managed their own

affairs without hindrance, and throve under a Government which governed well, because it governed so little. The Sardinian customs-men and sentinels had the lounging gait of brother peasants, and entered into careless and easy participation in all the local interests of the smallest hamlet. They were not *brusque* and authoritative; a little royal livery of Savoy was all that marked them for respect. They seemed like lost retainers of a great old house that stood far to the southward, and one almost pitied them for their exile. But now it is different. The French soldier, wherever you meet him, carries with him a certain smack of "*La Grande Armée*." It is a sharp French bayonet he wears in his belt. His *képi* is marked into the seventies. He looks wonderingly at the mountains, which are grander than the Jura; he shrugs his shoulders at the bad French speech he hears. Then there is the tattoo of the drum, and the discipline, and system, which stretch uninterruptedly from the headquarters upon the Quai d'Orsay. The Empire asserts itself even in the valley of Chamouni. The villagers who drove their cattle for summer pasturage up the higher slopes of the mountain are now brought into business relations with his Majesty's Commissioners of Forests. The young fir-trees are taken under Imperial protection, and they must be spared though the cattle starve. The poor villagers must bow to the great Imperial system. Of course there are heart-burnings; and a member of the Legislative Assembly from the Department of the High Alps protests that certain mountain districts have been depopulated in consequence. The inhabitants of the Val d'Orsine threaten to migrate in a body.

The Imperial system may be, and doubtless is, one of large national economy; but it operates with blighting force upon the traditional privileges and the humble prosperity of the mountaineers of Savoy. Like the sheep culture inaugurated by the Duke of Sutherland in the Highlands, it may contribute to an increase of the national wealth, but it blasts the hopes and happiness of many a homestead.

The French occupation is making itself felt too over the lines of the Protestant Canton of Geneva. The *cafés au billard* are multiplying, there is an opera-house, and an almost French Sunday of open shops is grafted upon the City of Calvin.

APROPÓS of this pervading influence of the Imperial Government in the most obscure and secluded provinces, we may mention a recent work by M. Elias Regnault (*Pagnerre*), which sets forth strongly the demoralizing tendencies of French centralization. The fortifications of Paris, embracing and representing the central power, he makes the line of demarkation within which all is life, energy, plethora; and beyond which is stagnation and decay. The administrative function, bloated by centralization, is absorbing, with prodigious and greedy exhaustive power, all the vitality, whether of municipality or province. The book is earnest, fuller of argument than of facts, and contains eloquent advocacy of a theory of decentralization which, in the case of M. Regnault at least, is inspired by a real love of liberty.

No intelligent man can fail to notice that just at this time, when the Democracy illustrated by De Tocqueville is passing through its crucial trial—when the nationalities of Europe are inquiring their whereabouts, preparatory to some more homogeneous crystallization—theories of government are discussed in all quarters with a new vigor and reach. Upon

one central truth—the right of each people to determine its own form and limitations of government—all such discussion, whether monarchic or republican in its *animus*, converge. There at length the nations (and the nations' monarchs, by degrees) stand fast. That other question—of what breadth, or number, or forces a people must be possessed to assert this *autonomical* power—still bides. Shall Sicily be bolstered up by liberal men in her occasional incoherent asseverations of a nationality and governing faculty of her own? Shall Hungary wrest it from whomsoever says nay? Shall Transylvania declare disparate aims from Hungary? Shall Poland stand alone? Shall the Dublin Parliament sit and decide for Ireland? Shall Bohemia (as seems likely enough) wake up some day a new kingdom, with its own language and liberty and laws? And if these integers of nations be not allowed, how much blood and money may it possibly be worth to reduce them to ciphers?

Europe is coming to have a host of such questions to settle with progress and the century.

THE *Presse*, of Paris, has latterly published a memorandum of recent Russian diplomacy, which has attracted a large share of attention, and which is specially worthy of consideration as explaining the coalescing tendencies of the French and Russian dynasties. The memorandum purports to be one drawn up by some of the most distinguished statisticians of Russia, and presented in their name to the Emperor Alexander upon the occasion of the royal interview at Warsaw.

Russia (the document avers) is about entering upon the epoch of her greatest progress; and to strengthen her in her aims, it is essential that she look wisely to the character of her alliances. Only three powers in Europe are worthy of consideration in this connection—Austria, England, and France.

But the power of Austria is only negative. It represents a *régime* that is old, effete; debts and dismemberment are baffling all its tardy energies. No great idea of nationality holds it together; it is helpless for opposition, or outside interference, and all its vigor is consumed in the desperate effort to conserve its own Government. England, however vigorous and full of strength, is on the eve of a transformation. The old aristocracy and the policy they urge are fast decaying in energy; and power is passing into the hands of another oligarchy which is reared upon a commercial basis, and is represented by the Manchester school. With this power Russia can deal in the future in a commercial spirit. In that time a stringent alliance may be needful and possible; now it is undesirable. England opposes all the special aims of Russia which *must* be secured, and which are,

“First, Absolute freedom in the Black Sea, on the Danube, and in the Dardanelles; the Carpathians for her southwestern frontiers.

“Second, The independence of her sister populations in race and religion, and the use of her legitimate influence over them.”

To all this France may consent, and France is therefore the natural ally of Russia. Russia can accept without serious cost the twin doctrines of Imperial France—universal suffrage and “the nationalities” (and this is shown by considerable ingenious and artful reasoning).

The summing up we give in the language of the document itself:

“What now would be the favorable consequences of

such an alliance! The following: Venetia wrested from Austria, Hungary would soon follow, and the Austrian Empire, which but a short time since considered Italy but as a ‘geographical expression,’ would itself become but a ‘historical expression.’ In the place of Austria we naturally find the kingdom of Austria collecting around itself in a kind of federation the Danubian United States—all the provinces south of the river. Instead of an absolute and perfidious Power, Russia would have an upright and friendly nation for its neighbor, surrounded by free populations, over which national affinities have long secured her a great and legitimate influence. She (Russia) would receive Moldavia, or in any case that portion of Bessarabia which she was deprived of by the treaty of 1856—the absolute freedom of the Danube and the Black Sea and Galicia, which Hungary would hand over to her, would give her the Carpathians for her natural frontier. Lastly, the wishes of the national party in Hungary are already expressed in favor of bestowing the crown on a prince of the Russian family, his Highness the Grand Duke de Leuchtenberg.

“In Greece, also, the violation by the heir of King Otho of the conditions laid down by Russia in the succession question can not but accelerate his fall.

“There also the national choice has fallen on a Russian Prince, and Greece, by the solution of the Eastern question, would extend to the Balkan chain. The Russian empire, increased without conquest, by the addition of the territories necessary for its commerce, its defense, surrounded by three kingdoms of the same race or the same religion, and having free access to the Grecian, Adriatic, and Mediterranean seas, and by the Suez canal the Indian Ocean. Such are for Russia the consequences of an alliance with France.”

The document from which we have taken these particulars, and which professes to show the present leanings of the Court of Russia, is brought forward and indorsed by M. Elias Regnault, the same publicist to whom we have before alluded as deprecating the fatal results of French centralization.

It may be proper to add that the Russian journalists emphatically deny the authenticity and importance of this programme.

THE news from Turkey which has come since our last writing, and which may be reckoned both fatal and hopeful, is the story of the death of the Sultan. Young, for a monarch, amiable more than most monarchs; cultivated and appreciative of all the refinements of European civilization, he yet fell a victim to the barbaric lusts of the East. Upon a short reign he has squandered the riches of a kingdom; all which extravagance leaves no larger trace than the silks of his seraglio, and the diamonds on his sword hilt. Shrewd diplomats won him to a promise of reforms which he had never the energy to make good. The Mussulmans doubted him for his subserviency to the influences of Christian Europe; and the Christians scorned him for a weakness which could never point his good intentions with the earnestness of a royal resolve.

They say he died quietly; his brother Abdul Aziz, whom he loved tenderly and who succeeds him, coming to make final and tearful adieux. The mourning family (apart from the easy mourners of the seraglio) consists of the imperial mother (Valide-Sultane), a sister aged 31, who is wife of the Minister of Marine, and fifteen children. Of these last two are aged 21; two 19; one 18; two 17; one 14; one 13; one 12; two 10; two 6, and the youngest a year. The new Sultan has designated as presumptive heir the second son Hamid, aged 17.

A reform is promised; and so far as domestic affairs are concerned, is already entered upon. The seraglio is abandoned; the diamonds are to be sold. The head chamberlain has been disgraced; an officer of great energy educated in Paris has been appointed to his place. The allowance of the Sultana has been reduced by a clear four-fifths. The civil list has

undergone similar reduction; and no less than four hundred horses have been sent from the imperial stables to serve in the artillery. The new Sultan promises, moreover, faithful fulfillment of all engagements with the Powers of the West; but, on the other hand, as a good Mussulman, he has determined to build up again the old Turkish honor and loyalty of the days of Mahmoud. We shall see presently what elements of life he can evoke from the failing faith of Islamism.

The Syrian trouble is for the time past; but the Christian provinces of Europe are in almost open revolt; the treasury is empty; the army is demoralized, and Russia is pressing more potently than ever upon her coveted command of the Euxine. The new Sultan has done honor to himself and to a good cause by promptly recognizing the new kingdom of Italy.

THE Baron Ricasoli has spoken brave words anent both Venice and Rome, which give courage to the troops of Italy and hope to all of liberal Europe. But the Baron, even among his supporters, finds here and there a man of a too salient patriotism for the coolness of his own diplomacy. The memory of Villafranca is revived, and an advance upon Rome is urged at once, whatever may be the perils of a lost alliance with France. M. Musolino, an effective orator, is one who entertains these instant purposes of aggression. We have conquered Italian unity—why not possess it? The Roman citizens accept the responsibilities of the new position—why shall they not greet our King at the capitol? Shall we yield the crowning glory of our conquest to the religious or ambitious whim of the Emperor? Is not the Head of the Catholic Church safe in the keeping of Italian freemen?

Yet the King and Ricasoli stave off decision, hoping always that the death of the Pope, or the voluntary withdrawal of the Emperor's troops, may disentangle the imbroglio.

By an overwhelming vote the Ricasoli Government has secured the passage of its loan bill for five hundred millions of francs; it is but the beginning, however, of a settlement of its war accounts. An active and numerous body of its troops is still maintained in the south, where insurrection has assumed the shape of a chronic brigandage. Naples, indeed, is quite secure, and is fulminant with a noisy patriotism that is a mixed worship of Victor Emanuel and of Garibaldi. But the environs of the city are represented as unsafe, while through the mountain districts of Calabria the emissaries of the Bourbon and of the Church are stirring the peasantry to a reactionary wrath that spends itself in bloody, marauding expeditions on the plain.

Florence and Milan both have had their passing flurries of insurrectionary madness—tempted by the loss of Cavour, or perhaps the suggestions of Mazzini; but they are now tranquil.

A RECENT Turin letter mentions the fact that the first formal diplomatic dinner given by the present premier of Italy, M. Ricasoli, was in honor of the new United States minister, Mr. Marsh. It was a happy coincidence; for certainly no representative of any foreign power will bring a more cordial and intelligent recognition of the aims and successes of the great Italian revolution than Mr. Marsh. And this, not so much by reason of his strong instinctive love of the liberties which that revolution represents, as by reason of his intimate knowledge of the drift of the cultivated minds of Italy for the ten years last

past, and his cordial sympathy with them for a still longer period. Mr. Marsh is no courtier, in the ordinary sense of that term; but yet he is at home on Italian ground, while his eminent scholarship and large information would make him at home on any European ground; but to the Italian Court he brings such thorough sympathy with the Italian cause, and such intimate acquaintance with the long series of struggles which have at length made the cause triumphant, that we venture to say no foreign appointment of our Government has been more adroit, more prudent, and none so thoroughly agreeable to any European dynasty.

We can readily understand how the appointment should have aggrieved aspiring politicians at home, since Mr. Marsh has never been, in the popular sense, an active politician. But it will be learned sooner or later by our country that the schooling of the Caucus, or even of the Congress, does not best fit men to represent in European courts the dignity and the interests of the Government. It is one thing to be able to carry a given number of votes in our popular assemblages, and it is quite another to command respect and attention in the diplomatic circles of Europe. We may laugh as much as we choose at the accomplishments of European civilization; we may swear that our Western Brigadiers are the bravest and smartest people in the world; but we can not beat down the traditions of centuries with a sneer, or drown the formalities of court etiquette with tobacco-spittle.

It will be remembered that, some years since, a tart diplomatic correspondence between the French and English Governments grew out of the French practice of transporting African apprentices to the French West Indies. The affair of the *Charles and George*, to which we alluded in its time, brought the question to a crisis; and a Commission was appointed by the Emperor, with the Prince Napoleon at its head, to inquire into the alleged inhumanity, and mollify the prejudices of the British Government.

The subject has been driven out of notice by the more important aspect of Continental questions until now, when we learn, by an Imperial rescript, that the colonial recruiting service is abandoned by France on the coast of Africa, and is transferred to the coolie countries of East India, with the full consent and approval of the British authorities. The matter is important at this juncture, as added evidence of the friendly alliance between the two countries. In this connection American readers will hardly fail to have remarked the allusion which dropped from Lord John Russell in a recent speech upon Continental politics. The report is not at hand, but we quote its *gist*: "On these matters [relating to Swiss neutrality] it gives me pleasure to say that the ministers of the Emperor have acted thus far in perfect accord with the views of her Majesty's Government, as we trust and believe they may do in any concerted action which may be found necessary with reference to the unfortunate complication of affairs on the other side of the Atlantic."

THE affair *Mirès*, after long and piquant trial, which has found full report in the Belgian papers, has at length come to end. The eminent Jewish banker, who a year ago was the courtied friend of half the Ministry, and who dowered his daughter with millions on her marriage to a Prince, is condemned to five years of imprisonment. The scene

in the court when judgment was declared was impressive. Not many were present; a few friends had clung to the accused from the beginning; and now, at the last, lent him such poor comfort as they could. M. Mirés stood up to hear the decision of the Judge—pale, worn, his head leaning forward upon his breast—and as some charge more grievous than the rest was affirmed in the ruling of the Court, he raised his head with a look of wild surprise; then his eyes fall; he seems stupefied. At the word *escroquerie* (swindling) he strikes his forehead madly; the reading goes on; no one stirs; every word has its force and fullness. Mirés is comparatively calm until the full weight of the sentence is declared—"Five years of prison." At this the banker tosses up his hands wildly, strikes them together, and sinks to his seat as if overcome with despair. A moment after, at a touch from an attendant, he rises calmly enough, and follows his guards, who are in tears, out of the audience-chamber, through the galleries—to prison.

For such crime as has been proven against Mirés an American financier would be punished only with a gibe or two in the journals, and possibly come to high political preferment.

Facere omnia sæve
Non impune licet, nisi dum facis—

And the nice-eyed dumb faces (*nos tædet*) challenge justice.

AN old gentleman has latterly dropped away in England to whom we must give a word of mention. We mean the Lord High Chancellor Campbell, whom fifteen years ago we remember to have seen in a jaunty, brass-buttoned dress coat (ill fitting) in the House of Lords, and to have heard him, in his strong, Scotch, matter-of-fact way, belabor some opponent of his measures.

Lord Campbell was an illustrative type of British successes and of British opportunities. The late Chancellor was no "lord" born; he was the son of a poor Scotch minister, who allowed him, while he was yet beardless, to go up from St. Andrews to London (near the close of the last century), and there to try his hand among what Lord Colchester called the "blackguard newswriters."

The late Lord Campbell was three nights and two days making his first journey to London; and when he arrived in that great city he was the happy but somewhat anxious possessor of just eighteen English pennies. A friend had engaged cheap lodgings for him; and though he had eaten nothing for more than thirty hours he sallied out, not for a supper, but to learn, first of all, if the *Morning Chronicle*, to which paper he had been accredited, would engage his services, and pay him reasonably well. This point being settled to his full satisfaction, it is related that the raw-boned Scotch lad strode off to the nearest chop-house, where he consumed at a sitting no less than three sixpenny plates of beef!

And this was the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

Oddly enough, the first position of the Chancellor upon the paper in question was that of theatrical critic. Fancy the sturdy, matter-of-fact biographer of the Chief Justices of England writing pretty periods about scenic effects in the "Forty Thieves," or the ankles of Madame Vestris! But he wrote theatrical criticisms, and the presumption is that he wrote acceptable ones; for he continued on the staff of the *London Chronicle*, and was eventually the Parliamentary reporter for that paper. It is a no-

ticeable fact that, in the course of his critical lucubrations, he once took occasion to speak of one of Shakspeare's plays (whose authorship he unfortunately did not recognize) as a "meritorious effort on the part of the author to revive the Elizabethan drama."

But meantime Campbell was looking with a narrower and closer eye to the law. He established himself as barrister; wrought hard, and wrought late, and finally achieved a success by his plodding industry, by his straight-forward honesty, by his immovable resolve, which, in his case as in many another, have filled the place and won the rewards of genius.

He had no eloquence; he had little taste; he had no subtlety; he never shone; but yet he constantly grew. He left nothing half-done; he was always true to his engagements; he never shirked labor; he had few sensibilities to be wounded; no rebuff dashed his hopes; no faint-heartedness overtook him; no enemy stopped his progress till the disease came that made an end of the stout Scotchman altogether.

He wrote the Lives of the Chancellors, and of the Chief Justices of England. They are interesting and valuable, because he gave industry and honesty to the work: but on the score of literary merit they are not equal to many a biographical notice in the daily papers. There is no insight of character, no illuminating passages of eloquence, rarely an allusion that kindles any warmth of thought, never any graces of expression that arrest attention—only patched-up stories of the Lives of the Chancellors. But he did yeoman's work, and Great Britain thanks him for it, and will write tributes to him that shall make posterity thank him by proxy.

In 1830 he first entered the House of Commons; in 1832 he became Solicitor-General; and in 1841 he entered the House of Peers. In 1850 he became Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, and in 1859 he took his seat upon the woolsack. In our year of 1861 he died, aged 80.

OF hale old gentlemen who do not outgrow the disposition or the capacity to work, Lord Palmerston is another distinguished type. The *Moniteur* has a recent letter stating that his Lordship, within a few weeks, upon a dirty morning of July, went on horseback ten miles to Harrow, where he laid the cornerstone of a new educational building in honor of Dr. Vaughan—made a proper speech for the occasion—galloped back through a heavy rain to London in the afternoon—was in his place in Parliament at five, and remained attending to business until two the next morning.

Can any of the American vegetarians do better than this?

ONE of the recent "sensations" of Paris has been the reception of the Siamese Embassadors. They bring courtesy and gifts to his Majesty, and have been entertained at Fontainebleau. Their dress reminds of the time of Louis Quatorze. Just now they are the lions of the Bois de Boulogne.

M. LEVERRIER, the distinguished and combative astronomer, has latterly made a very sensible communication to the Academy of Sciences in regard to popular fallacies on astronomical subjects. The new comet has suggested his observations, and he ridicules the idea very generally entertained that the astronomer, by turning his glass upon it, can tell us

its history and probable date of return. The truth is, he says, we are almost as much in the dark in regard to these celestial strangers, after months of toilsome calculation, as the most ignorant peasant. The sun, the planets, and even the stars we may proximately measure, and determine their courses; but as for the comets, they track an unknown expanse. On a sudden they appear, startling now one age and now another; and he who predicts their return upon such a day or in such an age is making only vague prophecy. Those astronomers, M. Goldschmitt among them, who have asserted this to be the comet of Charles V., have judged rashly. "The comet of 1861," he says, boldly, "can by no possibility be the mysterious visitant which instigated the great monarch to abdicate a throne. It is wholly new, wholly strange; and when it may appear again God only knows."

M. VATTEMARE, who is well known for his mania in regard to international exchanges, has on one or two occasions recently called the attention of the Academy of Sciences to a new vegetable product of America, called in the *Compte-Rendus fibrilia*, which, it is urged, will supply the place of cotton fibre, and can be grown at a cheaper rate (possibly the flax-cotton of the *Daily News*). A report made by MM. Decaisnes and Payen upon the samples presented was not favorable; they recommend it only as a passable substitute for rags in the fabrication of paper. We observe, however, that M. Vattemare, with a laudable zeal, returns to the charge, and demands a new inquiry.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING is dead. To think of her death is to bring back, on a rich whirl of thought, the rich poems she has written; and to recall her poems is to measure the loss we feel.

Her chiefest poem, "Aurora Leigh," might be shorter, and be the weightier for the shortness; but, as it stands, it carries more than enough of swift, true reading of human passion and purpose to stamp it as one of the richest poems of our day. We talk about her photograph, and her marriage, and her life at Florence or Rome, and how pleasant the "réunions" at her house, and these things would give us the measure of many minds; but not of the mind that thought out Casa Guidi Windows. They do not touch its measurement. The fiery, poetic, yearning soul that seethed in her was as much beyond and outside the homely face of the Mrs. Browning you see in pictures, or the woman who was wife to Mr. Browning and mistress of a pleasant parlor in Florence, as her new "Æschylus" of the "Prometheus Bound" is beyond and outside the type that renders it in print.

There are some people you can know by looking on, by talking with, by being of kin to; but there are others whom you can not know this way, simply because their fiery reaches of thought are too scorching for talk, and must spend themselves in poems: Mrs. Browning was spent thus.

Our copy of the Browning poems being out of hand, we turn for something illustrative to Chambers's Cyclopædia, where we find a half page of her girlish and lamest verse, followed by two full pages of Mary Howitt! By which we infer that Mr. Chambers has about the same appreciation of true poetry which an African-eating Fan (see Du Chaillu) might have of the ambrosia of the Gods. This touch of Italy, which she so loved, we can give at least, to show what poet is dead:

"I could hear my own soul speak,
And had my friend—for Nature comes sometimes
And says, 'I am ambassador for God.'
I felt the wind soft from the land of souls;
The old miraculous mountains heaved in sight,
One straining past another along the shore,
The way of grand, dull Odyssean ghosts
Athirst to drink the cool blue wine of seas
And stare on voyagers. Peak pushing peak
They stood: I watched beyond that Tyrian belt
Of intense sea betwixt them and the ship,
Down all their sides the misty olive-woods
Dissolving in the weak, congenial moon,
And still disclosing some brown convent tower
That seems as if it grew from some brown rock—
On many a little lighted village, dropped
Like a fallen star, upon so high a point,
You wonder what can keep it in its place
From sliding headlong with the waterfalls
Which drop and powder all the myrtle groves
With spray of silver. Thus my Italy
Was stealing on us."

Editor's Drawer.

THE experience of the politician in the West is often amusing, and occasionally otherwise. Several years ago Governor Cowell and Hon. David Heinweather were canvassing, the one for State Governor, the other for Congress. Passing through Carroll they stopped for dinner one day at the house of a simple-hearted old lady. Seated around the "groaning board," the Governor chanced to remark, upon noticing the staple character of the food before them, that whenever he could get buttermilk and corn-bread he ate nothing else. The good woman, whose estimate of those dishes, it seems, was not so exalted, paused for a moment in surprise, looked steadily upon him, and exclaimed, "See here, stranger! ain't you a lyin'?" The half-subdued laughter of his companion, and the silent confusion of the speaker himself, revealed the "lower deep" to which the mercury of his pride had fallen.

THE following "compromise" must have attracted attention before such affairs became unpopular:

There was a certain Mr. Bond indicted for malicious mischief. The charge was of an aggravated character, and clearly made out against him. He was found guilty by a verdict of the jury. It was evident from his demeanor that this was his first appearance before a Court of Justice, and like many others he was of the opinion that all fines imposed and collected was so much clear gain to the Court and attorneys concerned in his cause.

The Court stated that, as he had been found guilty of the present charge, it was his duty to inflict some penalty. "The sentence of the law is," says the Judge, "that you pay a fine of forty dollars to the Commonwealth, the costs of prosecution, and be in custody of the Sheriff until the sentence is complied with." The poor man did not know what to do; the fine and costs were considerably more than he had, and the idea of going to jail was not at all agreeable. The thought struck him that he might induce the Court to take less than he had been sentenced to pay. Accordingly he stepped forward to the Bench, and being hard of hearing he placed his hand behind his ear, and in a loud tone exclaimed: "Won't you please take a little less for the cash!"

WE have published several anecdotes of Chancellor Bibb, of Kentucky, and add this to the number: In a conversation about St. Paul, raising himself

up and standing before the person addressed, as was his habit when excited, he said: "St. Paul was a giant, Sir! It took a stroke of lightning to make him understand, but when he did understand he talked like thunder!"

THE following instance of spinning street-yarns is related by the heroine herself:

"When about thirteen years of age I was particularly fond of dress. Being invited out to tea one evening, I arrayed myself with unusual care, and thinking that I must do as most others did, took the everlasting knitting work. Our house stood on one of four corners, the streets being very wide. I had crossed the street, and while proceeding up the sidewalk, thinking I looked particularly well in my fine dress, I was thus accosted by one of the clerks standing in a door-way: 'Miss, haven't you lost something?' 'I think not,' I replied. But looking around, I saw to my dismay a long white line extending directly as far back as I could see. What induced me to begin to wind the yarn I can not tell; but in my confusion I did nothing but wind, wind, the perspiration starting, and the yarn endless. It seemed as if the eyes of the whole town were upon me. At last I reached our gate, and found my knitting in the latch. I had wound all the way. I went up stairs, had a hearty cry, and did not go out to tea that day."

A SCHOOL-TEACHER in Alabama had among her scholars one incorrigible little miss, upon whom "moral suasion" seemed to have no effect. One day, out of all patience with some misdemeanor on the part of the child, she called her up to the desk, expostulated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, setting forth the enormity of her offenses, etc. The little girl paid little attention at first, but at length she seemed to realize her guilt more fully, and, watching her teacher closely, seemed to drink in every word she said. The lady began to have hope; her instructions were evidently making an impression. At length she made a slight pause—for breath, I suppose—when up spoke the child, with eyes fixed upon her teacher, and with the utmost gravity: "Why, Miss Susan, your upper jaw don't move a bit!"

That was the end of that discourse.

A. G. B——r, having gone to California in the spring of 1850, settled in Trinity County, and met with the various ups and downs incident to all young men in that land of gold. Like many others, he was in the habit of taking a glass of "red-eye," merely for sociability; but upon one occasion he imbibed too freely, and became dead-drunk. The following day he was seized with a great disgust for all sublunary things, but more particularly for himself. He at once applied to several of his friends for the loan of a *double-barreled brass pistol*, averring that he would put an end to his worthless life. Among others he applied to Hon. J. C. B——, who replied that he was not the fortunate possessor of such a weapon, but that he would loan him a first-rate Derringer, which would probably answer his purpose better. To this B——r replied, "No, Sir, I am too mean to be killed by so good a weapon." He wished to be killed by an instrument partaking of the quality of himself and the whisky upon which he had got drunk. Upon being asked why he wanted a double-barreled one, his answer was, "To be as mean as I am, I must be an infernal coward;

I know I shall run at the first report of the pistol, and I want to shoot myself 'on the wing' with the other barrel!"

A BRITISH seaman, while three sheets in the wind, and enjoying mightily his first evening of a three-days' leave on shore, suddenly and rudely ran foul of the Admiral of the Fleet, and nearly upset him. Whereupon a subaltern officer seized Jack by the collar, and exclaimed, "How dare you insult an Admiral, a Knight, a Baron Knight, and Knight of the Garter?"

"I don't care," says Jack, very tipsy, "for to-night, to-morrow night, or the night after!"

"NEAR the light-house at Holmes's Hole is to be seen a pole, which stands bleak and bare upon the coast. It is not used as a flag-staff, and curiosity prompted me to inquire respecting it. This story was told me: Years since three fishermen went out to fish upon the coast in a small sloop. During the day a very heavy shower of thunder and lightning arose, the sloop was struck, and the three men killed. Upon the recovery of the bodies it was resolved to erect a cedar pole to mark the spot from which they sailed, also to carve upon a tablet a suitable epitaph. The intellect of all the inhabitants was called into requisition, and many epitaphs were collected. From the whole number the one below was selected as being most suitable and concise, embodying their character, mode of death, and memorial in few words:

"Here lie three friends who in their lives
Were never known to wrangle;
Holmes' Hole,
Cedar Pole,
Crinkle, crinkle, crankle!"

The last line is supposed to describe with peculiar effect the death by lightning. Until within a few years the tablet could be seen in the church-yard; but it has now fallen, and the letters are nearly obliterated."

MR. SPARROWGRASS says that he belongs to the Home Guard of Yonkers, and one of the rules of the company is that it shall not leave Yonkers, except in case of invasion. The *Springfield Banner* says that they marry and are given in marriage up in that town just as if no danger was to be apprehended of a flood coming up from the South to sweep them all away. The men at the drill present arms, the ladies fall in, double-quick, and all go for the Union.

AMONG the infantile records of the Drawer the following reminiscence may be thought worthy of preservation:

"Many years ago it was the good fortune of the writer to be on terms of intimacy with the family of that wonderful young poetess, Margaret Davidson. Doctor Davidson, her father, was living at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, where Margaret, as well as her equally gifted elder sister, were born. It was the family custom, during the warm summer evenings, to assemble on the piazza, where all joined in 'converse grave or gay.' On one of these occasions Maggie, then a child about seven years of age, sat by her mother's side listening attentively to some humorous recital. When it was finished she ventured to remark that something said or referred to was very *witty*. An elder, though perhaps not wiser brother, surprised at the use by the child of a word the meaning of which she could scarcely be

expected to comprehend, spoke up—'Why, Sis! how do you know? I'll venture you can't tell me what *wit* means.' Attracted by the challenge, all eyes were instantly turned toward the blushing child. For a moment she appeared lost in thought, then hesitating in her utterance, as though she was mentally weighing the correctness of her answer, she said: 'Wit—wit—why wit—is—a—little good sense—mixed with a good deal of *funness*. Isn't it so, mother?'

"ONE day little Charlie came running to me, saying, 'Ma, I saw a large snake down here.'

"What kind of a snake was it, my dear?" said I.

"Oh!" said he, 'it was an *elastic* snake.'

"I did not understand, and asked what it meant. Being in the presence of some other ladies, he whispered, 'It was a *garter* snake, ma.'

"JOHNNY was watching his mother wreathing her hair with the lovely orange bloom of our Louisiana gardens. 'Oh, ma!' he said, 'how sweet that is! You just look as if pa was dead, and you were going to be married over again!'"

THE war has played the mischief with the telegraph, and the telegraph in revenge has played the mischief with the news. "What to believe" is harder to find out than what has happened. We have evening editions of the morning papers to contradict what was said in the morning, and three or four editions of the evening papers to straighten the stories of each other. Mr. Erskine, a citizen of St. Louis, who lost his wits by reading the telegraphic dispatches, deserves to have his melancholy fate recorded in the Drawer, that his sad experience may be a warning to readers and operators alike. On being brought before a magistrate, on a charge of drunkenness, the following dialogue took place:

JUDGE. "What is the charge against this individual?"

POLICEMAN. "Getting drunk: completely drunk, attempting to destroy private property, and collecting a crowd around him."

MR. ERSKINE (*arising painfully*). "That's a mistake, a calumny beyond description. I was not drunk, I am not drunk, I shall not and will not be drunk. I never drink any thing but water—ask Thompson. In order to prove to you that I have my senses perfectly, I will proceed to sing the Star-Spangled Banner without missing a note. Gotta-piano here?"

The JUDGE. "Poor lunatic!"

MR. ERSKINE. "Indeed, that's more'n likely. Reading the newspapers has brought me into this state. I like to know the war news. I read all the dispatches published on the subject. That's the way I lost my reason. The second edition contradicts the first; the third contradicts that again, and so on. You believe you know, and you don't know any thing. You learn all at once that what happened yesterday didn't happen yesterday, but is going to happen to-morrow. That's enough to shatter the best organized intellect. It produces the effect of mixing your liquor—you go on swallowing without knowing how much you take."

JUDGE. "So you have been mixing your liquor, then?"

MR. ERSKINE. "No! I've mixed my dispatches. Oh, Telegraph, Telegraph! you're my ruin!"

Notwithstanding this ingenious system of defense Mr. Erskine was sent to work off his whisky at the

station-house. On his way thither he promised the police-officer not to read any more newspapers, and above all, no more dispatches from the seat of war.

EVEN the children find some consolation in the progress of secession. This is the first positive advantage that has been known to come of it:

"A little niece of mine, in Baltimore, was considerably perplexed by her early lessons in geography about the time of the first announcement of South Carolina's secession, and hearing that event talked of and deplored in the family, she took a somewhat different view of the matter, exclaiming, 'Well, I'm glad South Carolina *has* seceded! I sha'n't have to *bound* it any more!' Possibly there are wiser people who can not assign a better reason."

THE following comes to the Drawer from the Palmetto Empire:

"In the town of Beaufort, South Carolina, many years ago, there lived a little Frenchman by the name of Agemac, who was extremely irritable—nay, passionate—which was enough for the boys, who took great delight in teasing him. He was a sort of watch tinker; and after his daily work was over would saddle up a shaggy, short-tailed pony for a ride. Upon one occasion his steed pitched him over his head upon a stick of timber, where he lay until several persons came to his assistance, and after an examination one of the crowd remarked that the poor little Frenchman's leg was broken in two places, when Agemac cried out at the top of his voice,

"Run for two *docteurs*! my leg is broke in two place!"

"In the course of a year he was all right, although a little on the limp, and, as I thought, able to stand a little teasing; so I pitched in. He was very busy filing something by the light of a tin lamp. I approached stealthily, and with a long pole extinguished his light, when he sung out, 'Theif! rob-bere! ketch him!' etc. A crowd collected immediately, I among the rest. The moment he saw me he began, 'You tam raskil, you out my *chandel*!' etc. After trying for some time to convince him I had not, I remarked, 'I wish, when the horse threw you, instead of breaking your leg he had broken your neck.' He immediately drew himself up to full height—about five feet four—and with a sort of triumphant smile screeched out, two octaves higher than his usual key, 'Vat you say? eh! Vat you say?' I repeated what I had said; when, with even more triumph, he said,

"Shentlemens, beer de witnis. *I shall make him give security, and prove dat!*"

THEY make maple sugar in Vermont, and will make more as the price goes up:

"Judge Gould could appreciate good jokes, and was very fond of getting them off. He was once, however, sold by his neighbor, whose face wore always a very sober expression when he was telling any story. They were talking about maple sugar, of which the Judge knew considerable, when Mr. Johnson said, 'Judge, how many pounds of sugar do you think Brown made from those nineteen trees in the corner?' pointing to the maple orchard. 'They are not the best kind of trees, and are not in the best place in the world, but how many pounds of sugar do you think he made?' The Judge looked at the trees a while, and then figured out about what he thought they ought to yield, and gave the number

of pounds to Johnson. 'Well, he didn't,' says Johnson; 'he didn't get a pound. He was too lazy to tap them!'

THE FLIRT.

BY J. W. COOK.

With a heart that was heavy and sad,
With a head that was aching quite bad,
Jones sat in his parlor at home,
Both tired, and weary, and mad.

"'Tis flirt—flirt—flirt!

With all the girls that you can;
And when you can't find any more,
Why flirt with them over again."

Then he leaned him back in his chair,
And in tones that I shall not assert
Were the pleasantest tones in the world,
He sang the "Song of the Flirt."

"A flirt I am and always shall be,
A flirt I shall always remain;
I should like to pop the question to some,
But I know they would think me insane.

"Flirt—flirt—flirt!

With Carrie, with Fan, and with Kate;
I leave Miss Carrie at nine o'clock,
At ten am with Fan at her gate.
This life is a life that I hate,
And a flirt all the girls despise;
When I tell to the girls that I love,
They know I am telling them lies.

"If I take them out for a walk

When the moon is high in the sky,
They laugh at each thing that I do,
And tell me to choke when I sigh.

"Tis flirt—flirt—flirt!

With Carrie, with Fan, and with Kate;
I leave Miss Carrie at nine o'clock,
At ten am with Fan at her gate.

"Flirt—flirt—flirt!

In the sunny days of spring;
Flirt—flirt—flirt!
When Christmas-bells do ring.

While many another heart
To a heart as true is wed;
While I live on alone—

I wish that I were dead!"

With a heart that was heavy and sad,
With a head that was aching as bad,
Jones still in his parlor at home,
Sat tired, and weary, and mad.

"'Tis flirt—flirt—flirt!

With all the girls that you can;
And when you can't find any more,
Why flirt with them over again."

THE Rev. Dr. N——, who was pastor for many years in a quiet little town in Pennsylvania, had returned home late one evening from an ordination, which he had attended in a neighboring county.

The roads were wretchedly deep and muddy, and the Doctor, much fatigued with his horseback ride of thirty miles, retired to rest. Next morning he discovered that his apartment had been entered by a burglar during the night, who had carried off nearly all his valuables, without, however, disturbing the worn-out sleeper.

Meeting his friend, Judge H——, on the street next day, he related to him the occurrence. The Judge sympathized with him in his misfortune; and wound up with remarking, with his usual dryness of manner, "You know, Doctor, Scripture informs us that *the wicked will not cease from troubling even when the weary are at rest.*"

The Doctor smiled at this new reading of the well-

known text; and went on his way, remarking that there was no such text in the Bible, as the Judge would find if he would read the best law-book in the world.

"SOME years ago I was foreman of the shop connected with the establishment of which I am still a part and parcel. We had for an office-boy a recent importation from Ould Ireland. After a few initiatory lessons—such as sweeping out the office and store, building fires, etc.—Mr. E——, then the head of the house, spoke to the boy rather sharply, telling him it was time the New York mail was in, and he must run to the office and get the letters from forty (the number of the office-box). Patrick, anxious to suit, says, 'Yes, Sir; which way, Sir?' 'Right through there,' says Mr. E——, pointing to the back-shop. The boy, little knowing what his errand was, started on the run, and arriving at the shop inquired for 'forty.' 'Forty? forty?' said I; 'oh yes, forty has just stepped out a moment;' and back goes the boy to Mr. E——, who asked him if there were no letters. 'And sure,' says Pat, '*Mis-ther Forty* has gone down the street, and it's the minute he comes back I'll be afther axing him, Sir!' Mr. E—— wasn't long showing Pat the way to 'forty,' and the foreman had to quibble a little to keep his situation.

"WHAT'S the matter, Frank?" said his mother to our little three-year old, who was troubled with a pain the other day; "got the back-ache?"

"No, me no got back-ache; me got *front*-ache," replied Frank.

LITTLE Mary Jane was complaining to her mother that some part of her dress was broken. Her mother, who was doing something at the time, remarked, "No, child, I don't think it's broken;" when she instantly replied, "Why, ma, you can't feel my feel, can you?"

SOME good things have been furnished for the Drawer from Maine; but "there are a few more left of the same sort." At the bar of one of our counties a person never admitted to practice has, by a sort of common consent, been permitted to do business as an attorney. He rejoices in the sobriquet of Judge Bones. "Once on a time" Colonel H——, a splendid specimen of a man, and one of the best common law lawyers in the State, made a motion for the disposition of a case. But Bones resisted the motion. Colonel H——, knowing that the disposition he desired was in accordance with the wishes of the parties, pressed the motion, and finally demanded the written authority of Bones to appear in the case, and remarked that "it did not appear that he was an attorney of the Court."

"The *presumption* is, your Honor," replied Judge B., "that I *am*, till the contrary appears."

Colonel H—— turned away, tearing off with his teeth a huge piece of paper, and muttered, in a voice audible all over the court-room, "It's the greatest piece of *presumption* I ever heard of though!"

The joke was of course repeated, and it nettled Bones very much whenever he heard the word mentioned, and any thing said about "members of the bar" or "lawyers" he took in high dudgeon. Especially was this so when he was slightly "elevated" by practice at another bar. Soon after the occurrence above mentioned he was trying a case in a Justice Court with a lawyer named Wood.

The latter in his argument stated that he would risk his reputation as a lawyer upon the correctness of a certain proposition. Judge Bones, who had been half-snoozing, and was in a condition in which he heard double as well as saw double, caught the word "lawyer," and instantly fired up, taking it to be an invidious allusion to himself. With a look of intense scorn he commenced his reply, "May it please the Court, the gentleman says he states the law as a lawyer. He a lawyer—a *lawyer*! Fling a handful of hops into Moosehead Lake, and call it beer!"

ONE more: In the same county another man, one Coon, thought he would try his hand at the practice of law as a substitute for the observance of the law. He learned something about making Justice writs, and learned to join the issue usually tendered before Justices, which merely required him to write on his part, "And the plaintiff likewise." He brought a case before a Justice who was not a lawyer, and a lawyer, Jones, noted for the keenness of his mind and the eagle eye with which he detected every weak spot in his adversary's case, was engaged in the defense. On looking at the writ he perceived it was faulty; and, with a little malice perhaps, filed a *demurrer* to the declaration. Now Coon had never heard of such a thing, and unexpectedly to Jones, of course, was taken all aback. Then thus:

COON. "Are you ready to go on, Jones?"

JONES. "Yes, Sir, as soon as you join the demurrer."

COON. "No yer don't! You don't catch this child so! Mr. Justice, this is one of the gentleman's tricks! We know all about him. But he can't come that on *me*! He don't catch me joining any such critter as that!"

Jones reads from the statute: "Either party, in any stage of the pleadings, may demur, and the demurrer shall be joined."

JUSTICE. "Mr. Coon, that is rather peremptory. I don't see but that you must join it."

COON. "I tell you it is one of his traps, and I won't be caught in it. I don't join any such papers as that. Why, don't he say in this paper here that my writ ain't worth a fig, and if I say, 'And the plaintiff likewise,' don't I say 'tain't worth a fig, too?"

The argument was conclusive; and Jones was obliged to put in another plea, upon which he obtained judgment in his favor, but partly, as it is suspected, from the fear the Justice had of that demurrer.

"ONE of the peculiarities of the excellent but eccentric Squire Hooker," says a contributor, "was that he could never be convinced that the leathern fire-buckets which the law required every house to be provided with were meant to be hung as ornaments in the front entry. Consequently his buckets were in constant use. They were sent to the store for nails; his workmen's dinners were sent to the fields in them; in fact, the old gentleman was so often seen with a bucket on his arm, that at last he was christened 'The Old Fireman.'

"On one occasion a farmer had his hen-roost robbed, and Uncle Zene Hart, a tough customer of that locality, was brought before Squire H., charged with the theft, the principal evidence against him being that the farmer, hearing a noise at his roost, had ran to the window, and saw a man, about Uncle Zene's size, etc., leaving his yard with a basket in

his hand; while a neighbor had met Uncle Z. near there with a basket, which he was trying to conceal under his coat. Uncle Zene, however, steadily maintained that he was only going to the store. At last Squire H. put the question, 'But, Zenas, if you was only going to the store, why did you hide your basket so carefully?' 'Why!' growled Uncle Zene, 'why, coz I hadn't got no fire-bucket to hide my rum jug in!' It is needless to say that Uncle Zene was fully acquitted of any complicity in the sudden departure of the chickens."

THE following incident of Western travel illustrates a defect often observed in the hotel arrangements of less distant regions:

"Sam H—— seldom let an opportunity for a good joke pass without taking advantage of it. When on a journey to Council Bluffs, the stage was detained about three days by high water. On retiring to rest the first night, in the loft or chamber of a rude station-tavern, and after the last head had disappeared beneath the sheets, Sam called loudly for the landlord to hasten up stairs with a light. Upon his appearance Sam raised himself up in bed, presented the side of his head to the landlord, and asked him, in piteous tones, if he had a pin, needle, knife, or tooth-pick, to pick that pillow out of his ear? All except the host saw where the laugh came in, and roared out lustily; but he was heard descending the stairs and muttering, 'Some folks think they are mighty smart, so they do!'"

APROPPOS of Independence Day, a correspondent in the great West says:

"In many things we are peculiar out West, but in one thing we are like the 'balance of mankind.' The regular Fourth of July never fails to come once a year, and with us it is always honored by an observance in 'due and ancient form.' At a preliminary meeting for the purpose of making arrangements to observe the coming Fourth, one of our oldest inhabitants, a devoted and very worthy disciple of Esculapius, was chosen marshal of the day. Among other demonstrations it was determined to have a torch-light procession and fire-works in the evening. The order of the day had been fully determined on and the programme made up, when, just as the meeting was about to adjourn, the new-made marshal arose, blushing with the honors of his position, and begged leave to inquire 'if the torch-light procession would come out *before the oration, or immediately after dinner?*'"

FOR the sake of the country we do not give the whereabouts of a correspondent who says that *this* is the first prescription of one of the young doctors in his neighborhood. We have the *original* paper, which runs as follows:

"Mistres Locratt

"Take one of The white Powders every hour to night till you sleep in hurbe Tea Take one of The yalow Powders as soon as you get Them in molasses and if you should wake at midnight take another of the yalow Powders

T GAIT"

SOME of our village readers will appreciate the state of family affairs that gave rise to the following little story:

"In the western part of Massachusetts lived a Congregational clergyman, whose son Robert, about seven years of age, used to do the family errands. Among others, was the duty of bringing the daily

supply of milk from one of the deacons. At the time we speak of a railroad had just been completed through the place, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive was a new wonder to the younger portion of the inhabitants. Robby had a habit of imitating the whistle by a boisterous toot; and he had, by an arrangement with the deacon's wife, fixed it in such a manner that, when she heard his whistle as he approached the house, she prepared his milk for him, and he was not detained. The deacon himself also had an arrangement with his pastor whereby he had the reading of one of his religious papers for the Sabbath, and used to get them on Saturday, but sometimes failed to do so. One Sunday evening in summer, having no milk, Robby was dispatched for a supply, although contrary to their usual custom to do so on the Sabbath. As he drew near the house he gave his usual signal, and going in received his milk. The good deacon, who had been shocked at the boy's irreverence, said to him, in a voice of stern reproof, 'Robert, the cars do not run or whistle on the Sabbath.' Robby stood abashed; when the deacon again spoke, saying, 'Robert, did you bring up my paper?' Quick as thought he drew himself erect, and facing the deacon, replied, 'Deacon Jones, the cars do not carry the mail Sundays!' and, turning on his heel, left the house. Not bad for seven years old."

HERE is another legal anecdote from Missouri:

"Colonel Davis, in a late trial for slander, in one of the Courts of this State, was defending his client, who had charged the plaintiff with swindling. The opposing counsel had boasted in his opening speech that the plaintiff had acted entirely under his advice; and in the progress of the cause he introduced in evidence a letter of the plaintiff, in which the phrase was used, 'Othello's occupation's gone.' Colonel Davis, in commenting upon this letter to the jury, said, 'I deny the right of the plaintiff to compare himself with Othello, who was a noble, generous, warm-hearted man—his only fault that he "loved not wisely but too well." In all these respects the plaintiff is exactly the opposite—a mean-spirited, selfish, avaricious, and treacherous person. But there is, gentlemen, a striking resemblance between the plaintiff and Othello in this—they both had most villainous counsel.'

"It is almost unnecessary to say that Colonel Davis won his case."

It is very refreshing at this time to have something amusing from Virginia. A friend in that quiet region writes that,

"Some years since a youth who lived in this county became anxious to see life, and started in a sail-vessel to Baltimore. He had never seen a steam-boat, but had often seen a steam saw-mill, and watched it with wonder and admiration. It had been raining and blowing for several days, and as the bay was rough the youth concluded that there had been a great rise of water somewhere ahead; and this conclusion was fully confirmed when he saw a steamer come puffing down the bay. He said to the captain of the vessel, with great earnestness, 'Why, Cap'n, thar's bin a powerful freshet up the river, for thar comes a saw-mill washed away! She ain't hurt though, for she's steady a pluckering!'"

Who does not appreciate genuine Western eloquence? The following instance is reported so

naïvely by our Arkansas correspondent, that we give it in his own words. "Killing a rowdy," seems to be the merest trifle to the mildest of men in that favored land of good-nature:

"We have a little, waspish, pompous, vain, ex-Judge, who was recently prosecuting a mild, good-natured, young man, who had been compelled to kill a rowdy. Arguing to the jury that the prisoner was *heartless*, he exclaimed, in his most lofty strain, 'Yes, gentlemen, his heart is as hard as an adamant rock! Yes, he sits before you as isolated as a snake on Greenland's icy mountains!'

"In the same case, in alluding to the fact that Cain was the first murderer, he exclaimed, 'Yes, gentlemen, Cain spilled the innocent blood of his brother, and for that act God put a mark upon him that lasted him till future generations! And I have no doubt, gentlemen, God would have put him in the penitentiary, if the Jews of that day had owned such an institution!'"

THE following specimen of Milesian arithmetic is sent from Yankee land:

"A neighbor of mine employed an Irishman, the 20th of the month, to assist him on his farm for a month. The 10th of the following month Mike came in to settle. On being inquired the cause of his dissatisfaction, he expressed none, but said his time was up.

"'How's that?' inquired his employer.

"'Didn't yees hire me the twintieeth?' rejoined Mike.

"'Yes.'

"'Ain't to-day the tinth?'

"'Yes.'

"'Ain't twinty and tin thirty?' triumphantly replied Mike.

"Mike's logic failed to convince his employer, and he was reluctantly obliged to serve another ten days."

A "DOWN-EASTER" sends the following anecdote, characteristic of the improvident:

"A friend of mine, who is an overseer in a cotton-factory, had a few years ago in his employ a rather shiftless fellow. He was taken sick, and his wife also. They were sick some time, and being very poor, became destitute of the most common necessities of life. This coming to the knowledge of his fellow-workmen, a subscription was started among themselves for his benefit. Some gave flour, meat, groceries, and such articles as they could best spare from their own houses; while those who were unmarried, and had none of these things, gave money. Enough was collected in all to make the man and his wife comfortable, and they rapidly regained their health and strength. As soon as they were both able to go out, they took their money and went over to town and had their daguerreotypes taken!"

"St. Louis" says, that being a partaker of the "good things of the Drawer," he can not refrain from sending the following:

"A few evenings since a man fell dead upon the sidewalk. A large crowd soon congregated, and various were the causes assigned for his death. A Teuton police-officer, taking him by the hand, seemed to be seeking for 'pulse.' After an examination of some minutes he exclaimed, with an ominous shake of the head, 'He is a Dutchman!'"



"MANY of the best families of East Tennessee," writes an Alabama correspondent, "emigrated from 'Old Virginny.' Among others was my father. He brought with him an elderly woman of the colored persuasion, whose memory went so far back that she could almost recollect when 'Jeems River' was a small brook. Aunt Becky prided herself on her age. She was older than any body she had ever heard of. Once, however, she was taken down in her conceit. She overheard her mistress speaking of a lady who had just moved into the settlement, as belonging to one of the 'first families' of Virginia. Aunt Becky pondered for a moment in doubt, then ejaculated, with an ominous shake of the head:

"'Belongs to one of de fust families of Virginny, does she? Well den, she must be mighty old!'"

THE worthy Dr. Johnson, of Indiana, had an inveterate habit of interspersing his conversations with "of course." The Probate Court, in one of its sittings, was canvassing the estate accounts of one of the Doctor's patients, and not clearly understanding the account presented by my friend, he was sent for to explain. Coming in hastily, he began at once to enlighten the Court. "If," said he, "the Court please to look over this bill, you will find that Mr. Jones was taken sick, and of course he sent for me to visit him professionally. I did visit him, Sir, as therein charged (pointing to the account). And, Sir, I found him bad, very bad, dangerously sick, Sir; and of course I made the prescription here named, and of course he died."

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A WASHINGTON correspondent sends us the following personal reminiscence:

"In early youth I was in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk River, which at that period was, below the present city of Utica, almost exclusively inhabited by the Dutch, as primitive and unsophisticated a race of people as ever occupied any portion of this continent. They were habitually and strictly honest, and very naturally believed every body else to be so. An incident which occurred some four or five years previous strikingly, even if somewhat ludicrously, illustrates that fact.

"At that period a Yankee made his appearance in the goodly Dutch town of German Flats, professing to be a schoolmaster, and commenced preparations for opening an English school. The honest Dutchmen, delighted with the project, received him kindly, entertained him hospitably, and stood ready, as soon as the necessary preliminaries could be provided, to patronize his undertaking. Under these circumstances the Yankee purchased of one of them a very fine horse, giving his note at six months from date for the purchase-money.

"Shortly after this both the Yankee and the horse were missing; and a neighbor, meeting with the former owner of the horse, said to him,

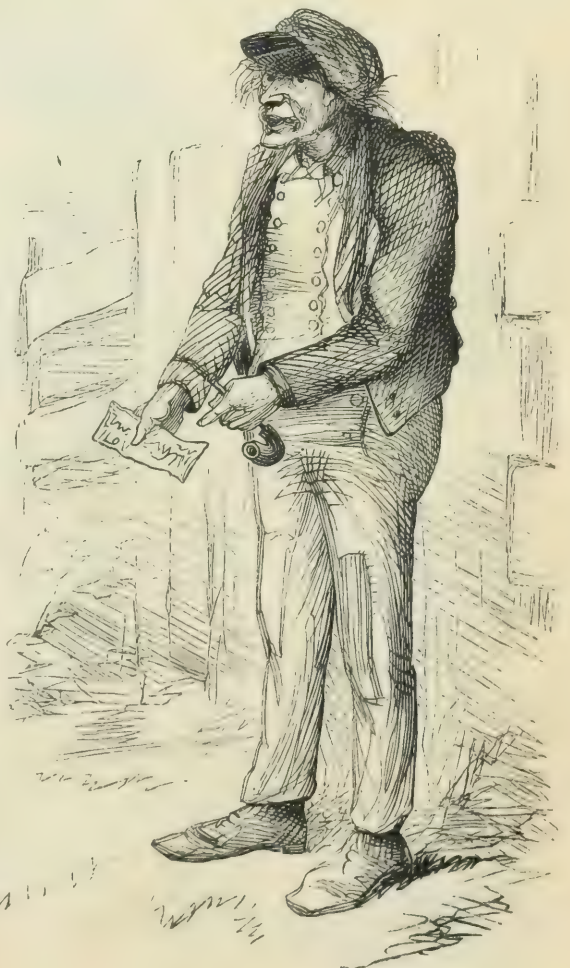
"'So, Hans, you have lost dat fine horse of yours.'

"'How so?'"

"'Why, dat Yankee you sold him to has run away mit him.'

"'Val, vat do I care for dat; *hain't* I got his note?'"

"I regret being obliged to add that these honest Dutchmen were, some of them, not slow in learning and practicing Yankee tricks."





JOHN DAWKINS was a great drunkard in North Carolina. John was at the court-house one day, on his old horse, starting home, and, as usual when going home from town, was quite drunk. When in this state he never heard any thing that he did not wish to hear; and on this occasion seemed particularly deaf to the cries of an impatient creditor who was trying to call his attention. Seeing that old John would not hear, the creditor went up close to him and held up a piece of paper, shouting,

"John, I've got your account here, and want you to settle it!"

"What d'ye say?" cried John.

"I've got your account, and want you to settle it!" cried the creditor, in a louder tone.

"Oh yes," replied John; "I'll drink with you—always ready to drink with a friend."

"I've got your account, and want you to settle it!" shouted the excited creditor.

"Yes, yes," said John, dismounting; "just as soon drink with you as with any body else."

"I've got your account, and want you to settle it!" screamed the creditor at the top of his voice.

"Yes," answered John, perfectly unmoved, taking the creditor's arm, "just as lief drink at Hogart's as at Townsend's."

And John did actually march off with his creditor, and made him treat; and never could hear a word with reference to the account.

A VERMONTER took a horse to Boston and there offered him for sale to a merchant. The gentleman supposing that the fellow had procured the horse dishonestly, asked him if he knew Squire Johnson, of Windsor, Vermont. He said he did. "Well," said the merchant, "he is a great rascal." "And the Squire says the same of you," replied the jockey. "And which do you believe?" demanded the merchant. "Indeed I believe you both," said the Vermonter, and very soon sold his horse.

LOGAN, the comedian in the West, is still favorably remembered by a large circle of devoted friends. He had a happy way of talking of his early adventures: one of his favorite stories ran as follows: Having formed a theatrical company, and provided himself with portable scenery, he undertook a tour through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The result was a total failure. By shrewd management he saved one wagon, a pair of horses, and some drop curtains, and in company with three of his fellow-actors and one actress, in the dead of winter, he started for "the States," intending to make his way home through New England. Journeying along he came to the Aroostook, and most unexpectedly found himself in a large population engaged in cutting pine timber. Exhausted of all resources, the idea struck him that he would give "an exhibition," which was cordially seconded by the people. A large building,



used at certain seasons of the year for drying fish, made with little labor a very good theatre, and according to arrangement the important evening arrived. Now out of four or five hundred persons, male and female, not one had ever seen a play; and they all came and took their seats with a solemnity of face and demeanor that would have done honor to any "Sunday meeting." The curtain rose, and the *farce* went on; but it was witnessed by grim faces that were lit up by no smiles, enlivened by no sign of intelligence. It was the hardest work, Logan says, he ever performed. Determined to break the icy exterior of his patrons, he got his domo to announce that the manager would volunteer to sing a comic song—which song was supposed by Logan, from its broad character, to be irresistible. The solitary fiddle struck up, and the comic song began; but it met with no response, and was finished amidst the dead silence of glazed eyes and apparently unfeeling bodies. How Logan finished what was set down in the bills he said he never could tell, intense fatigue and utter disgust at his unappreciated efforts alone absorbing his mind.

The following morning a tall, jangling-looking fellow, whom Logan had noticed throughout the entire performance shaking a walking-stick at the juveniles, came up to him, and, with considerable hesitation, asked, "I guess you're the man that played them funny things last night, ain't you?" Logan acknowledged himself to be the individual. "Wa'al," continued the interlocutor, "the fact is, that it was just as much as I could do to keep the whole meetin' from larfin' right eout." This piece of news, together with the liberal support he had received, restored Logan to excellent spirits; yet he acknowledged that, after thirty years' recollection of the circumstance, it still seemed to him that it would have added much to his happiness if those people had really "larfed right eout," and done with it.





MANY years ago, when Texas was first admitted into the Union, George Ford, a well-known hardware merchant in Boston, visited that State on business. He had occasion to travel in distant and thinly settled parts of the State on horseback, where sometimes he would not see a habitation for thirty or forty miles. He was told that on reaching the Brazos River, a quarter of a mile wide at a certain point in Washington County, he would find a bridge; but, on reaching the river, there were no signs of a bridge. He dismounted, undressed, and tying his clothes in his handkerchief, he fastened the bundle to the headstall of the horse, and drove him into the river, Ford swimming after him. Both arrived safely on the other side; and after dressing, he was very much perplexed to find three forks to the road or trail, and the question was now which one to take to reach his destination—a town some fifty miles distant. While pondering on the probabilities, he cast his eye back over the river, and saw a sign-board nailed to a tree. He resolved to swim back and read it. Undressing again, in he went, and reached the other side, and read these words: "Five dollars fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk." It appeared the bridge had been carried away during a great freshet, some months previous, the only vestige remaining being the sign above on the tree. George says it was the only time he ever was "sold" in Texas.

AN Iowa correspondent writes:

"A few years since, the Bench of the — Judicial District was occupied by Judge M'Frien, who was more distinguished as a judge of the quality of corn whisky than as a legal expounder, and more noted for his passionate fondness for horse-racing, dog-fights, Irish rows, etc., than for his attachment

to Coke, Blackstone, Kent, Chitty, *et al.* In person he was the beau-ideal of a lover of the prize-ring. His particular crony was a member of the Bar, Colonel Ford, better known through this State as 'Old Timber,' and sometimes 'Timber.' The Judge was once holding court at Jonesville, and on the night of the second day they all got on a spree, which, in fact, lasted through the whole of the next day. On the morning of the third day M'Frien was presiding in court with that maudlin dignity which only a drunken Iowa judge can assume, when Timber came into court, weaving his way through the crowd, and approached the seat of justice, keeping his hat on his head. Arrived there, he spoke as follows:

" 'May it (hic) please the Court, I've a mo (hic) mosun t'presnt in er case of (hic) Doe 'gainst—'

" 'At this point the Court burst forth with—' Timber, take off your hat and sit down.'

" 'Go to (hic) h—l!' returned Timber.

" 'The Judge, raising his brawny form from his seat, advanced a step toward the now penitent 'limb of the law,' shook his ponderous fist, and exclaimed,

" 'Squat, Timber, or I'll set (hic) the seal of the Court on you!'"

" 'OLD Mr. Sewell was one evening settling with a neighbor, and in footing up the items he came to a column (on his own side, of course) which amounted to 9. He commenced on the next column with, '1 to carry to—' 'Stop, stop!' said the other; 'it isn't customary to carry for any thing less than 10—is it, Mr. S.?' 'Oh, pshaw!' said Sewell; 'neighbor, you're too tight to be honest!'"





ATTACKING A DOG-MA.

THE courts of Illinois furnish the following incident:

"About two years ago a young man of very good character hired a horse from a livery-stable to ride out to a little town about twenty miles distant. Unfortunately, when about half way out the horse was taken sick and died. The livery man sued him for the value of the horse, representing that the horse had been killed by fast riding. The case came up before the court. One of the young man's witnesses (rather green, or supposed to be, and who had a peculiar way of talking very slow) was called to the stand, and questioned thus by the prosecution:

"Are you acquainted with the prisoner at the bar?"

"Y-a-a-s' [*very slowly drawled out*].

"How long have you known him?"

"About two years."

"Well, Sir, please state to the Court what kind of a reputation he bears as regards riding fast or slow on horseback?"

"Wa'al, I suppose if he was a riding with a company of persons who rode very fast, and he didn't want to be left behind, he would ride fast too. And if he was a riding with a company that rode very slow, and he didn't want to go ahead alone, I suppose he would ride slow too!"

"JUDGE [*very much enraged*]. 'You seem very much inclined to evade answering questions properly. Now, Sir, you have stated how the gentleman rides when he rides in fast company, and how he rides when he rides with slow company. Now, Sir, I wish you to state to the Court how the gentleman rides when he rides alone?'

"Wa'al, having never had the pleasure of riding with him when he rode *alone*, I don't think I can tell!"



GOOD GWACIOUS! WHAT A BO-AH!

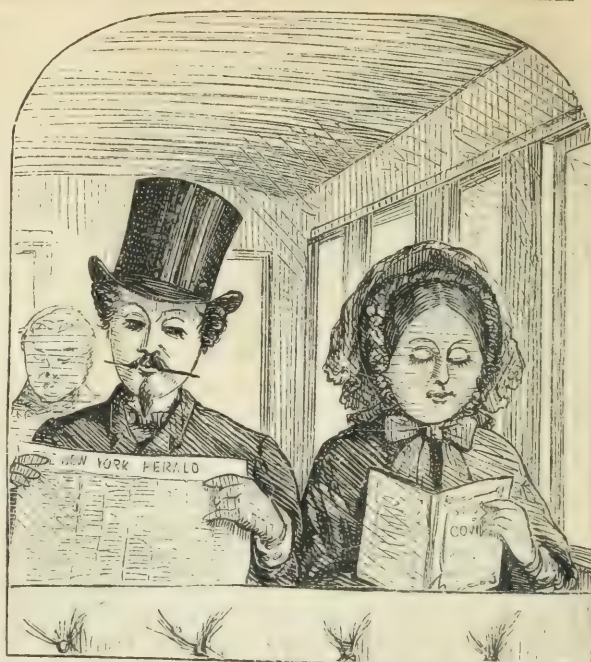


"SOME time last summer Barney M'Coy and Michael Durraine, two half-Americanized sons of old Erin, were jogging home from a saw-mill, where for three years they had passed as first-class hands. Barney, by his expertness and ingenuity, in a little while got in as 'boss of the concern;' and Mike, by the aid of his chum, soon gloried in the title of 'head stocker of the gang.' Now what I was going to say was this: The pair hadn't gone far before says Barney to Mike, 'I say, Mike, we're agoin' to have a shower.' 'I believe yer,' replied Mike, turning his broad mug to the zenith, 'for't sprinkles a'ready.' Barney was right, for in less than ten minutes it came rattling down in good earnest. 'Now, see here,' said Mike, who always had a mortal aversion to getting wet, 'I'm blowed if I stand this any longer! now let's strike for that big spruce yonder, and wait till it's over.' Suiting action to word, he started off for the tree. He got within four or five rods when the tree was struck by lightning and blown to atoms, flooring Michael, as he said, for the first time since he came over. Thunder-struck as he was, Barney soon got him on his feet. 'Mike,' said he, trying to raise his spirits, 'just see what an illegant thing the lightnin' would be to run a steam-mill with!' 'Mebbe 'twould,' said Mike; 'but the devil might tend the engine!'"

In one of our military companies, the other day, an Irish Captain called out to his men: "Attention, Company! The Orderly Sergeant will now proceed to call the roll of the absint members, and see how many of them are prisint!"

A COUNTERPART to the "daily pie" anecdote, in the January Number, is the following:

"I have a little nephew, scarcely four years old. While being dressed for breakfast one morning his eye fell upon a plate of warm biscuit. The language of his morning petition evidently lingering in his memory, he asked his sister, two years his senior, 'Why don't they say, *Give us this day our daily biscuit?*' The answer was as prompt as it was conclusive: 'Why, *biscuit is bread*, Charlie; but *bread isn't biscuit!*'"



ENTERING THE TUNNEL.



IN THE TUNNEL.



THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

AN Arkansas correspondent writes:

"While coming down the Warrior River the other day, I witnessed a moving scene. The steamer had rounded up at M'Kowan's Bluff to take aboard several passengers. Among these was a great lout of a lad, some twenty years old, who, for some reason unknown to your correspondent, was being shipped to Arkansas. Father and mother, and Matty his sweet-heart, stood on the bank to bid him farewell. He had evidently considered the occasion one that demanded a 'bust,' and consequently was one half drunk, and the other half decidedly corned. He shook hands with his progenitors, bidding them good-by with tolerable composure; but broke down when it came to parting with Matty.

"'Oh Lordy, Matty!' he blubbered, 'boo-oo, dern your sweet soul, boo-oo! Farewell, vain world, boo-oo! I'm goin' to Arkansaw!'

"Perhaps we didn't laugh at this sorrowful parting; and then again, perhaps we did."

Fashions for September.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—DINNER TOILET AND PROMENADE COSTUME.

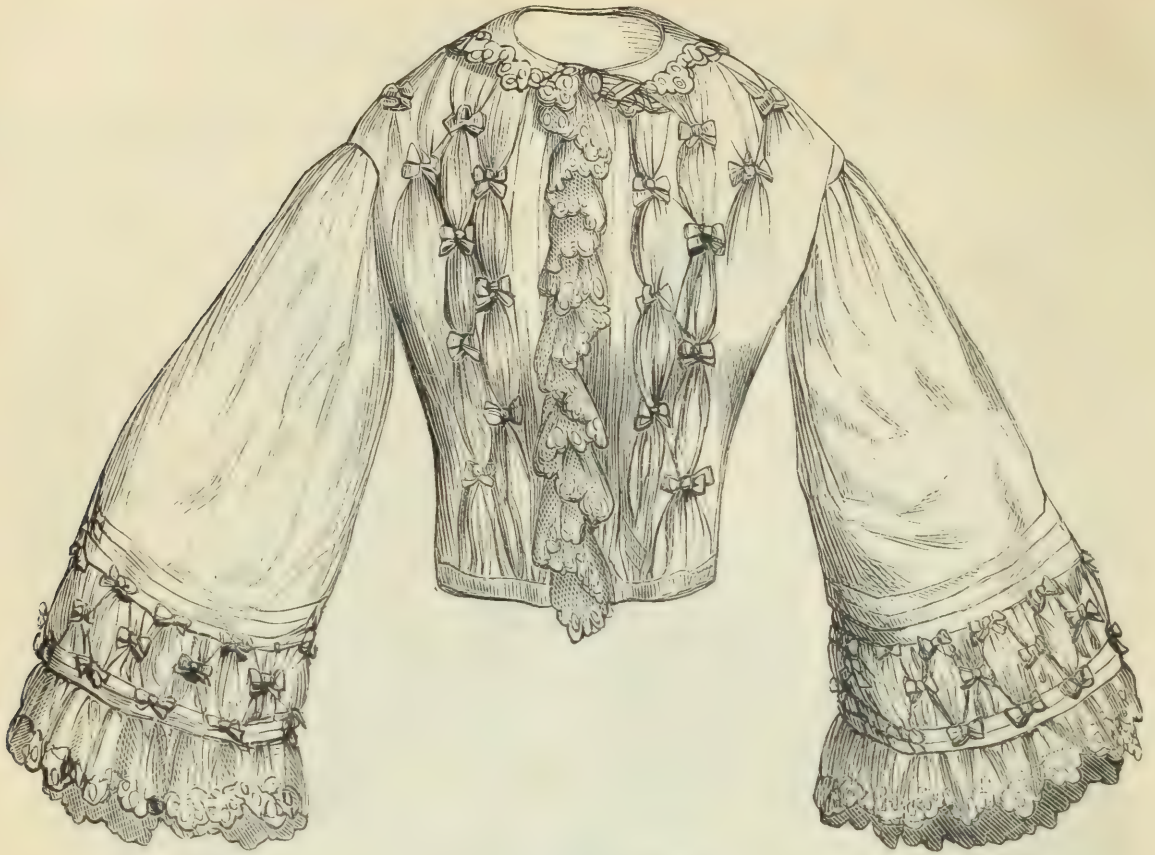


FIGURE 3.—LACE FICHU.

THE DINNER TOILET is made of mauve taffeta. The Corsage is half-high, round waist, *revers* front, with a frill of Valenciennes lace. Madonna fichu, closed in front by small gold buttons. The Valenciennes is continued from the waist, waved down the front of the skirt; a *passementerie* of black rosettes is placed at each folding of the lace. The sleeves, which are laid in plaits, are banded in four divisions; with frills of lace, *en suite*, forming cuffs. As every lady of taste consults that style of coiffure which is individually most becoming to her countenance, we do not think it necessary to specify any special mode.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—The material is a gray foulard; plain close body, cut in one with skirt.

The cape and bottom of skirt are trimmed with a reversed plaiting. The dress has buttons down the entire front. The sleeves are made to fall open, handkerchief style, from a small puff at the top of each. The under-sleeves have two flounces.

LACE FICHU.—The lace is plaited, and then caught up in alternating points, which disposes it in lozenges; upon each spot thus marked there is placed a *nœud* of Garibaldi taffeta ribbon. A fall of lace, after circling the neck—forming thus a collar—is arranged in overlapping folds upon the front. This allows the neck-tie to be exposed only upon one side of the neck.

LACE UNDER-SLEEVES.—These are *en suite* with the above.

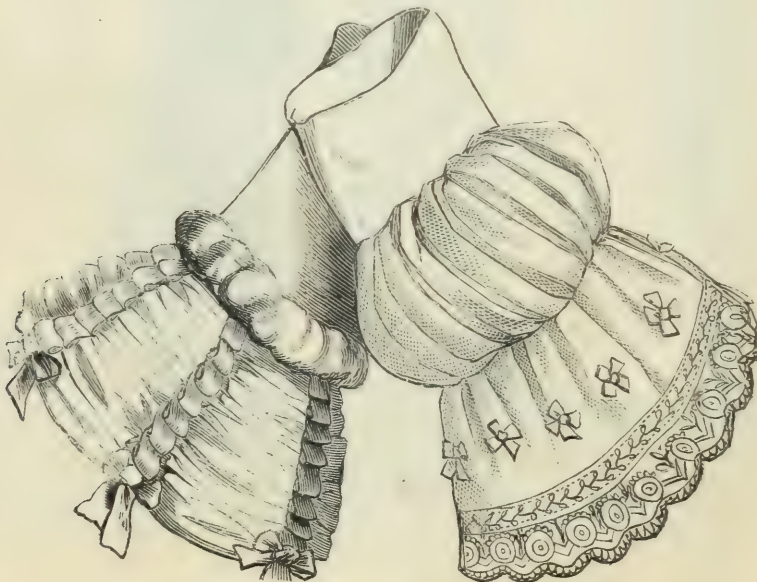
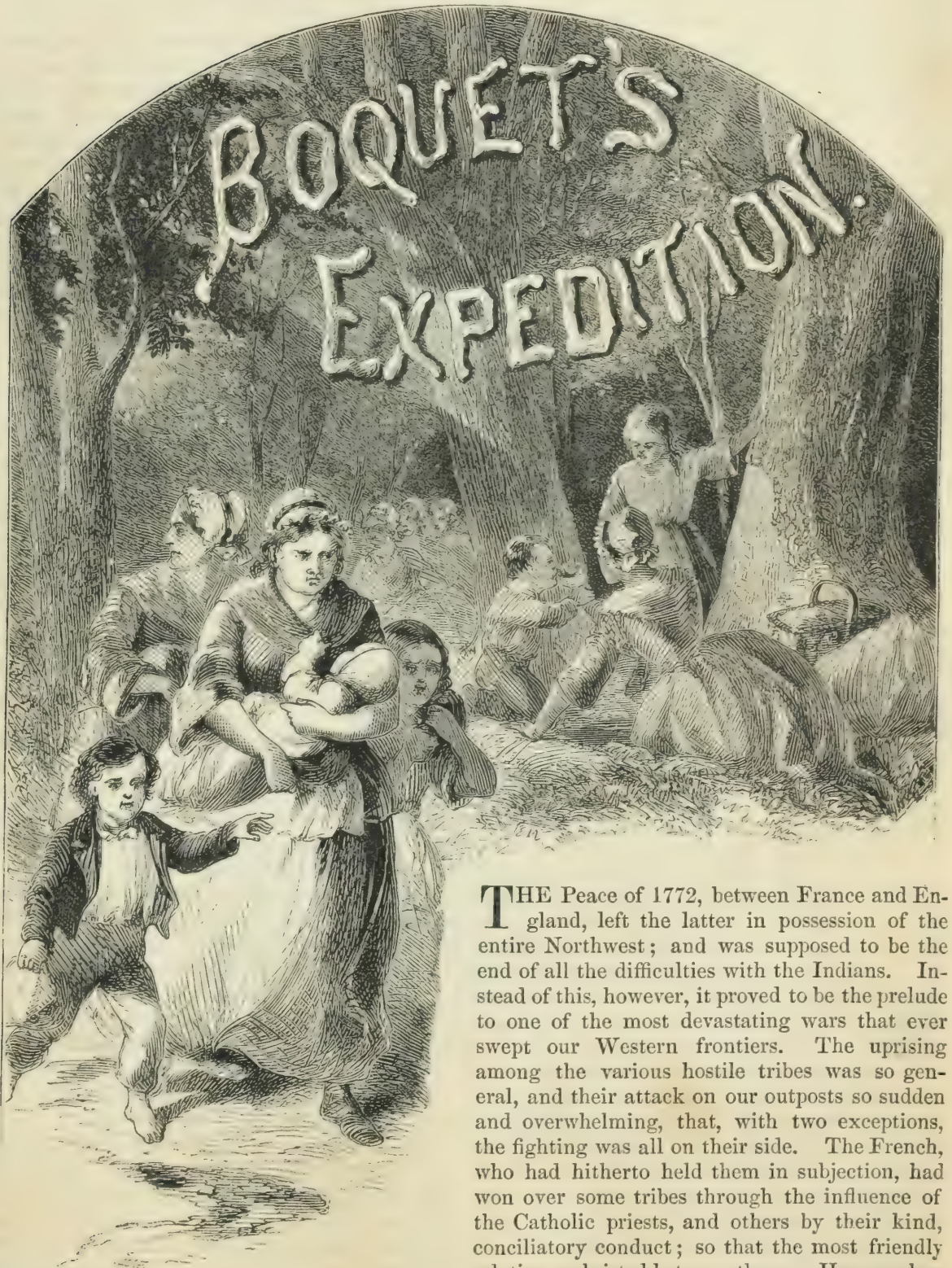


FIGURE 4.—LACE UNDER-SLEEVES.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXXVII.—OCTOBER, 1861.—VOL. XXIII.



FUGITIVES TO FORT PITT.

THE Peace of 1772, between France and England, left the latter in possession of the entire Northwest; and was supposed to be the end of all the difficulties with the Indians. Instead of this, however, it proved to be the prelude to one of the most devastating wars that ever swept our Western frontiers. The uprising among the various hostile tribes was so general, and their attack on our outposts so sudden and overwhelming, that, with two exceptions, the fighting was all on their side. The French, who had hitherto held them in subjection, had won over some tribes through the influence of the Catholic priests, and others by their kind, conciliatory conduct; so that the most friendly relations subsisted between them. Hence, when under the treaty they came to be handed over to

the English, the Indians refused to consent to the transfer. The steady progress of the settlements of the former assured them that submission on their part would end in extermination; and if they ever hoped to prevent such a catastrophe then was the time to act, while the posts were weak and far apart, and the settlements thin and scattered.

Much has been written in detached fragments of this war, which is sometimes called the Pontiac War,* because this chieftain was its presiding genius—the great central figure around which every thing revolved. But he confined himself, in his personal efforts, chiefly to the region round Detroit and the lakes, while south of the Ohio hostile movements were carried on by other chieftains. The whole war, however—so far as it embraced any fighting on the part of the English and colonists—was confined entirely to forts Pitt and Detroit. All the frontier forts, except these two and Niagara, fell without an attempt at defense, except a slight one in a single instance. Niagara was too strong to be molested; so that the two former were the only ones that resisted the overwhelming flood of savage vengeance, which left every post west of them, and the settlements around them, heaps of smoking ruins. Their gallant garrisons, though shut up in the wilderness and cut off from all intercourse with the outer world, not only maintained their posts, but eventually carried the war into the heart of the enemy's country, and wrung from them an unwilling peace. Hence the sieges of those two forts, and the expeditions that afterward went out from them against the Indians, comprise the whole history of the war, so far as it relates to the military movements on our side.

All the frontier forts, which were scattered at that time through the vast wilderness that extended from Niagara and the Ohio to Michilimackinac and the Mississippi, were mere log inclosures, chiefly located on the line of water communication, but sometimes set down in the heart of the forest, and garrisoned only by a handful of men. Situated so far apart, they were mere dots in the interminable wilderness; and the flags floating above them seemed a burlesque on the claim of sovereignty. Their presence, however, irritated the proud chieftains, for they showed their own supremacy to be denied, and forewarned them of their coming fate. The Senecas, and Delawares, and Shawnees,

and Miamis, and Wyandots, who held this immense territory, then traversed only by hunting and war paths, being moved by the same enmity and fear, banded together in a common cause. Rumors of this conspiracy from time to time reached the ears of the English general, Amherst, who, though he did not wholly disregard them, seemed to think half his duty performed when he declared such conduct on the part of the Indians to be unwarrantable, and that if they persisted in it they would, in his eyes, make a "contemptible figure"—yes, "a contemptible figure!"

The consequence was, that when the storm burst on the frontier forts and settlements it came like a tornado in the Tropics, which gives with the announcement of its presence the result of its power. The time selected by the Indians to execute their purpose showed their sagacity. They waited till the harvests were gathered in, so that men and provisions could be destroyed together—thus making a clean sweep for at least a whole year. The forts of La Bœuf, Venango, Presque Isle, on Lake Erie; La Bay, on Michigan; St. Joseph, Miami, Ouatanon, Sandusky, and Michilimackinac went down one after another, and, with one exception, without firing a shot. Some fell by stratagem, and the garrisons were massacred; others capitulated; and out of all only one garrison—that of La Bœuf—escaped. This attempted a defense; but the Indians succeeding in firing the block-houses, it took refuge in the woods, and eventually escaped.

Having thus struck down the British flag wherever it floated over their vast domains of mountain and prairie, extending from the Falls of Niagara to those of St. Mary—except at Detroit and Fort Pitt—they commenced clearing out all the settlements that had been under their protection. The scattered traders were murdered by scores, and their warm blood drank. The stout backwoodsman in the clearing, and the mother with her infant in the log-cabin, fell alike before the rifle and tomahawk. The echo of the frontiersman's axe and the morning and evening gun of the lonely distant fort were silenced together, and the smoke of civilization, that had begun to curl above the illimitable forest, was extinguished in blood. Those who escaped the scalping-knife left their rude homes to the torch of the savages and fled. More than five hundred families from Maryland and Virginia alone took refuge in Winchester. The woods were alive with fugitives, and deeds of cruelty and blood filled the settlements with terror and dread.

Amidst this scene of universal desolation forts Pitt and Detroit stood, like rocks amidst the surges, keeping their flags gallantly flying, the only emblems of English power and of civilization in a land now covered with cities and traversed by railroads. Detroit and Pontiac having been treated of in another article, this is devoted to Fort Pitt and Boquet—thus completing the history of the war.

* This Magazine for March, 1861, contained an article, written by me, entitled, "*Pontiac; or, The Siege of Detroit.*" I prefixed to this article a note giving ample credit for the main incidents therein narrated to Mr. PARKMAN'S admirable "*History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies, after the Conquest of Canada.*" This note, to my regret, was separated from the copy, and omitted. I take the earliest opportunity to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Parkman. So thoroughly, indeed, has he treated the subject, that it would be impossible to write upon it without following closely in his footsteps. His *History of the Pontiac War* is admirable not only for its exhaustive research, but for the clearness of its arrangement and the felicity of its style.

This fort, built on the present site of Pittsburgh, was garrisoned by only about three hundred and thirty men commanded by Captain Ecuyer. It had never been finished, and three of its sides having been partially washed away by the spring floods, it was totally unprepared to sustain any serious attack. Hence, as the murmurs of the rising storm that swept through the forest grew louder and more threatening, Ecuyer surveyed his almost defenseless condition with the deepest anxiety. Soon the terrible truth could be no longer doubted, that the whole Northwest was in a blaze, and the terrified fugitives, from far and near, came streaming into his dilapidated log structure for protection, till more than two hundred women and children were crowded into his contracted quarters.

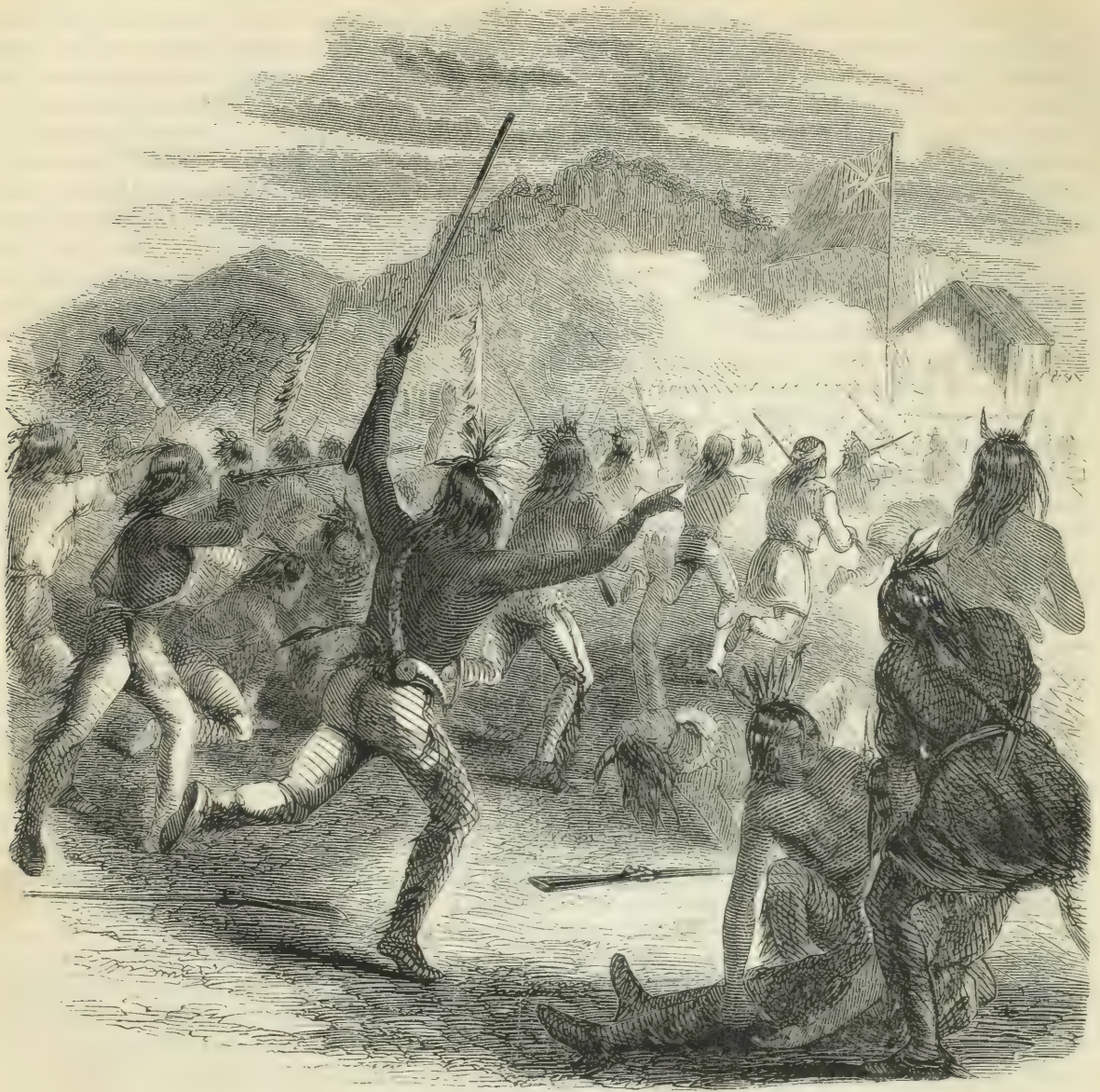
Finding the storm close upon him he did not waste time in repairing the old fort, but threw up a rampart of logs all round it with palisades between. Though he had not a single engineer or artificer, he soon, by dint of energy and activity, surrounded himself by defenses, within which he declared he could bid defiance to all the savages that could be brought against him.

The summer was now in its glory—the green forest shook and swayed above the sparkling river, that, issuing from the green mass of foliage above, lost itself in the same green abyss below—wild flowers bloomed along its banks, and all was tranquil and beautiful, as it ever is, around the rivers and lakes of the wilderness. But the noontide splendors of the quiet scene, and its evening loveliness, were alike lost on the inmates of that little log inclosure. Their anxious eyes were constantly bent on the narrow clearing between them and the forest, or striving to pierce the green arcades beyond, from which they hourly expected to see issue hordes of savages, drunk with blood and mad with the thirst for vengeance.

They were not kept long in suspense; for on the 22d of July there suddenly burst into the clearing a host of painted demons, screeching and shouting their hideous war cries till the whole atmosphere seemed an element of discordant sound. At one moment it appeared as if they would roll in one fierce inundation over the rude ramparts; but the line of fire that girdled them swept the clearing with such deadly effect that they could not bear up against it, and fled to the cover of the forest for shelter. The next night, however, dusky forms were seen stealthily creeping round the works, evidently seeking to find some assailable point against which the next attack might be made. But the same high rampart of logs met them on every side, and they concluded to try the effect of a parley. So, shortly after midnight, they sent in a flag of truce, and a Delaware chief who accompanied it addressed Ecuyer in a studied speech. He informed him that all the Northwestern forts had fallen, adding that Ligonier, five miles in his rear, had probably by this time shared the same fate, as the Indians had surrounded it. He said, moreover, that the Indians at present around the

fort were only a handful compared with those who were on the way and would soon be there; and, in conclusion, advised him to go home and save himself and garrison from certain destruction. Ecuyer, in reply, told him that large reinforcements were on their way to the fort, and warned him and his confederates to cease at once their hostilities, or they would meet a terrible punishment. Seven weeks now passed away in quietness, though not a message could be got across the wilderness to the settlements. In the mean time a second summons to surrender was received from the Indians, and declined like the first. After a long interval the Delawares and Shawnees sent a message to the fort demanding its surrender, and promising if it was given up without farther resistance that they would not molest the frontiers farther, but make that the limit of their encroachments. Ecuyer, in reply, told them he had soldiers, ammunition, and provisions enough to defend the fort for three years against all the Indians in the woods; and coolly advised them to go home and take care of their women and children.

This closed all negotiations; and the four tribes of the Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandots, and Mingoes, encompassed the fort on four sides at once, and attacked it with the most determined bravery. They advanced boldly into the clearing, and took without flinching the deadly fire of three hundred and thirty muskets, that mowed them down in scores at every discharge. Maddened by this scourging fire, they made desperate efforts to mount the ramparts; but met at every point by the steady volleys of the garrison, they first halted, then swayed and careered over the clearing like a herd of enraged wolves. Finding they could make no impression on the solid wall of logs, they fell back; but the most daring of them—scorning to take shelter again in the woods—dived under the banks, and digging holes in the loose clay crawled out of the reach of the fire of the fort. From these secure hiding-places they would creep cautiously forth, and the moment they caught, through the loopholes, glimpse of an arm, or leg, or a hand's-breadth of the body of one of the inmates, they would send a musket-ball or fire an arrow at it, and then duck back to their holes. The close and destructive volleys now gave way to scattering and single shots, and the conflict partook of the ludicrous almost as much as of the dramatic. An old hunter would watch the cautious protrusion of a scalp-lock from the bank with the same intense eagerness he would the motions of a deer in the forest, until he could see the glittering eyes, and then sent a bullet crashing through the skull. The feints, and dodges, and attempts to mislead, sometimes successful, and sometimes ending fatally to him who practiced them, excited continual jests and mirth, and gave to the contest the character of a keen hunt. The utmost watchfulness was required to defeat the endless stratagems of the wary savages, who, notwithstanding the disadvantage they labored under, seemed determined not to



ATTACK ON THE FORT.

abandon their design of subduing the fort. This strange conflict was kept up, day after day, till the last of July. Very little injury, however, was done to the garrison. There was but one killed; a few were wounded, among whom was Ecuyer, the commander, who received an arrow in his leg. No tidings, in the mean time, reached them of any force coming to their rescue; but, at length, from the excited movements of the Indians and their rapidly decreasing numbers, Ecuyer suspected they had heard news that he was most anxious to receive. This was true; for Amherst had dispatched a force to relieve Fort Pitt, at the same time that he sent another to Detroit. Colonel Boquet was placed in command of the former, and with five hundred men ordered to Carlisle, where the inhabitants had been directed to assemble a convoy of provisions for his use. On his way through Cumberland County he found the country roads thronged with the fleeing, terrified inhabitants, who were in daily expectation of an onslaught by the Indians. Fear had paralyzed them so that they thought only of flight, and when Boquet arrived at Carlisle he found no-

thing had been done toward raising the convoy he expected to find waiting his arrival. He was, therefore, compelled to halt here eighteen days till he could collect one himself. At length, every thing being ready, he marshaled his little band, and turned his face toward the wilderness.

The force under him was composed of the *débris* of two regiments of Highlanders just arrived from the West Indies, where they had been wasted by sickness. Sixty of them were so feeble that they could not march, and were carried forward in wagons to reinforce the small posts on the line of communication. The inhabitants saw them depart with sad forebodings; for they knew them to be unused to the woods, and unacquainted with savage warfare. They shook their heads portentously, and said that the fate of Braddock's army would be theirs. This seemed likely enough; for if the former, with his splendid army of more than two thousand men, was destroyed before he could reach this same fort, it was not to be expected that this little band of less than five hundred could succeed. But Boquet was not a man to be

daunted by evil prophecies ; and driving before him a hundred cattle and two hundred sheep, and followed by a long train of pack-horses and wagons, carrying ammunition and provisions, he pushed on toward Fort Bedford. On the way ruined mills, empty cabins, and deserted fields, waving with grain that none dared stay to reap, attested how complete and wide-spread was the terror. Reaching Bedford on the 25th of July, he learned that eighteen persons had been massacred in the immediate neighborhood of the fort. Stopping here for three days to rest, he again set out. He was now at the foot of the Alleghanies, over which a single narrow road wound its way. Up this, walled in by the magnificent forest, he slowly toiled, heralded by the bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, and followed by a long train of wagons straining up the difficult ascent. On the 2d of August he reached Fort Ligonier, the last post that had kept up communication with the settlements. He had hoped at this place to get some tidings of the fate of Fort Pitt, but not a word had been heard for a month. Every messenger sent toward it had been murdered or driven back. The woods were full of Indians. Beyond this nothing was known, though it was evident the garrison still held out ; for had it fallen the victorious tribes ere this would have been swarming around that fort also.

Leaving here his wagons, which would only encumber his march and impede the movements of his little army in the struggle before it, he stowed what ammunition and provisions he thought he could get along with on three hundred and fifty pack-horses, and on the 9th of August started forward. This long straggling train, with the compact body of Highlanders at its head, wound like a huge serpent through the magnificent forest.

The second day the morning drum roused them up at the first streak of dawn ; and the whole force was pushed on at the top of its speed. Silently and swiftly, without a drum or fife to enliven its march, the column pressed forward, followed by the animals panting under the hot August sun, and by one o'clock had made seventeen miles. A halt was then ordered. They were now within half a mile of a defile called Turtle Creek, several miles long, and commanded all the way by craggy hills. Boquet, knowing that the Indians would not fail to waylay him in a spot so favorable to their mode of warfare, had resolved to pass this at night by a forced march, sweeping through it so unexpectedly and rapidly that the savages would not have time to mature any plan of attack. But he knew it would not do to attempt this at the close of a day of toil ; and so he had planned to have the day's march finished by noon, and the



BOQUET'S MARCH.

entire afternoon devoted to rest. The camp was therefore pitched; and the Highlanders, having finished their dinner, lay scattered around in their picturesque costumes among the trees, under which their glittering arms were stacked in various directions; while the huge drove of pack-horses, with their loads beside them, stood tethered to the branches, dreaming away the hot August noon. Sentinels were posted at different points, and an advance-guard sent forward to prevent a surprise from the pass, near the entrance of which they lay. Every thing being thus arranged to render the camp secure, the tired Highlanders abandoned themselves to that repose they so much needed before entering on the toil and struggle of the night. Some lay stretched in quiet sleep under the tall trees, others whiled away the hot hours in pleasant conversation, and every thing betokened a peaceful afternoon when a sudden volley of musketry in front made every man spring to his feet, and rush for his firelock. The next moment the loud and hurried beat of the drum echoed through the forest, the word of command rung sharply out, and scarce a minute had elapsed before that scattered crowd of indolent sleepers stood arrayed in firm-set ranks. But before each weapon was fairly in its place the wild war-cry of the savages burst upon them, and a storm of bullets revealed an ambuscade close upon the camp. Without waiting to return the fire, Boquet ordered two companies to charge the cover. As the gleaming bayonets came steadily on, the Indians broke and fled. The whole line then advanced, and swept the wooded heights in front. The sturdy Highlanders thought it a small matter to drive Indians from their position; but to their amazement this easy success brought no advantage; for as fast as the volleys disappeared in one direction they appeared in another; and instead of lessening, kept steadily increasing, showing that reinforcements were rapidly pouring in. Charging now on this side, and now on that, they swept the green arcades around them, and were pushing steadily on when a loud rattle of musketry in rear conveyed to them the startling intelligence that the convoy was attacked. If this should be cut off the expedition was ended; and so the whole army was instantly ordered to fall back for its protection. By this time the entire force was surrounded with a circle of fire, that every instant grew hotter and closer. Boquet, seeing that the savages invariably recoiled before the bayonet, ordered a charge wherever the fire was hottest. In sections they steadily advanced on different points at once, and always with the same success; but the ring of fire was elastic, springing back to its place the moment the pressure was removed. Thus they fought hour after hour; and though they carried every point they assailed, not the slightest advantage was gained. On the contrary, the assaults grew fiercer and the fire more deadly. Had Boquet held his troops massed together, as Braddock did near the same place seven years before, the conflict would soon have

ended in a massacre. But keeping them constantly moving in sections from point to point he distracted the enemy's fire, and hence suffered less than he otherwise would have done: still his loss was severe; and as he looked around and saw how thickly the woods were strewn with tartans and plumes, he gazed anxiously on the setting sun. His force was rapidly melting away; and with this mode of fighting his defeat was simply a question of time. If he could hold on till dark, however, he knew he should have a respite; for the Indians, he was convinced, would not risk the silent charge of the bayonet in the night, when they held it in such mortal dread in broad daylight. He was not mistaken; for as the sun dropped behind the trees, and the deep shadows began to creep through the forest, the girdle of flame closed less firmly around him, and gradually receded, till the firing ceased altogether, and silence fell once more on the wilderness, broken only by the moans of the wounded. These were carefully gathered together, and laid on blankets under the trees, surrounded by meal-bags, while the dead were left unburied where they had fallen. The night that followed was a sad one to the weary troops that, without a fire to cheer the gloom, sank to rest on their arms. The rapid march of seventeen miles, followed by seven hours of uninterrupted fighting, had completely exhausted the Highlanders, to whom all this was new and strange. Forming a circle around their convoy, they stretched themselves on the ground, ready at the first alarm to spring to their feet and renew the conflict. Not a drop of water could be procured on the spot where they had been compelled to encamp. This, to the well, on this hot August night, was a terrible deprivation; but to the wounded, torture indescribable.

It was a night of anxious suspense and gloomy forebodings, and as Boquet sat and pondered on his prospects, the melancholy fate of Braddock near this same spot would force itself on his unwilling heart. He could not advance and clear the pass at the point of the bayonet without abandoning his convoy and wounded to the savages, while to stay there and defend them was certain destruction. Whichever way he turned, defeat, or disaster equal to defeat, seemed inevitable. Still nothing could be done but wait and see what the morning might bring forth.

The short summer night, though long enough to the beleaguered little band, at length passed, and the gray light of dawn appeared above the tree tops. But before the shadows below had wholly disappeared the loud tap of the drum brought the weary troops to their feet, and the next moment the forest rung with the unearthly yells of the savages not more than five hundred yards distant. Rapidly flitting from tree to tree they closed in on every side, and firing as they advanced, threatened to make a rush on the camp. But the steady charge of the Highlanders at length forced them back. They, however, disappeared among the foliage and receding



HIGHLAND CHARGE.

colonnades of the lofty trunks only to reappear in another direction. The scenes of the day before were now enacted over again, and the savage rush repelled by the steady charge of the bayonet wore away the morning hours. The Indians, however, by skulking behind the trees, and defeating every attempt to bring on a close conflict, avoided any serious disaster, while the troops, furnishing a conspicuous mark to the assailants, suffered severely. But the destructive fire of the savage was far easier to bear than the burning thirst that consumed them. The long struggle of the previous afternoon, followed by the warm night, had made it most distressing; and now the close struggle of the morning intensified it to a degree that drove them to the verge of madness, and they thought of victory only that they might get water.

Boquet, as he stood and surveyed the field, became deeply anxious, for he saw clearly that, unless the nature of the conflict was changed, it could have but one termination. His little band was long since decimated, and soon the dead and wounded would outnumber the living. Each time the companies returned from their successful charges with diminished numbers, till their ranks were now reduced to mere skeletons. This gloomy aspect of affairs was rendered still

more hopeless by the steadily increasing numbers of his foes. Leaving the siege of Fort Pitt they kept pouring to the conflict, furnishing two fresh warriors for every one slain. The woods on every side of the troubled detachment were alive with them—yelling, shouting, and screeching like a multitude of demons. Unable to move either backward or forward on account of his convoy and the wounded, Boquet stood perplexed and undecided what course he ought to take in his now desperate position. The savages, seeing his powerlessness to move, grew bolder, and pressed closer and closer, till their bullets fell at length among the wounded and pack-horses. As the latter began to drop, and struggle at their fastenings, the drivers became frightened, and hid away among the bushes, where the orders of their superiors could not be heard, or if they were, were unheeded. These signs of disorder increased the anxiety of Boquet, and he resolved by a stratagem to bring on a decisive action.

The ground occupied by the troops was a slight eminence heavily wooded, on the top of which the convoy and wounded were collected, which the former surrounded in a circle. The Indians attacking the camp on all sides at the same time, rendered this arrangement necessary.

Two companies had been thrown out in the direction of Fort Pitt, where the struggle was fiercest, and these he ordered to fall back within the circle, and a few troops to fill their places as if to cover their retreat, which movement he rightly conjectured would be construed as the commencement of the retreat of the whole army. These companies were directed, however, the moment they got over the hill and were concealed by it, to wheel, and, making a circuit in the woods, fall on the enemy's flank, if, as Boquet supposed he would, he rushed forward to attack the camp. Meantime two other companies were placed in ambush on the other flank. The ruse succeeded; the Indians seeing the two companies that had so long maintained their post in front give way, and their places supplied by only a thin line of troops, broke cover with loud shouts and bore furiously down on the camp. The few, ostensibly left to hold the post, gradually retreated, until they had drawn their pursuers opposite the two companies marching back to take them in flank, when the latter wheeled and came down on the astonished savages in a fierce charge. They were completely taken by surprise, but met the onset firmly, and actually drove back the Highlanders. They saw at once that they were thoroughly committed to the conflict, and fought with a desperation that for a while made the victory doubtful. But the Highlanders, rallying to a second charge, came on with such a resolute front that the Indians after a short struggle broke and fled. At that moment the clear blast of a bugle on their other flank brought the party in ambush upon them, when the retreat became a terror-stricken flight, and the fight a massacre. Boquet, having once got them under his hand, would not let them go, but pressed furiously after, strewing the green woods with the dead. The Indians on the farther side of the circle not comprehending the cause of the severe struggle in front ceased firing, but soon receiving the news of the complete rout of the main body turned and disappeared in the forest.

Thus ended the battle of Bushy Run, and the road lay open to Fort Pitt.

It is a little singular that the only two severe battles fought around the two forts, Pitt and Detroit, in this war, should have names so similar—Bushy Run and Bloody Run. They were alike, however, only in name; for in the latter the Indians were victorious, defeating the English and American troops with great slaughter.

How many dead and wounded warriors the Indians succeeded in carrying off was not known; but they left sixty behind them scattered through the woods.

The victory did not come a moment too soon; for Boquet found, when he assembled his troops, that nearly a quarter of the whole command was dead or wounded.

The first cry of the survivors was for water; and in many cases the agony of thirst was stronger than discipline, and the soldiers broke their ranks to obtain it. The moment the yells of the

savages and the rattle of musketry had ceased, the moans of the wounded were most piteous to hear. Their wounds increased their thirst a hundred-fold, and their cries for water made the woods resound. Men were detailed to bring it to them, and soon the poor sufferers were relieved from their greatest agony.

The camp, that August noon, presented a sad sight; and as Boquet surveyed the bloody and trampled field he felt that his little force had narrowly escaped a terrible doom. A hundred and more of his brave Highlanders lay scattered around—some stretched in death, and others reclining against logs and trees bleeding from their wounds. This severe loss of course prevented him from taking advantage of his victory and pressing on to the fort, and he remained here four days. Graves were dug under the green trees, and the loose earth and leaves piled over the dead Highlanders, while the Indians were left to rot where they fell.

At length, after providing in the best manner his means would allow for the wounded, and constructing rude ambulances on which to carry them, the little army took up its line of march, and soon came in sight of Fort Pitt. The log inclosure, with the English flag flying above it, was a welcome sight, and they greeted it with loud cheers, which were returned with a will by the overjoyed garrison. With drums beating and colors flying they marched through its rude portals, saluting and saluted, bearing their wounded with them, who half raised themselves from their litters to share in the general gladness. The day was given up to pleasure, and many were the eager questions and answers respecting the world without. The battle of Bushy Run was fought over again; and deliverers and delivered forgot, in their exultation, that they were shut up in the wilderness, hundreds of miles from civilization.

The Indians, disheartened by their overwhelming defeat, and despairing of success against the fort now it was so heavily reinforced, retired sullenly to their homes beyond the Ohio, leaving the country between it and the settlements free from their ravages. Communication now being rendered safe, the fugitives were able to return to their friends, or take possession again of their abandoned cabins. By comparing notes they were soon able to make out an accurate list of those who were missing—either killed or prisoners among the various tribes—when it was found to contain the names of more than two hundred men, women, and children. Fathers mourned their daughters slain, or subject to a captivity worse than death; husbands their wives left mangled in the forest, or forced into the embraces of their savage captors—some with babes at their breast, and some whose offspring would first see the light in the red man's wigwam—and loud were the cries that went up on every side for vengeance.

Boquet wished to follow up his success and march at once into the heart of the enemy's country, and wring from the hostile tribes, by

force of arms, a treaty of peace which should forever put an end to these scenes of rapine and murder. But his force was too small to attempt this, while the season was too far advanced to leave time to organize another expedition before winter. He therefore determined to remain at the fort till spring, and then assemble an army sufficiently large to crush all opposition, and finish what he had so successfully begun.

While the garrison at Detroit saw with dread the coming on of winter, which brought them no respite from Pontiac, and effectually cut them off from all communication with Niagara, those at Fort Pitt rested in peace and security.

The flags of these two far outposts waving in the wintry wind filled the hearts of the Indians with fear and gloom. The terrible blow they had planned, and on the success of which their hopes depended, had failed of its purpose; for those two forts, still standing in striking distance of their homes, told of their baffled power, and at the same time pointed to a coming day of vengeance. They knew that the reinforcements which had reached them were but the forerunners of more to come when spring should again unlock the waters and open the forest paths.

Boquet, acting under instructions, matured during the winter all his plans, and soon as spring opened set on foot measures by which an army strong enough to render resistance hopeless should be placed under his command.

In the mean time the Indians had obtained powder from the French, and as soon as the snow melted recommenced their ravages along the frontier, killing, scalping, and taking prisoners men, women, and children.

Boquet could muster scarcely five hundred men of the regular army—most of them Highlanders of the 4th and 6th regiments—but Pennsylvania, at her own expense, furnished a thousand militia, and Virginia a corps of volunteers. With this imposing force he was directed to march against the Delawares, Mohicans, and Mingoes; while Colonel Bradstreet, from Detroit, should advance into the territory of the Wyandots, Ottawas, and Chippewas; and thus, by one great simultaneous movement, crush those warlike tribes. Boquet's route, however, was without any water communication whatever, but lay directly through the heart of an unbroken wilderness. The expedition, from beginning to end, was to be carried on without boats, wagons, or artillery, and without a post to fall back upon in case of disaster. The army was to be an isolated thing, a self-supporting machine.

Although the preparations commenced early in the spring, difficulties and delays occurred in carrying them forward, so that the troops, that were ordered to assemble at Carlisle, did not get ready to march till the 5th of August. Four days after, they were drawn up on parade, and addressed in a patriotic speech by the Governor of the State. This ceremony being finished, they turned their steps toward the wilderness, followed by the cheers of the people. Passing

over the bloody field of Bushy Run, which still bore marks of the sharp conflict that took place there the year before, they pushed on, unmolested by the Indians, and entered Fort Pitt on the 13th of September.

In the mean time a company of Delawares visited the fort, and informed Boquet that Colonel Bradstreet had formed a treaty of peace with them and the Shawnees.

Boquet gave no credit to the story, and went on with his preparations. To set the matter at rest, however, he offered to send an express to Detroit, if they would furnish guides and safe-conduct, saying he would give it ten days to go and ten to return. This they agreed to; but unwilling to trust their word alone, he retained ten of their number as hostages, whom he declared he would shoot if the express came to any harm. Soon after other Indians arrived, and endeavored to persuade him not to advance till the express should return. Suspecting that their motive was to delay him till the season was too far advanced to move at all, he turned a deaf ear to their solicitations, saying that the express could meet him on his march; and if it was true, as they said, that peace was concluded, they would receive no harm from him. So, on the 2d of October, under a bright autumnal sky, the imposing little army of fifteen hundred men defiled out of the fort, and striking into an Indian path boldly entered the wilderness. The long train of pack-horses, and immense droves of sheep and cattle that accompanied it, gave to it the appearance of a huge caravan, slowly threading its way amidst the endless colonnades of the forest. Only one woman was allowed to each corps, and two for general hospital.

This expedition, even in our early history, was a novel one; for following no water-course, it struck directly into the trackless forest, with no definite point in view, and no fixed limit to its advance. It was intended to overawe by its magnitude—to move, as an exhibition of awful power, into the very heart of the red man's dominions. Expecting to be shut up in the forest at least a month, and receive in that time no supplies from without, it had to carry along an immense quantity of provisions. Meat of course could not be preserved, and so the frontier settlements were exhausted of sheep and oxen to move on with it for its support. These necessarily caused its march to be slow and methodical. A corps of Virginia volunteers went in advance, preceded by three scouting parties—one of which kept the path, while the other two moved in a line abreast, on either side, to explore the woods. Under cover of these the axe companies, guarded by two companies of Light Infantry, cut two parallel paths, one each side of the main path, for the troops, pack-horses, and cattle that were to follow. First marched the Highlanders, in column two-deep, in the centre path, and in the side paths in single file abreast—the men six feet apart; and behind them the corps of reserve, and the second battalion of Pennsylvania militia. Then came the



MARCH THROUGH THE WOODS.

officers and pack-horses, followed by the vast droves of cattle, filling the forest with their loud complainings. A company of Light Horse walked slowly after these, and the rear-guard closed the long array. No talking was allowed, and no music cheered the way. When the order to halt passed along the line the whole were to face outward, and the moment the signal of attack sounded, to form a hollow square, into the centre of which pack-horses, ammunition, and cattle were to be hurried, followed by the Light Horse.

In this order the unwieldy caravan struggled on through the forest, neither extremity of which could be seen from the centre, it being lost amidst the thickly clustering trunks and foliage in the distance.

The first day the expedition made only three miles. The next, after marching two miles, it came to the Ohio, and moved down its gravelly beach for six miles and a half, when it again

struck into the forest, and making seven miles encamped. The sheep and cattle, which kept up an incessant bleating and lowing that could be heard for more than a mile, were placed far in the rear at night and strongly guarded.

Tuesday, October 5, the march led across a level country, covered with stately timber and with but little underbrush; so that paths were easily cut, and the army made ten miles before camping. The next day it again struck the Ohio, but followed it only half a mile when it turned abruptly off, and crossing a high ridge over which the cattle were urged with great difficulty, found itself on the banks of the Big Beaver Creek. The stream was deep for fording, with a rough rocky bottom and high steep banks. The current was, moreover, strong and rapid; so that, although the soldiers waded across without material difficulty, they had great trouble in getting the cattle safely over. The sheep were com-

pelled to swim, and being borne down by the rapid current landed, bleating, in scattered squads, along the steep banks, and were collected together again only after a long effort. Keeping down the stream they at length reached its mouth, where they found some deserted Indian huts, which the Indians with them said had been abandoned the year before, after the battle of Bushy Run. Two miles farther on they came upon the skull of a child stuck on a pole.

There was a large number of men in the army who had wives, children, and friends prisoners among the Indians, and who had accompanied the expedition for the purpose of recovering them. To these the skull of this little child brought sad reflections. Some one among them was perhaps its father, while the thought that it might stand as an index to tell the fate of all that had been captured made each one shudder. As they looked on it, bleached by the winds and rain, the anxious heart asked questions it dared not answer.

The next day was Sunday, but the camp broke up at the usual hour and the army resumed its slow march. During the day it crossed a high ridge, from the top of which one of those wondrous scenes found nowhere but in the American wilderness burst on their view. A limitless expanse of forest stretched away till it met the western heavens, broken only here and there by a dark gash or seam, showing where, deep down amidst the trees, a river was pursuing its solitary way to the Ohio, or an occasional glimpse of the Ohio itself, as in its winding course it came in the line of vision. In one direction the tree tops would extend, miles upon miles, a vast flooring of foliage, level as the bosom of a lake, and then

break into green billows that went rolling gently against the cloudless horizon. In another, lofty ridges rose, crowned with majestic trees, at the base of which swamps of dark fir-trees, refusing the bright beams of the October sun, that flooded the rest of the wilderness, made a pleasing contrast of light and shade. The magnificent scene was new to officers and men, and they gazed on it in rapture and wonder.

Keeping on their course, they came, two days after, to a point where the Indian path they had been following so long divided—the two branches leading off at a wide angle. The trees at the forks were covered with hieroglyphics, describing the various battles the Indians had fought, and telling the number of scalps they had taken, etc.

The path selected by the army was so overgrown with bushes that every foot of the way had to be cleared with the axe. It led through low, soft ground, and was frequently crossed by narrow, sluggish rivulets, so deep and miry that the pack-horses could not be forced across them. After several attempts to do so, in which the animals became so thoroughly imbedded in the mud that they had to be lifted out with main force, they halted, while the artificers cut down trees and poles and made bridges. This was the hardest day's toil to which they had been subjected, and with their utmost efforts they were able to accomplish but five miles. The next day the forest was open, and so clear of undergrowth that they made seventeen miles. Friday, the 12th, the path led along the banks of Yellow Creek, through a beautiful country of rich bottom land, on which the Pennsylvanians and Virginians looked with covetous eyes, and



THE CHILD'S SKULL.



REST AT TUSCARORAS.

made a note of for future reference. The next day they crossed it, and ascending a swell of land, marched for two miles in view of one of the loveliest prospects the sun ever shone upon. There had been two or three frosty nights, which had changed the whole aspect of the forest. Where, a few days before, an ocean of green had rolled away there now was spread a boundless carpet, decorated with an endless variety of the gayest colors, and lighted up by the mellow rays of an October sun. Long stripes of yellow, vast masses of green, waving lines of red, wandering away and losing themselves in the blue of the distant sky—immense spaces sprinkled with every imaginable hue, now separated clear and distinct as if by a painter's brush, and now shading gradually into each other, or mingling in inextricable, beautiful confusion, combined to form a scene that appeared more like a wondrous vision suddenly unrolled before them than this dull earth. A cloudless sky and the dreamy haze of Indian summer, overarching and enrobing all this beauty and splendor, completed the picture and left nothing for the imagination to suggest.

At length they descended to a small river, which they followed till it joined the main branch of the Muskingum, where a scene of a very different character greeted them. A little below

and above the forks the shores had been cultivated and lined with Indian houses. The place was called Tuscaroras, and for beauty of situation could not well be surpassed. The high, luxuriant banks, the placid rivers meeting and flowing on together, the green fields sprinkled with huts and bordered with the rich autumnal foliage, all basking in the mellow October light, and so out of the way there in the wilderness, combined to form a sweet picture, and was doubly lovely to them after having been so long shut up in the forest.

They reached this beautiful spot Saturday afternoon, and the next day being Sunday they remained in camp, and men and cattle were allowed a day of rest. The latter revived under the smell of green grass once more, and roaming over the fields, gave a still more civilized aspect to the quiet scene.

During the day the two messengers that had been sent to Detroit came into camp, accompanied by Indian guides. The report they brought showed the wisdom of Boquet in refusing to delay his march till their return. They had not been allowed to pursue their journey, but were held close prisoners by the Delawares until the arrival of the army, when, alarmed for their own safety, they released them and made them bearers of a petition for peace.



SETTLEMENT AT MUSKINGUM.

The next day the army moved two miles farther down the Muskingum, and encamped on a high bank, where the stream was three hundred feet wide. The following day six chiefs came into camp, saying that all the rest were eight miles off, waiting to make peace. Boquet told them he would be ready to receive them next day. In the mean time he ordered a large bower to be built a short distance from camp, while sentinels were posted in every direction to prevent surprise, in case treachery was meditated.

The next day, the 17th, he paraded the Highlanders and Virginia Volunteers, and escorted by the Light Horse, led them to the bower, where he disposed them in the most imposing manner, so as to impress the chiefs in the approaching interview. The latter, as they emerged from the forest, were conducted with great ceremony to the bower, which they entered with their accustomed gravity; and without saying a word quietly seated themselves and commenced

smoking. When they had finished they laid aside their pipes, and drew from their pouches strings of wampum. The council being thus opened, they made a long address, in which they were profuse in their professions of peace, laying the whole blame of the war on the young men, whom they said they could not control. Boquet, not wishing to appear eager to come to a settlement, replied that he would give his answer the next day; and the council broke up. The next day, however, a pouring storm prevented a meeting of the council till the day following. Boquet's answer was long and conciliatory, but the gist of it was he would make peace on one condition, and no other—that the Indians should give up all the prisoners in their possession within ten days.

Remaining quietly in camp till Monday, he again ordered the tents to be struck, and recommenced his march, to show his determination to enforce his demands. In three days he reached the forks of the Muskingum; and judging this to be as central a position as he could find, he resolved to fix himself here until the object of his mission was accomplished. He ordered four redoubts to be built, erected several store-houses, a mess-house, a large number of ovens, and various other buildings for the reception of the captives, which, with the white tents scattered up and down the banks of the river, made a

large settlement in the wilderness, and filled the Indians with alarm. A town with nearly two thousand inhabitants, well supplied with horses, cattle, and sheep, and ample means of defense, was well calculated to awaken the gloomiest anticipations. The steady sound of the axe day after day, the lowing of cattle, and all the sounds of civilization echoing along the banks of the Muskingum within the very heart of their territory, was more alarming than the resistless march of a victorious army; and anxious to get rid of such unwelcome companions, they made every effort to collect the prisoners scattered among the various tribes.

Boquet remained here two weeks, occupied in sending and receiving messengers who were charged with business relating to the restoration of the captives. At the end of this time two hundred and six, the majority of them women and children, had been received in camp. A hundred more still remained in the hands of the Indians; yet, as they solemnly promised to restore them in the spring, and the leafless forest and biting blasts of November, and occasional flurries of snow, reminded Boquet of the coming on of winter, he determined to retrace his steps to Fort Pitt.

These two weeks, during which the prisoners were being brought in, were filled with scenes of the most intense and often painful excitement. Some of the captives had been for many years with the Indians, recipients of their kindness and love; others had passed from childhood to maturity among them, till they had forgotten their native language, and the past was to them, if remembered at all, like a half-forgotten dream. All of them—men, women, and children—were dressed in Indian costume, and their hair arranged in Indian fashion. Their features also were bronzed by long exposure to the weather; so that they appeared to have passed more than half way to a pure savage state. As troop after troop came in, the eager look and inquiries of those who had accompanied the army to find their long-lost families and kindred made each arrival a most thrilling scene. In some instances, where the separation had been only for a short period, the recognition was instantaneous and mutual, and the short, quick cry, and sudden rush into each other's arms, brought tears to the eyes of the hardy soldier. In others, doubt, agony, fear, and hope would in turn take possession of the heart, and chase each other like shadows over the face, as question after question was put, to recall some event or scene familiar to both, till at last a common chord would be touched, when the dormant memory would awake as by an electric touch, a flood of fond recollections sweep away all uncertainty, and the lost one be hurried away amidst cries and sobs of joy. Sometimes the disappointed parent or brother would turn sorrowfully away, and, with that hope deferred which makes the heart sick, sadly await the arrival of another group. But the most painful sight was when a mother recognized her own child, which how-

ever, in turn, persisted in looking on her as a stranger, and coldly turning from her embrace, clung to its savage protector; or when a mutual recognition failed to awaken affection on one side, so entirely had the heart become weaned from its early attachments. In these cases the joy of the captors knew no bounds, and the most endearing epithets and caresses would be lavished on the prisoner. But when they saw them taken away, torrents of tears attested their sincere affection and grief. The attitude of intense interest, and the exhibitions of uncontrollable sorrow of those wild children of the forest, on one side, and the ecstatic joy of the white mother as she folded her long-lost child in her arms, and the deep emotion of the husband as he strained his recovered wife to his bosom, on the other, combined to form one of the most moving, novel spectacles ever witnessed in the American wilderness. One of the captive women had an infant three months old at her breast, born in the Indian's wigwam. A Virginia volunteer instantly recognized her as his wife, stolen from his log-cabin six months previous, and rushing forward he snatched her to his bosom and flew with her to his tent, where, tearing off the savage costumes of both, he clothed them in their proper garments. After the first burst of joy was over he inquired after his little boy, two years old, who was carried off the same time she was made prisoner; but she could give no tidings of him. A few days after another group of prisoners arrived, in which was a child whose appearance answered to the description of this little fugitive. The woman was sent for, and the child placed before her. She looked at it a moment, and shook her head. But the next moment the powerful maternal instinct triumphed, and recognizing in the little savage before her her long-lost child, she dropped her babe, and snatching him to her bosom burst into a torrent of tears. The husband caught the babe from the ground on which it had fallen and both hurried away to his tent. The poor Indian mother watched their retreating forms, and then burying her face in her blanket sobbed aloud. A scene equally affecting occurred between an aged mother and her daughter, who had been carried off nine years before and adopted in a distant tribe. Though the latter had passed from childhood to womanhood in the forest, and differed from other young squaws only in the tint of her skin, which her wild life could not wholly bronze, the eyes of the parent, sharpened by maternal instinct, instantly recognized the features of her child in the handsome young savage, and called her by name, and rushed forward to embrace her. But the latter, having forgotten her native language and name, and all her childhood's life, looked on wondering, and turned, frightened from the proffered embrace, to her Indian parent. The true mother tried in every way to recall the memory of her child and awaken recognition, but in vain. At length, despairing of success, she gave way to the most passionate grief. Colonel Boquet had been a silent witness



RECOVERY OF PRISONERS.

of the painful interview, and, moved at the grief of the mother, approached her, and asked if she could not recall some song with which she used to sing her child to sleep. Brightening at the suggestion, she looked up through her tears, and struck a familiar strain, one with which she used long ago to quiet her babe. The moment the ears of the maiden caught the sound her countenance changed, and as the strain proceeded a strange light stole over her features. All stood hushed as death, as that simple melody floated out through the forest, and watched with intense interest the countenances of the two actors in this touching scene. The eager, anxious look of the mother as she sang, and the rapidly changing expression of the captive's face as she listened, awoke the profoundest sympathy of Boquet's manly, generous heart, and he could hardly restrain his feelings. Slowly, almost painfully, the dormant memory awoke from its long sleep; at length the dark cloud that covered the past rent asunder, and the scenes of childhood came back in all the freshness of their early spring time, and the half wild young creature sunk in joy on her mother's bosom.

Some of the children had been so long with

their captors that they looked upon them as their true parents, and cried bitterly on being separated from them. Stranger still, the young women had become so attached to their savage yet kind husbands, that, when told they were to be given up to their white friends, they refused to go; and many of them had to be bound and brought as prisoners to camp. Repelling all advances, and turning a deaf ear to entreaties, they besought Boquet to let them return to their forest homes. The promise that they should take their half-breed children with them could not change their wishes. On the other hand, the Indians clung to them with a tenacity and fondness that made the spectators forget they were looking upon savages. It was pitiful to see their habitual stoicism give way so completely at the thought of separation. They made no effort to conceal their grief; and the chieftain's eye that gleamed like his own tomahawk in battle, now wept like a child's. His strong nature seemed wholly subdued, and his haughty bearing changed to one of humility as he besought the white man to treat his pale-faced wife tenderly. His wild life suddenly lost all its charms, and he hung round the camp to get a sight of her whom,

though she was lost to him, he still loved. He watched near the log building in which she was kept, leaving it only to bring from the forest pheasants, wild pigeons, or some delicacy, and lay it at her feet. Some of the young captive wives refused to be comforted, and using that sagacity they had acquired in their long sojourn with the Indians, managed to escape from their friends, and joining their swarthy lovers fled with them to the forest, where they remained in spite of all efforts to recover them.

The American wilderness never presented such a spectacle as was here exhibited on the banks of the Muskingum. It was no longer a hostile camp, but a stage on which human nature was displaying its most attractive and noble traits; or rather a sublime poem, enacted there in the bosom of the wilderness, whose burden was human affection, and whose great argument the common brotherhood of mankind.

Boquet and his officers were deeply impressed, and could hardly believe their own senses when they saw young warriors, whose deeds of daring and savage ferocity had made their names a terror on the frontier, weeping like children over their bereavement.

A treaty of peace having been concluded with the various tribes, Boquet, taking hostages to secure their good behavior and the return of the remaining prisoners, broke up his camp on the 18th of November, and began to retrace his steps toward Fort Pitt. The leafless forest rocked and roared above the little army as it once more entered its gloomy recesses; and that lovely spot on the banks of the Muskingum, on which such strange scenes had been witnessed, lapsed again into solitude and silence. The Indians gazed with various and conflicting emotions on the lessening files—some with grief and desolation of heart because they bore away the objects of their deep affection, others with savage hate, for they went as conquerors.

A few, impelled by their affection for the prisoners, refused to stay behind. Though warned by the officers of the danger they incurred in returning to the frontiers which they had drenched in blood—of the private vengeance that would be wreaked on them by those whose homes they had made desolate—they could not be persuaded to turn back. Thus, day after day, they moved on with the army, leaving it only to hunt for those who had so long shared their wigwams.



THE OLD SONG.



THE MINGO CHIEF.

Among these was a young Mingo chief, who could not be forced to leave a young Virginian woman whom he had taken for his wife. Neither persuasions nor the prospect of falling a victim to the vengeance of those whose friends he had slain could make him remain behind. He treasured the young pale-face in his fierce heart with a devotion that laughed at danger. His love was as untamable as his hate; and in his bosom the fires of passion glowed with an intensity found only in those who have never submitted to a restraint, and whose highest law is the gratification of their own desires. Silent and gloomy he accompanied the army, drawn irresistibly on by one sweet face that shut all other objects from his sight. She had left his wigwam forever, and he could no longer soothe her with caressing words and be rewarded by a gentle look; but he could hover round her path, and bring her those delicacies which he so well

knew how to select. No knight in the days of chivalry ever exhibited a higher gallantry or more unselfish devotion than did this haughty young Mingo.

In ten days the army again drew up in the little clearing in front of Fort Pitt, and were welcomed with loud shouts. The war was over, and the troubled frontier rested once more in peace.

After a time Boquet went to Philadelphia, where he was received with distinguished kindness, and warmly welcomed, especially by those whose friends he had rescued from the Indians. The Assembly voted him a complimentary address; while the Home Government, as a reward for his services, promoted him to the rank of Brigadier-General, and placed him in command of the Southern Department of North America. He did not live long, however, to enjoy his honors, for three years after he died of a fever in Pensacola.

THE COAST RANGERS.

A CHRONICLE OF EVENTS IN CALIFORNIA.

III.—HUNTING ADVENTURES.

BEFORE proceeding to narrate our wonderful hunting adventures, I must fulfill the promise made in my last chapter, of telling how Captain Toby saved our vinegar and the life of our excellent friend, Tom Fry:

The Judge and Mr. Fry, it appears, were riding at some distance behind the party, en-

joying a social chat on the various subjects suggested by the adventures of the day. In the course of the conversation the Judge accidentally struck upon fish-chowder, which started Mr. Fry into such a labyrinth of reminiscences in that direction that he entirely lost sight of the trail. It became necessary to cross a portion of the beach, over which a small stream from a neighboring cañon made its way. The tracks

of the main party became merged in Mr. Fry's visions of fish-chowder, and the Judge, unfortunately, was too polite to interrupt that gentleman in his very pleasant dissertation. It was brought to a very abrupt conclusion, however, by the sudden disappearance of Mr. Fry from the back of his mule. That animal had unexpectedly manifested an unwillingness to proceed, and left his rider about ten feet in advance of him, plunging wildly in a bed of quick-sand. It was some moments before the unfortunate gentleman could regain his feet, and when he did, one of them broke through the deceitful surface, while he was endeavoring to make his escape with the other. The more he struggled the deeper he sank. He was soon up to his hips, and it was evident that he must go under altogether unless some relief could be afforded, and that very speedily. The Judge promptly dismounted from his mule to render assistance. Both mules being now free availed themselves of the opportunity, and started back for the Reservation, taking with them the saddles, blankets, and various equipments of their riders. Nothing was left behind except the Judge and Mr. Fry, and a small blue keg said to contain vinegar, which had been cast over the mule's head at the same time with the latter, and was now partially sunk in the sand.

"Judge," said Tom, with horror depicted in every feature of his expressive countenance, "I'm sinking, as sure as fate! What's to be done?"

Now the Judge was a man of noble and generous impulses. He was willing to do any thing

in the world to save the life of a fellow-creature; but this was not a river or pond of water into which one man could plunge and pull another out. It would be the height of folly for two to get fastened in the quick-sand when the only prospect of escape was for one to keep some hold upon the firm ground. These thoughts flashed through the Judge's mind, and for a moment the prospect looked exceedingly dreary.

"Can't you throw me a rope," shouted Tom, "or something to hold on to, Judge? I'm sinking deeper and deeper!"

"A rope—yes, certainly," answered the Judge; "just wait a moment till I run after my mule."

"Don't leave me," implored Tom; "you will never be able to catch that mule, and I can't wait much longer. I'm half gone now."

"Then what in the world must I do?" exclaimed the Judge, profoundly moved by the pitiable plight of his friend; "there is not a stick or willow bush that I can see within half a mile. If there were any Indians in this vicinity I would not hesitate to solicit their services. Ungenerously as they have been treated by the white race, I scarcely think there is one so lost to every sentiment of humanity as to refuse aid to a suffering fellow-creature in an emergency like this. Indeed, instances are not rare in which they have manifested a spirit of magnanimity worthy a civilized people. It is to be regretted that the policy of the Federal Government toward them in this State, however well intended, has been so disastrous in its results. Even during our own brief intercourse with them



TOM FRY IN THE QUICK-SAND.

have we not found them amiable, docile, and inoffensive, ready to perform any service required of them, looking to us as to a superior order of beings, manifesting a degree of patience under the cruel wrongs inflicted upon them that must certainly move the sympathies of every right-minded man? There is a pleading eloquence in the very helplessness of their condition more pathetic than any ever yet achieved through the gift of human language. It requires no rhetorical aid. It is the truth and nothing more, profoundly affecting because profoundly sad. When we reflect that they are rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth—" [Here the unfortunate gentleman in the quick-sand groaned.] —"that in a few years there will not be one left to tell the sad tradition of their woes—that, in short—" [Here Mr. Tom Fry cried out that he was about to disappear; he was already down to the pit of his stomach, and there was no hope for him whatever. He begged the Judge to inform the members of the Association of his unhappy fate, and to request them to dig for his body and give it a decent burial if they could find it.]

To which the Judge responded as follows: "I will certainly do so, my dear fellow, and if I can serve you in any other way, mention it while you have yet an opportunity. I don't think you will go entirely under for about ten minutes. It is even possible, calculating the rate at which you have heretofore disappeared, that you may keep your head above ground for fifteen minutes. I remember reading of a man who saved his life, under similar circumstances, by stretching himself out on the top of the sand on his belly, and working his way over the surface to the solid ground; but I fear you are too far gone for that. It might have been done in the beginning, if one only could think of it. I have no doubt the young Lord of Ravenswood might have saved himself in the same way. You remember he was lost in the quick-sand after witnessing the insanity of his betrothed, the beautiful Lucy Ashton, the Bride of Lammermoor, who 'sat gibbering in the corner.' He rode away on his horse, and was seen to disappear in the quick-sands. There is nothing in the whole range of English literature more powerfully wrought than the closing scenes of this splendid romance; the forced marriage, the insanity of the bride, and the sad fate of the young and noble Lord of Ravenswood. I never see or hear of quick-sands that I do not think of this unfortunate youth, as he vanished from the earth almost at the threshold of life. The picture is even more impressive and affecting than the closing scene of *Kenilworth*, in which the unhappy heroine is suffered to fall into a deep pit, where the last that is seen of her is the fluttering of her white robes."

Here the unhappy Tom protested, with streaming eyes, that His Honor would soon see the last of him also, for he was now buried to the armpits, and was working down deeper and deeper every moment.

"A very remarkable fact," said the Judge, "suggestive of the singular difference which exists between animals with warm binocular hearts and the inferior orders of creation occupying the watery elements. Even the pearl-fishers on the coast of Lower California, who are esteemed to be extraordinarily expert swimmers, and who practice diving from early childhood, can not hold their breath under the water more than two minutes; and it is scarcely possible that the most experienced of them could exist under a deep bed of quick-sand for a much greater length of time. Of all animals with warm blood the whale possesses, perhaps, the most remarkable capacity in this respect. I have been informed that they frequently remain under the water an hour before the supply of air which they take down with them is exhausted. Indeed, it is a mooted point in the science of Cetology, whether the whale really belongs to the order of animals, or whether it is not, properly speaking, a fish. We have the authority of Scripture for it that it was a great fish that swallowed Jonah, though no mention is made of the generally received fact that the fish was a whale. Pliny refers to big fishes that were bred in the Indian Ocean, among which he mentions whales; but, on the other hand, Linnæus, in his *System of Nature*, undertakes to show that whales should be separated from the fish tribe on account of their warm binocular hearts, their lungs, their movable eyelids, their hollow ears, and mammiferous breasts. Hunter asserts that the blood of this order is similar to that of quadrupeds, but has an idea that the red globules are in larger proportions. Baron Cuvier describes the whale as a mammiferous animal without hind feet; and the quaint old Fuller speaks of these great leviathans as mighty animals that swim in a sea of water and have a sea of oil swimming in them. Even now, my dear fellow, we can see them sporting in the distance. These must be the California or gray whales, so abundant on this coast, and for the capture of which shore fisheries have been established at San Diego, Monterey, and Crescent City. Observe how lazily they roll about, puffing up their jets of mist as if they were enjoying the best Havana cigars. It is refreshing to see the mighty inhabitants of the deep thus disport themselves in the sheen of the blue waves, warming their glistening backs and shaking their black flippers in the sunbeams. What great, jolly fellows they are—big school-boys of the brine at their holiday sport! It almost tempts one to turn whale-fisher, and go out and take a buffet with them—such a scene!"

Here Tom declared, in piteous tones, that he would turn whale-fisher, pearl-diver, or any thing else, if it were only within the bounds of possibility to save him; but he feared he was utterly gone.

At this critical juncture a voice was heard on the side of the mountain—the voice of Captain Toby, who came dashing down the cliffs on his famous *Broncho*, whirling his lasso round his head and singing, with stentorian lungs,

"Little pigs lie with their noses bare,
Sing angderang dare!
Lillebulero! Lillebulero! Lillebulero! ley!
Oh, my daddy's a bonny wee man,
Sing angderang dang!"

With a wild yell and a few adroit exploits of the Broncho, which he compelled to charge and retreat, rear up on the hind legs and dance over the sand in a strikingly miraculous manner, Captain Toby appeared at the scene of the disaster, and demanded what he could do to serve the great cause of suffering humanity.

The difficulty was quickly explained. Captain Toby, ever ready in resources, saw the remedy at a glance. Dashing up to the edge of the quick-sand, he whirled his lasso round his head, gave another wild whoop, and cast the noose—not over the body of the sinking man, as might be supposed, but over the keg of "vinegar," which he immediately dragged to a place of safety. Dismounting from his animal, he dexterously extracted the bung from the keg, took

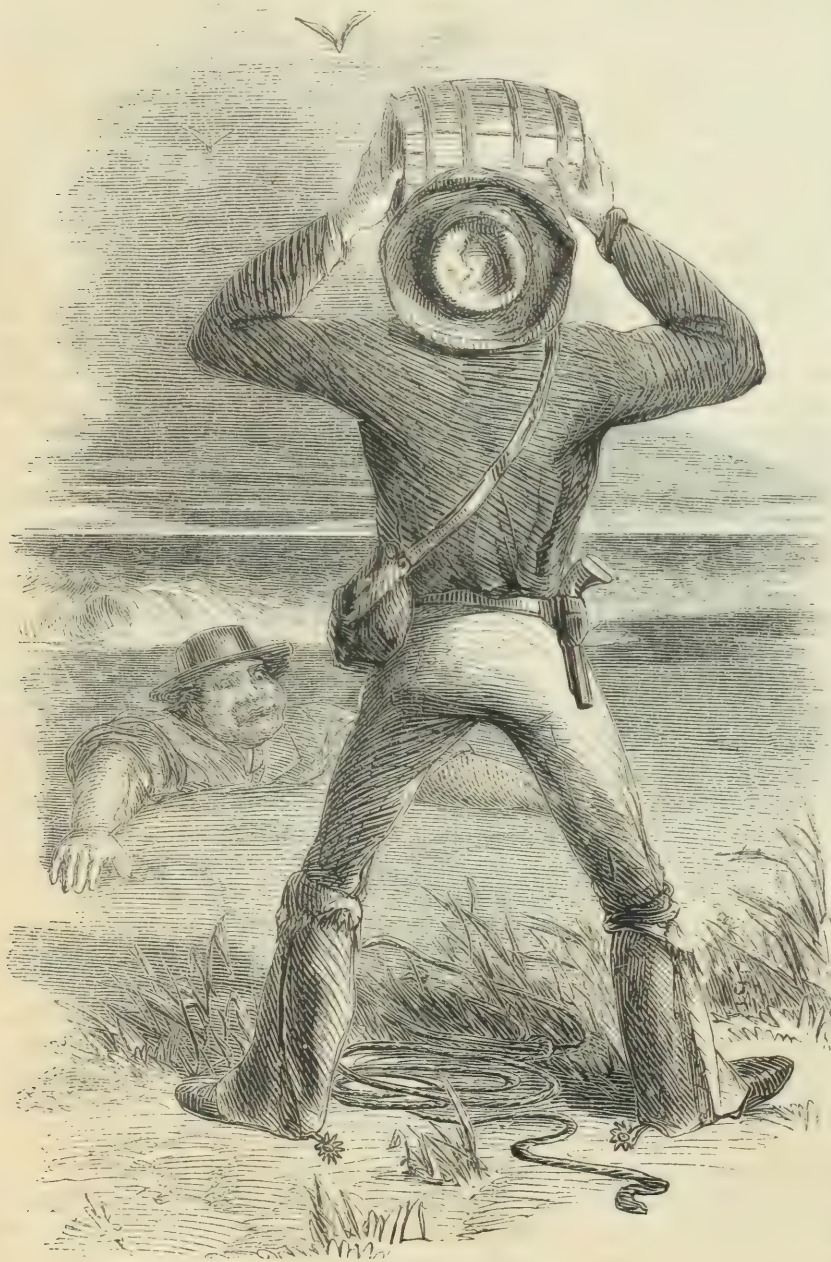
a protracted pull at the contents, and ejaculated fervently, "Praised be Moses, the keg is saved! There's nourishment in that vinegar!" Next moment he was mounted on the Broncho, and with a terrific whoop and flourish of the lasso he secured the unfortunate Tom Fry. By the united efforts of the Broncho, the Captain, and the Judge, Mr. Fry was safely landed on dry ground. A little scrubbing and chafing, aided by the nourishing effects of the vinegar, soon brought him to, though it was impossible to stop the chattering of his teeth.

Having performed this effective service, Captain Toby looked about for the mules. While the Judge was explaining where they had gone to, the Captain said he knew the exact spot; he had been there frequently, and was intimately acquainted with a cinnamon bear that ranged in that vicinity. Upon which he put spurs to the Broncho, and with a whoop that resounded for miles up the cañon dashed off after the mules.

It was only two miles to the camp, and the

walk would thoroughly resuscitate Mr. Fry, who by this time manifested all the symptoms of a violent ague. As he was about to start off, the Judge insinuated his arm through that of his afflicted friend and gently detained him.

"After all," said his Honor, "there is something fascinating in this wild life. It is refreshing to get away from the crowded city, with all its petty trials and cares, and enjoy, even for a brief period, an aboriginal existence, free from the turmoil of business, and untrammelled by the conventionalities of society. The constitution is invigorated [Here Mr. Fry shivered like an aspen]; the mind becomes placid [Tom groaned]; the whole physical and mental organization undergo a beneficial change [Tom hoped it might be so]. It is better than that primitive condition of health which at first appears to result from the use of opium, as De Quincey informs us in his 'Confessions,' because it is followed by no depression—no remorse of conscience. As we sit on the rock of ages [Here the Judge quietly seated himself on a stump, still retaining possession of his



THE VINEGAR IS SAFE.



TOM FRY SAVED.

friend's arm]—as we sit here communing with old Ocean, is not the very grandeur of the scene a balm for the sickness of care? See the swelling waves as they come rolling in over the beach. What a sweetly-mournful music they make! They are singing a hymn to the Deity for the souls of lost mariners. Yet sometimes, when the ocean is in its calmer moods, we can fancy that the waves are travelers from the islands beyond the horizon—the beautiful Islands of the South Sea—coming to tell us of palm-trees, of orange groves, and the perpetual verdure of the tropics—of the dusky maidens of Typee and Nukaheva.”

[Tom shuddered at the miserable figure he would cut in female society, covered all over with quicksand.]

“On this wild and rock-bound coast,” resumed the Judge, “the everlasting surf has carved out strange and fanciful forms—of satyrs and genii; of great black giants, who stand in the spray with dripping beards of sea-weed, ready to devour ships and their crews; of ruined temples and ‘cities by the sea,’ which loom with an alluring beauty in the distance, but change to rugged peaks and dismal fortresses of slimy rocks as



THE MENDOCINO COAST.

men. Cries of agonized distress are mingled with the wild roar of the surf. You turn away with mute horror, feeling the utter insignificance of human power to cope with the rage that vents itself upon this stern and inhospitable coast."

Here a terrific whoop startled the Judge. It was the voice of Captain Toby, who came charging down the hill-side on his Broncho, swinging his riata over his head, and driving the two mules in advance. Whichever way they turned to avoid the inexorable swing of the riata, Toby was after them: over jagged rocks, through chaparral, down abrupt banks, along the edges of fearful precipices, till, panting and reeking wet, they were brought up "with a round turn" in front of the Judge and Mr. Tom Fry. As the former was about to resume his discourse on the horrors of the shores of Mendocino by giving some account of the adventures of Pedro Cabrillo, the Spanish pilot who first advanced so far to the northward, Captain Toby dismounted and requested to be informed "if the vinegar was safe?" To which his Honor responded that it was. Captain Toby drew the bung, put his mouth to the orifice, held the keg up, and found that it was.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have been there. I was the original discoverer of that trail. Last summer I met with a very singular adventure in the immediate vicinity. I went out from camp to kill a deer. We were badly in want of meat. In the course of my ramble the Indians began to gather round me, first one, then two, then three or four, and so on until there were twenty or thirty. They seemed perfectly friendly, only they annoyed me. Each Indian as he appeared began to whistle, until the whistling swelled to a chorus that was perfectly intolerable. I begged them to desist; the more I begged the closer they followed me, and the louder they whistled. I turned off in various directions; they still followed whistling with all their might. I pointed my rifle at them; they held up their bows, and kept on whistling. No matter what I said or did, the miserable wretches kept up their abominable discord. I walked back to camp. They still followed, whistling. For two days they whistled at us without cessation. There were four of us in camp; but as we did not wish to kill them, there was no other resource than to pull up stakes and leave. It was the first time I was ever whistled out of a country. The incident is strictly true, gentlemen. You may depend upon it."

Mr. Fry said that, "upon the whole, he would rather depend upon getting to camp. He was wet to the skin, and if he remained stationary much longer he would be certain to die of cramps in the stomach."

The hint was sufficient for Captain Toby, who immediately helped his friends to mount their mules. This done, he gave a whoop that struck terror into the souls of those refractory animals, put spurs to his Broncho, whirled his lasso over his head and drove all before him, at a fearful rate, up hill and down hill, over frightful gulches, through dense masses of chaparral,

till they reached the camp, where Mr. Tom Fry took an opportunity of publicly returning thanks to Captain Toby, and where he subsequently devoured such a dinner of broiled venison as completely restored the circulation of his blood and frightened away the chills—a fact that reminded his Honor the Judge of many pleasing anecdotes, with which he entertained the company till long after midnight.

Our hunters were becoming more successful every day. The camp was literally ornamented with festoons of game hung from the branches of the trees. Even the veriest tyro had killed a rabbit or a quail. The force of example at length produced its effect upon the Judge. It was evident, from the manner in which he picked up stray rifles and pointed them at distant stumps of trees, that something was brewing in his mind. Ambition had seized upon his Honor. He would go out in the hills and kill a deer. After much consideration he stated the case to Captain Toby, whose experience in these matters was at once profound and extensive. Toby was personally acquainted with every deer ranging the hills within a circuit of twenty miles. He knew exactly the local habitation of certain old bucks, with five-pointed antlers, and was intimate with two grizzly bears in the same vicinity. If his Honor desired it, they would attack the grizzlies first, and after killing them there would be no difficulty in getting a chance at the bucks. The Judge took the proposition under advisement. It would certainly be an achievement worth talking of to kill two grizzlies; but then there was a great deal of testimony going to show that the chances were about even whether the bears or the hunters would be most likely to suffer in an encounter of this kind—especially when one of the attacking party could barely hit the side of a hill at the distance of a hundred yards.

"If you know of any bucks," said his Honor, "in some other locality usually avoided by grizzly bears, it strikes me it would be more attractive under the circumstances."

Captain Toby knew of any number of places. There was a point of rocks about five miles distant where a doe and two fawns made their appearance every evening; the doe had a white face, and the fawns were speckled. They usually appeared in company with two small rabbits and a flock of quail. Within a mile of that point, in a deep gulch, there was a spiked buck, with a black nose, a little lame in one of the hind legs. To the right about half a mile there was a fine fat roe, with a bullet hole through the left ear, which he (Captain Toby) had put there last year merely by way of a mark. As for bucks, there was a hill about ten miles off alive with bucks, and no grizzly bears within a range of three miles.

The Judge thought the hill that was alive with bucks would suit. He could certainly hit some part of the hill, and kill at least one buck. It was confidentially arranged that his Honor and Captain Toby should start at daylight on the



OUR CAMP.

following morning, properly equipped for the adventure.

Of course I can only give the result, as it was subsequently detailed to me by Captain Toby. They reached the hill in due time, after a most laborious ride through brush and chaparral, during which the Judge had become so enthusiastic that he manifested a strong disposition to devote the remainder of his days to the destruction of deer. As they approached the locality of the game, it was deemed necessary by Captain Toby to subdue the Judge's enthusiasm by a few brief instructions. "You must keep perfectly cool," said he, "or you will be sure to miss your game. When you see a buck and feel the ague coming on you, draw a long breath and brace your nerves. Aim a little back of the fore shoulder, nearly on a line with the fore legs, so as to take him in the heart. Get your sight plumb on the

spot where you want to put your bullet, and then bang away." Scarcely had the Judge time to comprehend the full force of these useful hints, when a splendid buck bounced out from a bunch of chaparral on the opposite side of a ravine, and stood broadside within sixty yards, antlers erect, and staring fixedly at the intruders.

"There he is!" whispered Toby. "Draw a fine bead on him, and he's a dead buck."

"Where? Where?" whispered the Judge, eagerly.

"There—don't you see him—a little to the right of that bush yonder."

"Oh, yes. I see." The Judge proceeded to take aim.

"Hold!" cried Toby. "If your Honor will excuse me, that's a stump you're aiming at."

"Is it? I thought you said it was a deer."

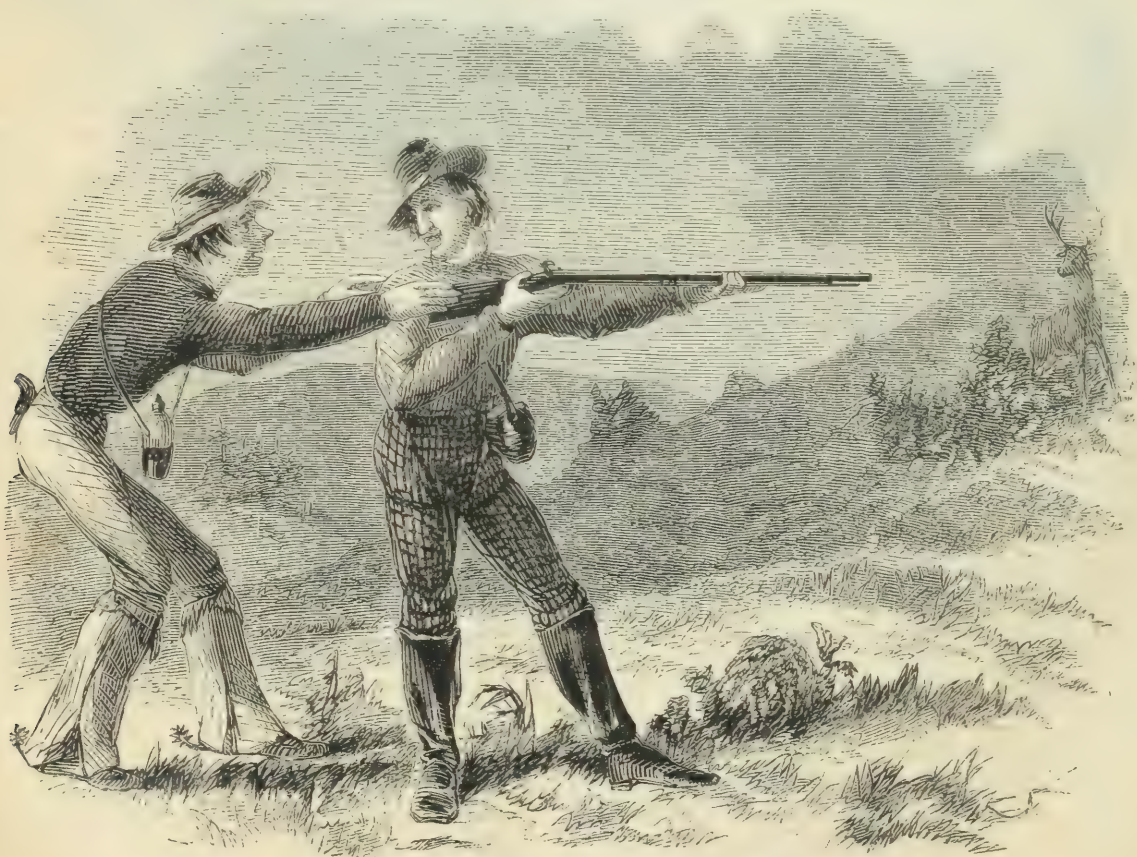
"The deer's yonder, about fifty yards to the

left. There, don't you see? Be quick, Judge. "I'll point the rifle toward him for you."

"Oh! that's the deer, is it? Now I see him." And the Judge proceeded again to fire. He drew a fine bead on the fore shoulder, as directed by Captain Toby; he then drew a long breath and braced his nerves, as likewise directed. It was a magnificent sight. The buck stood full broadside, as motionless as if carved from the solid rock—his Honor standing in beautiful relief, with a "dead bead" on him.

"Toby," said the Judge, turning his face toward the Captain, the rifle still fixed accurately upon the deer—"Toby, I shall never forget your kindness in affording me this opportunity of killing so noble an animal. Such a buck as that would be a splendid achievement for any man. Should it ever be in my power to reciprocate this favor, rest assured, my dear Sir, it will afford me the most sincere pleasure to do so. Call upon me at any time in San Francisco, and command me for any service not inconsistent with my public duties. Amidst the cares of office, this will be an incident to remember with unbounded satisfaction. I can now truly appreciate the fine flow of spirits with which Christopher North describes the chase of the red deer in the Highlands of Scotland. His sketches, indeed, may be considered the very poetry of hunting. With what genial freshness he dashes them off, as if his pen were dipped in the dew that sparkles on the mountain heather! We hear the birds sing as we wander through his aviary; we see the eagle perched upon his eyrie and the hawk swoop upon his prey. We laugh at the green goose "splay-footed and hissing in

miserable imitation of a serpent, lolling from side to side like an ill-trimmed punt, and cackling angrily as if King George the Fourth were meditating mischief against him." The picture is graphic, yet, after all, is not the goose a noble bird? Popular tradition or vulgar prejudice has fixed upon him as the emblem of foolishness. Never was there a greater mistake, Captain Toby. I do not speak of that ignoble bird whose home is in the barn-yard. He is no more to be compared to the wild goose, whose eye pierces the firmament, and whose graceful form, sleek and sharp, cleaves the heavens, than the fatted calf is to the fleet and slender antelope. This noble bird is the very incarnation of beauty and wisdom. How low, dull, and groveling is the owl in comparison—the carnivorous night-bird that sits hooting in the trees, with goggle and unmeaning eyes, watching for bats! Not even the Royal Eagle, the Bird of Jove, the reputed King of the Skies, born on 'the rock of ages,' in noble instinct gazing upon the sun, 'affronting and outstaring the light,' whose palace is in the craggy cliffs, and whose domain is in the high heavens—not even he can compare with the wintry wanderer who carries the seasons upon his prow. Gross in his appetites, fierce and sensual in his character, a semi-domestic bird with a local habitation, the eagle is limited in his flights, wheeling over a few miles of weather-beaten rocks. Not for him is it to cross wintry oceans, trackless deserts, and boundless continents, in a line drawn by an inscrutable instinct through the firmament. See with what ease, steadiness, and precision the emigrant geese move in their long journey; how adroitly they



THE JUDGE RETURNS THANKS TO CAPTAIN TOBY.

elect their leader and cleave the air in an acute angle; how undeviating is their course! But Wilson, who has fallen into the prevailing error of ridiculing this noble bird, says, forsooth, it waddles upon the ground like an ill-trimmed punt—a comparison both unjust and unreasonable. The Royal Eagle scarcely walks more gracefully. Earth is not his element. Man, erect and noble, made after God's own image, walks upon the earth with a firm and elastic step, but he can not fly. Is he a subject of contempt when he topples from a height like a bag of meal? is he the less graceful that he has no balance in mid-air? Then, again, the voice. What earthly sound can be compared with the cry of the wild geese, when the 'flood-gates of heaven' are opened, and they pass night after night over the plains in their journey to the far south. It has some peculiar quality of remoteness that fills the soul with awe—something clear, cold, distant, and intangible in its melody, that is not of earth. No eagle makes such music as this. The intonation of their voices possesses a penetrating power beyond the influence of space. While they cackle cozily to each other in their rapid and steady flight miles up in the sky, one might imagine they were within gunshot. They are the incarnation of wildness, the antipodes of civilization, the Ishmaelites of the feathery world. Whence they come we know not, where they go who can tell? From north to south in autumn, and back again in spring, is all we know. What a wonderful instinct is that which teaches them to follow a line through the trackless wastes of ether, thousands of miles long, by day and by night, in sunshine and in darkness, without guide or compass, resting by the way only for food, rising again and pushing steadily onward till they reach their destination in some wild watery plain! He who holds the winds in the hollow of his hand, who sweeps the earth with trailing clouds, hath created a power more wonderful than reason; but it is not for man to penetrate the mysteries of this inscrutable instinct. In early boyhood the flight of geese possesses a charm that fills the imagination. The uncertainty of their destination is a fascination in itself. We know not where they will rest, what new and unexplored regions they will visit. As they grow dim in the distance we feel that we are of earth, earthy. Something akin to despair seizes us as the great truth flashes upon us that man, the noblest of God's works, is, after all, but a kneaded clod; in this respect at least inferior to the goose, that he can not fly. I never hear the voice of this strange and tireless wanderer of the firmament—this thing of distance and the unfathomable wilderness—without an undefinable feeling that carries me back to the days of boyhood; to something that has been, and never will be again. They strike in their rapid flight an *Æolian* chord, as if the wild winds played upon the heart, and wrought out of it a strain of harmony in unison with the untamed spirit that lies in the inner nature of man. Did you ever study the eye of a goose, Captain

Toby? A strange question, perhaps, yet not without reason. The eye is peculiar; round, red-rimmed, cold, and clear, as if cut out of an arctic sky; not bold and piercing like that of an eagle, nor cruel and malignant like that of a hawk, but far-reaching and steadfast—looking beyond you into remote and indefinite regions. You are lost in space as you gaze upon it; icy wastes are spread before you, and the imagination is filled with vague pictures of an untrodden wilderness—a wilderness of infinite spaces."

"Yes, Judge," said Captain Toby, who was by this time getting a little thirsty—"that's so. I know it by personal experience. I have been there frequently in the course of my travels, and am perfectly familiar with the trail. I killed a fine buck there last summer. But, by-the-way, Judge, our deer has vanished. He started off about ten minutes ago."

"Vanished! started off!" exclaimed the Judge, who during all this time had kept, as he supposed, dead aim on the animal. "Have you any idea where he has gone, Captain Toby?"

"Oh yes, I am perfectly familiar with the spot. It is about three miles off; but the trail is a little gulchy."

"Very strange," said the Judge, musingly, "that he should have disappeared so suddenly!"

"Oh, not at all strange," remarked Captain Toby; "I know that buck intimately. He has a habit of getting out of the way when he sees a rifle pointed at him. Like Jack and the gallows, he thinks it is a sign of civilization."

As the prospect of getting another chance at the same buck was somewhat remote, the Judge thought it best to explore the hill in search of another. After several hours of ineffectual research, Captain Toby remembered that at this season the deer lie concealed in the brush, and it would not be possible to get them out without a dog. He remembered also that he had once come near crippling himself for life, at this season of the year, by stumbling over a fine buck that was lying concealed in some chaparral. On another occasion, as he was seated under a bank of brush waiting for the deer to come out, a buck and a doe jumped on his back, and very nearly trampled him to death. Fortunately the buck's foot struck the trigger of his rifle, and set it off; so that he accidentally killed a fine doe that was trying to make its escape in another direction. He thought it would be best to postpone further proceedings for about two months.

"On the whole, however," said the Judge, cheerfully, as they rode back toward the camp, "I am satisfied that the buck I was about to shoot pursued the most judicious course. I had a very fine aim on him, and would certainly have killed him had he remained in the same spot a moment longer."

To which Captain Toby assented; but there was a twinkle in the corner of his eye that caught the attention of the Judge.

"Toby," said his Honor, gravely, "you will confer an additional obligation on me by not



AN ESCAPE.

detailing the incidents of this adventure in camp."

Of course the Captain promised. It was not until six months after that I came in possession of the facts; and I now place them upon record with a conviction that, so far from reflecting any discredit upon the Judge, they present some of the most amiable traits of his character in a new light.

I had by this time killed several deer and innumerable rabbits and squirrels. The sport was getting rather tame. Constant practice with the rifle had so far developed my natural talent in that branch of science, that I could without difficulty shoot the head of a quail off at the distance of forty paces. Colonel Jack had killed a grizzly, and his man John, the Irishman, had killed a cinnamon cub. There was no reason why I should not also distinguish myself by killing a bear. I had helped to harpoon a large number of whales; and every body knows that whales, if not so active, are much larger and more formidable than bears. The grand and primary difference between an attack upon the leviathan of the deep and any engagement upon land of which history presents a record is, that the general who leads the forces makes the attack in person, and carries his men to the "imminent deadly breach" with their backs to the enemy. The greatest warriors of antiquity never dared to do such a thing as that. It was reserved for such men as the Coffins, the Macys, the Tabers, the Potters, and their descendants, to go into battle with their ragged regiments of red-shirts facing the logger-head at the stern of

the boat. Herein likewise consists a notable difference between attacking a grizzly and a whale—that while the bear-hunter always reserves to himself a chance to run or climb some hospitable tree, the pent-up whalerman, in the worst extremity, can only jump overboard, where the hungry sharks of the deep are ever ready to devour him. Allowing for a difference of elements, this is little better than jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. In fact, such a jump has often been made—not into the fire, but into the water. It is related in the *Missionary Journal of Tyerman and Bennet* that an old whaler once attacked a whale and wounded him. The furious monster rushed on the boat, and the crew were only preserved by leaping into the water when they saw that the onset was inevitable. I mention these facts merely to show that, by analogy, I was amply qualified to kill a grizzly; and I determined to do it. The risk was great, to be sure. I knew several gentlemen in California who had been horribly mutilated by these ferocious animals. One had the side of his face torn off; another had one of his arms "chawed up," as he expressed it; a third had suffered paralysis from a bite in the spine; a fourth had received eighteen wounds in a fight with one bear; and I knew of various cases in which men had been otherwise crippled for life or killed on the spot. Hence the peculiar charm of a fight with a grizzly! If you kill your bear, it is a triumph worthy enjoying; if you get killed yourself, some of the newspapers will give you a friendly notice; if you get crippled for life, you carry about you a patent of courage which

may be useful in case you go into politics; and although honor may not be capable of binding a wounded leg, or mending a crippled arm—as Falstaff hath it—yet it will go a great way in a legislative campaign. Besides, it has its effect upon the ladies. A “chawed up” man is very much admired all over the world.

But it is time to proceed to my adventure. I never mentioned the matter to a soul in camp; nor, in fact, have I ever mentioned it, in or out of camp, up to this day, except to Captain Toby. It seemed to me that it would be better to go out and kill the bear first, and then walk leisurely back as if nothing uncommon had happened. In achievements of this kind a great deal depends upon the unconcerned manner in which they are performed. One gets credit for even more coolness than he may actually possess.

At the break of day, a few mornings after we had pitched our encampment in Bear Harbor, I saddled my mule, drank a cup of coffee, and ate some bread and venison, shouldered my rifle, and rode off. The only intimation I gave to any person of my contemplated enterprise was to request Captain Toby to send an Indian after me in case I failed to return to camp before dark. Following the coast for about two miles, I took up a ridge extending apparently to the highest point of the back range. The morning was foggy; but upon reaching an elevation of about two thousand feet it became delightfully clear—the fog lying in misty flakes over the valleys below. Ridges of every conceivable variety of outline stretched downward to the rocky shores, where the swell of the ocean was forever breaking, and dim in the distance was the horizon merged in the rays of the rising sun. Pinnacles of rocks rose like castles and battlements on the shore, around which the ocean surged with a ceaseless moan. The ravines were clothed on either side with tangled masses of chaparral; the open hills were covered with a rich carpet of wild oats, through which wound the trails of bear, elk, and deer. On distant points to the northward arose the signal-fires of the Indians, warning the various tribes of the approach of the white men. In the rear dense forests of pine and red-wood loomed up on peak above peak, till it seemed as if the whole country, as far as the eye could reach, were nothing but a confused mass of rugged mountains. The waters of the Mattole River could be distinctly traced from the higher elevations, winding through mazes of blue mountains from the direction of Long Valley toward Cape Mendocino, traversing in their course a region the wildest and most picturesque perhaps in California. The Indians of Eel River and Mendocino still inhabit the greater portion of this large circuit of country, extending for an area of more than a hundred miles, and lying between the Bald Hills of Humboldt, the headwaters of Eel River, Long Valley, and the Indian Reservation at the Noyo River. They are still comparatively wild, and will doubtless continue to be, so long as the white settlers hunt them down and kill them. Within this extensive

range, as yet but thinly settled by white men, game still continues to be very abundant, especially in the wilder and more unfrequented parts bordering on the coast. It is too remote from the principal towns to render hunting for the market profitable; and hence it is visited principally by roving parties who have a natural propensity for getting out of the reach of civilization or killing Indians. The grizzly, the brown, and cinnamon bears, large black and gray wolves, panthers, wild-cats, the elk and the deer, and various kinds of smaller game, are so numerous in some of the hills south of Shelter Cove that there is no difficulty in supplying the wants of the largest camp.

But this digression has led me a little out of the line of my narrative. After enjoying the view from the top of the mountain for some time, I turned into an Indian trail, and traveled for several miles along the ridge in an easterly direction. I soon lost sight of the coast, and the reverberation of the surf no longer penetrated the wilderness of dense forests by which I was surrounded. Trees of prodigious size, which had been uprooted by heavy gales of wind, lay across the trail at frequent intervals, rendering it necessary in some places to make a detour of several hundred yards, through matted jungles of undergrowth, in order to reach the trail again on the opposite side. At one point of my journey these obstructions were so numerous that it must have taken two hours to make the distance of half a mile. The whole forest seemed to be wrenched up and scattered in a confused mass over the rugged face of the mountain; and it was often with the utmost difficulty the indications of the trail could be discerned. My mule, in traversing this dreary wilderness, was stricken with such an intense fear of some hidden danger, and so terribly impressed by the silence, that he continually whirled around and started off in a panic, as if every grizzly and wild Indian in the country were at his heels; and it was only by constant spurring, goading, and verbal remonstrances that I could get him on at all. Toward noon I reached the open peak of a mountain, which I judged to be about five miles back from the ocean, though the distance traveled must have been double that. I had seen numerous deer, but as yet nothing in the shape of a bear. The view from the point which I had now attained was absolutely grand. For a distance of more than twenty miles the forests were perfectly black, having been burned by Indian fires previous to the last rain. Many of the larger trees were still smoking; the earth was covered with ashes; nothing was wanted to complete a scene of the most absolute desolation. It was apparent that no game could be within the limits of that region. There was no longer any trace of the trail, which upon entering the burned district became lost in the ashes.

Upon consideration, I thought it best now to attempt to regain the coast by taking a westerly direction. There were some steep cañons to be crossed; but by winding around the ridges the

worst parts, which were altogether impracticable for a mule, might possibly be avoided. It was not long before I became involved in a labyrinth of brush or undergrowth, out of which there appeared to be no practicable way of making an exit. It grew worse and worse, until finally I was forced to dismount and work my way through step by step. The large timber grew thicker as I advanced, so that it was soon impossible to determine the direction of the sun in consequence of the dense shade overhead, and I could only rely upon the faint indications of the north perceptible on the trunks of the trees. I was not sufficiently practiced in wood-craft to rely with certainty upon signs like these, and must admit that my situation began to inspire some feelings of uneasiness. There is something profoundly awful in the solitude of a great forest, when one first becomes conscious of being lost within its vast shades, and utterly cut off from every trace of human fellowship. What power can cope with the unseen enemies that may be hidden in every jungle; and how weak and puny one feels beside those gigantic trees which have grown and battled with the elements for centuries, and now tower to such a dizzy height above his head! In such a position as this, cut off from every prospect of relief, and in close proximity to roving bands of hostile Indians, one can form some idea of the life and character of such men as Daniel Boone and the trappers of the Far West. It is then that their achievements have a coloring of moral grandeur. Men who, not from accident but sheer love of adventure—or, to speak in a higher sense, something akin to the inspiration of discovery—choose to abandon the haunts of civilization, and live months and years amidst the accumulated dangers of savages and wild beasts; bearing patiently the rigors of climate, and all the privations to which entire isolation from their fellow-creatures could subject them. When the fact became palpable that I was lost, and so effectually that I had no more idea where the camp was than if it had never existed, my admiration for Daniel Boone was profound. That he would never have lost his way in a circuit of five or six miles in broad daylight; and that if by some extraordinary accident he had, he would find it again I felt morally certain; but I had not the same degree of confidence in my own ability to achieve the same triumph over the mysteries of nature. The only hope of getting out of the difficulty was to attain some open point where I could get some idea of the bearings of the sea. After a short rest, I again pushed on as fast as it was possible to break a way through the brush. At times my mule was so unmanageable from a constitutional fear of Indians, or snakes, or some other real or imaginary evil, that I was tempted to abandon him to his fate, and do without his services for the future. Not only was it necessary to pull him down steep cañons, but to drag him up on the other side, which, considering the roughness of the ground and the tangled mass of brush, was no easy task. In the course of a few hours I

succeeded in reaching a comparatively open space covered with a thick growth of fern. The place seemed to be surrounded by tremendous cañons and broken ridges, all heavily timbered. Fortunately the undergrowth of shrubbery had given way to patches of fern, over which it was practicable to see some distance. But either the sun had gone down or was covered with clouds. I could discover no clew to the direction of the sea. Once or twice I mounted the mule and gave him the bridle; he invariably started off in a direction which seemed the exact opposite of the right one, though I have since suspected that the poor animal was right. On the whole, I thought it best to tie him to a tree, and make a little tour of discovery on foot, though this plan involved a serious consideration. It was possible to lose both the tree and the mule! Of course it would be easy to mark the tree by cutting a little of the bark off, and as the mule was tied to it by a strong riata, there would be no difficulty in finding him at the same time. But then, that was something after the fashion of the Schildburgers, who, when they buried the town bell in the sea to keep the enemy from getting it in case of an invasion, were at a loss how to designate the spot, and put a chalk-mark on the side of the boat. However, it would be easy to keep within range of a few hundred yards. Something must be done, for it was evident that night was rapidly approaching.

Following the highest apparent direction of the ridge, it was not long before a larger opening in the timber was perceptible; and this there was reason to hope would command a view of the ocean. In the excitement of the discovery I pushed on as fast as possible over the rough and jagged rocks; and upon crossing a small cañon was gratified by the familiar sound of the surf in the distance. There could now no longer be a doubt as to the proper direction. I hurried back with all speed toward the point of departure, as I supposed, but soon found that every rise in the ground and every tree had about the same general appearance. Here was another dilemma. In looking for the mule there was danger of losing the direction of the surf, and to lose both would be a sad climax to the adventure. Certainly it could not be more than half a mile to the place I had started from, and as the timber was tolerably open there was no great difficulty in seeing that far. While I was deliberating upon this unforeseen state of affairs, a crackling sound in the bushes, about fifty yards off, attracted my attention. It was too heavy for the tread of a deer. I had often heard of the peculiar "snort," or blowing sound, uttered by a grizzly when suddenly alarmed, and as the crackling of the bushes was followed by this infallible sign, there could be no doubt on the subject. I had struck upon a grizzly after all, and now was the time to achieve a reputation! To tell the honest truth, the idea of attacking such a ferocious monster single-handed, in a lonesome and desolate place like this, so far away from all human aid, was rather startling. Sup-

pose my rifle should miss fire, and the bear should take a notion to give chase? There was no possibility of escape. Nothing short of a squirrel or a wild-cat could climb any of the trees within the range of vision; and as for running, one might as well undertake to run over an acre of upturned harrows. The question was, to shoot or not to shoot? On the one hand, there was death or mutilation; on the other, had I not come out expressly to kill a grizzly, and here was one beyond peradventure? Already I saw his back moving about above the fern. He must be a monster, for the fern was at least four feet high. Probably he was standing on his hind legs. It was impossible to discern any particular portion of his body distinctly owing to the intervening brush, but I could see sufficient to indicate his exact position. I have never been able to analyze the exact feeling which governed me at this crisis, as I suddenly raised my rifle and with a quick and uncertain aim fired. It must have been inspiration. No sooner had the sharp crack of the rifle startled the solitudes of the forest than there was a most terrific crashing of bushes, and the mingled sounds of blowing and struggling, as if the animal was in his dying agonies. The fern waved to and fro, and even a tree of considerable size close by shook as if the bear was endeavoring to tear it up by the roots. All this I saw at a glance. The next moment astonishment at what I had done seized me. Was it possible I had killed a grizzly? At all events he was mortally wounded. The way he tore up the ground and made the dust fly was evidence of that. Still he was not yet dead. He might take a notion to give chase. Many a bear had killed or maimed his adversary after receiving a mortal wound. It must not be supposed that these various thoughts occupied much time. They flashed through my mind as suddenly as the crack of the rifle. Next moment I retired; that is to say, I ran about two hundred yards, rough as the ground was, at a rate of speed that I venture to say the renowned Guildersleeve in his palmiest days never

attained. I then stopped to take breath and have a look at the enemy. The ground was somewhat elevated, and I could distinctly see the spot where the bear had manifested such violent symptoms of dissolution. It was perfectly still. The fern no longer waved; the bushes no longer crashed; the dust no longer rose from the scene of the struggle. But there was something there, standing stock still, staring at me—a large animal—not the bear evidently, for there never was a grizzly or any other species of bear known in natural history with such a pair of ears as this extraordinary animal had. I looked again and again; finally took out my spectacles, wiped them deliberately, put them on, and looked again. If I was astonished at the idea of having killed an enormous grizzly, I was infinitely more astonished to discover that the animal in question was not a grizzly, nor was it dead. On the contrary, it was MY OWN MULE! apparently transfixed with horror at the attempt I had made upon his life. The discovery was mortifying



SHOOTING A GRIZZLY.

enough—not so much because I had shot at the mule, as because I had missed killing him. Who would believe the story in camp? Of what use was it to have tested one's nerve in this way, and then be subjected to a broadside of ridicule? Had I killed the mule the most incredulous in the camp would have given credit for the supposed achievement.

It was some time before the frightened animal would permit me to approach him with a rifle. He was evidently unable to account for the attack made upon him, and labored under some apprehension that it might be renewed at any moment. The mark of the ball was in the tree; and the struggle on the ground which had deceived me had arisen from the fact that the riata had gotten foul of his legs, and thrown him when he attempted to run after being shot at. Had he succeeded, the very singular spectacle would have been presented to any person who might

have been present, of a mule and his rider running away from each other under the mutual impression that each was seeking the life of the other.

The rest of the day's labors was without any incident worthy of record. I reached the camp about dark, rather jaded after my trip. Of course many questions were asked, but as it was not uncommon for members of the party to hunt all day without killing any thing, they were easily and satisfactorily answered. Upon mentioning the affair to Captain Toby some months after, he said it was not an uncommon incident—the very same thing had happened to him, only he was not so unfortunate. He had succeeded in killing a very fine mule worth \$500.

Within a day or two our camp was alarmed by an attack from a grizzly. But I must reserve an account of this for the next chapter of these remarkable adventures.



SPORTING IN SPITZBERGEN.

NORTHERN Europe has of late years been a favorite field for British tourists. The result has been a number of capital books, the best of which are Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," of which we have before spoken in this Magazine, and Mr. Lamont's recent "Seasons with the Sea-Horses."

"JAMES LAMONT, Esq., F.G.S.," is a man

worth knowing. From a hint dropped here and there, we gather that he is a Scotchman of wealth and position, who has traveled over a considerable part of our globe. Thus, apropos of an old battered opera-glass with which he was watching the movements of a white bear in Spitzbergen, he mentions some of the sights which that optical instrument had seen in its

day. Besides its normal employment in the opera-houses of London, Paris, Florence, Naples, and New York, it had surveyed Epsom races, Champ de Mars reviews, Seville bull-fights, and Niagara rainbows. It had stalked red deer in Scottish Highlands, scaly crocodiles on Nile sand-banks, and thick-skinned hippopotami in reedy African rivers. It had read Egyptian inscriptions at Thebes and Karnak; had peered from the Allied trenches at the frowning batteries before Sebastopol. It had seen cane-fields from the mountains of Trinidad and Martinique, overlooked Naples from Vesuvius, Cairo from the pyramids, and Jerusalem from Calvary. Though a Fellow of the Geological Society, Mr. Lamont modestly disavows all scientific claims; yet he is sufficiently versed in natural sciences to render his observations and speculations of considerable value. But the main charm of his book is its graphic descriptions of the chase of the seal, the walrus, the white bear, and the reindeer in Spitzbergen.

A yacht cruise, made in 1858, to the coast of Norway, induced him to plan a voyage still further north. His own trim yacht, the *Ginevra*, was not adapted to navigation among the ice; so, having secured the co-operation of his friend, Lord David Kennedy, a sportsman of renown on the plains of India, he commissioned a Norwegian friend to hire a vessel and engage a crew for a cruise against the wild game of the Arctic Europe. The preparations included casks, to stow away the blubber, for it was determined that the oil and skins should pay a part of the cost of the cruise. Mr. Lamont, though a keen sportsman, is no vulgar slaughterer. He destroys no animal for the mere pleasure of killing it; to give him pleasure the death must somehow be of advantage. More than once he notes that he refrained from shooting seals, walruses, and reindeer, simply because it would have been impossible to recover their carcasses.

The projected trip, and the consequent book, came near failure. When Mr. Lamont was almost ready to start, he was solicited to become a candidate for member of Parliament, but was defeated by a small majority. This, as he says, was "unfortunate for the walruses, though perhaps fortunate for my constituents." Certainly it was fortunate for the readers of his book. Taking this political defeat quite coolly, Mr. Lamont and his friend urged on their preparations, and early in June, 1859, his yacht, having skirted the coast of Scotland, reached the Orkney Islands. At Lerwick, immortalized by Scott in "The Pirate," they attempted to procure some fresh supplies. But in this sea-port town of 3000 inhabitants they could not find a joint of meat, a pound of butter, or a single fresh fish. "This time of year," said a shopkeeper, "is what we call the *starvation months*."

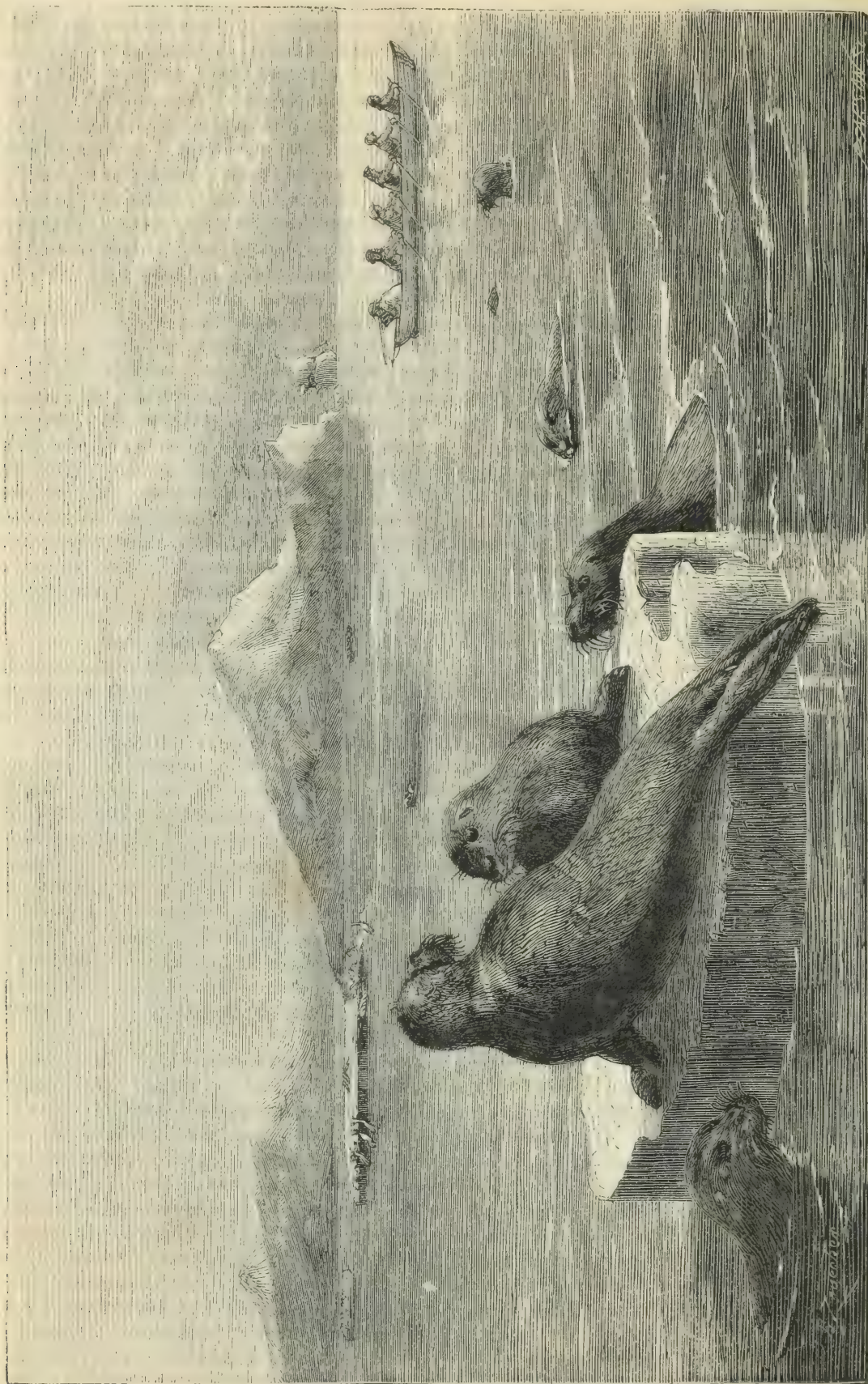
Leaving the Orkneys, they steered in the teeth of contrary winds for the coast of Norway, and on the 23d of June reached Hammerfest, "the most northerly town in the world." It lies in latitude 70° 42', as far north from Quebec

as Quebec is from New Orleans. Yet the sea never freezes here. The uttermost skirt of the Gulf Stream touches this northern extremity of Europe. A mere fragment of the mass of heated water poured from the caldron of the Gulf of Mexico, having made a journey of 8000 miles, retains sufficient heat to give to Hammerfest a winter temperature as high as that of Boston, 2000 miles to the south. Northern Europe, indeed, owes its habitability to our Gulf Stream. Were it not for this, Great Britain would have the climate of Labrador, which lies in the same latitude.

Hammerfest, according to Mr. Lamont, is "the most unsavory place in the universe." If acres upon acres of unsalted fish drying upon the rocks, and huge boileries of walrus blubber, coal-fish, and sharks'-liver oil are sufficient to create a stench equal to those of Cologne or Tunis, possibly this northern town may lay claim to a mal-odorous pre-eminence. Where travelers disagree, we shall not venture to decide. But we may agree with Mr. Lamont that, if the consumptive consumers of "pure cod-liver oil" could see how it is prepared at Hammerfest, its use would be seriously diminished.

At Hammerfest Mr. Lamont and Lord David found the vessel which they had engaged almost ready. The sloop *Anna Louisa* was an ugly tub of 30 tons burden, high at bow and stern, round in bottom, looking as though she was designed to make as much leeway as possible, and to upset at the first opportunity. The cabin was five feet high, furnished with two bunks, five and a half feet long. Deducting the space occupied by bunks and lockers, the available area of the cabin was just four feet square. She had, moreover, been the previous summer on a Spitzbergen trip, and was thoroughly impregnated with the odors of putrid walrus-oil and stale bilge-water. Her crew consisted of a "skyppar," or captain, and eleven men of various degrees.

Seals, walruses, bears, and reindeer were the game of which our sportsmen were in search. The great Spitzbergen seal—the *Phoca barbata* of naturalists—is an unwieldy creature some nine or ten feet long and six or seven in circumference, weighing about six hundred pounds, of which half is made up of skin and fat. The blubber yields about half its weight of fine oil. When in the water they are destitute of fear, and will come boldly up to a boat, first on one side and then on the other, as if they wished to make acquaintance with the strange object. It is, however, almost useless to shoot them in the water, as they sink at once. The most approved plan is not to fire unless the boat's head is directed toward the seal, and within thirty yards from it. Then if the men pull with a will, they may be in time to thrust a harpoon into him, and so save the body; but more likely they will be only in time to see him sinking, tail downward, just beyond reach. Probably two out of three seals shot in the water are lost. Upon the ice, where he retires to rest and sleep, the seal is



SEAL-SHOOTING.

a very different creature. Even when asleep he is on the look-out for his great enemy the white bear, lifting up his round bullet head every three or four minutes to take a survey of his situation. He always lies close to the edge of the ice, and at the slightest alarm flings himself into the water. He will never allow a boat to approach him nearer than fifty or sixty yards; so that he

can be taken only by shooting him. He must be shot dead at once, for if wounded, no matter how severely, he is in the water at once, and farewell to his hide and the ten dollars' worth of oil packed away under it. To kill a seal from a boat at this distance requires good marksmanship, for the brain is the only spot in which a wound is mortal instantly, and this is not bigger than

WALRUSES ON THE ICE.



an orange. The moment the shot is fired the men row with all their might to the ice; if they find the seal there, a pick is driven into his head to make sure that he is dead; the skin and blubber is stripped off in a single sheet, and the carcass thrown into the sea.

The chase of the walrus is far more exciting than that of the seal. They are either shot and

harpooned in the water, or upon the ice, where they retire sometimes in vast herds for sleep. One morning our hunters were aroused by the cry "*Hvalruus paa Ysen*—Walruses on the ice!" A sight well worth seeing met their eyes. Four large flat icebergs were so densely packed with the huge creatures that they looked like solid islands of walruses. They lay with their heads

upon each other's bodies like fat swine in a farm-yard. There were eighty or a hundred of them on the ice, and many more were grunting and spouting around trying vainly to climb up among their friends. There were plenty of empty icebergs around, but the walrus seem to prefer lying packed together as closely as possible. In this case the animals had not had time to settle into a comfortable snooze; the individuals in the water gave the alarm to their friends; and our hunters only succeeded in killing four of the herd.

Toward the close of August the walrus take to the land in some secluded spot, where they remain for weeks in a semi-torpid state, without moving or feeding. Thousands are sometimes congregated in a mass. The vessels have by this time nearly all departed, and the chances are that the trysting-place of the animals will not be discovered in the few days which remain of the season. But such chances are what every Spitzbergen hunter prays for by day and dreams of by night. Let him discover such a *placer*, and the work of a few hours will be worth a fortune. Such a chance occurred in 1852 to a couple of small sloops. Approaching one of the Thousand Islands, they discovered a herd of four thousand walrus fast asleep. They lay in a little sandy bay shut in by rocks on each side, leaving only a narrow opening to the sea. The walrus is almost helpless on land, though fierce and active in the water. Sixteen men armed with lances attacked this herd. Those in front were killed until their carcasses formed a wall, over which those in the rear could not pass. The crews worked with a will; every good lance-thrust was worth a score of dollars. They thrust and stabbed the defenseless beasts till their spears were dulled, and they themselves were utterly exhausted. In a few hours these sixteen men had killed nine hundred walrus. Their vessels would hold only a small part of their prey. They loaded them to their utmost capacity, and set sail for Hammerfest, hoping to be able to return with other vessels and secure the remainder. They were disappointed. When they came back, they found the island shut in by miles of drift ice, through which they could not pass. Before spring the skins and blubber were of course useless; so that six or seven hundred walrus were destroyed without benefit to any body. Six years later Mr. Lamont visited the island. Even then the remains of the walrus were piled up two or three deep, many of the skins and carcasses being tolerably entire, in spite of the ravages of bears, foxes, and gulls. The smell of this decaying mass of flesh was perceptible at a distance of several miles. This island, which was formerly known as a famous resort of walrus, is now entirely deserted by them.

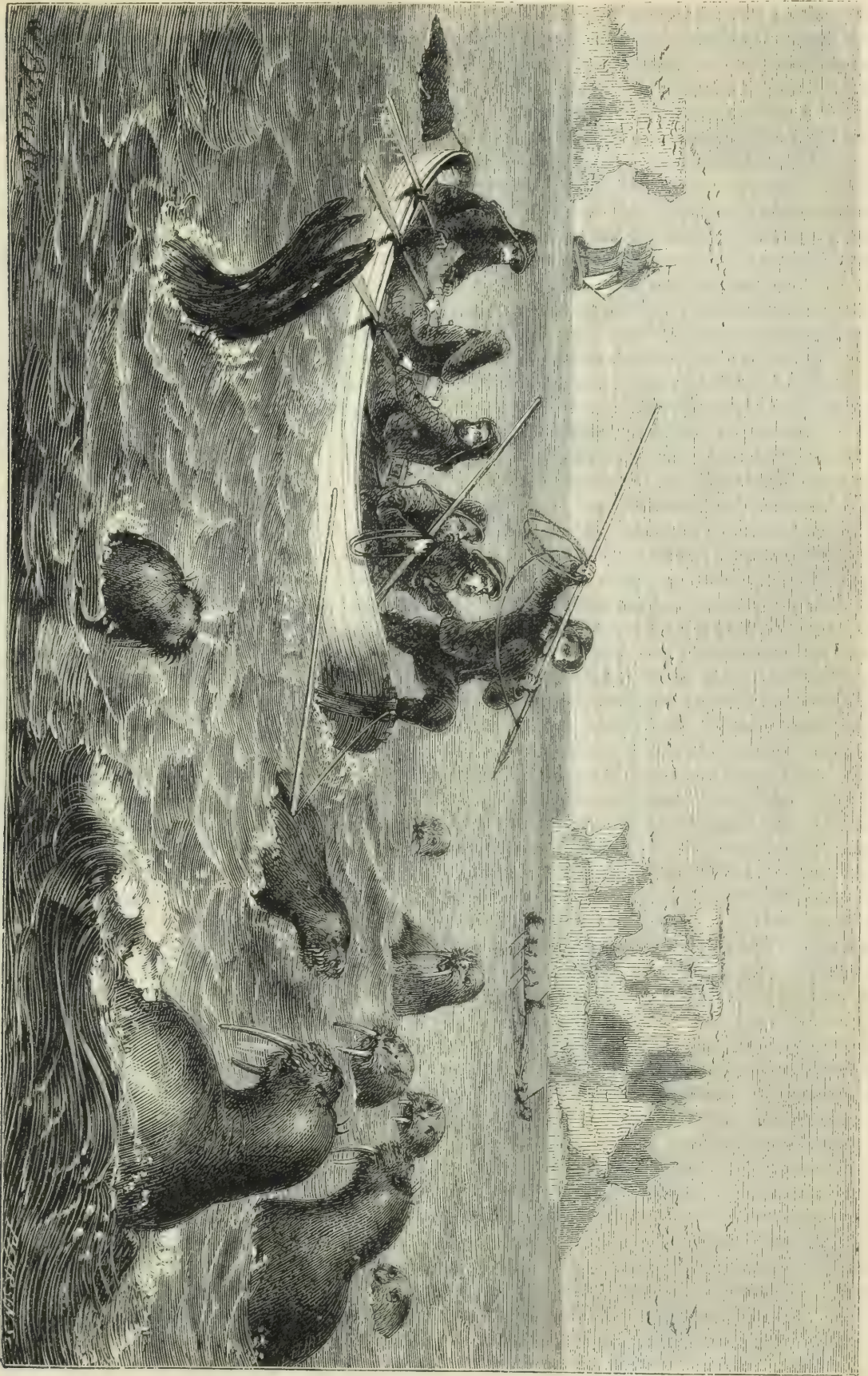
The walrus seems to be aware of his helplessness out of water, and when a herd take to the ice for repose, a sort of watch is kept up. Once Mr. Lamont came upon a group of ten or a dozen flat bergs crowded with walrus. Many of them were asleep; but as the boats ap-

proached the sentinels alarmed their sleeping comrades by flapping them with their fore paws, and troop after troop scuffled into the water just in time to avoid a harpoon thrust. On this occasion not a single one was captured. In the water, however, the walrus is quite another creature. If let alone he is inoffensive; but when he is attacked he shows fight, which makes hunting him no child's play. His tusks are formidable weapons, of solid ivory inserted for six or seven inches into a mass of solid bone, which forms the front of his skull, the brain lying far back, in what appears to be the place of his neck. From the position of the tusks one would suppose that they could only be used for a downward blow; but the creature turns his neck with great facility, and can strike upwards and sideways as well as downwards. If a polar bear, pressed by hunger, ventures to attack a young walrus in the water, the whole herd rush upon him, drag him under water, and tear him in pieces. Sometimes an old walrus will rush upon a boat and upset it. Mr. Lamont saw a boat which had thus been overturned; and while the crew were struggling in the water, the walrus pitching upon the harpooner, tore him nearly in halves with a single blow of his tusks.

In the water, the walrus is usually captured by "jaging;" that is, chasing a herd, keeping in the direction which they appear to take when they dive. The old walrus can outswim any boat; but they accommodate their speed to that of the young. If a young one is struck, he sets up a plaintive grunt, which brings the whole herd around the boat. The affection of the dams for their young is very touching. Mr. Lamont's harpooner had once struck an old cow, when he observed that she had a young one under her right fin. The harpooner tried repeatedly to strike the "junger," but the cow seemed to watch the direction of the blow, and to receive with pleasure several harpoons intended for her young. "I shall never forget," he says, "the faces of the old walrus and her calf as they looked back at the boat. The countenance of the young one so expressive of abject terror, and yet of confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing, and the old cow's face showing such reckless defiance for all that we could do to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety for the safety of her calf." One is almost sorry to read that the old cow was killed, and the young one harpooned, when the men commenced gently stirring him up with the but-end of a lance, in order to make him cry out, and so call back the herd—this time, however, without success, for the herd had gone out of hearing when the young one was captured. "Jaging walrus" must be exciting work. Mr. Lamont thus describes such a scene:

"Five pairs of oars, pulled with utmost strength, make the boat seem to fly through the water, while, perhaps, a hundred walrus, roaring, bellowing, blowing, snorting, and splashing, make an acre of the sea all in a foam before and around her. The harpooner stands with one

CHASE OF THE WALRUS.



foot on the thwart and the other on the front locker, with the line coiled in his right hand, and the long weapon in both hands ready balanced for a dart, while he shouts to the crew which direction to take. The herd generally keep close together. One moment you see a hundred grisly heads and long gleaming white tusks above the waves; they give one spout

from their blow-holes, take one breath of fresh air, and the next moment you see a hundred brown hemispherical backs, the next a hundred pair of hind flippers flourishing, and then they are all down. On, on, goes the boat as hard as ever we can pull the oars; up come the sea-horses again, pretty close this time, and before they can draw breath the boat rushes into the

midst of them: *whish!* goes the harpoon: *birr!* goes the line over the gunwale: and a luckless junger on whom Christian has kept his eye is 'fast:' his bereaved mother charges the boat instantly with flashing eyes and snorting with rage; she quickly receives a harpoon in the back and a bullet in the brains, and she hangs lifeless on the line: now the junger begins to utter his plaintive grunting bark, and fifty furious walruses are close round the boat in a few seconds, rearing up breast-high in the water, and snorting and blowing as if they would tear us all to pieces. Two of these auxiliaries are speedily harpooned in their turn, and the rest hang back a little, when, as bad luck would have it, the junger gave up the ghost, owing to the severity of his harpooning, and the others, no longer attracted by his cries, retire to a more prudent distance. But for the 'untoward' and premature decease of the junger, the men tell me we should have had more walruses on our hands than we could manage. We now devote our attention to 'polishing off' the two live walruses—well-sized young bulls—who are still towing the heavy boat, with their two dead comrades attached, as if she was behind a steam-tug, and struggling madly to drag us under the icebergs: a vigorous application of the lances soon settles the business, and we now, with some difficulty, tow our four dead victims to the nearest flat iceberg and fix the ice-anchor, by which, with the powerful aid of block and tackle, we haul them one by one on the ice and divest them of their spoils. While we were engaged in cutting up these walruses, there were at least fifty more surrounding the iceberg, snorting and bellowing, and rearing up in the water as if smelling the blood of their slaughtered friends, and curious to see what we were doing to them now. They were so close that I might have shot a dozen of them; but as they would have been sure to sink before the boat could get to them, I was not so cruel as wantonly to take their lives. When the walruses were all skinned, we followed the herd again with success; and when we left off, in consequence of dense fog suddenly coming on, we had secured nine altogether—a very fair morning's bag, we thought."

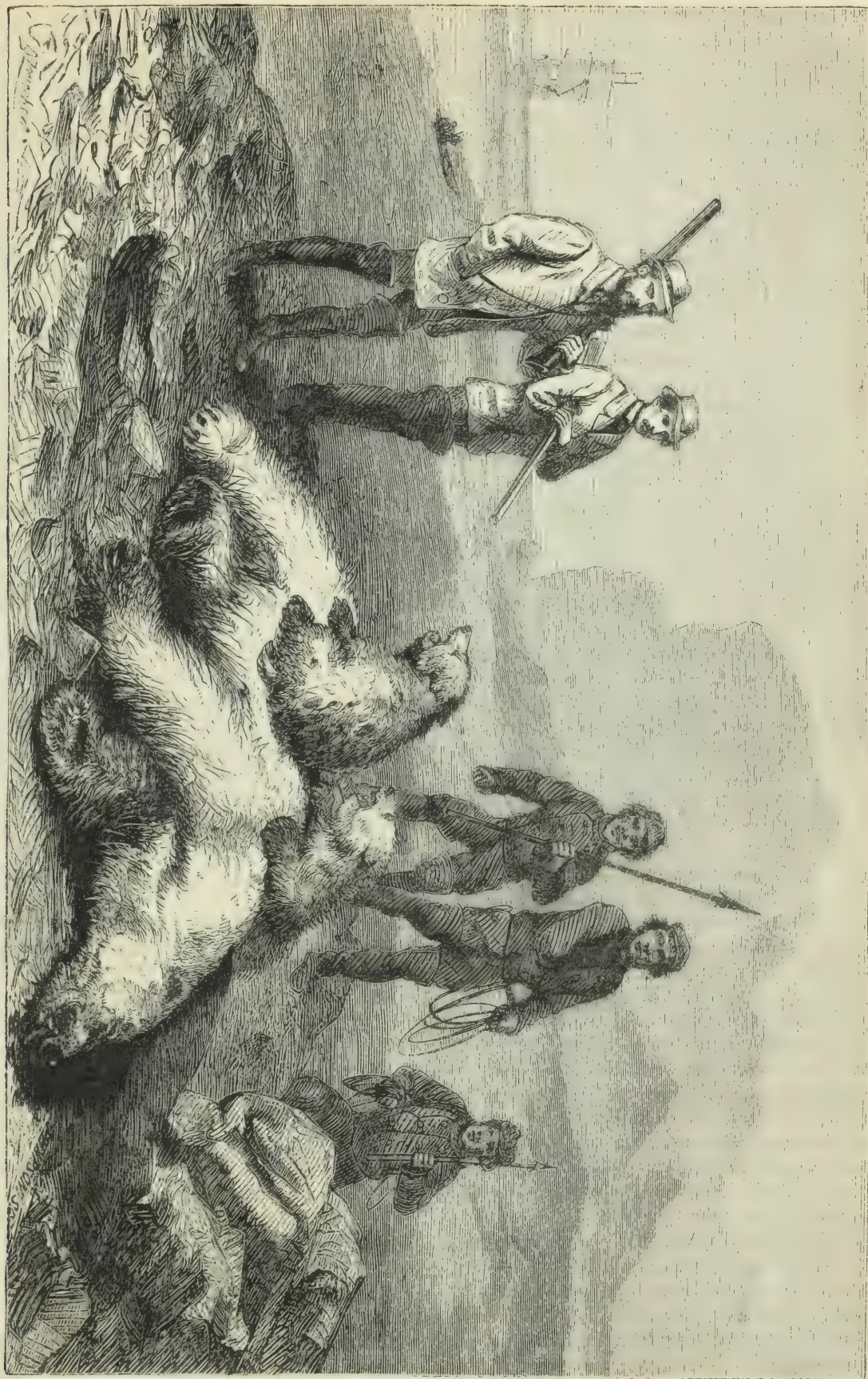
The walrus-hunters of Norway are the true descendants of the Vikings and Berserkers, who were once the terror of all maritime Europe. They lead a hard and dangerous life, and have a weary and restless look about the eyes, as though they were in the perpetual presence of danger. At sea they are bold and hardy; at home their normal state is that of intoxication. Their trade is a kind of lottery, where the certainty of privation and labor is balanced by the possibility of large gains. The walrus is valuable for his oil, his skin, and his ivory. The oil is less in proportion to his bulk than that of the seal. A seal of 600 pounds will have 200 or more of fat; a walrus of 2000 pounds will have no more. A very obese old walrus, weighing 3000 pounds, may produce 500 or 600 pounds of blubber, the smaller quantity being the utmost

furnished by the best specimens killed by Mr. Lamont. But then his skin is valuable, being worth from four to eight dollars. It is principally sent to Sweden and Russia, where it is used for harness and sole-leather, or twisted into ropes. Formerly nearly all the rigging of Russian and Norwegian vessels was made of walrus skin. When the market is overstocked, the surplus is boiled into glue.

From walruses we pass to bears. Mr. Lamont believes that the Polar Bear—the *Ursus maritimus* of naturalists—is, in a state of nature, the largest and strongest carnivorous animal in the world. Be this as it may, his first specimen—the one which he was watching through the old opera-glass of which we have spoken—was a monster. His carcass measured eight feet in length, and almost as much in circumference. He stood four and a half feet high at the shoulder. The fore-paws were 34 inches around. His weight was at least 1200 pounds: of this the fat constituted 400 pounds, and the hide 100. When skinned, his neck and shoulders were like those of a bull. The hunters say that he will kill the biggest bull-walrus, although nearly three times his own weight, by springing upon him from behind, and battering in his skull by repeated blows. Mr. Lamont believes this, though he doubts the stories told of the way in which he is killed by hunters. One man, who professes to know all about it, says that the hunters use a spear having a cross-piece a couple of feet from the point. Hunter presents point to *Ursus*; *Ursus* seizes spear by cross-piece, and in trying to drag it away buries the blade in his own body, and so kills himself.

Many stories are told of the affection of the she-bear for her young. Mr. Lamont's experience corroborates the truth of these; while it is to be regretted it indicates a total want of corresponding filial love on the part of the cubs. The very day after the destruction of the old patriarch of whom we have just spoken, a she-bear with two cubs was discovered traveling over the ice. Chase was given. The old bear stood up for a moment, looked about her, and apparently concluded that their safety depended upon flight. Away she went, with her cubs, over the rough ice, cut up by channels and gullies. She could easily overleap these, and might have escaped. Not so her cubs. They could only clamber or swim over. The mother never deserted them; but waited for them, helping them up the steep sides. This so retarded her progress that her pursuers came within range. A shot from Lord David broke her back, and completely paralyzed her. Coming up, her pursuers soon dispatched her, and tied the cubs together. While she was being skinned, the young vermin were ferociously fighting together. When the skin was taken off, they were allowed to get at the carcass, and they proceeded at once to make a hearty meal upon the smoking entrails of the mother who had just given up her own life for them. They then squatted down upon the hide, and would not stir from it; so it was

SHE-BEAR AND CUBS.



used as a sledge upon which to drag the cubs to the boat. When they reached the sloop the cubs found the skin of the old bear killed the previous day stretched out on the deck. It seemed familiar to them. Very likely it may have been their father; at all events they settled upon it and went to sleep. Perhaps they thought that having supped upon the carcass of one pa-

rent, the skin of the other was the very thing for a bed at night. These two cubs became the pets and pests of the sloop. One of them—the female—was peaceable enough; but her brother so worried and annoyed her that it was necessary to separate them. He was a most ferocious young demon, biting at any thing that came in his way. More than once, when let loose for a

while, for the sake of exercise, he jumped overboard and tried to swim to land, ten miles away, and was brought back only after a severe course of scratching and biting.

Stout as he is, *Ursa maritimus* has to use cunning to get a living. He relies mainly upon walruses and seals. Though quite competent to manage the biggest walrus singly, he is overmatched by a herd; and unluckily for him walruses are apt to go in herds. He can not pick up a "junger" without bringing down upon him a score of tusked cousins and uncles. Then the seals are so shrewd. In the water they do not fear him. They can outswim and outdive him. There they will play around him in a manner calculated to aggravate his feelings to the utmost. Mr. Lamont thinks he catches one in the water now and then, but he can not conceive how he does it. Upon the ice *Ursa* has the advantage. But the seals know this, and sleep with both ears and one eye open. But *Ursa's* eyes and nose are of the sharpest. When either of these tell him that seals are floating about on the ice he slips into the water, half a mile or so to the leeward, and paddles quietly along, with his nose only visible, until he is close under the cake of ice on the very edge of which the seal is reposing. Then one jump, and a blow of his huge paw, settles the business. Between strength and cunning *Ursa* manages to make a quite comfortable living, and keep himself in very good order. Three which Mr. Lamont killed yielded 600 pounds of fat. "What a thousand pities," he exclaims, "that it is not worth 3s. 6d. a pot, as in the Burlington Arcade!"

Every body has heard of good Bishop Pontopidan's famous "CHAPTER XXXIV.—ON THE SNAKES OF ICELAND," which consists of these six words: "There are no snakes in Iceland." Mr. Lamont says that he has often been asked about the "Inhabitants of Spitzbergen." His answer was very like the chapter of the Bishop: "There are no inhabitants in Spitzbergen." It is true that a couple of centuries ago, when the Spitzbergen waters abounded in whales, the Dutch had a settlement on the coast, called "Smeerenburg," or "Blubber-Town," where, according to report, one could get hot rolls for breakfast, and enjoy female society in the evening. But that was only a summer settlement, abandoned at the approach of winter. An English trading Company afterward tried to establish a permanent colony there. Some criminals were promised by Government a pardon if they would pass a winter in Spitzbergen. They were carried out in a whaler for that purpose; but when they had taken a look at the country, they made up their minds that they would rather be hanged in London than live in Spitzbergen. They were taken back, but were not hanged after all, as very likely they deserved. There are records of some two or three shipwrecked crews who have actually passed one or more winters there. It is said, also, that the Russians for some time maintained a sort of hunting colony on the

coast, the men passing one winter in Spitzbergen and the next at home. That, however, was long ago. Mr. Lamont was told that in 1858 there was living at Kola, in Lapland, an old Russian who had for thirty-five years passed the alternate winters in Spitzbergen. If this was true, the old Muscovite was probably the only living man who had actually wintered in Spitzbergen. On the 17th of August, 1859, the *Anna Louisa* was in latitude 78°. Other fishing vessels in Spitzbergen had gone southward; there were then no "Arctic Expeditions" away, and so Mr. Lamont congratulated himself on being that day nearer the North Pole than any other human being. Not long afterward the sloop reached another degree northward. This is farther north than Van Rensselaer Harbor, where our own noble Kane passed his last Arctic winter. It is within one and a half degrees—about 130 miles—of the farthest northward point ever reached *by water*, which is that attained by Scoresby, in latitude 81° 30'. Parry's overland expedition, in 1827, went as high as 82° 40'; and the extreme northern point gained by the sledge-party sent out by Kane was 82° 27'—a difference northward of scarcely a dozen miles. The expeditions of Parry and Kane may fairly share the honors of having of all men approached nearest to the northern pole of the earth; for the stories of early Dutch navigators having reached the latitude of 83° or 84° are not fairly authenticated. The point to be noted is that the climates of the two hemispheres are so different that Lamont and Kennedy, on a mere pleasure expedition, with a common fishing sloop, reached without difficulty, from Spitzbergen, a point further north than Kane could gain in Greenland with all his indomitable resolution. The inference is, that if human feet are ever to stand at the North Pole of the earth, the way is by Spitzbergen rather than Greenland.

When Mr. Lamont says that Spitzbergen is uninhabited, he refers to human beings. The reindeer runs wild there, every little valley affording a troop of from three to twenty. These wild reindeer are smaller than the tame ones of Lapland; but they attain a most wonderful state of fatness. Mr. Lamont thinks this must be owing to the nutritious quality of the moss upon which they feed. Those killed in July were lean enough. A month later they were fit to take prizes at an agricultural show. The hinds giving milk and their calves were very fat, while the old stags were perfect miracles of condition. All over their bodies was a sort of cylinder of solid fat two or three inches thick: they were "seal-fat," says Mr. Lamont, emphatically. This coating which is so speedily acquired seems to be intended to enable them to exist during the long polar winter, when little food is to be had. They must live through the winter mainly upon the stores of fat accumulated in the short summer.

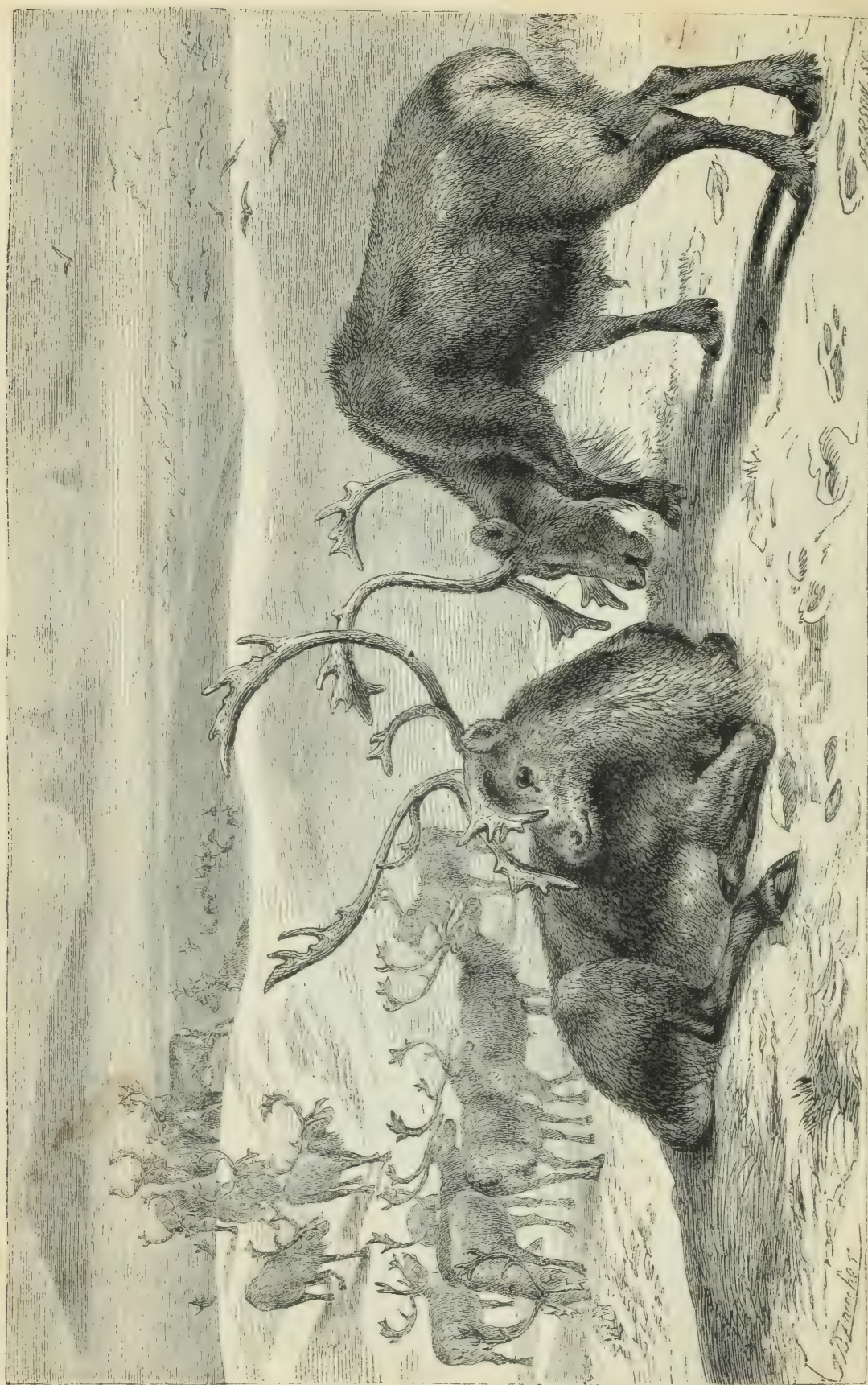
Mr. Lamont thinks the flesh of the reindeer the most exquisite meat he ever tasted, with perhaps the exception of a fat eland in Africa, and



REINDEER-SHOOTING.

a little West Indian animal which the negroes call the "Lapp"—the *Cavia paca* of naturalists. To be fully enjoyed it must be eaten directly after the deer has been killed, as the fat in a short time acquires a rank taste and unpleasant odor. The best mode of cooking the meat is one which Mr. Lamont learned years ago in Palestine from Hadji Mohammed, a one-eyed

Arab cook. This is the recipe: "First catch a fat deer, then cut a number of wooden skewers, and thread upon these alternately pieces of meat, heart, and fat, each cut to about the size and thickness of a dollar, broil upon the glowing embers, season with wood-ashes in the absence of salt and pepper, and bite them off while smoking hot. If you are hungry," he adds, sug-



GROUP OF REINDEER.

gestively, "you fancy this the most delicious thing you ever tasted."

Merely as sport, the hunting of the reindeer is rather tame. Not unfrequently they will of their own accord walk up within easy shot, when the hunter is not only in full view, but to the windward. The report of a rifle does not alarm them; very likely they think it the noise to which they

are accustomed, of rocks and ice splitting from frost. When two or three were together all were not unfrequently killed by successive shots. Lord David once came upon five; he knocked over four with a round shot from his four-barreled rifle, and the fifth stood snuffing at his dead companions until the hunter had time to reload, when he also was dispatched. At another time

the leg of an old stag was broken by a bullet; he ran a little distance, then stopped, looked around, and seeing nothing, commenced grazing, as though nothing had happened of sufficient consequence to keep him from his dinner. Their extraordinary boldness seems to arise from the fact that in the interior, where the greater part of their lives are passed, they have never seen a human being, or any thing else which could hurt them; for there are no wolves in Spitzbergen, and the bear probably never has a chance to meddle with a reindeer, unless he chances to fall in with a sick or wounded one near the seashore.

September approached. The ice began to close up the bays and fiords where the walrus resorts, and there was no more chance for blubber. Of reindeer they had in a few days killed as many as they wanted. Three tons of venison hung about the yacht, on which they had now taken up their quarters. So they contented themselves with picking off a few of the old stags whose antlers were especially fine, and salting their tongues as presents for friends at home. Returning to Hammerfest, they paid off their crew, and sold their blubber. "The price," says Mr. Lamont, "was very low—as seems always to be the case whenever one has any thing to sell. But still we realized a sum which went a long way toward paying our expenses; in addition to which we kept the young bears, the six bearskins, and all the ivory." They gave up the tub of a sloop, Lord David carving upon one of the cabin beams, which was of "soft wood, just the thing for whittling," a summary of their cruise. It ran thus:

"LORD DAVID KENNEDY and JAMES LAMONT hired this Sloop *Anna Louisa*, not A 1, in the Summer of the Year 1859, and killed in SPITZBERGEN 46 WALRUSES, 88 SEALS, 8 POLAR BEARS, 1 WHITE WHALE, 61 REINDEER. Total, 204 HEAD.—N.B. In addition to the above, we sunk and lost about 20 Walruses and Seals."

They had secured splendid specimens of all Spitzbergen animals worthy of a sportsman's attention, with the exception of the narwhal and the black fox. Their collection lacks the long spiral horn of the former, and the splendid skin of the latter—the rarest and most costly fur in the world. Both these animals are very rare. They saw no narwhal. Once a black fox came skulking down toward the carcass of a deer which they had killed; but he kept beyond shot, apparently aware that his sable jacket, worth a hundred dollars, was quite too valuable to be risked for a dinner.

They left Hammerfest on the 15th of September. As they had the wind directly in their teeth going out, they anticipated that, in the nature of things, it would change so as to blow in their teeth also going back. It did so; and besides they had the full benefit of the equinoctial gales. They avoided Lerwick on their return, apprehending that the "starvation months" were not over, and the hungry population might storm the yacht, to get possession of the cargo of venison.

Mr. Lamont had some difficulty in getting rid of his two young bears. He offered them to nearly every menagerie in the kingdom; but the British Barnums were overstocked with bears. Not a bid was to be had. At length they found a purchaser in the Director of the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris; and a tough bargain they seem to have been. Some months after Mr. Lamont saw them in their new home. They had grown considerably; but their naturally amiable dispositions had not been improved by their confinement in a warm, dry den, adapted for tropical animals. Unlike the lion in the story, they did not welcome their former shipmate, nor manifest the least gratitude to the individual who had, so to speak, "brought them up by hand."

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHRISTMAS IN HARLEY STREET.

It seems singular to me myself, considering the idea which I have in my own mind of the character of Lady Staveley, that I should be driven to declare that about this time she committed an unpardonable offense, not only against good-nature, but also against the domestic proprieties. But I am driven so to say, although she herself was of all women the most good-natured and most domestic; for she asked Mr. Furnival to pass his Christmas-day at Noningsby, and I find it impossible to forgive her that offense against the poor wife whom in that case he must leave alone by her desolate hearth. She knew that he was a married man as well as I do. Sophia, who had a proper regard for the domestic peace of her parents, and who could

have been happy at Noningsby without a father's care, not unfrequently spoke of her, so that her existence in Harley Street might not be forgotten by the Staveleys—explaining, however, as she did so, that her dear mother never left her own fireside in winter, so that no suspicion might be entertained that an invitation was desired for her also; nevertheless, in spite of all this, on two separate occasions did Lady Staveley say to Mr. Furnival that he might as well prolong his visit over Christmas.

And yet Lady Staveley was not attached to Mr. Furnival with any peculiar warmth of friendship; but she was one of those women whose foolish hearts will not allow themselves to be controlled in the exercise of their hospitality. Her nature demanded of her that she should ask a guest to stay. She would not have allowed a dog to depart from her house at this season of

the year without suggesting to him that he had better take his Christmas bone in her yard. It was for Mr. Furnival to adjust all matters between himself and his wife. He was not bound to accept the invitation because she gave it; but she, finding him there, already present in the house, did feel herself bound to give it—for which offense, as I have said before, I can not bring myself to forgive her.

At his sin in staying away from home, or rather—as far as the story has yet carried us—in thinking that he would do so, I am by no means so much surprised. An angry, ill-pleased wife is no pleasant companion for a gentleman on a long evening. For those who have managed that things shall run smoothly over the domestic rug there is no happier time of life than these long candle-light hours of home and silence. No spoken content or uttered satisfaction is necessary. The fact that is felt is enough for peace. But when the fact is not felt; when the fact is by no means there; when the thoughts are running in a direction altogether different; when bitter grievances from one to the other fill the heart, rather than memories of mutual kindness; then, I say, those long candle-light hours of home and silence are not easy of endurance. Mr. Furnival was a man who chose to be the master of his own destiny, so at least to himself he boasted; and therefore, when he found himself encountered by black looks and occasionally by sullen words, he declared to himself that he was ill-used, and that he would not bear it. Since the domestic rose would no longer yield him honey, he would seek his sweets from the stray honey-suckle, on which there grew no thorns.

Mr. Furnival was no coward. He was not one of those men who wrong their wives by their absence, and then prolong their absence because they are afraid to meet their wives. His resolve was to be free himself, and to be free without complaint from her. He would have it so, that he might remain out of his own house for a month at the time and then return to it for a week—at any rate without outward bickerings. I have known other men who have dreamed of such a state of things, but at this moment I can remember none who have brought their dream to bear.

Mr. Furnival had written to his wife—not from Noningsby, but from some provincial town, probably situated among the Essex marshes—saying various things, and among others that he should not, as he thought, be at home at Christmas-day. Mrs. Furnival had remarked about a fortnight since that Christmas-day was nothing to her now; and the base man, for it was base, had hung upon this poor, sore-hearted word an excuse for remaining away from home. “There are lawyers of repute staying at Noningsby,” he had said, “with whom it is very expedient that I should remain at this present crisis.”—When yet has there been no crisis present to a man who has wanted an excuse?—“And therefore I may probably stay”—and so

on. Who does not know the false mixture of excuse and defiance which such a letter is sure to maintain; the crafty words which may be taken as adequate reason if the receiver be timid enough so to receive them, or as a noisy gauntlet thrown to the ground if there be spirit there for the picking of it up? Such letter from his little borough in the Essex marshes did Mr. Furnival write to the partner of his cares, and there was still sufficient spirit left for the picking up of the gauntlet. “I shall be home to-morrow,” the letter had gone on to say; “but I will not keep you waiting for dinner, as my hours are always so uncertain. I shall be at my chambers till late, and will be with you before tea. I will then return to Alston on the following morning.” There was at any rate good courage in this on the part of Mr. Furnival—great courage; but with it coldness of heart, dishonesty of purpose, and black ingratitude. Had she not given every thing to him?

Mrs. Furnival when she got the letter was not alone. “There,” said she, throwing it over to a lady who sat on the other side of the fire-place handling a loose sprawling mass of not very clean crochet-work. “I knew he would stay away on Christmas-day. I told you so.”

“I didn’t think it possible,” said Miss Biggs, rolling up the big ball of soiled cotton that she might read Mr. Furnival’s letter at her leisure. “I didn’t really think it possible—on Christmas-day! Surely, Mrs. Furnival, he can’t mean Christmas-day? Dear, dear, dear! and then to throw it in your face in that way that you said you didn’t care about it.”

“Of course I said so,” answered Mrs. Furnival. “I was not going to ask him to come home as a favor.”

“Not to make a favor of it, of course not.” This was Miss Biggs from ——. I am afraid if I tell the truth I must say that she came from Red Lion Square! And yet nothing could be more respectable than Miss Biggs. Her father had been a partner with an uncle of Mrs. Furnival’s; and when Kitty Blacker had given herself and her young prettinesses to the hard-working lawyer, Martha Biggs had stood at the altar with her, then just seventeen years of age, and had promised to her all manner of success for her coming life. Martha Biggs had never, not even then, been pretty; but she had been very faithful. She had not been a favorite with Mr. Furnival, having neither wit nor grace to recommend her, and therefore in the old happy days of Kepel Street she had been kept in the back-ground; but now, in this present time of her adversity, Mrs. Furnival found the benefit of having a trusty friend.

“If he likes better to be with these people down at Alston, I am sure it is the same to me,” said the injured wife.

“But there’s nobody special at Alston, is there?” asked Miss Biggs, whose soul sighed for a tale more piquant than one of mere general neglect. She knew that her friend had dreadful suspicions, but Mrs. Furnival had never as

yet committed herself by uttering the name of any woman as her rival. Miss Biggs thought that a time had now come in which the strength of their mutual confidence demanded that such name should be uttered. It could not be expected that she should sympathize with generalities forever. She longed to hate, to reprobate, and to shudder at the actual name of the wretch who had robbed her friend of a husband's heart. And therefore she asked the question, "There's nobody special at Alston, is there?"

Now Mrs. Furnival knew to a furlong the distance from Noningsby to Orley Farm, and knew also that the station at Hamworth was only twenty-five minutes from that at Alston. She gave no immediate answer, but threw up her head and shook her nostrils, as though she were preparing for war; and then Miss Martha Biggs knew that there was somebody special at Alston. Between such old friends why should not the name be mentioned?

On the following day the two ladies dined at six, and then waited tea patiently till ten. Had the thirst of a desert been raging within that drawing-room, and had tea been within immediate call, those ladies would have died ere they would have asked for it before his return. He had said he would be home to tea, and they would have waited for him, had it been till four o'clock in the morning! Let the female married victim ever make the most of such positive wrongs as Providence may vouchsafe to her. Had Mrs. Furnival ordered tea on this evening before her husband's return, she would have been a woman blind to the advantages of her own position. At ten the wheels of Mr. Furnival's cab were heard, and the faces of both the ladies prepared themselves for the encounter.

"Well, Kitty, how are you?" said Mr. Furnival, entering the room with his arms prepared for a premeditated embrace. "What, Miss Biggs with you? I did not know. How do you do, Miss Biggs?" and Mr. Furnival extended his hand to the lady. They both looked at him, and they could tell from the brightness of his eye and from the color of his nose that he had been dining at his club, and that the bin with the precious cork had been visited on his behalf.

"Yes, my dear; it's rather lonely being here in this big room all by one's self so long; so I asked Martha Biggs to come over to me. I suppose there's no harm in that."

"Oh, if I'm in the way," began Miss Biggs, "or if Mr. Furnival is going to stay at home for long—"

"You are not in the way, and I am not going to stay at home for long," said Mr. Furnival, speaking with a voice that was perhaps a little thick—only a very little thick. No wife on good terms with her husband would have deigned to notice, even in her own mind, an amount of thickness of voice which was so very inconsiderable. But Mrs. Furnival at the present moment did notice it.

"Oh, I did not know," said Miss Biggs.

"You know now," said Mr. Furnival, whose ear at once appreciated the hostility of tone which had been assumed.

"You need not be rude to my friend after she has been waiting tea for you till near eleven o'clock," said Mrs. Furnival. "It is nothing to me, but you should remember that she is not used to it."

"I wasn't rude to your friend, and who asked you to wait tea till near eleven o'clock? It is only just ten now, if that signifies."

"You expressly desired me to wait tea, Mr. Furnival. I have got your letter, and will show it you if you wish it."

"Nonsense; I just said I should be home—"

"Of course you just said you would be home, and so we waited; and it's not nonsense; and I declare—! Never mind, Martha, don't mind me, there's a good creature. I shall get over it soon;" and then fat, solid, good-humored Mrs. Furnival burst out into a hysterical fit of sobbing. There was a welcome for a man on his return to his home after a day's labor!

Miss Biggs immediately got up and came round behind the drawing-room table to her friend's head. "Be calm, Mrs. Furnival," she said; "do be calm, and then you will be better soon. Here is the hartshorn."

"It doesn't matter, Martha: never mind: leave me alone," sobbed the poor woman.

"May I be excused for asking what is really the matter?" said Mr. Furnival, "for I'll be whipped if I know." Miss Biggs looked at him as if she thought that he ought to be whipped.

"I wonder you ever come near the place at all, I do," said Mrs. Furnival.

"What place?" asked Mr. Furnival.

"This house in which I am obliged to live by myself, without a soul to speak to, unless when Martha Biggs comes here."

"Which would be much more frequent, only that I know I am not welcome to every body."

"I know that you hate it. How can I help knowing it?—and you hate me too; I know you do; and I believe you would be glad if you need never come back here at all; I do. Don't, Martha; leave me alone. I don't want all that fuss. There; I can hear it now, whatever it is. Do you choose to have your tea, Mr. Furnival? or do you wish to keep the servants waiting out of their beds all night?"

"D—the servants!" said Mr. Furnival.

"Oh laws!" exclaimed Miss Biggs, jumping up out of her chair with her hands and fingers outstretched, as though never, never in her life before, had her ears been wounded by such wicked words as those.

"Mr. Furnival, I am ashamed of you," said his wife, with gathered calmness of stern reproach.

Mr. Furnival was very wrong to swear; doubly wrong to swear before his wife; trebly wrong to swear before a lady visitor; but it must be confessed that there was provocation. That he was at this present period of his life behaving badly to his wife must be allowed, but on this

special evening he had intended to behave well. The woman had sought a ground of quarrel against him, and had driven him on till he had forgotten himself in his present after-dinner humor. When a man is maintaining a whole household on his own shoulders, and working hard to maintain it well, it is not right that he should be brought to book because he keeps the servants up half an hour later than usual to wash the tea-things. It is very proper that the idle members of the establishment should conform to hours, but these hours must give way to his requirements. In those old days of which we have spoken so often he might have had his tea at twelve, one, two, or three without a murmur. Though their staff of servants then was scanty enough, there was never a difficulty then in supplying any such want for him. If no other pair of hands could boil the kettle, there was one pair of hands there which no amount of such work on his behalf could tire. But now, because he had come in for his tea at ten o'clock, he was asked if he intended to keep the servants out of their beds all night!

"Oh laws!" said Miss Biggs, jumping up from her chair as though she had been electrified.

Mr. Furnival did not think it consistent with his dignity to keep up any dispute in the presence of Miss Biggs, and therefore sat himself down in his accustomed chair without further speech. "Would you wish to have tea now, Mr. Furnival?" asked his wife again, putting considerable stress upon the word *now*.

"I don't care about it," said he.

"And I am sure I don't at this late hour," said Miss Biggs. "But so tired as you are, dear—"

"Never mind me, Martha; as for myself, I shall take nothing now." And then they all sat without a word for the space of some five minutes. "If you like to go, Martha," said Mrs. Furnival, "don't mind waiting for me."

"Oh, very well," and then Miss Biggs took her bed-candle and left the room. Was it not hard upon her that she should be forced to absent herself at this moment, when the excitement of the battle was about to begin in earnest? Her footsteps lingered as she slowly retreated from the drawing-room door, and for one instant she absolutely paused, standing still with eager ears. It was but for an instant, and then she went on up stairs, out of hearing, and sitting herself down by her bedside allowed the battle to rage in her imagination.

Mr. Furnival would have sat there silent till his wife had gone also, and so the matter would have terminated for that evening—had she so willed it. But she had been thinking of her miseries; and, having come to some sort of resolution to speak of them openly, what time could she find more appropriate for doing so than the present? "Tom," she said—and as she spoke there was still a twinkle of the old love in her eye—"we are not going on together as well as we should do; not lately. Would it

not be well to make a change before it is too late?"

"What change?" he asked; not exactly in an ill humor, but with a husky, thick voice. He would have preferred now that she should have followed her friend to bed.

"I do not want to dictate to you, Tom, but—! Oh, Tom, if you knew how wretched I am!"

"What makes you wretched?"

"Because you leave me all alone; because you care more for other people than you do for me; because you never like to be at home, never if you can possibly help it. You know you don't. You are always away now upon some excuse or other; you know you are. I don't have you home to dinner not one day in the week through the year. That can't be right, and you know it is not. Oh Tom! you are breaking my heart, and deceiving me—you are. Why did I go down and find that woman in your chamber with you, when you were ashamed to own to me that she was coming to see you? If it had been in the proper way of law business you wouldn't have been ashamed. Oh Tom!"

The poor woman had begun her plaint in a manner that was not altogether devoid of a discreet eloquence. If only she could have maintained that tone, if she could have confined her words to the tale of her own grievances, and have been contented to declare that she was unhappy, only because he was not with her, it might have been well. She might have touched his heart, or at any rate his conscience, and there might have been some enduring result for good. But her feelings had been too many for her, and as her wrongs came to her mind, and the words heaped themselves upon her tongue, she could not keep herself from the one subject which she should have left untouched. Mr. Furnival was not the man to bear any interference such as this, or to permit the privacy of Lincoln's Inn to be invaded even by his wife. His brow grew very black, and his eyes became almost blood-shot. The port wine which might have worked him to softness now worked him to anger, and he thus burst forth with words of marital vigor:

"Let me tell you once forever, Kitty, that I will admit of no interference with what I do, or the people whom I may choose to see in my chambers in Lincoln's Inn. If you are such an infatuated simpleton as to believe—"

"Yes; of course I am a simpleton; of course I am a fool; women always are."

"Listen to me, will you?"

"Listen, yes; it's my business to listen. Would you like that I should give this house up for her, and go into lodgings somewhere? I shall have very little objection as matters are going now. Oh dear, oh dear, that things should ever have come to this!"

"Come to what?"

"Tom, I could put up with a great deal—more, I think, than most women; I could slave for you like a drudge, and think nothing about it. And now that you have got among grand people, I could see you go out by yourself with-

out thinking much about that either. I am very lonely sometimes—very; but I could bear that. Nobody has longed to see you rise in the world half so anxious as I have done. But, Tom, when I know what your goings on are with a nasty, sly, false woman like that, I won't bear it; and there's an end." In saying which final words Mrs. Furnival rose from her seat, and thrice struck her hand by no means lightly on the lloo table in the middle of the room.

"I did not think it possible that you should be so silly. I did not indeed!"

"Oh, yes, silly! very well. Women always are silly when they mind that kind of thing. Have you got any thing else to say, Sir?"

"Yes, I have; I have this to say, that I will not endure this sort of usage."

"Nor I won't," said Mrs. Furnival; "so you may as well understand it at once. As long as there was nothing absolutely wrong, I would put up with it for the sake of appearances, and because of Sophia. For myself I don't mind what loneliness I may have to bear. If you had been called on to go out to the East Indies, or even to China, I could have put up with it. But this sort of thing I won't put up with; nor I won't be blind to what I can't help seeing. So now, Mr. Furnival, you may know that I have made up my mind." And then, without waiting further parley, having whisked herself in her energy near to the door, she stalked out, and went up with hurried steps to her own room.

Occurrences of a nature such as this are in all respects unpleasant in a household. Let the master be ever so much master, what is he to do? Say that his wife is wrong from the beginning to the end of the quarrel—that in no way improves the matter. His anxiety is that the world abroad shall not know he has aught amiss at home; but she, with her hot sense of injury, and her loud revolt against supposed wrongs, cares not who hears it. "Hold your tongue, madam," the husband says. But the wife, bound though she be by an oath of obedience, will not obey him, but only screams the louder.

All which, as Mr. Furnival sat there thinking of it, disturbed his mind much. That Martha Biggs would spread the tale through all Bloomsbury and St. Pancras, of course he was aware. "If she drives me to it, it must be so," he said to himself at last. And then he also betook himself to his rest. And so it was that preparations for Christmas were made in Harley Street.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHRISTMAS AT NONINGSBY.

THE house at Noningsby on Christmas-day was quite full, and yet it was by no means a small house. Mrs. Arbuthnot, the judge's married daughter, was there, with her three children; and Mr. Furnival was there, having got over those domestic difficulties in which we lately

saw him as best he might; and Lucius Mason was there, having been especially asked by Lady Staveley when she heard that his mother was to be at The Cleeve. There could be no more comfortable country-house than Noningsby; and it was, in its own way, pretty, though essentially different in all respects from The Cleeve. It was a new house from the cellar to the ceiling, and as a house was no doubt the better for being so. All the rooms were of the proper proportion, and all the newest appliances for comfort had been attached to it. But nevertheless it lacked that something, in appearance rather than in fact, which age alone can give to the residence of a gentleman in the country. The gardens also were new, and the grounds around them trim, and square, and orderly. Noningsby was a delightful house; no one with money and taste at command could have created for himself one more delightful; but then there are delights which can not be created even by money and taste.

It was a pleasant sight to see, the long, broad, well-filled breakfast table, with all that company round it. There were some eighteen or twenty gathered now at the table, among whom the judge sat pre-eminent, looming large in an arm-chair and having a double space allotted to him—some eighteen or twenty, children included. At the bottom of the table sat Lady Staveley, who still chose to preside among her own tea-cups as a lady should do; and close to her, assisting in the toils of that presidency, sat her daughter Madeline. Nearest to them were gathered the children, and the rest had formed themselves into little parties, each of which already well knew its own place at the board. In how very short a time will come upon one that pleasant custom of sitting in an accustomed place! But here, at these Noningsby breakfasts, among other customs already established, there was one by which Augustus Staveley was always privileged to sit by the side of Sophia Furnival. No doubt his original object was still unchanged. A match between that lady and his friend Graham was still desirable, and by perseverance he might pique Felix Graham to arouse himself. But hitherto Felix Graham had not aroused himself in that direction, and one or two people among the party were inclined to mistake young Staveley's intentions.

"Gus," his sister had said to him the night before, "I declare I think you are going to make love to Sophia Furnival."

"Do you?" he had replied. "As a rule, I do not think there is any one in the world for whose discernment I have so much respect as I have for yours. But in this respect even you are wrong."

"Ah, of course you say so."

"If you won't believe me, ask her. What more can I say?"

"I certainly sha'n't ask her, for I don't know her well enough."

"She's a very clever girl; let me tell you that, whoever falls in love with her."

"I'm sure she is, and she is handsome too, very; but for all that she is not good enough for our Gus."

"Of course she is not, and therefore I am not thinking of her. And now go to bed and dream that you have got the Queen of the Fortunate Islands for your sister-in-law."

But although Staveley was himself perfectly indifferent to all the charms of Miss Furnival, nevertheless he could hardly restrain his dislike to Lucius Mason, who, as he thought, was disposed to admire the lady in question. In talking of Lucius to his own family and to his special friend Graham he had called him conceited, pedantic, uncouth, unenglish, and detestable. His own family—that is, his mother and sister—rarely contradicted him in any thing; but Graham was by no means so cautious, and usually contradicted him in every thing. Indeed, there was no sign of sterling worth so plainly marked in Staveley's character as the full conviction which he entertained of the superiority of his friend Felix.

"You are quite wrong about him," Felix had said. "He has not been at an English school or English university, and therefore is not like other young men that you know; but he is, I think, well educated and clever. As for conceit, what man will do any good who is not conceited? Nobody holds a good opinion of a man who has a low opinion of himself."

"All the same, my dear fellow, I do not like Lucius Mason."

"And some one else, if you remember, did not like Dr. Fell."

"And now, good people, what are you all going to do about church?" said Staveley, while they were still engaged with their rolls and eggs.

"I shall walk," said the judge.

"And I shall go in the carriage," said the judge's wife.

"That disposes of two; and now it will take half an hour to settle for the rest. Miss Furnival, you no doubt will accompany my mother. As I shall be among the walkers you will see how much I sacrifice by the suggestion."

It was a mile to the church, and Miss Furnival knew the advantage of appearing in her seat unfatigued and without subjection to wind, mud, or rain. "I must confess," she said, "that, under all the circumstances, I shall prefer your mother's company to yours;" whereupon Staveley, in the completion of his arrangements, assigned the other places in the carriage to the married ladies of the company.

"But I have taken your sister Madeline's seat in the carriage," protested Sophia with great dismay.

"My sister Madeline generally walks."

"Then of course I shall walk with her;" but when the time came Miss Furnival did go in the carriage whereas Miss Staveley went on foot.

It so fell out as they started that Graham found himself walking at Miss Staveley's side, to the great disgust, no doubt, of half a dozen other aspirants for that honor. "I can not

help thinking," he said, as they stepped briskly over the crisp white frost, "that this Christmas-day of ours is a great mistake."

"Oh, Mr. Graham!" she exclaimed.

"You need not regard me with horror—at least not with any special horror on this occasion."

"But what you say is very horrid."

"That, I flatter myself, seems so only because I have not yet said it. That part of our Christmas-day which is made to be in any degree sacred is by no means a mistake."

"I am glad you think that."

"Or rather, it is not a mistake in as far as it is in any degree made sacred. But the peculiar conviviality of the day is so ponderous! Its roast-beefiness oppresses one so thoroughly from the first moment of one's waking to the last ineffectual effort at a bit of fried pudding for supper!"

"But you need not eat fried pudding for supper. Indeed, here, I am afraid, you will not have any supper offered you at all."

"No; not to me individually, under that name. I might also manage to guard my ownself under any such offers. But there is always the flavor of the sweetmeat in the air—of all the sweetmeats, edible and non-edible."

"You begrudge the children their snap-dragon. That's what it all means, Mr. Graham."

"No; I deny it; unpremeditated snap-dragon is dear to my soul; and I could expend myself in blindman's-buff."

"You shall, then, after dinner; for of course you know that we all dine early."

"But blindman's-buff at three, with snap-dragon at a quarter to four—charades at five, with wine and sweet cake at half past six, is ponderous. And that's our mistake. The big turkey would be very good; capital fun to see a turkey twice as big as it ought to be! But the big turkey, and the mountain of beef, and the pudding weighing a hundred-weight, oppress one's spirits by their combined gravity. And then, they impart a memory of indigestion, a halo as it were of apoplexy, even to the Church services."

"I do not agree with you in the least in the world."

"I ask you to answer me fairly. Is not additional eating an ordinary Englishman's ordinary idea of Christmas-day?"

"I am only an ordinary Englishwoman, and therefore can not say. It is not my idea."

"I believe that the ceremony, as kept by us, is perpetuated by the butchers and beer-sellers, with a helping hand from the grocers. It is essentially a material festival; and I would not object to it even on that account if it were not so grievously overdone. How the sun is moistening the frost on the ground! As we come back the road will be quite wet."

"We shall be going home then, and it will not signify. Remember, Mr. Graham, I shall expect you to come forward in great strength for blindman's-buff." As he gave her the required



THE CHURCH DOOR.

promise, he thought that even the sports of Christmas-day would be bearable, if she also were to make one of the sportsmen; and then they entered the church.

I do not know any thing more pleasant to the eye than a pretty country church decorated for Christmas-day. The effect in a city is altogeth-

er different. I will not say that churches there should not be decorated, but comparatively it is a matter of indifference. No one knows who does it. The peculiar munificence of the squire who has sacrificed his holly bushes is not appreciated. The work of the fingers that have been employed is not recognized. The efforts made

for hanging the pendant wreaths to each capital have been of no special interest to any large number of the worshipers. It has been done by contract, probably, and even if well done has none of the grace of association. But here, at Noningsby church, the winter flowers had been cut by Madeline and the gardener, and the red berries had been grouped by her own hands. She and the vicar's wife had stood together with perilous audacity on the top of the clerk's desk while they fixed the branches beneath the cushion of the old-fashioned turret, from which the sermons were preached. And all this had of course been talked about at the house; and some of the party had gone over to see, including Sophia Furnival, who had declared that nothing could be so delightful, though she had omitted to endanger her fingers by any participation in the work. And the children had regarded the operation as a triumph of all that was wonderful in decoration; and thus many of them had been made happy.

On their return from church, Miss Furnival insisted on walking, in order, as she said, that Miss Staveley might not have all the fatigue; but Miss Staveley would walk also, and the carriage, after a certain amount of expostulation and delay, went off with its load incomplete.

"And now for the plum-pudding part of the arrangement," said Felix Graham.

"Yes, Mr. Graham," said Madeline, "now for the plum-pudding—and the blindman's-buff."

"Did you ever see any thing more perfect than the church, Mr. Mason?" said Sophia.

"Any thing more perfect? no; in that sort of way, perhaps, never. I have seen the choir of Cologne."

"Come, come; that's not fair," said Graham. "Don't import Cologne in order to crush us here down in our little English villages. You never saw the choir of Cologne bright with holly berries."

"No; but I have with cardinal's stockings, and bishop's robes."

"I think I should prefer the holly," said Miss Furnival. "And why should not our churches always look like that, only changing the flowers and the foliage with the season? It would make the service so attractive."

"It would hardly do at Lent," said Madeline, in a serious tone.

"No, perhaps not at Lent exactly."

Peregrine and Augustus Staveley were walking on in front, not perhaps as well satisfied with the day as the rest of the party. Augustus, on leaving the church, had made a little effort to assume his place as usual by Miss Furnival's side, but by some accident of war Mason was there before him. He had not cared to make one of a party of three, and therefore had gone on in advance with young Orme. Nor was Peregrine himself much more happy. He did not know why, but he felt within his breast a growing aversion to Felix Graham. Graham was a puppy, he thought, and a fellow that talked too much; and then he was such a confoundedly

ugly dog, and—and—and—Peregrine Orme did not like him. He was not a man to analyze his own feelings in such matters. He did not ask himself why he should have been rejoiced to hear that instant business had taken Felix Graham off to Hong Kong; but he knew that he would have rejoiced. He knew also that Madeline Staveley was—. No; he did not know what she was; but when he was alone, he carried on with her all manner of imaginary conversations, though when he was in her company he had hardly a word to say to her. Under these circumstances he fraternized with her brother; but even in that he could not receive much satisfaction, seeing that he could not abuse Graham to Graham's special friend, nor could he breathe a sigh as to Madeline's perfections into the ear of Madeline's brother.

The children—and there were three or four assembled there besides those belonging to Mrs. Arbuthnot—were by no means inclined to agree with Mr. Graham's strictures as to the amusements of Christmas-day. To them it appeared that they could not hurry fast enough into the vortex of its dissipation. The dinner was a serious consideration, especially with reference to certain illuminated mince-pies which were the crowning glory of that banquet; but time for these was almost begrudged in order that the fast handkerchief might be tied over the eyes of the first blindman.

"And now we'll go into the school-room," said Marian Arbuthnot, jumping up and leading the way. "Come along, Mr. Felix;" and Felix Graham followed her.

Madeline had declared that Felix Graham should be blinded first, and such was his doom. "Now mind you catch me, Mr. Felix; pray do," said Marian, when she had got him seated in a corner of the room. She was a beautiful fair little thing, with long, soft curls, and lips red as a rose, and large, bright blue eyes, all soft and happy and laughing, loving the friends of her childhood with passionate love, and fully expecting an equal devotion from them. It is of such children that our wives and sweet-hearts should be made.

"But how am I to find you when my eyes are blinded?"

"Oh, you can feel, you know. You can put your hand on the top of my head. I mustn't speak, you know; but I'm sure I shall laugh; and then you must guess that it's Marian." That was her idea of playing blindman's-buff according to the strict rigor of the game.

"And you'll give me a big kiss?" said Felix.

"Yes, when we've done playing," she promised, with great seriousness.

And then a huge white silk handkerchief, as big as a small sail, was brought down from grandpapa's dressing-room, so that nobody should see the least bit "in the world," as Marian had observed with great energy; and the work of blinding was commenced. "I ain't big enough to reach round," said Marian, who had made an effort, but in vain. "You do it, Aunt Mad.,"



BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

and she tendered the handkerchief to Miss Staveley, who, however, did not appear very eager to undertake the task.

"I'll be the executioner," said grandmamma, "the more especially as I shall not take any other share in the ceremony. This shall be the chair of doom. Come here, Mr. Graham, and

submit yourself to me." And so the first victim was blinded. "Mind you remember," said Marian, whispering into his ear as he was led away. "Green spirits and white; blue spirits and gray—" and then he was twirled round in the room and left to commence his search as best he might.

Marian Arbuthnot was not the only soft little

laughing darling that wished to be caught and blinded, so that there was great pulling at the blindman's tails, and much grasping at his outstretched arms before the desired object was attained. And he wandered round the room skillfully, as though a thought were in his mind false to his treaty with Marian—as though he imagined for a moment that some other prize might be caught. But if so, the other prize evaded him carefully, and in due progress of play Marian's soft curls were within his grasp. "I'm sure I didn't speak or say a word," said she, as she ran up to her grandmother to have the handkerchief put over her eyes. "Did I, grandmamma?"

"There are more ways of speaking than one," said Lady Staveley. "You and Mr. Graham understand each other, I think."

"Oh, I was caught quite fairly," said Marian—"and now lead me round and round." To her at any rate the festivities of Christmas-day were not too ponderous for real enjoyment.

And then, at last, somebody caught the judge. I rather think it was Madeline; but his time in truth was come, and he had no chance of escape. The whole room was set upon his capture, and though he barricaded himself with chairs and children, he was duly apprehended and named. "That's papa; I know by his watch-chain, for I made it."

"Nonsense, my dears," said the judge. "I will do no such thing. I should never catch any body, and should remain blind forever."

"But grandpapa must," said Marian. "It's the game that he should be blinded when he's caught."

"Suppose the game was that we should be whipped when we are caught, and I was to catch you," said Augustus.

"But I would not play that game," said Marian.

"Oh, papa, you must," said Madeline. "Do—and you shall catch Mr. Furnival."

"That would be a temptation," said the judge. "I've never been able to do that yet, though I've been trying it for some years."

"Justice is blind," said Graham. "Why should a judge be ashamed to follow the example of his own goddess?" And so at last the owner of the ermine submitted, and the stern magistrate of the bench was led round with the due incantation of the spirits, and dismissed into chaos to seek for a new victim.

One of the rules of blindman's-buff at Noningsby was this, that it should not be played by candle-light—a rule that is in every way judicious, as thereby an end is secured for that which might otherwise be unending. And therefore, when it became so dark in the school-room that there was not much difference between the blindman and the others, the handkerchief was smuggled away, and the game was at an end.

"And now for snap-dragon," said Marian.

"Exactly as you predicted, Mr. Graham," said Madeline: "blindman's-buff at a quarter past three, and snap-dragon at five."

"I revoke every word that I uttered, for I was never more amused in my life."

"And you will be prepared to endure the wine and sweet cake when they come."

"Prepared to endure any thing, and go through every thing. We shall be allowed candles now, I suppose."

"Oh no, by no means. Snap-dragon by candle-light! who ever heard of such a thing? It would wash all the dragon out of it, and leave nothing but the snap. It is a necessity of the game that it should be played in the dark—or rather by its own lurid light."

"Oh, there is a lurid light, is there?"

"You shall see;" and then she turned away to make her preparations.

To the game of snap-dragon, as played at Noningsby, a ghost was always necessary, and Aunt Madeline had played the ghost ever since she had been an aunt, and there had been any necessity for such a part. But in previous years the spectators had been fewer in number and more closely connected with the family. "I think we must drop the ghost on this occasion," she said, coming up to her brother.

"You'll disgust them all dreadfully if you do," said he. "The young Sebrights have come specially to see the ghost."

"Well, you can do ghost for them."

"I! no; I can't act a ghost. Miss Furnival, you'd make a lovely ghost."

"I shall be most happy to be useful," said Sophia.

"Oh, Aunt Mad., you must be ghost," said Marian, following her.

"You foolish little thing, you; we are going to have a beautiful ghost—a divine ghost," said Uncle Gus.

"But we want Madeline to be the ghost," said a big Miss Sebright, ten or eleven years old.

"She's always ghost," said Marian.

"To be sure; it will be much better," said Miss Furnival. "I only offered my poor services hoping to be useful. No Banquo that ever lived could leave a worse ghost behind him than I should prove."

It ended in there being two ghosts. It had become quite impossible to rob Miss Furnival of her promised part, and Madeline could not refuse to solve the difficulty in this way without making more of the matter than it deserved. The idea of two ghosts was delightful to the children, more especially as it entailed two large dishes full of raisins, and two blue fires blazing up from burned brandy. So the girls went out, not without proffered assistance from the gentlemen, and after a painfully long interval of some fifteen or twenty minutes—for Miss Furnival's back hair would not come down and adjust itself into ghostlike lengths with as much readiness as that of her friend—they returned bearing the dishes before them on large trays. In each of them the spirit was lighted as they entered the school-room door, and thus, as they walked in, they were illuminated by the dark-blue flames which they carried.

"Oh, is it not grand?" said Marian, appealing to Felix Graham.

"Uncommonly grand," he replied.

"And which ghost do you think is the grandest? I'll tell you which ghost I like the best—in a secret, you know; I like Aunt Mad. the best, and I think she's the grandest too."

"And I'll tell you in a secret that I think the same. To my mind she is the grandest ghost I ever saw in my life."

"Is she indeed?" asked Marian, solemnly, thinking probably that her new friend's experience in ghosts must be extensive. However that might be, he thought that, as far as his experience in women went, he had never seen any thing more lovely than Madeline Staveley dressed in a long white sheet, with a long bit of white cambric pinned round her face.

And it may be presumed that the dress altogether is not unbecoming when accompanied by blue flames, for Augustus Staveley and Lucius Mason thought the same thing of Miss Furnival, whereas Peregrine Orme did not know whether he was standing on his head or his feet as he looked at Miss Staveley. Miss Furnival may possibly have had some inkling of this when she offered to undertake the task, but I protest that such was not the case with Madeline. There was no second thought in her mind when she first declined the ghosting, and afterward undertook the part. No wish to look beautiful in the eyes of Felix Graham had come to her—at any rate as yet; and as to Peregrine Orme, she had hardly thought of his existence. "By Heavens!" said Peregrine to himself, "she is the most beautiful creature that I ever saw;" and then he began to speculate within his own mind how the idea might be received at The Cleeve.

But there was no such realized idea with Felix Graham. He saw that Madeline Staveley was very beautiful, and he felt in an unconscious manner that her character was very sweet. He may have thought that he might have loved such a girl, had such love been a thing permitted to him. But this was far from being the case. Felix Graham's lot in this life, as regarded that share which his heart might have in it, was already marked out for him; marked out for himself and by himself. The future wife of his bosom had already been selected, and was now in course of preparation for the duties of her future life. He was one of those few wise men who have determined not to take a partner in life at hazard, but to mould a young mind and character to those pursuits and modes of thought which may best fit a woman for the duties she will have to perform. What little it may be necessary to know of the earlier years of Mary Snow shall be told hereafter. Here it will be only necessary to say that she was an orphan, that as yet she was little more than a child, and that she owed her maintenance and the advantage of her education to the charity and love of her destined husband. Therefore, as I have said, it was manifest that Felix Graham could not think of

falling in love with Miss Staveley, even had not his very low position, in reference to worldly affairs, made any such passion on his part quite hopeless. But with Peregrine Orme the matter was different. There could be no possible reason why Peregrine Orme should not win and wear the beautiful girl whom he so much admired.

But the ghosts are kept standing over their flames, the spirit is becoming exhausted, and the raisins will be burned. At snap-dragon, too, the ghosts here had something to do. The law of the game is this—a law on which Marian would have insisted had not the flames been so very hot—that the raisins shall become the prey of those audacious marauders only who dare to face the presence of the ghost, and to plunge their hands into the burning dish. As a rule the boys do this, clawing out the raisins, while the girls pick them up and eat them. But here, at Noningsby, the boys were too little to act thus as pioneers in the face of the enemy, and the raisins might have remained till the flames were burned out, had not the beneficent ghost scattered abroad the richness of her own treasures.

"Now, Marian," said Felix Graham, bringing her up in his arms.

"But it will burn, Mr. Felix. Look there; see; there are a great many at that end. You do it."

"I must have another kiss, then."

"Very well, yes; if you get five." And then Felix dashed his hand in among the flames and brought forth a fistful of fruit, which imparted to his fingers and wristband a smell of brandy for the rest of the evening.

"If you take so many at a time I shall rap your knuckles with the spoon," said the ghost, as she stirred up the flames to keep them alive.

"But the ghost shouldn't speak," said Marian, who was evidently unacquainted with the best ghosts of tragedy.

"But the ghost must speak when such large hands invade the caldron;" and then another raid was effected, and the threatened blow was given. Had any one told her in the morning that she would that day have rapped Mr. Graham's knuckles with a kitchen spoon, she would not have believed that person; but it is thus that hearts are lost and won.

And Peregrine Orme looked on from a distance, thinking of it all. That he should have been stricken dumb by the beauty of any girl was surprising even to himself; for though young and almost boyish in his manners, he had never yet feared to speak out in any presence. The tutor at his college had thought him insolent beyond parallel; and his grandfather, though he loved him for his open face and plain outspoken words, found them sometimes almost too much for him. But now he stood there looking and longing, and could not summon courage to go up and address a few words to this young girl even in the midst of their sports. Twice or thrice during the last few days he had essayed to speak to her, but his words had been dull and

vapid, and to himself they had appeared childish. He was quite conscious of his own weakness. More than once during that period of the snap-dragon did he say to himself that he would descend into the lists and break a lance in that tourney; but still he did not descend, and his lance remained inglorious in its rest.

At the other end of the long table the ghost also had two attendant knights, and neither of them refrained from the battle. Augustus Staveley, if he thought it worth his while to keep the lists at all, would not be allowed to ride through them unopposed from any backwardness on the part of his rival. Lucius Mason was not likely to become a timid, silent, longing lover. To him it was not possible that he should fear the girl whom he loved. He could not worship that which he wished to obtain for himself. It may be doubted whether he had much faculty of worshiping any thing in the truest meaning of that word. One worships that which one feels, through the inner and unexpressed conviction of the mind, to be greater, better, higher than one's self; but it was not probable that Lucius Mason should so think of any woman that he might meet.

Nor, to give him his due, was it probable that he should be in any way afraid of any man that he might encounter. He would fear neither the talent, nor the rank, nor the money influence, nor the dexterity of any such rival. In any attempt that he might make on a woman's heart he would regard his own chance as good against that of any other possible he. Augustus Staveley was master here at Noningsby, and was a clever, dashing, handsome, fashionable young fellow; but Lucius Mason never dreamed of retreating before such forces as those. He had words with which to speak as fair as those of any man, and flattered himself that he as well knew how to use them.

It was pretty to see with what admirable tact and judicious management of her smiles Sophia received the homage of the two young men, answering the compliments of both with ease, and so conducting herself that neither could fairly accuse her of undue favor to the other. But unfairly, in his own mind, Augustus did so accuse her. And why should he have been so venomous, seeing that he entertained no regard for the lady himself? His object was still plain enough—that, namely, of making a match between his needy friend and the heiress.

His needy friend in the mean time played on through the long evening in thoughtless happiness; and Peregrine Orme, looking at the game from a distance, saw that rap given to the favored knuckles with a bitterness of heart and an inner groaning of the spirit that will not be incomprehensible to many.

"I do so love that Mr. Felix!" said Marian, as her Aunt Madeline kissed her in her little bed on wishing her good-night. "Don't you, Aunt Mad.—?"

And so it was that Christmas-day was passed at Noningsby.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHRISTMAS AT GROBY PARK.

CHRISTMAS-DAY was always a time of very great trial to Mrs. Mason of Groby Park. It behooved her, as the wife of an old English country gentleman, to spread her board plenteously at that season, and in some sort to make an open house of it. But she could not bring herself to spread any board with plenty, and the idea of an open house would almost break her heart. Unlimited eating! There was something in the very sounds of such words which was appalling to the inner woman.

And on this Christmas-day she was doomed to go through an ordeal of very peculiar severity. It so happened that the cure of souls in the parish of Groby had been intrusted, for the last two or three years, to a young, energetic, but not very opulent curate. Why the rector of Groby should be altogether absent, leaving the work in the hands of a curate, whom he paid by the lease of a cottage and garden and fifty-five pounds a year—thereby behaving as he imagined with extensive liberality—it is unnecessary here to inquire. Such was the case, and the Rev. Adolphus Green, with Mrs. A. Green and the four children, managed to live with some difficulty on the produce of the garden and the allotted stipend; but could not probably have lived at all in that position had not Mrs. Adolphus Green been blessed with some small fortune.

It had so happened that Mrs. Adolphus Green had been instrumental in imparting some knowledge of singing to two of the Miss Masons, and had continued her instructions over the last three years. This had not been done in any preconcerted way, but the lessons had grown by chance. Mrs. Mason the while had looked on with a satisfied eye at an arrangement that was so much to her taste.

"There are no regular lessons, you know," she had said to her husband, when he suggested that some reward for so much work would be expedient. "Mrs. Green finds it convenient to have the use of my drawing-room, and would never see an instrument from year's end to year's end if she were not allowed to come up here. Depend upon it she gets a great deal more than she gives."

But after two years of tuition Mr. Mason had spoken a second time. "My dear," he said, "I can not allow the girls to accept so great a favor from Mrs. Green without making her some compensation."

"I don't see that it is at all necessary," Mrs. Mason had answered; "but if you think so, we could send her down a hamper of apples—that is, a basketful." Now it happened that apples were very plentiful that year, and that the curate and his wife were blessed with as many as they could judiciously consume.

"Apples! nonsense!" said Mr. Mason.

"If you mean money, my dear, I couldn't do it. I wouldn't so offend a lady for all the world."

"You could buy them something handsome, in the way of furniture. That little room of theirs that they call the drawing-room has nothing in it at all. Get Jones from Leeds to send them some things that will do for them." And hence, after many inner misgivings, had arisen that purchase of a drawing-room set from Mr. Kantwise—that set of metallic "Loney Castor" furniture," containing three tables, eight chairs, etc. etc., as to which it may be remembered that Mrs. Mason made such an undoubted bargain, getting them for less than cost price. That they had been "strained," as Mr. Kantwise himself admitted in discoursing on the subject to Mr. Dockwraith, was not matter of much moment. They would do extremely well for a curate's wife.

And now on this Christmas-day the present was to be made over to the happy lady. Mr. and Mrs. Green were to dine at Groby Park—leaving their more fortunate children to the fuller festivities of the cottage; and the intention was that before dinner the whole drawing-room set should be made over. It was with grievous pangs of heart that Mrs. Mason looked forward to such an operation. Her own house was plentifully furnished from the kitchens to the attics, but still she would have loved to keep that metallic set of painted trumpery. She knew that the table would not screw on; she knew that the pivot of the music-stool was bent; she knew that there was no place in the house in which they could stand; she must have known that in no possible way could they be of use to her or hers—and yet she could not part with them without an agony. Her husband was infatuated in this matter of compensation for the use of Mrs. Green's idle hours; no compensation could be necessary—and then she paid another visit to the metallic furniture. She knew in her heart of hearts that they could never be of use to anybody, and yet she made up her mind to keep back two out of the eight chairs. Six chairs would be quite enough for Mrs. Green's small room.

As there was to be feasting at five, real roast beef, plum-pudding and mince-pies—"Mince-pies and plum-pudding together are vulgar, my dear," Mrs. Mason had said to her husband; but in spite of the vulgarity he had insisted—the breakfast was of course scanty. Mr. Mason liked a slice of cold meat in the morning, or the leg of a fowl, or a couple of fresh eggs as well as any man; but the matter was not worth a continual fight. "As we are to dine an hour earlier to-day I did not think you would eat meat," his wife said to him. "Then there would be less expense in putting it on the table," he had answered; and after that there was nothing more said about it. He always put off till some future day that great contest which he intended to wage and to win, and by which he hoped to bring it about that plenty should henceforward be the law of the land at Groby Park. And then they all went to church. Mrs. Mason would not on any account have missed

church on Christmas-day or a Sunday. It was a cheap duty, and therefore rigidly performed. As she walked from her carriage up to the church door she encountered Mrs. Green, and smiled sweetly as she wished that lady all the compliments of the season.

"We shall see you immediately after church," said Mrs. Mason.

"Oh yes, certainly," said Mrs. Green.

"And Mr. Green with you?"

"He intends to do himself the pleasure," said the curate's wife.

"Mind he comes, because we have a little ceremony to go through before we sit down to dinner;" and Mrs. Mason smiled again ever so graciously. Did she think, or did she not think, that she was going to do a kindness to her neighbor? Most women would have sunk into their shoes as the hour grew nigh at which they were to show themselves guilty of so much meanness.

She staid for the sacrament, and it may here be remarked that on that afternoon she rated both the footman and housemaid because they omitted to do so. She thought, we must presume, that she was doing her duty, and must imagine her to have been ignorant that she was cheating her husband and cheating her friend. She took the sacrament with admirable propriety of demeanor, and then on her return home withdrew another chair from the set. There would still be six, including the rocking chair, and six would be quite enough for that little hole of a room.

There was a large chamber up stairs at Groby Park which had been used for the children's lessons, but which now was generally deserted. There was in it an old worn-out pianoforte—and though Mrs. Mason had talked somewhat grandly of the use of her drawing-room, it was here that the singing had been taught. Into this room the metallic furniture had been brought, and up to that Christmas morning it had remained here packed in its original boxes. Hither immediately after breakfast Mrs. Mason had taken herself, and had spent an hour in her efforts to set the things forth to view. Two of the chairs she then put aside into a cupboard, and a third she added to her private store on her return to her work after church.

But, alas, alas! let her do what she would, she could not get the top on to the table. "It's all smashed, ma'am," said the girl whom she at last summoned to her aid. "Nonsense, you simpleton; how can it be smashed when it's new?" said the mistress. And then she tried again and again, declaring, as she did so, that she would have the law of the rogue who had sold her a damaged article. Nevertheless she had known that it was damaged, and had bought it cheap on that account, insisting in very urgent language that the table was in fact worth nothing because of its injuries.

At about four Mr. and Mrs. Green walked up to the house and were shown into the drawing-room. Here was Mrs. Mason supported by

Penelope and Creusa. As Diana was not musical, and therefore under no compliment to Mrs. Green, she kept out of the way. Mr. Mason also was absent. He knew that something very mean was about to be done, and would not show his face till it was over. He ought to have taken the matter in hand himself, and would have done so had not his mind been full of other things. He himself was a man terribly wronged and wickedly injured, and could not therefore in these present months interfere much in the active doing of kindnesses. His hours were spent in thinking how he might best obtain justice—how he might secure his pound of flesh. He only wanted his own, but that he would have—his own, with due punishment on those who had for so many years robbed him of it. He therefore did not attend at the presentation of the furniture.

"And now we'll go up stairs, if you please," said Mrs. Mason, with that gracious smile for which she was so famous. "Mr. Green, you must come too. Dear Mrs. Green has been so very kind to my two girls; and now I have got a few articles—they are of the very newest fashion—and I do hope that Mrs. Green will like them." And so they all went up into the school-room.

"There's a new fashion come up lately," said Mrs. Mason, as she walked along the corridor, "quite new—of metallic furniture. I don't know whether you have seen any." Mrs. Green said she had not seen any as yet.

"The Patent Steel Furniture Company makes it, and it has got very greatly into vogue for small rooms. I thought that perhaps you would allow me to present you with a set for your drawing-room."

"I'm sure it is very kind of you to think of it," said Mrs. Green.

"Uncommonly so," said Mr. Green. But both Mr. Green and Mrs. Green knew the lady, and their hopes did not run high.

And then the door was opened, and there stood the furniture to view. There stood the furniture, except the three subtracted chairs and the loo table. The claw and leg of the table indeed were standing there, but the top was folded up and lying on the floor beside it. "I hope you'll like the pattern," began Mrs. Mason. "I'm told that it is the prettiest that has yet been brought out. There has been some little accident about the screw of the table, but the smith in the village will put that to rights in five minutes. He lives so close to you that I didn't think it worth while to have him up here."

"It's very nice," said Mrs. Green, looking round her almost in dismay.

"Very nice indeed," said Mr. Green, wondering in his mind for what purpose such utter trash could have been manufactured, and endeavoring to make up his mind as to what they might possibly do with it. Mr. Green knew what chairs and tables should be, and was well aware that the things before him were absolutely useless for any of the ordinary purposes of furniture.

"And they are the most convenient things in the world," said Mrs. Mason; "for when you are going to change house you pack them all up again in these boxes. Wooden furniture takes up so much room, and is so lumberesome."

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Green.

"I'll have them all put up again and sent down in the cart to-morrow."

"Thank you; that will be very kind," said Mr. Green, and then the ceremony of presentation was over. On the following day the boxes were sent down, and Mrs. Mason might have abstracted even another chair without detection, for the cases lay unheeded from month to month in the curate's still unfurnished room. "The fact is they can not afford a carpet," Mrs. Mason afterward said to one of her daughters, "and with such things as those they are quite right to keep them up till they can be used with advantage. I always gave Mrs. Green credit for a good deal of prudence."

And then, when the show was over, they descended again into the drawing-room—Mr. Green and Mrs. Mason went first, and Creusa followed. Penelope was thus so far behind as to be able to speak to her friend without being heard by the others.

"You know mamma," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders and a look of scorn in her eye.

"The things are very nice."

"No, they are not, and you know they are not. They are worthless; perfectly worthless."

"But we don't want any thing."

"No; and if there had been no pretense of a gift it would all have been very well. What will Mr. Green think?"

"I rather think he likes iron chairs," and then they were in the drawing-room.

Mr. Mason did not appear till dinner-time, and came in only just in time to give his arm to Mrs. Green. He had had letters to write—a letter to Messrs. Round and Crook, very determined in its tone; and a letter also to Mr. Dockwraith, for the little attorney had so crept on in the affair that he was now corresponding with the principal. "I'll teach those fellows in Bedford Row to know who I am," he had said to himself more than once, sitting on his high stool at Hamworth.

And then came the Groby Park Christmas dinner. To speak the truth Mr. Mason had himself gone to the neighboring butcher, and ordered the sirloin of beef, knowing that it would be useless to trust to orders conveyed through his wife. He had seen the piece of meat put on one side for him, and had afterward traced it on to the kitchen dresser. But nevertheless when it appeared at table it had been sadly mutilated. A stake had been cut off the full breadth of it—a monstrous cantle from out its fair proportions. The lady had seen the jovial, thick, ample size of the goodly joint, and her heart had been unable to spare it. She had made an effort and turned away, saying to herself that the responsibility was all with him. But it was of no use. There was that within her which could not do it.

"Your master will never be able to carve such a mountain of meat as that," she had said, turning back to the cook. "'Deed, an' it's he that will, ma'am," said the Irish mistress of the spit; for Irish cooks are cheaper than those bred and born in England. But nevertheless the thing was done, and it was by her own fair hands that the envious knife was used. "I couldn't do it, ma'am," the cook had said; "I couldn't raily."

Mr. Mason's face became very black when he saw the raid that had been effected, and when he looked up across the table his wife's eye was on him. She knew what she had to expect, and she knew also that it would not come now. Her eye stealthily looked at his, quivering with fear; for Mr. Mason could be savage enough in his anger. And what had she gained? One may as well ask what does the miser gain who hides away his gold in an old pot, or what does that other madman gain who is locked up for long, long years because he fancies himself the grandmother of the Queen of England?

But there was still enough beef on the table for all of them to eat, and as Mrs. Mason was not intrusted with the carving of it, their plates were filled. As far as a sufficiency of beef can make a good dinner Mr. and Mrs. Green did have a good dinner on that Christmas-day. Beyond that their comfort was limited, for no one was in a humor for happy conversation.

And over and beyond the beef there was a plum-pudding and three mince-pies. Four mince-pies had originally graced the dish, but before dinner one had been conveyed away to some upstairs receptacle for such spoils. The pudding also was small, nor was it black and rich, and laden with good things as a Christmas pudding should be laden. Let us hope that what the guests so lost was made up to them on the following day, by an absence of those ill effects which sometimes attend upon the consumption of rich viands.

"And now, my dear, we'll have a bit of bread and cheese and a glass of beer," Mr. Green said when he arrived at his own cottage. And so it was that Christmas-day was passed at Groby Park.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTMAS IN GREAT ST. HELENS.

WE will now look in for a moment at the Christmas doings of our fat friend Mr. Moulder. Mr. Moulder was a married man living in lodgings over a wine-merchant's vaults in Great St. Helens. He was blessed—or troubled—with no children, and prided himself greatly on the material comfort with which his humble home was surrounded. "His wife," he often boasted, "never wanted for plenty of the best of eating;" and for linen and silks and such like, she could show her drawers and her wardrobes with many a great lady from Russell Square, and not be ashamed neither! And then, as for drink—

"tipple," as Mr. Moulder sportively was accustomed to name it among his friends, he opined that he was not altogether behind the mark in that respect. "He had got some brandy—he didn't care what any body might say about Cognac and eau de vie; but the brandy which he had got from Betts's private establishment seventeen years ago, for richness of flavor and fullness of strength, would beat any French article that any body in the city could show. That at least was his idea. If any body didn't like it, they needn't take it. There was whisky that would make your hair stand on end." So said Mr. Moulder, and I can believe him; for it has made my hair stand on end merely to see other people drinking it.

And if comforts of apparel, comforts of eating and drinking, and comforts of the feather-bed and easy-chair kind can make a woman happy, Mrs. Moulder was no doubt a happy woman. She had quite fallen in to the mode of life laid out for her. She had a little bit of hot kidney for breakfast at about ten; she dined at three, having seen herself to the accurate cooking of her roast fowl, or her bit of sweet-bread, and always had her pint of Scotch ale. She turned over all her clothes almost every day. In the evening she read Reynolds's Miscellany, had her tea and buttered muffins, took a thimbleful of brandy-and-water at nine, and then went to bed. The work of her life consisted in sewing buttons on to Moulder's shirts, and seeing that his things were properly got up when he was at home. No doubt she would have done better as to the duties of the world had the world's duties come to her. As it was, very few such had come in her direction. Her husband was away from home three-fourths of the year, and she had no children that required attention. As for society, some four or five times a year she would drink tea with Mrs. Hubbles at Clapham. Mrs. Hubbles was the wife of the senior partner in the firm, and on such occasions Mrs. Moulder dressed herself in her best, and having traveled to Clapham in an omnibus, spent the evening in dull propriety on one corner of Mrs. Hubbles's sofa. When I have added to this that Moulder every year took her to Broadstairs for a fortnight, I think that I have described with sufficient accuracy the course of Mrs. Moulder's life.

On the occasion of this present Christmas-day Mr. Moulder entertained a small party. And he delighted in such occasional entertainments, taking extraordinary pains that the eatables should be of the very best; and he would maintain an hospitable good humor to the last—unless any thing went wrong in the cookery, in which case he could make himself extremely unpleasant to Mrs. M. Indeed, proper cooking for Mr. M. and the proper starching of the bands of his shirts were almost the only trials that Mrs. Moulder was doomed to suffer. "What the d— are you for?" he would say, almost throwing the displeasing viands at her head across the table, or tearing the rough linen from off his throat. "It ain't much I ask of you in return for your

keep;" and then he would scowl at her with bloodshot eyes till she shook in her shoes. But this did not happen often, as experiences had made her careful.

But on this present Christmas festival all went swimmingly to the end. "Now, bear a hand, old girl," was the harshest word he said to her; and he enjoyed himself like Duncan, shut up in measureless content. He had three guests with him on this auspicious day. There was his old friend Snengkeld, who had dined with him on every Christmas since his marriage; there was his wife's brother, of whom we will say a word or two just now; and there was our old friend Mr. Kantwise. Mr. Kantwise was not exactly the man whom Moulder would have chosen as his guest, for they were opposed to each other in all their modes of thought and action; but he had come across the traveling agent of the Patent Metallic Steel Furniture Company on the previous day, and finding that he was to be alone in London on this general holiday, he had asked him out of sheer good-nature. Moulder could be very good-natured, and full of pity when the sorrow to be pitied arose from some such source as the want of a Christmas dinner. So Mr. Kantwise had been asked, and precisely at four o'clock he made his appearance at Great St. Helens.

But now as to this brother-in-law. He was no other than that John Kenneby whom Miriam Usbech did not marry—whom Miriam Usbech might, perhaps, have done well to marry. John Kenneby, after one or two attempts in other spheres of life, had at last got into the house of Hubbles and Grease, and had risen to be their book-keeper. He had once been tried by them as a traveler, but in that line he had failed. He did not possess that rough, ready, self-confident tone of mind which is almost necessary for a man who is destined to move about quickly from one circle of persons to another. After a six months' trial he had given that up, but during the time, Mr. Moulder, the senior traveler of the house, had married his sister. John Kenneby was a good, honest, painstaking fellow, and was believed by his friends to have put a few pounds together in spite of the timidity of his character.

When Snengkeld and Kenneby were shown up into the room, they found nobody there but Kantwise. That Mrs. Moulder should be down stairs looking after the roast turkey was no more than natural; but why should not Moulder himself be there to receive his guests? He soon appeared, however, coming up without his coat.

"Well, Snengkeld, how are you, old fellow; many happy returns, and all that; the same to you, John. I'll tell you what, my lads; it's a prime 'un. I never saw such a bird in all my days."

"What, the turkey?" said Snengkeld.

"You didn't think it'd be a ostrich, did you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Snengkeld. "No, I didn't expect nothing but a turkey here on Christmas-day."

"And nothing but a turkey you'll have, my boys. Can you eat turkey, Kantwise?"

Mr. Kantwise declared that his only passion in the way of eating was for a turkey.

"As for John, I'm sure of him. I've seen him at the work before." Whereupon John grinned but said nothing.

"I never see such a bird in my life, certainly."

"From Norfolk, I suppose," said Snengkeld, with a great appearance of interest.

"Oh, you may swear to that. It weighed twenty-four pounds, for I put it into the scales myself, and old Gibbetts let me have it for a guinea. The price marked on it was five-and-twenty, for I saw it. He's had it hanging for a fortnight, and I've been to see it wiped down with vinegar regular every morning. And now, my boys, it's done to a turn. I've been in the kitchen most of the time myself, and either I or Mrs. M. has never left it for a single moment."

"How did you manage about divine service?" said Kantwise; and then, when he had spoken, closed his eyes and sucked his lips.

Mr. Moulder looked at him for a minute, and then said, "Gammon."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Snengkeld. And then Mrs. Moulder appeared, bringing the turkey with her; for she would trust it to no hands less careful than her own.

"By George, it is a bird," said Snengkeld, standing over it and eying it minutely.

"Uncommon nice it looks," said Kantwise.

"All the same, I wouldn't eat none, if I were you," said Moulder, "seeing what sinners have been a basting it." And then they all sat down to dinner, Moulder having first resumed his coat.

For the next three or four minutes Moulder did not speak a word. The turkey was on his mind, with the stuffing, the gravy, the liver, the breast, the wings, and the legs. He stood up to carve it, and while he was at the work he looked at it as though his two eyes were hardly sufficient. He did not help first one person and then another, so ending by himself; but he cut up artistically as much as might probably be consumed, and located the fragments in small heaps or shares in the hot gravy; and then, having made a partition of the spoils, he served it out with unerring impartiality. To have robbed any one of his or her fair slice of the breast would, in his mind, have been gross dishonesty. In his heart he did not love Kantwise, but he dealt by him with the utmost justice in the great affair of the turkey's breast. When he had done all this, and his own plate was laden, he gave a long sigh. "I shall never cut up such another bird as that the longest day that I have to live," he said; and then he took out his large red silk handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Deary me, M.; don't think of that now," said the wife.

"What's the use?" said Snengkeld. "Care killed a cat."

"And perhaps you may," said John Kenneby, trying to comfort him; "who knows?"

"It's all in the hands of Providence," said Kantwise, "and we should look to him."

"And how does it taste?" asked Moulder, shaking the gloomy thoughts from his mind.

"Uncommon," said Snengkeld, with his mouth quite full. "I never ate such a turkey in all my life."

"Like melted diamonds," said Mrs. Moulder, who was not without a touch of poetry.

"Ah! there's nothing like hanging of 'em long enough, and watching of 'em well. It's that vinegar as done it;" and then they went seriously to work, and there was nothing more said of any importance until the eating was nearly over.

And now Mrs. M. had taken away the cloth, and they were sitting cozily over their port-wine. The very apple of the eye of the evening had not arrived even yet. That would not come till the pipes were brought out, and the brandy was put on the table, and the whisky was there that made the people's hair stand on end. It was then that the flood-gates of convivial eloquence would be unloosed. In the mean time it was necessary to sacrifice something to gentility, and therefore they sat over their port-wine.

"Did you bring that letter with you, John?" said his sister. John replied that he had done so, and that he had also received another letter that morning from another party on the same subject.

"Do show it to Moulder, and ask him," said Mrs. M.

"I've got 'em both on purpose," said John; and then he brought forth two letters, and handed one of them to his brother-in-law. It contained a request, very civilly worded, from Messrs. Round and Crook, begging him to call at their office in Bedford Row on the earliest possible day, in order that they might have some conversation with him regarding the will of the late Sir Joseph Mason, who died in 18—.

"Why this is law business," said Moulder, who liked no business of that description. "Don't you go near them, John, if you ain't obliged."

And then Kenneby gave his explanation on the matter, telling how in former years—many years ago—he had been a witness in a lawsuit. And then as he told it he sighed, remembering Miriam Usbech, for whose sake he had remained unmarried even to this day. And he went on to narrate how he had been bullied in the court, though he had valiantly striven to tell the truth with exactness; and as he spoke an opinion of his became manifest that old Usbech had not signed the document in his presence. "The girl signed it, certainly," said he, "for I handed her the pen. I recollect it as though it were yesterday."

"They are the very people we were talking of at Leeds," said Moulder, turning to Kantwise. "Mason and Martock; don't you remember how you went out to Groby Park to sell some of them iron gimcracks? That was old Mason's son. They are the same people."

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"Ah! I shouldn't wonder," said Kantwise, who was listening all the while. He never allowed intelligence of this kind to pass by him idly.

"And who's the other letter from?" asked Moulder. "But, dash my wigs, it's past six o'clock. Come, old girl, why don't you give us the tobacco and stuff?"

"It ain't far to fetch," said Mrs. Moulder. And then she put the tobacco and "stuff" upon the table.

"The other letter is from an enemy of mine," said John Kenneby, speaking very solemnly; "an enemy of mine, named Dockwrath, who lives at Hamworth. He's an attorney too."

"Dockwrath!" said Moulder.

Mr. Kantwise said nothing, but he looked round over his shoulder at Kenneby, and then shut his eyes.

"That was the name of the man whom we left in the commercial room at the Bull," said Snengkeld.

"He went out to Mason's at Groby Park that same day," said Moulder.

"Then it's the same man," said Kenneby; and there was as much solemnity in the tone of his voice as though the unravelment of all the mysteries of the iron mask was now about to take place. Mr. Kantwise still said nothing, but he also perceived that it was the same man.

"Let me tell you, John Kenneby," said Moulder, with the air of one who understood well the subject that he was discussing, "if they two be the same man, then the man who wrote that letter to you is as big a blackguard as there is from this to himself." And Mr. Moulder in the excitement of the moment puffed hard at his pipe, took a long pull at his drink, and dragged open his waistcoat. "I don't know whether Kantwise has any thing to say upon that subject," added Moulder.

"Not a word at present," said Kantwise. Mr. Kantwise was a very careful man, and usually calculated with accuracy the value which he might extract from any circumstance with reference to his own main chance. Mr. Dockwrath had not as yet paid him for the set of the metallic furniture, and therefore he also might well have joined in that sweeping accusation; but it might be that by a judicious use of what he now heard he might obtain the payment of that little bill—and perhaps other collateral advantages.

And then the letter from Dockwrath to Kenneby was brought forth and read. "My dear John," it began—for the two had known each other when they were lads together—and it went on to request Kenneby's attendance at Hamworth for the short space of a few hours—"I want to have a little conversation with you about a matter of considerable interest to both of us; and as I can not expect you to undertake expense I inclose a money order for thirty shillings."

"He's in earnest at any rate," said Mr. Moulder.

"No mistake about that," said Snengkeld.

But Mr. Kantwise spoke never a word.

It was at last decided that John Kenneby should go both to Hamworth and to Bedford Row, but that he should go to Hamworth first. Moulder would have counseled him to have gone to neither, but Snengkeld remarked that there were too many at work to let the matter sleep, and John himself observed that "anyways he hadn't done any thing to be ashamed of."

"Then go," said Moulder, at last, "only don't say more than you are obliged to."

"I does not like these business talkings on Christmas night," said Mrs. Moulder, when the matter was arranged.

"What can one do?" asked Moulder.

"It's a tempting of Providence in my mind," said Kantwise, as he replenished his glass and turned his eyes up to the ceiling.

"Now that's gammon," said Moulder. And then there arose among them a long and animated discussion on matters theological.

"I'll tell you what my idea of death is," said Moulder, after a while. "I ain't a bit afeard of it. My father was an honest man as did his duty by his employers, and he died with a bottom of brandy before him and a pipe in his mouth. I sha'n't live long myself—"

"Gracious, Moulder, don't!" said Mrs. M.

"No more I sha'n't, 'cause I'm fat as he was; and I hope I may die as he did. I've been honest to Hubbles and Grease. They've made thousands of pounds along of me, and have never lost none. Who can say more than that? When I took to the old girl there, I insured my life, so that she shouldn't want her wittles and drink—"

"Oh, M., don't!"

"And I ain't afeard to die. Snengkeld, my old pal, hand us the brandy."

Such is the modern philosophy of the Moulders, pigs out of the sty of Epicurus. And so it was they passed Christmas-day in Great St. Helens.

"MARRYING A BABY."

"UPON my word, Phil, I think you're the most entertaining person I've met since I came to New York. I really think you have made as many as three remarks, all equally brilliant, since Phil Junior was sent off to bed. I believe it's only him after all you come to see!"

Little Mrs. Ellis pouted—a pout was becoming to her strawberry mouth—and tossed a geranium from a vase near by, at the half-shut eyes of the tall brother who lay stretched at lazy length on the sofa opposite. He caught the perfumed leaf as it fell and smelled it languidly, looking at his sister with a smile, half amused, half listless.

"What a little *exigeante* you are, Lou!" he said, in a light, mocking tone. "Here I've been playing the devoted brother to perfection ever since your arrival. Round here at the Brevoort every evening, making myself necessary to your small boy's nocturnal peace of mind; doing opera, concert, church, and all that sort

of thing with you, while your lazy liege lord over yonder smoked his Habana in inglorious ease at home; and now when it's an off-night for all those things, and I report myself at the post of duty all the same, you expect me to talk and make myself otherwise agreeable! Come now, that's too much, you know. I shall consider myself an injured individual, persecuted by an ungrateful sister. I shall wish you the best of good-nights, and hope to find you more reasonable when I return to-morrow."

Mrs. Ellis laughed at his tone of mock injury, and put out her pretty hand to stay him as he pretended to rise.

"No, no; lie still a little longer—I want to talk to you, Phil," she said, in a voice that was anxious, spite of its lightness. "Len hasn't half got through his quota of cigars—I let him smoke as many as he likes, *out on the balcony!* He won't heed us."

"I wait to hear," said the brother, closing his eyes with a martyred air; and the lady went on, speaking hurriedly, half-timidly.

"You won't be angry with me, Phil—you know I love you better than any one in the world except that dear, good old fellow out there, and little Phil, the boy that was named for you. But spite of that, I must tell you that I'm not half satisfied with you. You know I always aspired to such *great* things for you; the Presidency was never half enough—"

"You little goose—I should think not!" interrupted her brother, a smile breaking over the lips, that while they were closed had a bitter, almost hard, expression.

"And I'm just disappointed, grievously disappointed, Phil, to come back, after an absence of three years, and find you still jogging along in the old dull track, never caring to interest yourself in any thing outside of your dingy land office; so *blasé* in every kind of pleasure, and so tired of all sorts of people, even of yourself, that life seems to you rather a burden to be borne than a grand gift to be grandly used. It's a shame, Phil—now there!"

Philip Warner looked and listened, half amazed, half amused, to this sudden and unexpected burst of feeling from the gay, simple little sister, who had always been a kind of pet child to him.

"You dear, good, funny little creature," he began; but as she turned away with a gesture of vexation at his light tone he sprang up to an erect position and answered as seriously as she could wish.

"It is a shame, truly, Lou; no one knows that better than I. But I can not help it. The freshness and vigor have all died out of my life. I know no miraculous fountain in which I may dip and come forth a new man. The life I lead is enough to dry up the springs in any nature. Alone in a great city, where not one of the thousands I meet daily cares whether I am in the world or out of it; with no home influences to keep the heart in my body from turning to a fossil; following, day after day, the

same dull routine of labor with all the ambition which once gave it zest, strangled long ago by the mire through which it must wade to reach its goal nowadays; pursuing the same insipid round of stupidities, miscalled gayeties, or else spending the endless evenings in a bachelor's den—ah, Lou, what wonder you find me a bore? But I bore no one so much as myself.”

Mrs. Ellis looked at her brother as he stood leaning against the mantle-shelf, his dark eyes growing sad and stern, and a smile more bitter than playful on his lip. Her own eyes filled with loving tears, and she could not answer for a moment: was this the end of all the young girl's fond proud dreams for the brother who had been father, mother, and every thing to her lonely orphanhood? Philip saw how he had grieved her, and he said, very kindly,

“Coax your husband to pitch his tent in this good city of ours, Lou. Make a home for me; let me be indeed a ‘noder papa’ to your boy, as he says, and you and he shall make of me what you like.”

Mrs. Ellis looked pleased and touched.

“I only wish it were possible—but you know it is not,” she said. “But, Phil, why do you not make a home for yourself? I really believe it is all you need. You have grown morbid in your solitude. Promise me now that you will marry—that you will begin to look out for a wife from this very night!”

She sprung up in her eagerness and put her hands on his shoulders—her favorite expression of affection; but the sudden bitterness that darkened his face, the cold cynicism of his tone made her start back grieved and astonished.

“Get married! Look out for a wife! That were indeed a remedy worse than the disease!”

Mrs. Ellis sat down again, and looked at her brother with a grave, steady gaze, that involuntarily compelled his hard-set features to relax.

“You must have changed very much from the high-souled and warm-hearted brother who used to be so kind to his silly little sister, if you can utter in earnest such a libel as that against women. You have *no right* to say such a thing, remembering our mother, or even thinking of *me*, Philip.”

Philip Warner was touched by her spirited yet tender words, her tone of unwonted dignity. He came and sat down beside her.

“Ah, if there were only any more women to be found like my mother, like you, my good little Louie! But there are not!”

“Nonsense!” said Mrs. Ellis, energetically. “Do you suppose your own family monopolized all the good among the sex? There are a thousand women in New York to-night, any one of whom you could probably win if you wooed her aright, for you have every thing, Phil, which makes a man attractive; and five hundred of them would make charming and loving and sensible wives, who would soon put to flight these megrims of yours. Only consent to try.”

“I *have* tried, Lucy.” The bitter look and tone came back.

“You tried and failed! The woman *you* could choose not have soul enough to see that your love was a priceless boon!”

Philip smiled at the quick flash of indignant pride. The smile was a dreary one enough.

“The fault was all mine in supposing that women nowadays *had* any hearts, or souls, or consciences, or any arrangements of that sort. I tell you they have not!” he went on, sternly, seeing the vexed look coming back to his sister's face. “Not the women I know; they are all slaves, and bow down to the goddess they call Society. Their whole life is given up to acquiring the art of *seeming*. If they can *appear* young, and artless, and good, and fresh-hearted, what matter whether they *are* any of these things or not? I was lonely after you left me. I wanted a wife. I believed in the exploded fable of wedded happiness. I knew a hundred fair-seeming women. I looked among them all to see if any where I might find simplicity, freshness, warmth, and depth. I found here artifice; here selfishness; here a cold, ambitious nature; here giddy, glittering froth. At last I *thought*—poor fool!—that I had realized my ideal; that I had found a woman who seemed all womanliness, and was what she seemed. I had almost come to love her, even in the meaning I give that word; I could see she liked me.”

“Well!” exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, breathlessly, as he paused a moment. Philip smiled sardonically.

“Well, we went to church together one evening; there was to be a sermon in behalf of some charity or other for children; and all the way, as we walked in the cool, clear moonlight—how could she lie so in its truthful light?—she prated, so sweetly as I thought, of her love and pity for these little ones of Christ, so tender and so helpless; she coaxed up lying tears to her eyes as the minister portrayed the sad lot of the orphan with all the artifices of eloquence; she dropped a piece of shining gold on the plate as it passed, and whispered, in a tone meant to be touchingly artless, that ‘she knew I wouldn't mind waiting for the smoking-cap she was crocheting, for really she could do nothing for the next month but sew for those poor little destitute darlings!’

“The next morning, sister mine, I chanced to see this tender-hearted creature, whose exquisite charity of soul had well-nigh riveted the chain her many other graces had wound around my heart, promenading Broadway. I was close behind her, but I would not join her just yet; it was such a pleasure to watch her unseen; to mark the graceful, springing step, the queenly carriage of the beautiful head that, proudly as it was set, drooped timidly enough toward me! Besides, there was some one with her, one of the snake-like order of girls, you know; I detested her, and it exasperated me to see my dove accompanying with her. Well, they came to a crossing soon; the streets were very muddy, but a little sweeper had made this tidy enough even for *her* dainty feet. I noticed how deftly she lifted her robe, how pure was the snowy skirt,

how trim the tiny boot thus revealed; and while I was glowing all over with the silliest admiration and affection this artless and innocent young creature came to a sudden stop."

"Ah, Philip, you are too scornful, too bitter! I can not stand this tone. What could she have done that you should mock her so?"

Philip smiled, and his smile was worse than his former look.

"The little sweeper held out her hand for the pittance she had justly earned. It was a pretty little hand, Lou, brown and soiled as it was, and the face was like that exquisite French picture, *L'Indigence*—you remember. Just those wistful pleading eyes and tremulous sweet mouth."

"Yes, I remember," said Mrs. Ellis, breathlessly; "and what then?"

"What then? Why, the little dirt-stained hand chanced to touch my lady's dainty glove. She struck the little fingers sharply away with her ivory parasol, and the voice in which she uttered, 'Begone, you little beggar!' absolutely shook with rage.

"I do think the greatest nuisance in all New York is these horrid little street torments!' she went on to her companion, as the child sprang away dismayed; and this amiable lady remarked that to her *all* children were a nuisance!

"Are they not?" responded my charmer; 'but you would have thought I adored them if you had heard me talking to Philip Warner last night. I happened to know that he has a weakness for the little plagues—absurd, isn't it, in a great, splendid fellow like him?—some transcendental notion about their being artless and truthful, and all that. I contributed my last half eagle to an orphan's fund—more for his benefit than theirs, by-the-way—and now I shall have to wear these gloves another Sunday, with the spot that little wretch has left on them. Never mind, he praised their color and fit last night, and I'll try the efficacy of bread crumbs.'

"I haven't forgotten a word of this precious conversation, you see, Lou, but I couldn't stand any more of it. I availed myself of the next crossing to pass the ladies with a bow and a smile. No words were needed; I saw that by the sudden withering up of my fair one's roses as she met my look, and by the malicious glitter in her sweet friend's eyes. I have never had the pleasure of meeting either of them again."

"Poor Philip! My dear brother!" Little Mrs. Ellis's voice was full of indignation and pity and sorrow; all a true woman's tenderness and sympathy quivered on her lip and shone in her tearful eyes. She drew down the stately head, that ached so with its weight of loneliness and bitter feelings and disappointed hopes, upon her gentle bosom, and softly thriddled her fingers in and out the thick masses of hair.

"Poor girl, too!" she said again, gently. "You must not condemn her wholly, Philip. She was brought up probably by an ambitious mother, and taught from childhood that the chief end of woman was to make the best match possible."

Philip raised his head quickly, and the old sarcastic look returned.

"It is the lesson they all learn with their A B C's nowadays."

"I tell you it is not, Philip," rejoined his sister, steadfastly. "God meant woman to be true and devoted and self-forgetful; and there are full as many who have wrought out this lovely nature to its perfection as have been warped and stunted by lack of proper culture."

"Well, only find me one such pearl of great price, and I promise you I will sell all that I have to buy it, sister mine," said the young man, lightly. "And now I must really go. Good-night, Lou—what a pity you are my sister! Hallo, Len! He is sound asleep! Well, I consider myself insulted, but expect me at the same hour to-morrow, nevertheless."

He was gone, with only these jesting words; but the kiss he had left upon his sister's lips had said all she wanted, and she fell asleep that night more hopeful about her brother than she had felt since their meeting.

The next afternoon, as Mr. Philip Warner was walking leisurely up Broadway, on the *right* hand side—which he always chose, to avoid collision with the crinolines, "fair and false," that throng the fashionable side of that magnificent trottoir daily after office-hours—he suddenly felt himself thrill with that quick, delicious sensation which the exquisite, memory-haunted odor of violets ever awakes in a heart not all dried up. Yes! certainly violets; and the more pungent perfume of hyacinths; and a fresh, earthy smell, as though they verily grew out of doors. Where could they be?

He looked on the right hand and on the left, but there were no flower-stalls to be seen, and the fairy-like odor seemed to float on before him as he walked. There were, as usual, but few passers-by on this side of the street, and immediately in front of him, just then, only a decrepit old man; a tall, bony woman, with a masculine, striding step, that soon carried her far beyond; and a young girl, habited in a gray traveling suit, with a morocco satchel upon her arm.

"Of course it was she who carried the bouquet." She lived in the country, and had come in for the opera, or a party, bringing her own bunch of real spring flowers, to make envious the hearts of the belles with the card-boarded bouquets of pieced-up camellias. Even the flowers were make-believe nowadays! Never mind; these violets were real, and smelled just as sweet as though they were destined to a worthier fate; he should enjoy them as long as he could."

With this laudable determination our amiable friend kept close behind the unconscious owner of the magic-scented flowers, measuring his long paces by her little steps, and walking on in a kind of maze of dreams and memories conjured up by their glamour.

He started to a more personal consciousness as presently, reaching the corner of Bleeker

Street, the young lady crossed over, and walked on in his own homeward direction. He crossed too, still keeping close behind; and now he began to notice not only the violets but their unsuspecting owner. A light little figure: a long gray cosaque, that fell in soft, unrustling folds; a simple straw-bonnet, with only a white ribbon for trimming. He rather liked the costume, it seemed to match the flowers; and the gait was agile and springing, though very lady-like. He wondered how it was with the face.

But she never glanced backward, and her step grew more rapid, as though she were in haste. Presently, however, she came to a sudden stop; and Philip drew back a little, and stopped too: he wasn't going to give up the violets yet. They had come to a large dingy house, which looked like a boarding-house of the cheaper sort, and on the dirty marble steps a number of untidy children were sitting, chattering and squabbling like so many mud-sparrows.

One of them was quiet enough, however; she lay back, leaning against the iron railing, her face showing ghastly in its pallor and thinness from its frame-work of dead black hair, and her wan lips parted as though trying to draw in some life and strength from the warm sunset air. She started up with a wild, excited look as the dim, sweet violet odor stole upon her languid sense, and fixed her hollow eyes with a burning eagerness upon the flowers in the lady's hand. She did not speak—there was no need; for the young girl had already stopped, and was parting the clustering stems.

Philip watched and listened with an intense interest, for which it would have puzzled him to account.

“Do you like flowers so much, my child?” he heard her say, in a sweet, womanly voice; and saw her put a cluster of the delicious purple blossoms in the thin, eager hand. “I am taking these to a sick lady,” she went on; “but I will spare you some, for you look ill too. It is growing late for you to be out with that cough. If you will go in now, and put these in water, they will keep sweet a long time—never mind, you are very welcome.”

She did not wait for the child's feverish thanks, but walked rapidly away, only looking back once to see if she had obeyed her behest. Looking back thus, she encountered a curious, strangely-earnest gaze from a pair of dark eyes belonging to a tall gentleman who was walking just behind her. The pink cheeks grew pinker behind the little gray tissue veil, and the young lady slackened her pace slightly, to let the observant stranger pass; but he did not seem to choose to do so, and she hastened on again till she reached the last house on the block, and ascended its high marble steps. The color deepened then to a positive blush as, the next moment, the tall gentleman stood beside her; and Philip—how surprised he was! It was his own boarding-house! He had lived here with his sister years ago, when Bleecker Street was an aristocratic quarter; it had acquired a certain home-like

feeling for him, and he would not desert it now that it was only “genteel.”

“Permit me!” he said, as she put her hand—a small hand, delicately gloved, he noticed—on the bell-handle; opening the door, meanwhile, with his night-key, and standing back to let her pass.

“A pleasant little smile, and a fresher face than one often sees,” was his mental comment, as she thanked him hastily and went in. “And she actually did a kind and graceful act all unobserved, as she supposed. I wonder if Lou can be right after all! Why, it's Lou's old room she is going into!” he went on to himself, as he sprang up the stairs behind her, and saw her enter the “second story back,” next to his own bachelor apartments.

“Let me see—that Mrs. Chester has it now, the widow of the sea-captain, and the mother of that pretty little baby. I remember now Mrs. Bonner said at breakfast she was ill. Poor thing!—hope it is nothing serious. I wonder if this is her sister? I wonder if she'll be at dinner?”

No, she was not at dinner; and Mr. Philip Warner neither saw nor heard any thing of the young lady—unless, indeed, it were she whom he heard singing the Cradle Song in the “Princess,” as he passed her door on his return from his evening visit to his sister. On the whole he thought it was she: the mamma was sick; besides, he had never before heard her invoke the aid of the Poet Laureate to soothe her baby to sleep; and her sweet, feeble voice had no such low, rich tones as these. So he sat listening in cap and gown and slippers, with clouds of fragrant smoke curling around his head, until the lulling strain died away, and all was quiet, and he himself had lapsed into an idle dream—half-sleeping, half-waking—in which a wife and a child, violets and Tennyson, were strangely mixed up together.

From this foolish vagary he was suddenly startled by a quick agitated knock at his door. Opening it hastily, he perceived his landlady, looking very much excited and distressed.

“I didn't mind disturbing you, Mr. Warner,” she said, hurriedly; “I know your kind heart of old; besides, I don't believe there's another gentleman up in the house. I want you to be so good as to go for a doctor immediately; that poor lady in the next room has been seized with convulsions, and there's no one with her but her sister, a young thing who came only this afternoon. She's helpful as can be, but she's half dead herself with the shock. Here is his address, bring him back quick with you, for Heaven's sake!”

Philip seized the card; he was too shocked for words, but almost before the kind landlady had finished speaking he had thrown on his walking garments, and was springing down the stairs. Mrs. Bonner went back to the sick-room, confirmed in her estimate of his good-heartedness—she did not know whither his thoughts had been wandering all the evening;

the paroxysm had passed off now; the sufferer was lying quiet in her sister's arm, and the good woman sat down to wait with her the coming of advice and help.

A half hour passed by drearily enough; the dim silence of the sick chamber, broken only by the convulsive breathing of the patient, and now and then a stifled sob from her on whose breast she leaned. At length, just as the gathering constriction of the features and rigid stiffening of the limbs showed that another attack was coming on, the welcome sound of hurrying manly feet was heard upon the stairs, and Mrs. Bonner sprung to open the door.

"You are in great need, doctor," said she; "and you too, come in, please, Mr. Warner. It's more than we women can do to hold her, and the babe is waking, poor little thing!"

So Philip went in, all reserve or thought of intrusion prevented by the urgency of the case. The room lay half in shadow, for the gas was turned low that its glare might not annoy the sick lady; and the night-air was heavy with the odor of violets. She whose gentle hands had gathered and brought them hither was bending over the couch of her suffering sister, stroking with soothing touch the poor throbbing temples, and looking down into the wild, unconscious eyes with her own all thickly sown with tears, like her sweet flowers with drops of dew. She glanced up an instant as Philip approached, but shook her head when he offered to relieve her of the convulsive weight that strained and shook her strength to the utmost; and only yielded when, as the physician strove to force a sedative through the tight-shut teeth, the paroxysm grew so violent that her slight power availed as nothing to resist it.

She stood aside then and watched him as he drew down the wildly-flinging arms with his strong gentle hand, and held with tender force the poor throbbing head upon his firm breast; her face so white and fixed in its mute horror and despair, that it almost broke his heart to meet that piteous appealing glance. Standing thus, gazing on her sister's convulsed and quivering countenance, she saw, first of them all, the ominous death-change slowly stealing over the quieting features.

A wild cry burst from the lips before so pale and dumb.

"She is dying! Let me come to her; let me come!" and Philip let the strengthless head droop into her clasp arms.

"Oh, sister, sister darling!" went on the piteous pleading voice. "Don't you know me, your little sister that you love; Baby's Auntie Helen! Won't you speak to me only once more, sister!"

A sudden gleam of consciousness dawned in the eyes of the dying; the strong mother-love kept back for a moment the closing clasp of the icy fingers; she raised her head, and her glance searched eagerly around the room, and rested on the spot where sat the good landlady with the baby sleeping on her knee. The tremulous lips strove feebly to find utterance, but in vain; there

was no need, for Helen, whose anguished eyes had followed her sister's glance, read its meaning well.

"She shall be mine, and dear to me as my own soul! Nothing shall part us save death itself! I will make her happy, and bring her to you in heaven, if you *must* leave us, sister darling! But oh, stay, stay with us—spare her, dear Lord—we shall be all alone when she is gone!"

The wild cry went up in fruitless anguish; the rigid limbs were already relaxed; the quivering features still, with a faint smile of content shedding a soft light on them; the mother was dead, and the little baby slept sweetly as only a baby may.

It was Philip's strong arms that raised the unconscious form of the stricken girl from beside the lifeless body.

"Take her into your sitting-room, please," said the landlady, wiping her eyes; "she'll come to presently. It's no place for her here now. And, if you've no objections, I'll lay the baby on your bed a while; my room's away down stairs, you know, and we shouldn't hear it if it cried its heart out. It's lucky there's nobody but you on this floor, Mr. Warner; I don't seem to mind disturbing you, because you're a single man, I suppose. The doctor's going to send a woman here right away, and I shall stay and see that all is done as it ought to be for the poor dear lady."

So she bustled away, and brought the sleeping little one, and laid it carefully down on the narrow white bed in the little bachelor sleeping apartment off the hall, closing the doors softly, that no unwonted noise might break its happy slumber. Then she brought a pillow to place under the head of the still unconscious girl, whom Philip had laid reverently on his own sofa, and took from his hand the water which he was trying to pass between her lips.

"Never mind worrying her with that now," she said; "it's different from a fainting-fit; she's not sick, only stunned like. Let her stay so a while; it won't hurt her, and she'll wake up to her misery soon enough, poor thing! I'll be back as soon as I can to see to her. I am going to wake up some of the servants."

So Philip left her lying there in her white, motionless silence, her long brown tresses escaped from the net that confined them, making her face even paler by contrast, and her little hands locked tight together over her eyes, as though to shut out a sight too agonizing for them to bear. Opening the long French window he stepped out upon the balcony, and stood there watching now the sky, violet-blue and sparkling with a thousand stars, and now the pale mute face within, whose veiled eyes were blue and bright as they. There was no falsehood in the glance of pity and sympathy they had cast on the little stranger child; no artifice in their dumb, anguished gaze upon the face of the dead. There was a strange pain at his heart as he thought what a heavy cloud of grief had dark-

ened suddenly over their childlike clearness. He wished that somehow it might be in his power to bring the sunshine back to them again.

A long shuddering sigh from within made him aware that the spell was broken at length, and the bereaved one was awaking to a consciousness of her sorrow. He re-entered the room quietly, so as not to startle her, and approached her with a grave, gentle look, that repressed the exclamation which had sprung to her lips, and made her sit up quietly and listen to what he had to say, though still with a wild, only half-comprehending look on her face.

"I am glad you are better," he said, in a voice full of sympathy. "Mrs. Bonner thought it best you should stay here a while, and I shall esteem it a great honor if you will consent to use my apartments freely. She will return soon. I will leave you now, but if it be at all in my power to serve you in any way, I beg you will trust me sufficiently to allow me to know."

He lingered a moment, but there was no answer—only a burst of passionate grief, which he felt he had no right to attempt to soothe—and he turned sorrowfully away, and went down the dark halls and staircases into the great empty drawing-room, where he threw himself on a sofa and tried to think over calmly the strange scenes of this eventful night.

His rooms were deserted when he resought them next morning, and Mrs. Bonner detained him after his late breakfast to apologize for having so unceremoniously appropriated them. Philip stopped her to ask eagerly after the young lady, and the good landlady poured out a stream of information and sympathy and comment into his willing ear.

"Poor thing! she is asleep now, and I'm going to have a cup of hot tea ready for her the moment she wakes up. I never should have got her to go to bed, only the baby seemed fretful, as if it knew something was the matter, poor little orphan! and would have her lie down beside it when it was going to take its nap. So she dropped off herself, and I was glad of it—she'll need all the strength she can get. She's determined to sit up alone with the body to-night—the funeral won't be till to-morrow, you know. She wouldn't hear to it when I talked of sending for watchers, or offered to sit with her myself. She'd rather be all alone with her sister the last night, she said. They thought the world of each other."

"Have they no other relatives?" asked Philip, more touched than he cared to show.

"I guess not, in these parts, any how. The Chesters have boarded with me ever since they were married, you know—poor things! I little thought they'd both be buried from my house—and I've never seen any relations except Miss Helen; she'd often come in to spend Saturday with her sister. She was a governess somewhere in the country. She'll have to give up her situation now though, for she'll never part with that child. She'll just stay on here in Mrs. Chester's room. Her board was paid some way

ahead, and I guess the captain left some money. So they'll be comfortable enough; but it's a kind of a hard life for a young thing, isn't it? I wish some nice body would take a fancy to her for a wife. No *young* man, of course, would be burdened with a baby; but some one like Mr. Wiglow, for instance, the gentleman that sits at the foot of your table, you know. He's a steady, pious man, and I don't doubt he's looking out for some one to take care of that little boy of his."

Good Mrs. Bonner had rambled on, full of homely sympathy, and reading Mr. Warner's interest in his face; and she was amazed now to see the sudden gathering of his brows, and the flash of his eyes beneath them. Perhaps she had intruded too far in supposing he could care about a strange young woman's marrying.

As for Philip, he could almost have struck the worthy landlady for her stupidity! To mention that soul-full creature in the same breath with that odious Wiglow, with his yellow sanctimonious face, and white choker, and plastered locks! Step-mother to that little precocious prig of a boy of his, too—bah! But he restrained himself, and only said as he walked away,

"If there is any thing in the world I can do, pray let me be of use."

And Mrs. Bonner thought good-naturedly, as she went about her household tasks,

"He was always odd, but he's got a generous heart for all that."

The vision of a pale young face, all wet with tears and quivering with repressed grief, made its way, an unwonted visitor, more than once that day within the dusty precincts of a downtown lawyer's office. Do what he might Philip could not put out of his thoughts the last night's tragedy, and it irked him to think he had no right, even if he had the power, to do aught for the solace of the lonely survivor. If his sister were only in town, he would take her to her at once! Lou's tender womanly sympathy would be every thing to the solitary girl. But she had left this very morning in an early train for a hasty trip to Niagara, and would not return for a week; and he did not know another woman in all New York whom he would be willing to bring to a stranger in affliction!

So he was obliged to content himself with reiterating offers of service upon Mrs. Bonner, and with remaining persistently in his room, so as to be at hand if needed.

Sitting there in the April twilight with a cigar between his lips, and an unread book lying idly on his knee, he listened to the sounds that now and then reached him from the adjoining room. An infant's sleepy wail, and then those low, lulling notes of the night before, only now with such an unutterable sorrow in their plaintive minor tones! Then after a while a silence, broken only by the coming and going again of good Mrs. Bonner; and long hours after, sounding pitifully sad in the dead hush of the night, a burst of low, stifled sobs, and the heart-broken moan, "My sister! my sister!"

Philip started to his feet at the sound. "He

could not stand it; it was horrible to think of, that young thing weeping her very heart away, all alone in the chamber of the dead! He would go to her," and he had actually placed his hand upon the handle of his door, when the thought "what would she think? what would people say?" came in time to stop him, and, venting an anathema upon that crooked idol, Public Opinion, he sought his bedroom and his bed instead.

It was the same thing the next day; he must go away in the morning without being able to do any thing for her, and return at night with no probability of having it in his power to offer to her the sympathy that fairly made his heart ache with its repressed intensity. But it was a comfort at least to think that she shared her chamber now with no more awful companion than the little child of her adoption, and that her tears were not shed upon the cold, unanswering face of the dead.

His patience was not to be put much longer to the test. The very next morning, as he was going down to breakfast, he encountered his fair neighbor in the hall near the door of her own room. She had a bowl of bread and milk, which she had just brought up for her little charge, in one hand, and a glass of water in the other, and was preparing to set one burden down that she might open the door.

Philip's eager attention spared her the trouble, and a faint light broke over her pale, heavy countenance as she recognized the stranger who had ministered to her sister in the hour of death, and to herself afterward.

"I have to thank you for many more kindnesses than this, Sir," she said, in a faltering voice, the quick tears springing afresh in the childlike blue eyes. "I remember—that night—and Mrs. Bonner has told me since—" But here Philip broke in, impetuously,

"If you would only permit me to be really of some service, however slight, I should be so grateful! If I might be used as a friend I would prove worthy of the trust, though an utter stranger. Let us see you sometimes below. You will make yourself ill if you remain confined so closely in one room."

She colored a little at his warmth, but shook her head sadly.

"No; I am not easily made ill, and I can not stay away from baby. But I thank you for your great kindness. I shall not mind calling upon you for service, if I should need it"—and she was gone, leaving Philip obliged to be content with this.

But now that the ice was broken, he found many ways of serving her of which she knew nothing. Why should she connect Mr. Warner with the excessive civility and attention she received from the servants, or associate his idea with the delicious oranges, and pines, and bananas which formed such unwonted addition to the meagre attractions of a boarding-house lunch? How imagine that he was the "one of the boarders" who presented to Mrs. Bonner the huge bunch of "real out-of-door" spring city flowers,

lilacs, and westerias, and snow-balls, which that good lady insisted upon placing on her hearth?

Her heart was too full of its sorrow and its anxious cares for her little charge to spare much thought even for the kind, strange gentleman; yet she could not but feel, in the few chance interviews which they had in the dining-room, or on the staircase, or at the door as before, how different he was from the rest of the people in the house, kind as they all were; of how much higher type he was, indeed, than any of the few men she knew; and sometimes she almost wished that there were some tie of relationship or of old acquaintance which would permit him to offer, and her to receive, the sympathy and friendship which looked out so earnestly to her from his grave dark eyes, and of which her lonely heart stood in such sore need.

One evening—it was the last before Mrs. Ellis was to return—Philip sat in his accustomed place by the open window, smoking, looking out, and listening to the low murmured lullaby from the next room. It ceased at length, and then there was a soft rustling as of feminine garments; and presently the door opened gently, and a light step descended the stairs. A moment after the street door opened, and Philip saw the little figure of his neighbor pass beneath his window.

"Good! she is actually going to spend one of these lovely twilights elsewhere than cooped up in that close room by a baby's cradle!"

The grave, saturnine, lawyer-like man was a child in his delight. "I only wish I had the right to join her—I really believe I could make the walk pleasanter!" and then he checked himself with a smile, and almost a blush, at his own folly, and puffed away for a while in grim silence, as befitted a woman-hater.

But hark! what was that? A baby crying! and *her* baby, positively! the little ungrateful thing, when *she* had sung it to sleep! He wouldn't be guilty of such atrocity for the world if she would perform the like kind office for him! Heavens! what a scream! Nay, what a succession of infantine yells! Frightened out of its wits, poor little thing, at waking up and finding itself alone in the dark; he would go straight and bring Mrs. Bonner.

Philip jumped up and marched down stairs to the landlady's apartment. No answer to his repeated knocks upon the door; nobody in the hall, nobody in the dining-room; cook steaming wrathily over the range, warming dinner for a party who had arrived late; pronounced the mistress out—every body out but herself, and faith *she* never got the chance to go! What should he do? He had never cultivated any of the last set of boarders at the old place, and didn't care to set the rather snobbish circle speculating as to the unaccountable interest of a handsome young man in a poor governess's adopted baby. He reascended the stairs, baffled, and only hoping that the newly-made mamma might speedily return, or that the infant might have ceased its cries. The piercing

screams that issued from the door as he passed painfully dissipated the latter delusion, and he saw no sign of the former coming to pass immediately as he leaned out of the window and looked despairingly up and down the street.

A volley of screams more violent than before made him rush from his room again. "I can never stand that," he said; "the child will kill itself, and then she will go crazy indeed. I shall go and take care of it myself. Surely she hasn't fastened the door!"

No, she had not; she had been thoughtful enough to reflect that there might be a possibility of the baby's waking, and Mrs. Bonner's coming up to attend to it; so he entered without any difficulty. The room lay dusk in the coming darkness, and the poor little creature had cried itself almost into convulsions. It held out its little hands piteously as the kind, manly face bent over it, and nestled up in his arms, sobbing and trembling, and clinging so close that Philip's heart yearned over it with a strange protective tenderness.

He paced the floor with the little trembling burden pressed to his breast, soothing its fears with gentle tones and caresses, until its cries ceased, and a little bit of a smile came to the pretty rose-bud lips in answer to some coaxing word. This greatly encouraged the amateur nurse, and now his excited nerves growing calm with the infant's returning serenity, the thought occurred to him that it might be best to take the little one to his own room; on the whole, it was not exactly the thing to be seen promenading up and down in hers, and he would listen for her return, and restore her charge without her knowing any thing about it.

So he immediately acted upon this suggestion, and little Miss Baby, pleased with her new quarters and her new attendant, vouchsafed to be extremely gracious, and laughed, and pat-a-caked, and pa-pa'd in a style that so completely fascinated Philip that he placed himself and all his possessions entirely at her disposal, and allowed the little dimpled fingers to pull his beard, and upset his writing-case and cigar-stand just as they chose.

"A pretty tell this would be for the fellows down town," he thought; and then aloud, "You little witch, do you design emptying that sand-box all over yourself?" But just then a quick, frightened rapping at the door diverted his attention, and the spilling of the sand and the tumultuous entrance of "baby's Auntie Helen" took place at one and the same instant.

"Oh, you are really here!" exclaimed the young lady, rushing up to the disconcerted Philip and seizing the baby from his arms, while the pale wild look on her face gave way to a burning blush.

"Oh, Mr. Warner, I beg a thousand pardons! I was so frightened I couldn't find the baby, and I thought I heard her crowing and laughing in here. I ought not to have left her, but I was almost obliged to go, and she woke so early this morning I was sure she would sleep till I got

back. Did she cry, and you went to her? My poor little darling!"

She almost smothered the child with kisses, and then broke out again,

"Oh, how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Warner?"

She looked so artless and lovely, standing there with the pretty little baby leaping in her arms, her bright, innocent face glowing with feeling, and the quick sensitive tears coming in those blue, *blue* eyes, that Philip "could not stand it," to use his own phrase. He came up close to her, and said, impetuously,

"Only by giving me the right to do it again whenever I please, Helen, *my* Helen. Let me call you so; be my little wife; let your baby be my baby, too! See, she loves me; she holds out her hands to me; will you turn away, Helen?"

It was well Philip had taken hold of the little outstretched hands, or its auntie would certainly have let the baby fall in the tumultuous trembling that seized her at these strange, sudden words.

As it was, she shook so that it seemed as if she must fall herself, but Philip's hand had closed tightly over hers too, and his eager words were in her ear.

"You know you promised not to leave her—and see, she clings to me! Speak, will you come too, Helen?"

But she could not speak; the words trembled and died on her lips, and when at last they came it was only—

"It is because you *pity* me—you can not have learned to love me in this little while. Let me go, let us both go—we will keep each other from being alone in the world."

"And you do not care for *my* being alone, meanwhile! Helen, look at me. *Do* not I love you?"

She could not but look up, and looking, she saw bending toward her a face so deeply in earnest, a gaze so tender and soul-full that even her modesty could doubt no longer. Her head drooped down upon the shoulder where the baby's already nestled so confidently.

"I promised never to leave her," she said, in a low, happy voice; and the first lover's kiss which either one had ever shared sealed the double vow.

"Tell me if you think it is pretty, Lou," said Philip Warner, as he sat at his sister's side the next evening. He placed in her hand a ring of heavy gold, with a single pearl, large and pure and lustrous, gleaming softly from a circlet of jet.

"Exquisite; but what are you going to do with it? It would suit some one in mourning. Tell me, Phil, at once!" pursued the impulsive little lady, reading some mystery in her brother's conscious face.

"Ah, Lou, *I have found my pearl!* Two of them, I may say," he went on, with mock gravity, seeing her look of incredulous astonishment.

"In fact, it was the baby who brought her to me, otherwise—"

"The *baby*!" gasped Mrs. Ellis, in unspeakable amazement. "Are you going to marry a baby too? Then she is a widow, and you always said you detested widows—oh, Phil!"

"Yes, I am going to 'marry a baby' too. It was the baby that managed the whole matter, I tell you. But she isn't a widow for all that."

The expression of utter stultification on his sister's usually bright face made the provoking Philip hasten to explain for fear of a sad accident to her intellects; but the reader need not stop to listen—he is already in the secret.

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE.

I AM not quite as badly off as the needy knife-grinder who had no story to tell; but my story is not very extraordinary. If the reader expects any thing sensational, he had better look elsewhere.

My name is Pepperidge Lovatt.

I was called Pepperidge after my mother's father, a wealthy pork-packer, from whom the family had great expectations, my mother being his only daughter and I her only son. The expectations were doomed to disappointment, for grandfather Pepperidge invested his fortune in a copper mine, somewhere in Pennsylvania, and in sinking a shaft sunk his money. My father, Roger Lovatt, was a bill-broker, irreverently termed by the vulgar a note-shaver. Personally he was known as Centpercent and Allforcollat—names that had reference to the liberal and generous manner in which he transacted his business. I never inquired into their origin. It was no matter to me. I always called him "the old man."

I never went to school with the common herd. Being born to a fortune it would not do. It was not the thing, you know. A private tutor prepared me for college, and to college I went in due time. I forget now nearly all I was taught there. I was put through Latin, philosophy, and things—yes! and Greek, with all kinds of crabbed-looking letters, and mathematics. I went through the last, after a fashion. Arithmetic and Algebra were my specialties, but in Geometry I was brought up by the Pons Asinorum. However, I graduated with great honor. The valedictory, which it fell to my lot to deliver, was very much applauded, though my father did think that fifty dollars was too much to pay the half-starved fellow who wrote it. That was a little trick of mine though, for I hived forty out of the money, I am now sorry to say.

After I graduated I had no difficulty about choosing a profession. My friends, taking the beautiful language of my valedictory into consideration, suggested the law as the sphere in which my talents would have the best chance of development. As it was a matter of indifference to me, I accepted the choice. I read law after the usual fashion; that is to say, I got by

heart certain passages in Blackstone and Starkie and Chitty, so as to be able to answer probable questions, and in due time I was called to the bar. I forthwith hired me a handsome office, put out a tin sign with the words—"Pepperidge Lovatt, Counselor at Law," and diligently smoked a cigar in my nicely furnished rooms for one hour a day. Having thus attended to business, I put up a little notice on the door—"AT COURT. CALL TO-MORROW AT TEN O'CLOCK," and sauntered up Broadway. At night I went to the opera, or lounged at the club, or led the German at parties, and led it well. I despise boasting of my own talents; but I may properly say that I was the best dancer in our set. There was not a member of the bar that could equal me. Even Grind, of the firm of Grind and Cheathamwell, they said he was at the head of the profession, but I saw him try to polk once at Saratoga, and I was quite sure that Grind's abilities had been overrated by his friends.

I had practiced law vigorously, after the fashion I have described, for about two years and a half, when three very important things occurred. I was sauntering along Broadway one day, and amidst the press of passers, my coat button got entangled in the fringe of a lady's mantle. It was a very awkward situation for both of us. I tugged at the fringe, my face burning all the while, and the lady seeming to be vexed. It came loose at length, and the owner of the mantle turned away with a swing of her body indicating annoyance, when, swish! the fringe caught another button. This time I laughed, and the lady tittered. The fringe was disengaged and I raised my hat to bow my regret, thus getting a full view of the fair stranger's face. It was certainly pretty, but I had seen pretty faces before, without feeling any thumping beneath my waistcoat. With this, however, I was fascinated. There are some figures and faces that attract you by their home look. They seem to tell of domestic enjoyment; they suggest a quiet cup of tea, hot toast, and your slippered feet buried in the hearth-rug. But it came and went. The lady went one way and I the other. I saw her no more, but I thought of her frequently.

The other incidents were serious. One was the death of my father, who had been a widower for twelve years; the other was the failure of Bullwinkle, Badger, and Bullwinkle. The events were disastrous, especially the Bullwinkle business. For my respected parent had not only embarked a hundred thousand in the same speculation which floored the three B.'s, but his name was on the paper of the firm for nearly as much more; and the assets of the bankrupts, after the legal expenses were paid, amounted to just no cents on the dollar.

Thus I was left, without a father to support me, no rich uncle to apply to, altogether a penniless fellow, knowing little of my profession, and no chance for clients had I even been a profound lawyer. What to do I could not tell, though I smoked over the matter diligently for

three days. At last, I concluded to let matters go as they would, for I supposed something would turn up, some day or other. But nothing did. Days, weeks, and months went by. I had to give up my office, for I got no practice, and could not pay my rent; my watch, my spare clothes, and all I could well pawn followed each other to the house of a liberal Hebrew gentleman on the east side of town; and one fine day in June I found myself strolling down the street, with a thread-bare coat on my back and not a cent in my pocket. I was terribly hungry too, for I had had no breakfast, and had gone to bed the night before without supper. The venerable proprietor of my lodging-rooms had just informed me that my apartment was needed for the use of a lodger who would do what I had neglected to do—pay for its use. It was plain that something or somebody must be done; but how to do either was past my ingenuity.

Suddenly it flashed on my mind that I was a fool. It was a fortunate discovery.

"Yes!" I said to myself, "I am a fool; or rather, I was—for a fool I will be no longer."

As I said this I came very near tumbling over a pork-barrel, and made a remark concerning obstructions in the street which was more forcible than chaste. I heard a low laugh, and looked up. There stood a stout, well-dressed man in the door of the store-house before me. I glanced at the sign over the door, which bore the word "Groceries." My mind was made up. I stepped in, and walked back toward the counting-room. The stout man followed and accosted me.

"What can we do for you?" he asked.

"I don't know," said I. "That is precisely what I want to find out."

The stout man stared at me. I went on:

"I am six feet, lacking a half inch, in my stockings, and, as you see, broad-shouldered," I said. "I have been brought up a gentleman, and have not a cent. I have had nothing to eat since yesterday at noon. No! you need not do that," I added, as I saw him make a movement to his vest pocket. "Begging is out of my line. I want work, if you have any."

"Well," he replied, "I expect a vacancy in my second clerk's place shortly, but—"

"I know nothing about book-keeping," I interrupted.

"My porter goes away to-day—he is about to set up a retail store; but as you are a gentleman—"

"I'll take that," I said, "if you'll take me without any recommendation but my muscle."

He laughed. "You are about the oddest customer," said he, "that I have come across recently; but I think I'll try you, if you're not above making yourself useful, and can content yourself with nine dollars a week."

"Nine dollars a week!" I exclaimed. "It is a gold mine! What am I to go at first?"

"The first thing is to get your breakfast, and the next to rig yourself out in a pair of overalls and a blue frock. The breakfast you can get at

Fulton Market; the other things at the slop-shop around the corner. When you come back there are thirty bags of coffee to be delivered to an order, and the carmen will be here in an hour. I'll advance you three dollars on your week's wages. Here!"

"Very good," said I, taking the money; "I'll be back in half an hour. Your new porter's name is Lovatt."

Off I went. I had a royal breakfast!—beef-steaks, coffee, bread-and-butter—to say nothing of a pickle; and having dispatched them, I turned to and had them over again. After that I bought my blue shirt and overalls, put them on, and went back to the store-house with my coat on my arm, looking at the proprietor's name on the door-post as I entered.

"Here I am, Mr. Banks," I said; and Mr. Banks sent me to the head-clerk, who told me what to do at the moment, and I did it.

I found a cheap boarding-house at a convenient distance from the store, and worked my way along faithfully and manfully. I grew to like the work. I ate heartily, and slept soundly. Only once I felt a tremor. I was one day rolling some barrels from a car into the store-house, when I saw a former fashionable acquaintance picking his way along the sidewalk. What had brought him to that quarter I did not know, but I reddened when I saw him. He did not see me, however; and would not probably have recognized me if he had.

My employer paid no farther attention to me after the first day. One day, however, about three months after I first took the place, the chief clerk called to me:

"Lovatt," he said, "come here. I notice that you calculate very well, and write a good hand. Mr. Greene [that was the name of our new second clerk] is sick abed to-day. Couldn't you help me with this lot of invoices?"

"I'll try, if you show me what you want."

He explained, and I went at the task. I have already said that I was apt at figures, and I got through quite rapidly; and leaving the result on the desk, went back to my bags and barrels. Presently Mr. Banks came in and went into the counting-room. He had been there only about a quarter of an hour when he called me to him.

"Sit down," he said, when I entered. "Mr. Lipscombe tells me that you gave him material help to-day. As Greene is too sick to come here at present, suppose you take his place in the counting-room till he recovers."

"Very good," I replied; and, removing my overalls, I perched myself at the desk.

The result was that poor Greene never recovered, and I retained his situation. It was only twelve dollars a week, but it was a step.

Three weeks afterward another pair of incidents occurred. I was at the desk, arranging papers and copying into the invoice-book, when Mr. Banks came in.

"Lovatt," said he, "I heard mention of you last night. An acquaintance of ours—a Mr.

Van Gelt—spoke of a young Lovatt, a lawyer, who has left the profession, and gone no one knows whither—turned out a mere vagabond. From the description of personal appearance I had an idea he meant you; but as it might have annoyed you, I did not mention that you were in my employ."

"Thank you," I answered. "Van Gelt! oh yes; I remember a John Van Gelt, to whom, in my better days, I loaned five hundred dollars. I took his note for it; but as he has no money, I suppose I might as well have that much waste paper. Common gratitude might have taught him common decency when he spoke of me."

"Have you the note?"

"Yes—somewhere."

"Look it up, then. He has money now; his uncle died recently, and left him comfortable. Give me the note, and I'll see that he pays it. And, by-the-by, I have left a package of papers at home, on the library table. I wish you'd take the cars and go up to my house with this note. Mrs. Banks will hand you the papers."

I followed orders, and was soon at Banks's house—a handsome mansion on one of the fashionable streets. I sent up the note to Mrs. Banks, and was shown into the parlor.

I had not been seated more than two or three minutes before I heard a light step, and, rising, turned toward the door. There stood my young lady of the fringed mantle! The recognition was mutual. She blushed, and looked embarrassed; and I felt my face glow. She was the first to recover, and handing me the package, said,

"My mother directed me to give you these, Sir."

I bowed—I could not speak—and backed myself out of the door, running against a hat-stand in the hall, and growing redder at the awkward blunder. The young lady reddened with sympathy. Not exactly knowing what I did, I bowed profoundly to the servant who was showing me to the door, and she looked amazed and amused. This put the copestone to the fabric of my utter discomfiture, and I made my way down the street in no pleasant frame of mind.

"Pep, my boy!" I said to myself, "you are getting to be a fool again. You are a clerk with a salary of twelve dollars a week, and you're falling in love with the sweetest little—pshaw! what's Hecuba to you, or you to Hecuba? Stick to your invoices, you noodle!"

But I could not help recalling the looks of the young lady. What a neat, nice little body she was! Kind-hearted, as her countenance showed her; she must have been tickled at my awkwardness, though. What a booby I must have appeared to her to be! I felt my face redden again, and clenched my fist in my vexation, as though I would commit an assault and battery on my own person.

Two days after Mr. Banks handed me a check for five hundred and eighty-five dollars and three cents—the amount of Van Gelt's note, with interest. I knew the value of money now; and

as my salary was quite enough for my immediate necessities, I deposited the sum in bank, waiting for a chance to invest it properly, and went on with my usual business. But I found myself frequently making calculations on bits of loose paper, of divers speculations in which I might double my little fortune, and keep doubling it until, in geometrical progression, it became a colossal fortune, whereon in fancy I built me a fine mansion in town, and bought me a noble country-seat, and got married to Dora Banks. Dora!—what a nice name it was, to be sure!

Unfortunately, however, nothing turned up by which I might double my money, until one day I added five-fold to it, but not through a speculation. The complicated affairs of Bullwinkle, Badger, and Bullwinkle were at length wound up, a small dividend was paid to their creditors, and after taking out letters of administration to my father's estate, I found myself possessor of a sum which made my five hundred and eighty odd dollars nearly three thousand.

Then I builded bigger air-castles than ever, with Dora for mistress of each. And yet I rarely saw her—occasionally at the house, once in the street, and once, for a whole afternoon, on her father's birthday, when Mr. Lipscombe and myself were invited to dine with our principal. On that occasion I had danced with Dora, and talked with her, though the conversation must have been very silly on my part, for I was in that state of ecstatic confusion that my tongue refused to perform its ordinary office.

I was destined to a separation from Dora, however. Nearly a year after I was first taken into Mr. Banks's employ, I was seated alone in the counting-room, Mr. Lipscombe having gone out to lunch, when our principal came in.

"Mr. Lovatt," he said, "what have you done with the money you obtained from your father's estate?"

"Nothing. It is in the savings-fund, drawing five per cent. I thought it the safest, on the whole."

"The reason I asked is, because you will need it. I am going to displace you."

I looked at him in some alarm, and stammered out a reply—I forget what.

"I have advices from Rio that it will be a more than safe speculation to send some Richmond flour there. It will about arrive at the right time. I want the matter managed adroitly, and you are the man for it, I think. Will you go out as supercargo?"

I was relieved at once, and answered promptly in the affirmative.

"I am going to give you a chance to make something for yourself. Draw out your money and invest it in this venture."

"Thank you, Sir. I should be very happy to do so, but unfortunately I have to give a month's notice."

"Never mind. Transfer the account to me, and I will draw it while you are away, and advance the amount to you now. The vessel will sail on day after to-morrow. Dine with me to-

morrow afternoon. You can leave when Lipscombe comes to arrange your outfit. I will have your place supplied for you until your return. To-morrow morning I will put you in full possession of my views."

My preparations were soon made. The following day I dined at the Banks's. There was no one present but the family. After dinner I was invited to spend the evening there, and as Mr. and Mrs. Banks had a short visit to make, Dora was left to entertain me until their return.

Now, if there was any thing in the world I would have given ten years of my life for, it was for a *tête-à-tête* with Dora Banks. Without any sacrifice it was mine; and yet, now that I had it, what could I say? I felt that to make love to her—I being a comparatively poor clerk—would be, under the circumstances, a piece of gross ingratitude and a breach of confidence. Yet what could I talk about? We sat there, for some minutes after the elder people had departed, in embarrassed silence. Dora was evidently waiting for me to say something, and that added to my embarrassment. At length she took the initiative.

"Your departure is a rather sudden determination, is it not, Mr. Lovatt?"

"Rather so, Miss Dora—I beg pardon, Miss Banks, I mean."

A long pause, varied slightly by the very loud ticking of an ormolu clock on the mantle, accompanied by a terrible thumping under my waistcoat.

"There is not apt to be yellow-fever at Rio at the season you arrive, Mr. Lovatt?"

"Oh no, not at all."

The young lady gave a long breath, as though relieved. Another pause ensued.

"Have you been to the opera much this spring, Mr. Lovatt?"

"No, Miss Banks—but once. My duties are so laborious—so—that is—"

Another pause, of great length. I began to feel confused. I felt my face redden. I stole a glance at the lady. By Jove! she was blushing to the very roots of her hair. Just then our eyes met.

Ten minutes after the conversation was quite lively.

"I thought of you sometimes too," quoth the lady. "I recognized you the moment you came into the house."

"I had never forgotten you; and knew you on the moment," quoth the gentleman.

Now the more violently bodies, charged with electricity, are attracted to each other the more violently they are repelled. The attraction between Dora and myself must have been very strong in the first instance, for at the sound of Mr. Banks's latch-key in the door the two bodies flew hastily to the extremities of the apartment; and when the merchant and his wife entered the parlor, Pepperidge Lovatt was glancing over some knickknacks on a pier-table between the front-windows, and Dora Banks was turning over the

pages of a music-book at the piano near the other end of the room.

After an hour's general conversation I bid the ladies farewell—the vessel leaving early next morning. They accompanied me to the door, and somehow or other we got mixed up, and I felt the gentle pressure of Dora's fingers, in return for a squeeze that must nearly have disabled her hand. It thrilled me from head to foot. But as I walked home I grew very miserable. I felt that I had not acted rightly. I had violated all my fine promises to myself on the first trial.

"Pepperidge Lovatt!" said I to myself, "you are a rascal. Is this your gratitude to an honest man, who has shown you such favor? Making love clandestinely to his daughter—the dear girl! Pepperidge! you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Never mind! she will forget you—and you must be glad of it. What a sweet girl she is! Ah, if I were only rich!"

Next day I sailed. We arrived at Rio after a very short passage, and our correspondent proved to be right. The flour came at the very height of the market, and coffee was unusually low. Every thing went swimmingly, and just as it was concluded a perfect fleet of vessels arrived and coffee advanced. But my confidence about the yellow-fever was misplaced. It caught me, and badly at that. The ship remained a week later, and I was sufficiently better to be able to go on board without danger.

We had been but a few days at sea when I was able to walk the deck. It happened in the course of conversation that I expressed my regrets to the captain that we had no chickens on board. I had taken a strange fancy for an omelet.

"Lord bless you!" answered the old salt, who had taken a fancy to me from the first day, "that's easily made up. Just wait a few hours, and if the weather keeps good we'll stop at my poultry-yard."

That afternoon I had an explanation of his speech, for we came in sight of a small island a few miles from the coast, and made for it. As we approached I saw it to be a nearly barren rock, about a mile in length, mostly white, with a few green patches, and rising about fifty feet in the centre from the surface of the water. But what struck me was the number of sea-birds upon it, scattered on its surface or rising in clouds. A boat was lowered, and I went with the party. We had no difficulty in effecting a landing; and while the rest were gathering eggs I wandered over the island.

It was a singular place—singular from the number of birds, old and young, but more singular from the peculiar situation of the little verdure on the island. On the long level patches nothing grew; but wherever a rock peered above the surface there a scanty soil had been made, and a few weeds or patches of grass had taken hold. The other parts were covered with a fetid, barren sand, strewn with the bones of birds. I gathered some few bleached birds' skulls

and put them in my pocket, and, as a matter of curiosity, filled my handkerchief with the greenish-yellow sand. Hearing the rest call me, I went to the boat, where I found a large number of eggs gathered. We were soon on board. I asked the captain the latitude and longitude of this singular island, and he told me. I did this because I thought it worth noting from its odd appearance.

For several days we had sea-fowl eggs, in various ways, until we were all surfeited.

We arrived without misadventure. It was nearly dark when we approached the Narrows. We came to at Quarantine, and though, after examination, the doctor passed us, we lay there, intending to come up next morning. I was impatient to get home, and hired a boat to take me to the Jersey shore, where I got a conveyance to Jersey City, and crossed the ferry. It was after ten o'clock; but I knew that my news would make me welcome, and I took a hack from Cortland Street to Banks's house. On my way I thought a deal about Dora. Was she well? Had she forgotten me? But no matter how that might be, I was determined to be careful and not to let my love be seen. No! It would not be fair treatment to her father, whose kindness had bettered my fortune; and so I resolved to conceal my feelings.

I dismissed the hackman when we arrived at the house, and rang the bell. A servant came to the door and informed me that Mr. and Mrs. Banks were at the theatre with some friends from the country. Miss Dora was at home, not being very well.

I trembled from head to foot.

"I will remain till they return," I said. "I have important business with Mr. Banks."

I did not send up my name. No! I would not even let Dora know I was there. The servant showed me into the parlor and closed the door. There was a lady who turned as I entered. I trembled violently, for it was Dora herself. She stared at me wildly. Her face was pale. She gave a slight scream, followed by a burst of hysterical laughter, and staggering forward fell into my arms.

Now I put it to any man whether I was to blame under the circumstances. I ask any reasonable man—yes, even the rich father of a handsome marriageable daughter—whether the strongest resolution would not naturally give way in a like case? And could I help it, when I discovered that a report of my death by yellow fever had been brought by a vessel arriving before us, and that she had mourned me so bitterly, that I then and there told my love, and, as I think I had a right to do—taking the time, place, and circumstances into consideration—that I gave her one of those kisses which are so delicious and unfrequent in a man's life, the first kiss of an accepted lover? Who blames me?

It is useless to spin out the story. Ridiculous as it may sound in such a connection—but facts are facts—my barren rock was of as much value as a gold mine. John Van Gelt had grown

sensible and gone into business. He dealt in fertilizers and agricultural implements—choosing that line, possibly, because he didn't know a Valparaiso squash from a Cashaw pumpkin. He had my yellow sand analyzed—tried to pump from me the secret of the place—and finally, for a percentage, negotiated with a great guano company on my behalf. I received, after the matter had been fairly tested, two hundred thousand dollars, less the fifty thousand which John took for commission—the grasping fellow! And when I proposed in due form for Dora, I had the pleasure of learning that the father and mother had suspected me all along; that the elder Banks had come to the conclusion that a young man brought up as I was, who could exhibit such pluck and industry, would make a good son-in-law; and that I was sent as supercargo that I might make the money which my share of the venture brought, and so pave the way to an admission to partnership. And that is the simple story of how I won fortune and Dora—commonplace, I admit; but you will remember that I warned you of that fact at the beginning.

A FEW FRENCHMEN AND YANKEES.

I.—SOME DISTINGUISHED FRENCHMEN.

IN the spring of 1848 I crossed the Atlantic in the same steamer with Prince Murat, and happened accidentally to have a seat next to him at table. He was going to France, to derive what advantage he could from the Revolution of February. I found him a most good-natured, jovial companion, with a good deal of a certain kind of shrewdness and wit. He was extremely careless about his person, an immense feeder, and the most formidable snorer I ever met. Unfortunately for me his state-room was directly opposite mine, and as he always slept with his door open, I had the full benefit of the terrific noise he made at night. More than once, after lying awake for hours, I have in sheer desperation hurled my boots at his berth; which rather forcible protest he would always take very amiably. His proportions then were of the Daniel Lambert order, but he has developed considerably since. The last time I saw him in Paris he was in full uniform, covered with orders, and a sight to behold. What a change his fortunes have undergone! To be elevated from a sort of New Jersey squatter to be a member of the Imperial family of France, with at one time a squint at the throne of Naples!

The Prince used to wear on his head a very old and very rough soft felt hat, which was any thing but ornamental. Apropos of this hat, he told me that, before he left home, his wife insisted that he should buy a proper black head-covering at Leary's so soon as he reached town; that if he would not agree to do this she would not consent to see him off; that he told her he could not afford the extravagance, and if she made so unreasonable a condition to accompanying him to New York, she might stay in New

Jersey. He had with him the famous white plume which used to distinguish his father on the field of battle, or rather the whalebone remains of it.

He had acquired a great reputation in New Jersey as a horse-jockey. It was said that he would start off for a journey on the back of a sorry Rosinante, and return home, after an absence of several weeks, driving a stylish pair of horses behind an elegant carriage, the result of a series of successful *swops*. He had a great natural taste for mechanics; and, from his conversation, seemed to consider Mr. Stevens, of Hoboken, the greatest man of the age.

I was very much amused with a conversation I had with him one afternoon about his uncle, Joseph Bonaparte, and I will try to repeat what he said, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words:

"My uncle Joseph was a very estimable man, with one great weakness—his excessive and ridiculous affectation of philosophy and martyrdom. He had been King of Spain; and yet he had become resigned to live in obscurity in a Republic! He used to bore me to death with this nonsense, until one day I lost my patience, and almost lost my temper. 'I am weary of these pretensions,' I said to him. 'You are not half the philosopher I am.' Compare for a moment our fates. You were born a miserable Corsican peasant. You happened to have a brother who had more brains than is frequently allotted to mankind. He grasped the sceptre of the world, and elevated you to the rank of a sovereign. You had not a very quiet time of it in your exalted position, it is true, and you were soon compelled to descend from it. But you came to the ground unharmed—not a feather ruffled; and while your illustrious brother was expiating his fate on a barren rock in the midst of a distant ocean, you retired quietly to this charming place, where you are living like a prince, surrounded by all the refinements of life, with the comfortable income of sixty thousand dollars per annum. I, on the contrary, was born on the steps of a throne. My father was shot; I escaped, with extreme difficulty, with my life, got to America, and have been a poor New Jersey farmer ever since. And I take things as they come, without ever thinking of complaining. I am a hundred times more of a philosopher than you are.'"

We arrived at Liverpool on a Sunday—the very day on which the election was to take place in France for members of the Legislative Assembly. Immediately on landing the Prince and I went together to the Adelphi Hotel, and there learned that, as luck would have it, the election had been postponed one week. The Prince took the first train for London, crossed the Channel, hurried down to his father's native department, and announced himself as a candidate. Other arrangements had been made, and other candidates were in the field; but the name of Murat was a spell, and he overcame all opposition, and was returned almost unanimously. Since then

his fortunes have constantly tended upward. I called upon him in Paris. He was not in town; but a few days later he sent an aid to me, inviting me to his country seat. Unfortunately for me my engagements at the time would not permit me to avail myself of this invitation. I subsequently saw him once, as I have intimated, at a public ceremony, but had no opportunity of speaking with him.

I have never seen but two of Louis Philippe's family—the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Montpensier. I was in Paris in the year 1843, and went one day to the races in the Champ de Mars. The Duc de Nemours was at that time the leading patron of races in France, and he had a stand of his own on the course. The carriage in which I was, however, was stationed so far off that, although I could make out that the stand was full of people, I could not distinguish any faces. After the first race was over I alighted, with the intention of walking across the course to have a look at the Prince. When I reached the stand it was empty, and I made up my mind that he must have gone home. Lighting a cigar, I turned back until I reached the middle of the course, where I stood for some time watching what was going on. Near me was a young man, who did not particularly attract my attention, in conversation with an older one. I only observed that he was very ill-dressed, and had a very unpleasant lisp in speaking. After a while he took a cigar-case from his pocket, and selecting a cigar from it, asked me for a light. "Certainly, Sir," I replied, handing him my lighted cigar. A few moments afterward an officer approached him, bareheaded, and asked him when *Monseigneur* would have his guard. I then knew that the young man was the Duc de Nemours.

The Duc de Montpensier I saw at a monster concert in the Champs Elysées the next year. Among the pieces performed was a chorus from the opera of Charles VI., I think, "*Jamais l'Anglais ne regnera en France*—Never shall the English reign in France." Feeling between the two nations was running high at that time, and the applause was tremendous. The Duke in his enthusiasm split a pair of new gloves. His unlucky marriage with the sister of the Queen of Spain did as much as any thing else to precipitate his father from the throne.

M. Guizot I had the honor of knowing. He is undoubtedly one of the purest public men of the age. I was requested to translate into English an Address which he delivered before the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, on the Intellectual Activity of the United States. This gave me the occasion to call upon him at his modest residence several times. His character and the tone of his mind are rather English than French, and so indeed is his appearance; but when he speaks, although sober in his gestures for a Frenchman, he could not possibly be mistaken for any thing else. He is a Protestant, as is well known, and after the downfall of the King was offered the Professorship of History in the

University of Oxford, which he declined. I remember once hearing him speak when Prime Minister, in the Chamber of Deputies, in 1843. He made use of the expression "*La France a besoin de se sentir gouvernée*—France requires to feel herself governed"—than which a truer thing was never said. This language excited storms of indignation. The Emperor Napoleon III. has shown that he believes in the same doctrine, and most intelligent Frenchmen now agree with him.

Little M. Thiers, M. Guizot's formidable adversary in his days of power, is physically about as insignificant a specimen of humanity as could be picked out of a crowd. His mental gifts are of the very highest order.

The ablest man, probably, whom the present Emperor has had in his government is M. Drouyn de l'Huys, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs. He retired from the Ministry after the failure of the effort to patch up a peace with Russia at Vienna before the death of Nicholas, his views and those of the Emperor being understood to differ. M. Drouyn de l'Huys has one of the largest fortunes in France.

It is not generally supposed that the Emperor Napoleon cares to be surrounded by first-class men. He likes good executive officers, but prefers to do his own thinking. It is said that he never enters into a discussion at a cabinet meeting. He takes the opinion of each Minister in turn, and then announces his decision, seldom assigning reasons for it. His uncle followed very much the same system.

I have had the pleasure of the acquaintance of many other eminent Frenchmen, whose names, however, are but little known to readers on this side of the Atlantic. I presume that the public men of France are, as a class, the most laborious in the world. In a clear apprehension of abstract questions and in administrative capacity they have, probably, no equals. Ever since the Revolution of 1789 the French Government, under each successive change, has always been a most ingenious and nicely adjusted piece of machinery. Only there has generally been something wrong about the main-spring.

II.—SOME AMERICANS IN PARIS.

Our countrymen who travel abroad may be divided into two great classes—those who are so obstinately prejudiced in favor of every thing at home that they can see nothing good in foreign lands, and those who affect to despise their own institutions and become more European than Europeans themselves. There are a few exceptions of intelligent persons who recognize some excellence and some evil on both sides of the Atlantic; but the number is not large. Those who belong to the first of my great divisions are only short-sighted; the others are contemptible.

We have a permanent colony in Paris, numbering it would be difficult to say how many, but I should think not less than two thousand. The transient travel is, of course, much greater.

Some years ago I acted for a short time as Secretary of Legation, and during that year we *viséd* over seven thousand passports. Many of our wealthy gentlemen, who go there to reside a few years, have just retired from business, having been engaged actively all their lives in cotton or pork. Their preparation, from no fault of their own, has not usually been such as to fit them to lead, advantageously to themselves, the lives of men of leisure in the capital of France. The most unfortunate visitors that Paris receives are the horde of young men, with more money than brains, who rush wildly into all the dissipation which lies upon the surface, without even suspecting the existence of all the admirable advantages which surround them, or caring for them if they know of them. I recollect once asking a young gentleman which he preferred, Rome or Naples? "Rome," he said, "because the brandy was better!" It must be confessed, too, that Paris does no good to many of our women. If it develops in them nothing worse than frivolity, that is to be deprecated. I am inclined to think it would be better for our country if there were no Paris. We are importing thence into New York every thing evil and foolish; and I have yet to learn that we have copied the French in the first of the noble characteristics which underlie their national character, or that we have studied, to any advantage, the admirable lessons in the economy of life, in science, and in art, which Paris can teach us.

Our countrymen are a droll people when they get away from home. If the traveler be a young man, the first thing he requires on his arrival is the address of a tailor, a bootmaker, and a hatter. A visit to the Louvre and to Versailles is quite subordinate to this great necessity. Indeed at any time the dancing gardens, the masked balls at the opera, a *petit souper* at the Café Doré, or an introduction into the coulisses of a minor theatre, are greater attractions than all the picture-galleries and public buildings on the Continent. Insensate youth!

I recollect an absurd incident which occurred many years since. I met in the street one day an American friend, and not a very young man either, who was visiting Europe for the first time. He was delighted to see me, for I spoke French, and he did not; and I knew all the ropes, whereas he had just arrived. The first business to be attended to, as might be anticipated, was a visit to a tailor. This was dispatched. Then came the bootmaker's turn. This was likewise attended to. Then some pocket handkerchiefs were required, which it was desired to have very elegant. So I took my friend to Doucet's, in the Rue de la Paix. When we entered the shop neither M. Doucet nor any of his assistants happened to be in; they were somewhere in a back room. Lying on a counter were some beautiful specimens of cambric, each elaborately embroidered in one corner with a coronet. These at once attracted my friend's attention and admiration. He asked me what the coronet meant. I told him that the owner

was some nobleman. This he doubted; the coronet might be only an ornament. He had a great mind to have some exactly similar. I ridiculed the idea, and just then M. Doucet, who speaks English, came in. "Whose handkerchiefs are these, M. Doucet?" I asked. "They belong to Prince —, a Russian." I thought this explanation would silence my companion, and so it did for a time. At length a happy thought seemed to strike him, and he suddenly asked the tradesman if he could not embroider an *American Eagle* on some handkerchiefs for him! It was as much as Doucet could do to keep his countenance. He replied as gravely as he could that undoubtedly it could be done, but that he was not acquainted with the peculiarities of our national bird. Thereupon my friend triumphantly took a half dollar from his pocket and threw it on the counter. The order was given and booked, and I presume executed; but I made no inquiry, and I took a vow that from that day forward I would never be induced to accompany an American on a shopping expedition.

Fathers of family when they come to Paris, probably impelled thereto by their wives and daughters, are usually frantic about presentations at Court, and invitations to balls and fêtes. I have mentioned that I acted for a short time as Secretary of Legation. A charming position that seems to be in the distance. In reality it is a most unpleasant one. The regular duties are severe if conscientiously attended to; but that is nothing. But upon the unfortunate Secretary the responsibility of the whole Social Department rests; and this is awful. Every individual who brings a passport to be signed, whether he is acquainted with any member of the Legation or not, and whether the bearer of any letters or not, immediately expects to receive attentions from the *servants of the people*. Why, it would employ a messenger all the time to leave sufficient cards on all these persons to satisfy their pretensions. This is bad enough. But there is worse to come. Every crack-brained inventor—and their name is legion—who tumbles upon you expects you immediately to procure for him a private interview with the Emperor, which small favor is not always to be obtained. But the greatest trial comes when the Préfet of the Seine (or some other functionary, as the case may be) notifies you of an approaching ball at the Hôtel de Ville, and politely requests you to send in a list of your countrymen whom you desire invited. What are you to do? All the permanent residents think they have peculiar claims to your courtesy, and that you are bound to take care of them. Whereas the transient people think there is no comparison in the case; it is all in their favor. Residents can go at any time; have been before, and may go again. *They*, on the contrary, will never have another opportunity. They have deferred their journey to Italy a week expressly on account of this ball. Jane and Maria have set their hearts upon it. In a word, they *must* have tickets, or look out for your political head at Washington. In de-

spair the maddened Secretary hangs up a list in the Legation for signatures. Three to four hundred are soon appended; but this only includes a tithe of the people you are bound to think of without their taking any trouble in the premises. At last you send in your list five hundred strong, feeling ashamed of your own unavoidable impudence. Back comes a polite note from the Préfet. Very sorry, but you have asked for more invitations than can be accorded to all the foreign Legations combined. Be so good as to select forty names, and cards will be immediately sent. Those who finally go do not thank you; it was their right. The disappointed swear vengeance upon you. In this way a Secretary has a fine opportunity of making enemies of all his countrymen in less time than a twelvemonth.

There was a very odd fish in Paris the summer of 1855. He came from somewhere on our Western frontier, and crossed from New York to Havre in the *North Star*. He dressed in a complete suit of furs, and during the voyage slept on deck every night. He appeared to be a very intelligent man, had plenty of money, but was remarkably eccentric. In Paris he went to Meurice's Hotel, where he soon became the wonder of the crowds of cockneys who frequent that house. Standing in the centre of the courtyard, and describing around him a magic circle of tobacco juice, he would tell the most marvelous stories with a look which said, plainly, You had better not express any doubts if you do not want a bowie-knife between your ribs. The cockneys were at a complete loss what to make of him. A highly-cultivated friend of mine, who had accidentally made his acquaintance, was once guilty of the imprudence of asking him to take a walk. Now if our late Japanese visitors were to appear in the streets of Paris hardly any one would turn round to look at them, so accustomed are the people to all kinds of foreign costumes. But the big backwoodsman in his furs proved an exception to this rule, and my friend soon perceived that they were attracting more attention than was altogether agreeable to his modesty. After a time they arrived at the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, which they entered. As soon as they got in the frontiersman commenced looking round, as if anxiously searching for something. Presently he espied a marble font or receptacle for holy water. His face at once lit up, and advancing to within six feet of it, he with the most accurate aim discharged a stream of tobacco juice directly into the centre. A sacristan who happened to be passing came up greatly excited at the sacrilege. It was some time before he could be convinced that the stranger thought the thing was a substitute for a spittoon. "What on earth else could it be meant for?" he asked.

The American students—*humanes* they call themselves—in the Latin quarter are a queer set. Among them were two young medical men from Louisiana, who had come over to enter the Russian service, but had never got be-

yond Paris. One of them carried a card, which he seriously presented whenever introduced to a Frenchman, on which was engraved as a crest two alligators fighting with their tails, and under this, *Le Baron d'Attakapas*. The device of the other I forget, but he sported the name of *Le Comte de Plaquemines*.

OF LOSS.

STRETCHED silver-spun the spider's nets;
The quivering sky was white with fire;
The blackbird's scarlet epaulets
Reddened the hemlock's topmost spire.

The mountain in his purple cloak,
His feet with misty vapors wet,
Lay dreamily, and seemed to smoke
All day his giant calumet.

From farm-house bells the noonday rung;
The teams that plowed the furrows stopped;
The ox refreshed his lolling tongue,
And brows were wiped, and spades were dropped;

And down the field the mowers stepped,
With burning brows and figures lithe,
As in their brawny hands they swept
From side to side the hissing scythe;

'Till sudden ceased the noonday task,
The scythes 'mid swathes of grass lay still,
As girls with can and cider flask
Came romping gayly down the hill.

And over all there swept a stream
Of subtle music, felt, not heard,
As when one conjures in a dream
The distant singing of a bird.

I drank the glory of the scene,
Its autumn splendor fired my veins;
The woods were like an Indian Queen
Who gazed upon her old domains.

And ah! methought I heard a sigh
Come softly through her leafy lips;
A mourning over days gone by,
That were before the white man's ships.

And so I came to think on Loss—
I never much could think on Gain.—
A poet oft will woo a cross
On whom a crown is pressed in vain.

I came to think—I know not how—
Perchance through sense of Indian wrong—
Of losses of my own, that now
Broke for the first time into song.

A fluttering strain of feeble words
That scarcely dared to leave my breast;
But like a brood of fledgeling birds
Kept hovering round their natal nest.

"O loss!" I sang—"O early loss!
O blight that nipped the buds of spring!
O spell that turned the gold to dross!
O steel that clipped the untried wing!"

"I mourn all days, as sorrows he
Whom once they called a merchant prince
Over the ships he sent to sea,
And never, never heard of since.

"To ye, O woods, the annual May
Restores the leaves ye lost before;
The tide that now forsakes the bay,
This night will wash the widowed shore.

"But I shall never see again
The shape that smiled upon my youth;
A mist of sorrow veils my brain,
And dimly looms the light of truth.

"She faded, fading woods, like you!
And fleeting shone with sweeter grace;
And as she died the colors grew
To softer splendor in her face.

"Until one day the hectic flush
Was veiled with death's eternal snow;
She swept from earth amid a hush,
And I was left alone below!"

While thus I moaned I heard a peal
Of laughter through the meadows flow;
I saw the farm-boys at their meal—
I saw the cider circling go.

And still the mountain calmly slept,
His feet with valley vapors wet;
And slowly circling upward crept
The smoke from out his calumet.

Mine was the sole discordant breath
That marred this dream of peace below.
"O God!" I cried—"give, give me death,
Or give me grace to bear thy blow!"

POLL JENNINGS'S HAIR.

IT is sometimes a relief to have a story without a heroine; and this distinction alone can I claim for mine. Nothing heroic or wonderful casts its halo about little Poll Jennings, the seventh daughter of Abe Jennings the South-side fisherman. Not even one of those miraculous poor cottages that are always so exquisitely clean, and have white curtains and climbing roses through all depths of poverty and suffering, held my little girl in its romantic shelter. Abe's house, lying between three of those low sand-hills that back the shore on our New England coast, like waves of land that simulate the sea, was not in the least attractive or picturesque. At first a mere cabin of drift-wood, the increasing wants and numbers of his family had, as it were, built themselves out in odd attachments—square, or oblong, or triangular, as wood came to hand, or necessity demanded—till the whole dwelling bore the aspect externally of a great rabbit-hutch or poultry-house, such as boys build on a smaller scale out of old boards from ruined barns, palings of fence, and refuse from carpenters' shops: though no constructive magazine furnished inside or outside of the fisherman's home; it was all fashioned from the waifs of a great Destroyer—all drift-wood from the sea, that raved and thundered half a mile off, as if yet clamorous for its prey. Still uncouth and rude as was its shaping, a poet might have found it more suggestive than any model cottage in the land—if a poet be not merely the rhymers of sentiment and beauty, but he whose creative soul,

from one slight thread of association spins a wide web of fancies, and tracks the idea through all its windings, till imagination becomes reality, and the real and the ideal are one. However, no poet ever entered there to talk or think all this nonsense; and the old walls, where teak, that an Indian forest missed, stood side by side with oak from English uplands and pine from the Æolian woods of Maine. The windows, that had been driven ashore, void of their crystal panes, from some full-freighted steamer, gone down too deep for any more wistful eyes to watch receding shore or hurrying storm-rack through the sashes; doors, that had swung to in the last lurch of the vessel, and made the state-rooms they guarded tombs of the dead—all these spoke nothing to the practical brain of old Abe Jennings, nor softened to any pathos the high spirits of his six rosy daughters, who laughed and romped and worked, as regardless of any outside suffering as if they were the world, and their sand-hills comprised all life and destiny. But Poll, the last and least of the seven, was one of those exceptional creatures that come as some new and strange variety of a flower does, as unlike all its congeners in tint and habit as if it were the growth of an alien soil and climate. Ruth and Mary and Martha, Nancy, Jane, and Adeline, were all straight and strong, with thick dark hair, varying only from the tar-black of Ruth's coarse curls to the shining deep-brown of Adeline's braids. Roses of the deepest dye bloomed on their faces; except Ruth, they were never sad or moody; they had their sweet-hearts and their frolics, and were altogether common-sense, ordinary, wholesome girls as one could find. Polly could lay claim to none of these charms or virtues; she was slight and pale, with great hazel eyes, that oftenest looked vague and dreamy; her very lips were colorless; and her skin, roughened and red, offered neither bloom nor purity to attract the eye, but her hair was truly magnificent. Of the deepest red, undeniably red as is the glossy coat of a bright bay horse, it fell to her feet in shining waves, so soft, so fine, yet so heavy, that it seemed as if the splendid growth had absorbed all the beauty and strength that should otherwise have been hers in face and form. But with this peculiar coloring came also the temperament of which it is the index—sensitive, passionate, shy as a quail, yet proud as only a woman can be. If Poll Jennings had been taught and trained to the height of her capacities, or even had the means of self-training, her latent genius would have dawned on her sphere in one shape or another; and perhaps an actress, perhaps an author, some star of art, some wonder of vocalization, might have delighted or astonished the world. But, happily for Poll, another and a better fate than these awaited her, though its vestibule was only a hut, and its locality the sand-hills of the Atlantic shore. Yet this special beauty of the child's—her resplendent hair—was made her peculiar torment. To her sisters and father it was red, and only red; and all the

jokes that people will waste on that tint—artistic, historic, exquisite as it may be—were lavished on Polly's head till hot tears filled her eyes and burning color suffused her face at the least allusion to it. Moreover, her physical capacity was far inferior to that of her sisters; her slight hands and arms could not row a boat through the rolling seas outside the bar; she could not toil at the wash-tub, or help draw a seine; and when a young farmer from inland came down "to salt," or a sturdy fisher from another bay hauled up his boat inside the little harbor of Squamkeag Light, and trudged over to have a talk with old Abe, it was never Poll who waded out into the mud, with bare white legs and flying hair, to dig clams for supper; or who, with a leather palm, in true sailor fashion, mended sails by the fireside, singing 'longshore songs at her work. Poll's place was never there: she shrank away to gather berries or hunt for gulls' eggs, or crouched motionless in a darker corner, her great luminous eyes fixed on some paneled fragment of the wall that hungry seas had thrown ashore, painting to herself the storm and the wreck till she neither heard nor saw the rough love-making that went on beside her. So it happened that Mary and Martha, the twins, married two young farmers up the country, and led the unpastoral lives that farming women in New England must lead—lives of drudgery and care. Nancy went off with a young fisherman over to Fire Island; Ruth, the oldest, had lost her lover, years gone by, in a whale-ship that sailed away and was never heard of more; while Jane was just about to be married to hers, mate on a New Haven schooner—"Mdse. to Barbadoes," as the shipping-list said; and Adeline laughed and coquetted between half a dozen of the roughest sort.

There were enough at home to do the work, and Ruth's set sobriety, Jane's boisterous healthiness, Adeline's perpetual giggle, none of them chimed with Poll's dreamy nature. A weary sense of her own incapacity oppressed her all the time; she could not work as they did; and, worst of all, the continual feeling that she was ugly, "red-headed," "white-faced," "eyes as big as a robin's," brooded over her solitary thoughts, and made her more sad, more lonely from day to day. Yet though no refinement of speech ever turned plain "Poll" into Pauline, and no suave ministrations of higher civilization toned her wild grace into elegance or wove her beautiful locks into the crown they should have been, she had her own consolations, for Nature is no foster-mother, and she took this sobbing child into her own heart. Polly's highest pleasure was to steal out from the cabin and wander away to the shore; there, laid at length among the rank grass whose leaves waved and glittered in the wind, she watched the curling waves of beryl sweep in to leap and break in thunder, while the spray-bells were tossed far and sparkling from their crests on the beaten sands, and the crepitation of those brilliant bubbles crushed beneath the wave scarce finished its fairy peal of artillery ere another

and a heavier surfswelled, and curled, and broke above it; while milk-white gulls darted and screamed overhead, or a lonely fish-hawk hovered with dire intent over the shoal of fish that dimpled and darkened the water with a wandering wave of life; and far beyond, through the purple haze that brooded on the horizon, white-sailed ships glided into sight, and, stately as dreams, vanished again whence they seemed to come. Here, while the fresh breeze swept her cheek with its keen odor of the seas, and the warm sands beneath quickened her languid pulses, Poll lay hour after hour, and dreamed, not such dreams as girls have whose life is led among luxury and society, but pure visions of far-off countries beyond the ocean, whose birds and flowers and trees were all of earth's brightest, and all quickened with the acute life of the sea itself to poignant beauty. Here, in this paradise, no mocking mirth, no harsh word, no cold or storm intruded, and in its castles a new life dawned for the fisherman's girl that held her in its trance safe from the harshness of her own, and lapped her in its soft sweetness from all that was hard and bitter in reality. So all the summer days passed away, lying on the shore or wandering on the sand-hills that rolled back to sand-plains or boggy stretches of inland; plains that had their own treasures of great open-eyed violets, azure as the sky above or white as its clouds; milky strawberry-blooms and clusters of their scarlet fragrant fruits; crowding flowers of pink and purple, trails of starry blackberry vines; and swamps that beguiled her wandering feet through fragrant thickets of bay-berry, tangled with cat-brier and sweet-brier, to great blueberry bushes, hanging thick with misty blue spheres, aromatic and sweet with a sweetness no tropic suns can give; while beside them bloomed the splendid wild lily, set thick as a pagoda with bells, and at its foot the rare orange orchis showed its concentrated sunshine, and regal cardinal-flowers flamed through the thin grass with spikes of velvet fire. Not a flower blossomed or a fruit ripened for miles about that Poll did not know: it was she who hung the shelf above the chimney with bundles of spearmint, peppermint, bone-set, marsh-rosemary, pennyroyal, mountain-mint, tansy, catnip, sweet fern, sweet-cicely, prince's piny, sassafras root, winter-green, and birch bark, part the gatherings of her own rambles at home, part a tribute from her sisters up the country, who brought Poll only "yarbs" instead of the squashes for Ruth, the apples that filled Jane's apron, and the hickory-nuts Adeline cracked in her great white teeth. So things went on till Poll was seventeen, and our story begins, when Jane's lover came home and they were married, and Adeline betook herself to see Nancy, leaving only the eldest and youngest of the seven sisters at home for the winter that set in early and bitter. The last day of November was a wild northeaster; rain, that the fierce wind drove aslant against the hut windows, froze as fast as it fell, and while Ruth sat by the stove and sewed, drawing once in a while one of those

deep sighs that are the echoes of a great sorrow gone past, Poll pressed her face against the blurred window-pane to see the storm she dared not be out in, and while she looked and dreamed the outer door burst open and in came her father, dripping as if he had been drowned, followed by a stout young fellow as pale as a sheet, carrying his right arm in a sling.

"I veow!" said old Abe, shaking himself like a great water-dog, "ef this a'n't about the most weathersome weather I ever see! I ha'n't ben only jest outside the bar, an' my jib's as stiff as a tin pan, and the old fo'sail took an' cracked fore an' aft afore I could get her head on so's to run in. Ef I hadn't a had Sam Bent here along I dono but what I should ha' ben swamped whether or no; he and me both done our darnedest, and then I'll be drowned ef he didn't fall foul of a board 't was all glib ice jest as we was a landin', up flew his heels, and he kinder lay to on his right arm, so 't I expect it's broke. I slung it up with my old comforter till he could get under hatches here, 'n now you gals must take keer on him till I make sail over to Punkintown and get that are nateral bone-setter to come along and splice him."

Sam Bent was no stranger to the girls, but though Poll had often seen him before she had never exchanged half a dozen words with him; but ceremonies are spared at South-side, so Poll took the scissors which Ruth handed her, and proceeded to cut the sleeve of Sam Bent's coat and jacket, while her sister set a spare bedroom to rights, and brewed some herb-tea lest the youth might be ordered a sweat. Poll's fingers were slight and careful, and she did her office tenderly—even Sam felt it through the pain of his doubly-broken arm; and when at length Abe returned from his walk to Punkintown—a settlement some four miles inland—he found Sam released from his heavy pea-jacket and coat, wrapped in Poll's shawl, with his feet to the fire, about as comfortable as he could have been under the disadvantages of the occasion. The "nateral bone-setter" worked his usual wonders on the occasion; and having duly splintered and bandaged the young man, took his knife out of his pocket, and began to snap the blade out and in as a preliminary to conversation, while he tilted his chair back against the wall, and cleared his throat with a vigorous "ahem."

"Well, Sir; well, Sir," began Doctor Higgs, "that job is done, Sir. You will have rather of a procrastinating season with such a fracter as that is, but patience is a virtoo, Sir. Yes, Sir, and so is patients, too, we doctors think. He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho! Well, I am pleased to see you reciprocate my little joke; rayther hard to be ludiciously inclined, Sir, under the proximity of corporal anguish. Ahem: shows you have good grit into you. I expect you'll become evanescent very rapid if you don't catch a cold, nor overeat, nor overdo the prudential noway. Do you reside in these parts, Sir?"

"I live over to Mystic when I'm to home," modestly replied Sam, overcome with this tor-

rent of words, but, fortunately for him, not knowing the difference between evanescent and convalescent.

"Well, I can't recommend to you a removal to your natyve spere immediately, Sir. No, Sir, I should rayther advise you, in order to abrogate your confinement as much as possible, to remain where you be. If any febrifugal disorders was to set in, it would concatenate the fracter, Sir, very serious, very serious! You will want considerable nussin', I think proberble; and if you can indooce this here old gentleman to inhabitate you for a spell, why I should counsel you to become stationary for the present."

"I guess I a'n't a goin' for to turn Sam Bent out o' my cabin, ef 'twa'n't no bigger 'n a yawl-boat's locker," growled old Abe. "He's his father's son, 'n that's enough, if he was the miserablest hoss-shoe crab 't ever left his back behind him. Poll here can nuss him; she a'n't good for much but pokin' round, 'n it's too consarned cold to do that this kind o' clymit."

"Well, Sir; well, Sir, I'll call over agin to-morrer, ef the weather is convenable. I am a comin' into this region to see a poor indignant female who is laid up with a neuralogy of the marrer-bones, so 't mebbe I shall be rather delayed in gettin' around, but I'm sure certain to be on hand, Providence permitting, before noon—by night whether or no. Good-day, good-day!" Wherewith the verbose Doctor departed, and Sam Bent, suddenly looking up, caught a little flicker of fun just fading out of Poll's great eyes, and laughed outright.

"He bears up hard onto big words, don't he?" said Sam, whose genuine nature detected the pretension he did not understand. "He's a kind of a nateral dictionary, I guess!"

Poll's eyes danced, and Sam fixed a long look on her; he didn't know why, no more did she; but being both uncivilized enough to feel and think without asking why or how, they were not concerned about the matter; and when Sam Bent was safely conveyed to bed in the queer little five-angled room allotted to him, he fell asleep and dreamed he was drawing a seine on the North shore, and a great sting-ray stood up on its tail and turned into Doctor Higgs; while Poll only listened to the storm outside, and fancied that she heard minute-guns and shrieks of terror through the wild wind, and at length slept too heavily to dream. But for all this a great guest was drawing near to the fisherman's hut, though in silence and secrecy—a guest that pagans hailed with wine and roses, wreaths of myrtle, and dances of joy; but we, sadder and wiser, welcome oftenest with trembling and wonder. Poll knew neither. She never even stopped to wonder why she cared no more to search the beach for its treasures or pore over the odd pictures in their Bible; nor did Sam Bent ever suspect why he liked to have his bandages renewed daily, his black hair smoothed for him, and his black ribbon knotted so carefully under the coarse white collar that set off the muscular throat and handsome head above it. Sam would not have

cared if his broken arm was not set for six months, he liked so well his self-elected office of teacher to Poll, who was learning to read at his knee like a child, and listening to his discourses of other lands (as she considered Maine and Georgia!) with as much eagerness as if he had been Hakluyt himself instead of foremast hand to a coasting schooner. Under the pressure of her new duties Poll grew into new developments; she became far more handy about the house; she spoke oftener of her own accord; she moved more rapidly, and never a hole in her apron or her frock lay an hour unmended now; and taking patient lessons of Ruth, she learned to mend Sam's stockings so nicely that he, at least, considered it an ornament to have had a hole in the most conspicuous quarter possible!

But at last Sam got well, and could not evade the fact that he had been doing nothing for two months but receiving care and a home, and he began to wonder to himself what he could ever do to escape from this heavy weight of obligation. Now it never was supposed in old times that the aforesaid little deity meddled with lesser things than flowers and jewels; but great is civilization! In its faintest influence comes a subtlety unknown to dear primeval days; and at this juncture love—if love it was—dropped a timely rheumatism on Uncle Abe's old back, and the day after Sam Bent left off his sling the poor old fisherman came home groaning and hobbling, and, I regret to say, swearing after his own fishy fashion.

"Darn it!" growled he, as he let himself down into an old rush-bottomed chair that stood by the fire. "I'll be jiggered if I a'n't got to be in docks now! I couldn't but jest h'ist her over the bar 'n make out to git ashore. Flat fish 'n flounders! I ha'n't had such a spell sence ten year back, 'n what's goin' to become of the eyester bisness I should like ter tell?"

"You'd better take a sweat right away, father," said Ruth, taking down the sheaf of bone-set for the necessary brewage.

"Sweat! I calk'late I shall sweat enough with this here screwin' in my bones, gal! Loddy Doddy! ef I don't yell an' holler afore day-break I shall miss my reckonin', and all the eyesters in the bay 'll be raked up afore I'm stirrin' agin, for't all I know."

"No they won't, Uncle Abe!" said Sam, sturdily, coming up to the fire as he spoke. "Ha'n't I had a free passage here nigh on to two months, 'n you think I a'n't goin' for to work it out? I ken work the *Mary Ann* fust-rate, and I know the lay of the beds pretty near as well as any body. I'm all right now, and here I am, standin' on my feet, ready to do the most a feller can, though I don't never expect I can work out the kind o' care I've hed along back." With which Sam cast a sheep's-eye at Poll's place and beheld—nobody! for she was behind him, looking hard out of the window at the new and interesting prospect of an old seine and two wash-tubs—back-ground a sand-hill! But Poll's eyes were too misty to see, and her rough, red

skin flushed to purple as she heard her father go on:

"Hold hard, Sam! you're your dad's son; there a'n't a doubt on't; old Paphro Bent never see a distress-signal h'isted but what he lay to an' sent aboard. But you're a young feller, 'n I a'n't a goin' for to take your vittles 'n put 'em into my jaws. You ken git a bunk aboard of any coaster, 'n get your wages reg'lar, so you 'bout ship and mind your own hellum, I can keep to my anchorage, I guess, for a spell; 'n it's no use starving while them gals has got legs to go and dig clams. I shall weather it, boy! though I don't say but what you're a good feller to think on't."

"Now look at here, Uncle Abe," said Sam, vehemently, setting his feet as wide apart and bracing his hands on his hips as firmly as if he expected old Abe to make a rush at him and try to upset him; "'ta'n't no use hailin' this here schooner with that kind of talk. I a'n't a goin' coastin'. I a'n't goin' away. I wish I may be drowned off Hatteras and come ashore at Point Judy if I do! I'm a goin' eyesterin', an' deep-sea fishin' in the *Mary Ann*, till that darned rheumatis o' yours goes to Joppy, ef it lasts till day after never! 'n ef you won't give me night's lodgin's and a meal of vittles here, why I'll go over to Squamkeag Light 'n get 'em out o' Ben Gould; so there's the hull on't!" With which peroration Sam turned away, and spat energetically into the fire.

Old Abe held his peace a minute; it was hard for the sturdy man to own his dependence, to become useless, and Sam's strong youth and manhood mixed regret with his simple willingness of acceptance.

"Well," said he, at last. "Lord knows I'd foller the sea till I dropped ef I hadn't no rheumatiz, but a rotten hulk a'n't no use outside. You ken take the *Mary Ann*, Sam Bent; she's easy handled, and she's cute enough of herself to keep school to-morrer, 'n I can tell you the lay of the eyester beds tollerble well; but look here, young feller, ef I catch you a takin' a meal of vittles or a night's sleep over to Ben Gould's, you'll hear thunder 'n ketch lightnin'!"

"Well, I won't," laughed Sam, and so the matter ended; and old Abe was put to bed with the dose of bone-set, and rose no more for long weeks. Long enough to Ruth, for a sick man's attendant has no sinecure, but Poll never wearied of the lingering days, for a step tramping over the sand-hills, and a broad, brown face full of honest delight waited to charm the day's ending, and in that anticipation nothing seemed dull or dreary. Nor did ever any man have gentler nursing than Poll lavished on her cross and unreasonable old father. One hears vast blame laid upon lovers for their seeming sweetness and excellence while yet love is new, but is not the blame unjust? For what can call out the latent lovelinesses of any character if the one rose of life does not win them to the surface? Lost in that divine blooming, wrapped in that sacred spell, shall not the desert blossom and the sands

glitter with flowing springs? Still a desert; still the red sands; let us rather bless the transformer than sneer at the transformation. So the winter wore on, and if in its routine there was any bitterness, it was only when storms swept over the hut with fierce scream and heavy pinions, and Ruth shuddered over her dead lover, Poll over her living one! Meanwhile no storms wrecked Sam Bent—he raked oysters and caught sea-bass, halibut, porgies, and various other finny creatures in quantities unknown; discovered a new oyster bed "inside," in one of his long voyages round Montauk; and made money at a rate that pleased him even more than it did old Abe: while he thoroughly enjoyed having a home to go to, and exulted in his pupil's progress, who had got so far as to read fluently the book of fairy tales he bought for her in New York by the first of April. But with April home came Adeline, and Adeline being one of those women who are born coquettes, great was her delight at finding a handsome young fellow like Sam Bent domesticated in her house, and of course she immediately began a vigorous flirtation with him. Now Adeline was a sort of woman Sam had seen before, understood, and held in small account; with Poll he was respectful, shy, timid, yet self-respectful; but he laughed, jested, and romped with "Addy," spoke to her as if she were another fisherman; helped her to dig clams, and sculled her boat across the bay, with as much ease and carelessness as if she had been a boy. Poor Poll! she did not know why she grew cross to Adeline, and silent to Sam. Something told her that she ought not to steal away to her old haunts and neglect her home work, and let her father shift for himself as best he could; yet Poll did all this, and the sea and sky comforted her no more! Neither was she particularly consoled by hearing, from her sleepless pillow one night, Ruth remonstrating with Adeline on her manners to Sam.

"I don't like to have you make so free with Sam Bent, Addy," said poor prim Ruth, who had never given so much as one kiss to Jonas Scranton before he sailed away to be drowned—and probably regretted it still. "'Tain't mannerly to be a rompin' round so with a young feller."

"Oh law!" laughed Addy; "jest as ef I was goin' to be stuck up with Sam Bent! I like to plague him; he's ben cooped up all winter with you an' Poll till he wants a livenin' up."

"Well, 'tain't a good thing for Poll to see you a behavin' so, Addy; maybe she might take to them ways, 'n she a'n't a kind to take things so easy as you do, 'n maybe folks would think hard of her ef she should foller your manners; for you never was nothin' but a kitten, sence you was knee-high to a hoptoad."

Adeline laughed harder than ever. "Well, I declare!" said she; "as ef our Poll would ever take to kitin' after a feller like Sam Bent! I guess he *would* feel crawly if she did, poor cretur! that red hair and pink-red face of her'n a'n't very takin'!" With which she resumed her laughter as if the idea was delightfully absurd.

Ruth gave a little sigh and knit more energetically than ever; she might as well have exhorted the sea-spray as Adeline. She never even moved her to petulance with her exhortations, which would have been some comfort; but Poll turned her face to her pillow, crushed and heart-sick, and slow, hot tears crept down her cheeks one after another as she thought of her happy winter evenings, of Sam Bent's shy, kind looks, and, as climax, of her own horrid red hair and rough skin and saucer-eyes. Poor Poll!

But by May Uncle Abe's rheumatism began to be forgotten; his sturdy legs ached no more, his back straightened out, and his weather-beaten face recovered its old look of kindly shrewdness, and he was as fit as ever to handle the *Mary Ann*; so Sam had been "down to York," and got a place as foremast hand on a brig bound for China, to sail the first of June; a good place, and good wages, yet somehow Poll did not receive the news joyfully, and she said nothing at all to Sam Bent when he came to announce it.

Poll was not magnanimous; but who is—among women? That is not their forte; a thousand other virtues flourish with them, but this is the millennial grace, and Poll owned it not. She was as weak, as selfish, as jealous as a humble and ugly woman is apt to be when she is in love; and I shall not blame her, though I know there are plenty who will. So when Ruth had said, quietly, "I'm real glad, Sam, but we shall kinder miss you," and Adeline had giggled out, "Well, that is first-rate! 'n I guess you'll have to get me something real pretty over to Chiny," Sam missed one voice that was, after all, the only one he cared for; and looking round, saw Poll's blue-check gown flutter away over the top of a sand-hill past the window. "I declare for't!" said Sam, "if I ha'n't left a lot o' little fixin's down in the *Mary Ann* 't I brought from York. I'll jest step down and fetch 'em."

I regret to say that Sam had left them on purpose, having already learned the strategic lesson of lovers, in order to provide some sure way of excuse to meet or follow Poll, if she should happen to be out of the house. Would he have followed her had he known that she ran away to avoid him? He might have been a fool for his pains, like other men; but it happened he had no provocation, so he betook himself to—or toward—the *Mary Ann*; but as soon as the house was hidden, changed his course, and followed after the light track of Poll's steps till they were lost in the thick beach-grass. Poor child! she had thrown herself down in the glittering blades and buried her head in her apron. Faster than the clear green waves, that rolled relentless splendors on the failing shore below, did the heavy surges of her first sorrow thunder and sweep above her shrinking heart. Sam was going away! that was first, and then came in the shame, the self-contempt, the bitter grief that had racked and wasted her ever since she overheard Ruth and Addy talking about her that unhappy night. What if he did stay? he wouldn't care for her, handsome fellow! How could he bear to look at such a

homely thing as she?—and that dreadful hair! so red, and so much of it! If Poll had ever read novels, she might have torn it and scattered it with highly appropriate gestures; but she had not, so she let her hair alone and only cried, and wished she was any body or any thing but Poll Jennings: even a little fiddler-crab in its hole was enviable, since it never cared for Sam Bent and hadn't got red hair.

Between the thunder of the surf and the checked apron that covered her ears and tried to stifle her sobs Poll heard nothing; but in the midst of her passive anguish suddenly a strong arm was passed round her; and stunned with surprise, she found herself lifted on to Sam Bent's knee. Any woman who knew any thing would have sprung to her feet and blazed with anger, told seven lies in one breath, defied and scorned Sam, and sent him to China a broken-hearted man, indifferent to sharks and cholera, to be rewarded, perhaps, after ten years, with an elderly and acetous woman as the meed of constancy; but Poll was a little fool; she just laid her head against Sam's red shirt, and sobbed harder than ever. Sam choked; he couldn't speak, and yet he wanted to swear. Finally he sputtered out—"Poll! what's to pay?" No answer, only a great big sob that seemed to shake the little creature in his arms all over, and made it incumbent on Sam to clasp her still tighter.

So he tried again:

"Poll, don't! hold up, dear! don't keep a cryin' so!" Useless remonstrance; for though the sobs ceased, bright drops of salt-water that the sea disowned went hopping down that red flannel shirt in a deliberate way, as if they didn't care to, but rather thought it best.

"Polly!" repeated Sam, in a gentler tone.

"What?" said Poll, faintly, lifting her head, and wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Don't do that! I see you through the winder, and I follered along; for you see, Poll, I'm a going to Chiny, 'n I wanted to—I—well—I dono— Poll, when I come back will you marry me?"

Poll's eyes opened wider and brighter than ever; she drew back and looked into Sam's face; her cheek flushed as she met his steady gaze.

"Don't make fun of me!" said she, piteously.

Sam's eyes blazed. "Make fun of you!" said he, indignantly. "Why, Poll Jinnins! what are you thinkin' about? I should think you might believe a feller was honest when he said that!"

"Oh Sam!" pleaded Poll, with moist eyes.

"Will you, Poll?"

"But—but—oh!" said she, with half a sob—"are you sure, Sam?"

"Sure of what?"

"Sure you like me?" courageously ventured Poll.

"I don't know nothin' else I'm so sure on," said he, dryly.

"But I've got such red hair, Sam!"

Sam laughed outright. He could not help it. But those great hazel eyes, full of vague

apprehension, and the trembling lips sobered him.

"Well, Poll! I think your hair is the prettiest thing to you by a long sight. Sence I see it tumble down once, when you was a bindin' up my arm, I ha'n't never see the sun risin' acrost the water but what I've thought on't; it's just like the wake the sun makes—kinder crinkly, and yet slick and bright, and kinder draws your eyes to't. I wouldn't change your hair for nobody's 't ever I see."

With which Sam withdrew the comb from the massive knot, and its great bright coil slipped down over Poll's neck and across his arm, and spread into a veil of length and splendor Athene might have coveted had she "been there to see." Sam's big brown fist grasped the silken waves, and bringing them round before Poll's face he caressed his capture as if it were real gold and he a miser; threaded it through his fingers, held it in bright bows up to the sunshine, stroked its ripples over his unoccupied knee, till Poll, who had innocently laid one arm round his neck while she looked on, fairly smiled; but a sigh followed instantly.

"But I am so humbly, Sam!" (homely, she meant).

"Well," said Sam, dropping the hair and putting both arms round her, "what if you be? and I don't say 't I think you're like a pink-and-white figure-head to a liner. I a'n't one o' them that buys a boat for its paint. I never see a handsome gal I liked half so well, 'n I guess I wouldn't 'a had no better care out o' the prettiest cretur betwixt the Reefs and the Banks than I had last winter. Besides, Poll, to my mind your hair's a sight prettier 'n most folks's hull faces; 'n if your eyes be ruther big they're as bright as two starn-lanterns any day, 'n as soft as a gull's be. I don't know what for you want to quarrel with your looks, so long's I don't."

A more fastidious man would not have found fault with the look she gave Sam now—so tender, so innocently glad, so trustful; and if Sam gave no audible reply it was none the less fervently answered, and for the next hour Poll was happy. No more visions of over-sea now; no dream of tropic shores and unwithering blossoms; her tropic had come, and her fadeless flowers burst into glowing life. Her beautiful head safe on Sam's shoulder, and her face buried in his strong breast, except when he would lift it up to be kissed, she had no thought for the past or future: the only "now" of life held her fast, and in its sweet embrace she lay basking till common life, in the shape of Adeline, came full upon the deaf lovers, and remarked, sharply,

"Well! if you hadn't ought to be ashamed, Sam Bent! out here in the grass a huggin' and kissin' our Poll!"

Sam rose up with a laugh, carrying Poll with him, circled still in his arm.

"She's my Poll now, Addy! I don't know who's a better right!"

"Good Jehoshaphat!" said old Abe, who had also come up behind Adeline.

At this singular expletive Addy herself laughed, though not a little piqued and provoked at Sam's defection from her, as she fancied it. "And all her red wig down her back!" exclaimed she, laying a rough grasp on the offending tresses.

"Hands off, Addy!" threatened Sam, smilingly; "that are's mine too, 'n the biggest lady in the land might be proud on't, ef 'tis red."

Adeline sniffed.

"Well!" said old Abe, regarding the pair with his hands in his trowsers pockets and his hat askew, as if they were some great natural curiosity, "this does beat all! Our Poll and Sam Bent! Well! I can't lay no course here-away. I ha'n't got my bearin's. A'n't a goin' to trade her off down to Chiny, be ye, Sam?" concluded he, chuckling at his own facetiousness.

"Money wouldn't buy her!" said Sam, with a smile that consoled Poll for the family depreciation, and still with his arm round her the whole party drew to the hut to surprise Ruth.

She took it more quietly and kindly.

"Well, I won't say I haven't thought on't before," said she. "Poll's more of a girl latterly 'n what she was; and looks a'n't of no account, they a'n't lastin'." Ruth sighed, wondering if Jonas would know the sad dark face that looked at her from her cracked glass daily now, and went on: "I don't deny it's a misfortin' to have red hair, but then we didn't make it, 'n can't mend it, so it's no use to be troubled."

"Her hair is splendid," growled Sam, angrily, a little overdoing his praise to atone for the insult, and lifting the coil Poll was twisting to his lips, he bestowed on it a hearty smack.

"Ha'n't you burnt you?" screeched Adeline; and Sam could scarce keep a straight face till he saw a tear cloud Poll's eyes.

"You want your ears boxed," said he to Adeline, between vexation and laughter.

"I guess it'll take more'n you to box 'em," was the retort, whereupon a slight scuffle ensued, but Ruth remarked to herself that Sam made no attempt to snatch the expected kiss from Adeline, and smiled as she noticed it; while Poll knotted up her hair and wondered at herself for Sam's sake, and coiled the "red wig" tenderly, because he had praised and kissed it. Forgive her, sensible reader; I own she was a little fool.

Sam found his way to the sloop, and brought up the little package of gifts for the girls: Adeline's red ribbon and Ruth's silver thimble entirely overtopped by the delicate collar and book of pictures for Poll. But this was natural enough, though Adeline took occasion afterward to remark that he must have felt pretty sure Poll would have him when he bought them; a remark utterly neutralized by Poll's naïve and humble "Why, of course he did!"

The next morning Sam said good-by; he was going to Connecticut to see his grandmother, his only near relative living, and from there to join the brig. Poll cried bitterly but comfortably, if one may use so unsentimental a word; for she had a heart full of comfort, and just then it re-

fused to face the possibility of loss, and bore up bravely against the need of separation.

Summer was come too, and its long days of wandering; the sea laughed again on the shore and flung its flower-spray over the relentless rocks till they looked only strong, no longer cruel; the long grass waved in soft southern winds, and the purple mists of the horizon were dotted with snowy sails, emerging and fleeing in incessant silent change; and every day, that first bright week of June, Poll strained her eager eyes to see the *Flying Cloud*, and every ship seemed to her the ship she watched for, till at last came news that she had been spoken far out at sea by a returning vessel, and after that Poll watched no more. But not now could she spend her whole time in the fresh fields or on the shore; grave duties impended over her, and Ruth would not let them be forgotten. Ruth herself had been under a mother's care when Jonas left her, and been trained to those duties in the sweet anticipation of their exercise in a home of her own, and it was with bitter memories that she set herself to teach Poll how to keep house. Cooking and washing, ironing, mending, cutting out new garments, and refitting old ones, might have been a dull routine to Poll before, but now it was vividly pleasant; her imagination, that hitherto, aimless and void, had wandered far and wide on fair but profitless journeys, now drew down its wings for a narrower and more blessed sphere. Love has its own miracles whether human or divine, and they who have known what it is to do every daily duty, whether trivial or important, as for one dearest object, toward whom life tends in every leaf and bough, as toward the light, can best understand what the Apostle meant in charging his Christian flock to do all things as "unto the Lord." But Poll's idol was of the earth as yet; she knew and aspired no higher, though Sam Bent's own earnest, rugged, everyday religion had recommended itself to her admiration and reverence long ago. So she did all these things as if Sam were to be directly aided and comforted by them, and soon surpassed her teacher in practice as far as she exceeded her in mental ability; one's mind having, after all, in spite of customary sneers to the contrary, an effect on something besides literary capacity. Before autumn Uncle Abe discovered that nobody on the Shore made chowder like Poll's, or stewed such flavorful dishes from despised haddock and chip-dry halibut. Also a tiny bit of mould that the accretion of years of refuse had formed behind the house, much as it might have on a coral reef, Poll had shorn of its rank weeds, dug by means of an old fire-shovel, and planted with onions, beets, and potatoes; while in one corner bloomed and thrived a daily rose-bush, Sam's parting token, brought from New York by Ben Gould the day after the *Flying Cloud* sailed. Those pink buds told Poll a great many tender stories as she watched their clean, bright petals unfold against the myrtle-green leaves; and if care were a specific for rose-bushes, this one ought to have flourished even more than it did;

and before autumn there grew about it, like a court about a queen, clusters of every blossom that was native to the soil, and Poll's "posy-bed" was brighter and fairer than many a parterre of exotics.

It is beyond the limits of fact to say, as we would be glad to, that this improvement of Poll's renewed her complexion and redyed her hair: unfortunately they remained as rough and red as ever; but she had grown so tidy and so self-respectful, her calico dress was always so clean and well-fitted, her rippling hair so smooth and bright and carefully knotted, that a new attraction embellished her, and approved itself to the housewifely soul of Martha, who lived up in the country, not two miles from Mary, and had come down this hot September, "to get recruited up," as she phrased it, after the labors of summer. She was so pleased with Poll, whom she had held in the same estimation that the rest bestowed on her formerly, that she asked her to go home with her for a visit, and Poll went.

But though the rich meadows and wet woods of Ewefield were beautiful enough, in their green breadth and October splendor, to bewitch Poll's unaccustomed eyes, she felt a strange languor assail her, and a sleepy sweetness in the air made it seem hard to breathe; she drooped and paled, and dragged her heavy feet from field to field, in search of gay maple leaves and new flowers, till she was fit only to sink on the door-step when she got back, and could scarce hold up her head, it ached and throbbed so hard. Long before the end of her month's stay she grew homesick for the queer old cabin and the poignant sea-breeze. Martha's gray farm-house, neat and cool and spare as it was, looked chill and dreary in every square room and clean corner; the dairy smells of curd and cheese sickened her morbidly acute sense; the quiet of the inland pastures and hills stifled her like a shroud. She could not eat, or sleep, or work, and she did not know why, except that she was homesick; and she heartily welcomed the day fixed for her to go home, and wondered at herself when the sea-wind failed to revive her, and her own little cot to rest her aching limbs. But a day or two of increasing weakness and sleeplessness revealed the secret of Poll's restless manner and flushed cheek; in the steaming meadows of Ewefield, its thick river fogs, and deep black swamps, full of rotting vegetation, lurked the breath of malaria, and a violent fever had fastened upon Poll's unacclimated frame, and begun to waste and burn and destroy like an invading army. All Ruth's simples were tried in vain; and when the redoubtable Dr. Higgs, the "nateral bone-setter," who was also the sole physician of Punkintown, was summoned, he pronounced Poll to be "in a most vicarious condition—repugnant typhus, with a determinacy to digestion of the brain." Perhaps his skill was better than his language; for he had at least sense enough to forbid either bleeding or blistering, as old Abe alternately begged for one or the other, simply because the only sickness he ever had was allayed by both.

But at last Poll became so delirious, and the danger to her brain so great, that every bit of her splendid hair was shorn, and at last shaved off, and the redundant tresses laid away in a drawer, perhaps—as Ruth thought—to be all Sam should find when he came back from China.

Days and weeks passed away. November became December, and yet Poll wrestled with the death that impended over her; for though the fever was at length mastered and abated, she was left in a state of infantile weakness, and it required all Ruth's most faithful care to keep her in life. Her mind, too, seemed feeble as her body; she remembered nothing, cared for nothing, but took her food and tonics, and dozed away the days. But by the middle of January she began to brighten, to say a few weak words, though evidently Ruth and her father were her only memories; in her delirium she had raved about Sam and her red hair, regretted it, wept over it, and caressed it by turns, till even Adeline felt painful twinges of repentance for the pain she had given the poor child in times past. But now she never mentioned Sam's name, or alluded to her hair, and though there was a letter carefully laid away in Ruth's drawer waiting to be asked for, it seemed as if Poll had forgotten—but she only slept.

One warm day in February she sat up by her window, and her eye fell on the bare branches of the little rose-tree; something stirred in her brain, a moment's painful struggle to catch the fleeting thought: one moment of that exquisitely painful wandering and groping darkness that assails the weak will and the faded memory, and Poll remembered. Ruth saw the keen agony of look that pierced her vague eyes and died out, almost as quickly to renew its spark, the flushing and paling cheek, the tremulous lips, till those eyes brightened into certainty, and her cheek burned with a blush and a smile at once, and she spoke.

"Ruth," said she, "have you heard any thing from Sam?"

"Yes," said Ruth, quietly, stepping to her drawer for the letter, which she handed to Poll. Perhaps even you, refined and well-educated reader, may forgive its spelling and grammar if I venture to transcribe it over her shoulder:

At sea. August 17th

dear Poll

This is to say I am alive And well and Hoap you enjoy the saim blasing. we wayed Anker the first of June acord-ing to orders, and maid a Steddy run acrost the atlantick till we stood off Sow-east for the cape. I now rite in hops of a Vesel pasing bye I rite for to tell you agane How much I keep a strate Course in my mind for the Port where you be Poll. my deer I think of you evry Day and likewise when I keep Watch. I seem somehow to sight the old Cabbin, and the beach-gras a shinin' all round you, where you lay when I ketched you up. deer I am no grate fist at ritin, but I want for to hev you know that I aint One of that sort o' Craft that shifts their flaggs in knew Places. I be as trew to my bearin's as our figger-head and I allays rekollects your Bewtiful hare when I see the Risin Sun acrost the sea. So no more at Present from your loving frend to Command

SAM BENT

Tears of pleasure filled Poll's eyes as she read, but when she came to the last line a sudden

paleness swept across her face. She put up her hand gropingly to her head—it was smooth and soft as a mouse-skin. "Ruth!" said she, eagerly, "where is it?"

Ruth had watched her, and answered as if to a more definite question—"We had to cut it off when you were so sick, Poll; you wouldn't have got well without."

Poll lay back in her chair, faint and sick. She said nothing at first; but the slow, hot tears rolled down her cheeks, and her wan face gathered a look of pain that was sad to see: the thought that smote her so bitterly was all of Sam; what would he say? Her hair, that was "the prettiest thing about her," that he thought of so far away, that he would want to see. How she must look! And with that came a strange desire to see herself. She sat up and asked Ruth to get her some tea. A little strata-gem only; for when she left the room Poll got up and tottered to the glass that hung by the window. Poor Poll! the spectacle was not pleasant. A thin white face, eyes bigger than ever, and the small head in that ugly transition from no hair, when any color of a coming crop seems only slaty gray from its extreme shortness. Poll turned away; she was altogether humiliated. Surely she might give up Sam now and forever, for the only attraction she had possessed was gone, and she was actually repulsive besides. She was too weak to be passionately disappointed, but she laid herself on the bed like a grieved and tired child and cried herself to sleep.

A vainer or a more selfish woman might have fretted and brooded over her trouble till the fever had returned with fatal consequences; but Poll was too absorbed in Sam and his future to give so much thought to her own. She wept bitterly for days over her loss—and his; but from the first accepted it as a fact that Sam could not love her when he came back, and tried earnestly to accustom herself to the belief. And she succeeded very well till it occurred to her one day that he would marry somebody else, perhaps Adeline, and then Poll found she had not sound-ed her trouble before: she could no more face that thought than she could the looking-glass, which she had never looked into from that day when she first saw herself. But the weeks did not stop to look at her or to pity Sam Bent.

Spring came stealing on with steady advance, and Poll's naturally tenacious constitution re-vived in the soft airs and breezes. Her best consolation was her old out-of-door haunts; and though she was now habitually sad and silent, she did not mope or cry—though Ruth wondered why she withdrew herself more and more from her housekeeping duties, and even remonstrated with her to no effect, except saddening her more deeply or bringing about a brief spasm of effort.

But Poll might have looked into the glass by the middle of May with good effect—the long fever had either renovated some torpid function of her skin, or the long confinement to the house softened and soothed its habitual inflammation: for now it was smooth and fair as a child's, and

every breeze brought to it a light bloom like a wild-rose petal; her lips were reddened with healthy crimson, and her broad white brow had lost its burned and tanned look, for she had now to keep on her sun-bonnet, missing the heavy covering of her hair. Yet, to tell the truth, its loss was an embellishment, for her head was covered now with thick soft rings and curls of the richest chestnut, glossy as the new skin of that nut and fine as floss: nothing prettier could have crowned her forehead, and shaded so beautifully with her eyes of the same tint, a shade darker, but softened and deepened by suffering and emotion. There was nobody to tell Poll all this. Ruth was glad her red hair had gone; but she did not say so for fear of hurting her feelings, and old Abe did not understand any beauty but the type of sturdy figures, red cheeks, and black eyes—a type rather forced on his admiration by repetition, till now he preferred it from habit. Adeline had been gone since March to see Nancy at Madison, and nobody ever came to the hut whom Poll was willing to see now; so she kept by herself, and waited with sad patience for Sam's coming, that she might tell him what she expected and have it over with.

But one rarely does just what they mean to do beforehand; and the *Flying Cloud* was safe in New York without Poll's hearing of her arrival for two days, and Poll herself, sitting in her low chair reading, was "taken all aback," as her father said, one bright June morning, by the heavy "thud" of a box set down on the sill of the door, and the quick jump of a man over it.

"Why, Poll!" said Sam, after the first unresisted kissing was over, holding her off to look at her, "I shouldn't ha' known you!"

"No, I guess not!" said Poll, with quivering lips. "My hair is all gone, and—and Sam, I look so—I know—"

"Look so!" interrupted Sam; "I guess you do! why you've ben and got made over!"

"Oh, Sam, don't!" said she. Somehow it was harder to bear than she had expected, and the tears would come as she went on—"I know I am as humbly as a crab, but I sha'n't feel hard about you, Sam. I know you can't love me. I—I—" Here came a big sob.

"Jethunderation!" roared Sam, getting up his biggest expletive, "you humbly? You're handsomer 'n a picture this minnit; why Poll!"

"Sam!" said she, indignantly, "don't! Do you think I don't know?"

"Yes I do," said Sam. "Hold hard a bit!" With which little exhortation he put her down, and went to his chest. Out of its capacious interior he drew a great bundle, done up in folds of canvas, wads of cotton, and wrappings of Chinese paper, which at last peeled off under his clumsy fingers, and displayed the prettiest little dressing-case of black lacker, studded with gold flowers and butterflies—its four drawers surmounted by an oval mirror in a frame of the same material. Sam triumphantly hoisted the whole of the affair on the top of the bureau, and catching up Poll in his arms, held her up and

asked her to look. Oh what a pretty vision was there! A fair, sweet face, with a deep glow on either cheek; its tender, panting mouth just parted over little snow-white teeth; its great brown eyes moist and bright with the tears they had but just shed; and a head wreathed with silky ringlets whose coils caught the light with a bronze lustre as lovely as rare: the blue check dress and white ruffle identified her.

"Why!" said Poll, with a little start.

"You mean to say *that* a'n't hansum?" triumphantly asked Sam.

"I didn't know I looked like that," was the naïve answer.

"Don't you never look in the glass?" returned he.

"I haven't since I was sick, but once," said Poll, dropping her head.

"Here's a reef!" said Sam, light beginning to dawn on his mind. "Well, I am some took aback myself. I don't think a poor sea-farin' man like me had oughter ask sech a three-decker to marry him! Poll, I b'lieve I must haul down my flag; I can't expect you to keer for me now."

Poll turned round and looked at him; there was no mistaking the sparkle of that deep gray eye. Poll dropped her head on his shoulder. She could hear the light laughter he had repressed now.

"Oh, Sam," said she, nestling still closer to his cheek, "I'm so glad!"

The black lacker dressing-case, somewhat worn and tarnished, stands now in the "spare chamber" of a tiny gray house at the foot of Squameag Light-house; for Ben Gould was drowned, and Sam got his situation. In the upper drawer of the pretty luxury a mass of red hair, long and wavy, is coiled away, and tied up with an Indian ribbon that smells of sandal-wood; but Poll Jennings's hair has grown again down to the hem of her dress, and its beautiful coil is as bright as ever, though no longer red. Sam offers to get a divorce, now and then, on account of his "humbliness;" but at the last advices his offer was not yet accepted—"on account of the children," Poll demurely says.

TOO SENSITIVE.

IN going through a street in Boston not long since, we heard one young woman say to another as we passed, "*Ain't you too sensitive?*" The young woman that spoke was healthy, strong, and handsome: the young woman spoken to was sickly, weak, and plain. The contrast was so striking that, though we walked at a rapid pace, it was by one glance stamped upon our mind. The words also deeply impressed us, set our brain to work, and kept us long a thinking. As we walked we mused. "And thus," we murmured to ourselves, "the powerful and the favored treat the complainings of the feeble and the unfavored: thus the successful listen to the grumbings of the disappointed and the unfortunate." The more we reflected the more import did the

words yield us. We felt that there was much of human character revealed through them—for the spirit of these words is very common in the world.

We have no toleration for whining, and we have no pity for whiners. They are among the most tormenting of social pests. Affected sensibility is disgusting—morbidity is vexatious; but worst of all is the drawling dolefulness with which certain self-consecrated martyrs persecute any acquaintance who has patience and good-nature enough to listen to them. It is the hearer who is truly the real sufferer. These talkative afflicted ones have no mercy, no compassion; without consideration or remorse, they continue to the extremity of endurance their slow, wasting torture, and care nothing for their victim's pain; are insensible to his mute anguish; give no heed to his imploring looks, and no hearing to his stifled groans. We once heard a clergyman preach upon the duty of people bearing each other's burdens. We told him after service that it would be as well to preach another sermon on the duty of people bearing their own burdens. In this matter of bearing burdens there is seldom any reciprocity. The bearing is usually all on one side, and the supply of burdens all on the other. One person furnishes the load, and another person has to carry it. Such persons are entirely opposite in character and class. The martyr-side of ethics, as the most severe and the most repugnant to instinct, is naturally the side which moralists the most strenuously urge; but needful in general as this is, the urgency may be excessive and unreasonable. The constant exhortation is, "*Care nothing for self; care every thing for others.*" "Think and work for the comfort and happiness of your brethren; but as to your own lot, be content, even joyful, with suffering and sacrifice."

These counsels are grand when they have real meaning, and when there is positive and actual demand for patient or heroic will and deed. But as they are ordinarily given they are void of positive or serious meaning. Mostly they are only rhetorical commonplaces; full of sound, void of substance. They too often, also, seem as void of sincerity as of substance. At least they seem void of the conditions which compel belief in the sincerity of those who are frequently the most eloquent in urging them. We could particularize this statement, with any number and variety of examples; but we wish to avoid the least seeming of unfairness, and we must leave our readers to verify it from their own experience, and in their own way. One remark may be safely risked: those who insist on the duty of self-denial often appear to be in situations very favorable to self-indulgence, and they do not at all seem out of harmony with their situations. They may be sincere; but their sincerity has no convincing evidence, and, justly or unjustly, it is suspected.

Withal, in actual life in western and modern civilization, this passive theory is always in a

state of chronic contradiction. Putting out of view our acknowledged sins, a great deal of our most purely intended conduct is at variance with many of our universally accepted precepts. We say in words, "Bear ye one another's burdens;" but, in fact, many of us try as best we can that each man shall make another bear his burden. Yet, if this could be actually achieved, it would be simply to institute the worst conceivable order of slavery. The weakly good would become morally submissive to the strongly bad. The kindly industrious would be workers for the viciously idle. The generous would be the prey of the base; the prudent, the bankers of the prodigal; the affectionate, the providers for the hard-hearted; the independent of generous soul, the dupes of sharpers and the care-takers of the unworthy. So, to a great degree, it is; but we should not justify it by an illusive theory, to which our active life is a natural and perpetual opposition. What right have people to load others with their troubles? or what reasonable obligation is there on others to accept the load? Oh yes; duty demands it. Duty, forsooth! Why, the real, upright, worthy duty in most of such cases, is to refuse, to resent, and to resist. And this, not only as a vindication of freedom and personality on the one side, but as the best means of real benefit to the other. Ready compliance, unresisting submission, are good for neither, and commonly are the ruin of both. A young woman wears out and wastes her life in attending to the whims of a selfish mother, who fancies herself of fragile health, and by-and-by there are two old women instead of one. Had the daughter had the courage and the conscience to act as God and Nature prompted, some brave heart with her own would have been made blessed; a group of joyous lives might have clustered around them; and the mother, who had in her the stamina of old Parr, instead of being a querulous and cross-tempered hag, would have come to reverend and sunny age, surrounded by bright and happy faces. She would, long years ago, have forgotten her rheumatism, her asthma, the extreme delicacy of her nerves, her wonderful tenderness of stomach, and that deadly "worm i' the bud"—consumption—which kept gnawing at her lungs for three quarters of a century. A father tyrannizes over his children, rules them with arbitrary caprice, prevents his daughters from settlement in life, and his sons from education or advancement; the grace and beauty that might have adorned society are lost to it in obscurity, and manhood which might have added to the strength and glory of the state, has never been cultured or matured. These children submit, and are called "good;" but they would have been better had they acted out their own right and reasonable wills against the parental injustice of wrong and unreasonable fancies. In the same way a father often sacrifices himself and the rest of his family to some worthless son or daughter; or a kind brother does so for a vain and frivolous sister; or a loving sister does so for a scoundrel brother; and most frequently

of all, a wife bears, with long-suffering patience, the evil inflicted on her by a cruel or unprincipled husband; or a husband comes to infamy and ruin by indulging the follies of a dissipated wife. Some of these victims get approval from a mawkish morality, and others of them get pity from a mawkish sympathy; and we know not which is the most offensive to honest and healthy feeling—the mawkish morality of the feeble sermon, or the mawkish sympathy of the trashy novel. In the romance of “Shirley” there is a grand and vigorous passage of eloquence, in which bold and independent Charlotte denounces in her own fearless and *tranchant* way this insincere moralism of caring nothing for one’s self, and caring all for others. The doctrine is loud-sounding, and like all loud-sound, it most belongs to hollow or windy instruments. The selfish vociferously preach it; only the unselfish silently practice it. But honest care for one’s self is often the best and truest care for others. Health and competence, depending largely on temperance and thrift, are essential conditions of usefulness and goodness in most of the relations and callings of life. Such care for one’s self is constantly a check on the idle or unruly self of others; it is at the same time resistance and example; it may convert or cure the reckless—at the worst it garners the means of helping them in their extremity. There is, moreover, an unselfish care for self, which is the wisdom of the noblest love and the sublime prudence of heroic spirits. It is the saving, the economy, the reserved fund of thoughtful and beneficent power. This sort of care for self has been in all great souls, in prophets, apostles, teachers, soldiers, even martyrs. The truly generous and the brave shrink from having others as sharers of their troubles; and they deem it to be both ungracious and unjust to tax them even with the pain of sympathy. This is right, most right; for surely it is very unworthy to take advantage of kindly sensibilities, and make them suffer that we may have the mean luxury of expression. The brave and generous man bears his own burden to the utmost, and wills not, if he can, that any one else shall feel its weight.

We are not, as we have said, tolerant of whining, and ours are not the ethics which give encouragement to unreasonable exaction, or teach the merit of unreasonable submission.

Still, we would not push our principles into a hard and unfeeling stoicism. This would be as unnatural as it would be unchristian. As it is not in nature to be in ourselves insensible to the pains and griefs of life, it would be most selfish and unchristian to withhold sympathy from them in the case of others. If there may be unjust demand, so, too, there can be uncharitable refusal. There are instances manifold in which the sufferer bears the stinging arrow in the heart, but never puts sorrow into words, or tells any one of the hidden anguish. What a long, fearful, unsuspected martyrdom was that of Caroline, queen of George the Second! With a fatal cancer for years eating away her life, she had to

amuse a brutal husband, help to do the real government of the empire, preside at Court, be graceful and easy in pageantry and ceremonial, when, possibly, torture almost to madness was concealed; and she would talk learnedly with scholars and philosophers, and in victory over pain be truly grander than they in their highest speculations.

Examples may also be in which the source of a troubled or disordered life is hidden from the victim himself. He is censured as eccentric, unsteady, or immoral—as wasteful, improvident, prodigal: if he is capable of reflection, he admits the accusation, and is miserable without being repentant; if not reflective, he runs his career, and at last the secret is revealed—which he or others had never suspected—some inscrutable disease, that as a poisoned fountain effused its morbidness through will, thought, desire, and deed. We read not long since of such a case in a letter from *Spiridion*—the Parisian correspondent of the *Boston Traveller*. He pathetically relates the life and death of Supersac—a young *litterateur* about town, and the type of a special class in Paris. Lodging usually in garrets; working hard at times, they live irregularly and die prematurely—well educated, well mannered, well dressed—to-day in want, to-morrow in luxury—elegant, witty, and gay, until the dark hour comes, of destiny or despair. Such it seems has been the story of not a few brilliant men of letters in Paris: a short life—a taxed and excited mind—alternations of mirth and moodiness; soon, failing resources, sickness without solace, and frequently, at last, death in the hospital. Supersac was a very decided member of this class, both in his life and death. What money he obtained by his writings or a small Government office that he held, he spent loosely. “But it must be said to his honor,” observes the writer, “and to his acuteness of observation, that he never borrowed money of his companions: he knew that nothing so ruined a man here as to borrow money. He bore his privations without an audible groan. He asked no one’s sympathy. He appealed to nobody’s kindness—all which is the wisdom of living in Paris. Laugh with the laughers, weep with the weepers, feast with the feasters, dress as well as any body, suit your face to the faces around you, and if the fox hid under garments doth gnaw your vitals, let him gnaw them; but take care to let no one suspect he is beneath that raiment cut in the latest fashion, or dream he is preying on your vitals.” And so, after a while, Supersac came to the hospital to die. “The disease of which he died,” says the writer, “was significant enough: it shows how ravenous was the fox which he hid in his breast: ’twas cancer in the brain.”

But the most heroic and the most self-enduring will sometimes, as by force, let some involuntary sighs escape them. Sad and bitter thoughts will come to those who walk on shady side of life, and when fancying they are alone they will sometimes groan aloud: if those walking

on the sunny side of life should perchance hear the groan, let them not conclude the nature from which it bursts cowardly or weak. Who can tell how long and how desperate has been the struggle before the heart succumbs? If at last it bends, and even weeps, it may be but to obtain strength to renew the battle, and to gain the victory. And if in confidence it puts its troubles into words, the ear of friendship should not listen to them coldly. Take the case from which we started in these meditations. One girl was full of health—had strength and beauty. If her lot was fair, she was, no doubt, more than contented. She was hopeful, more than cheerful. She was joyous. She had society, pleasure, admiration, love. Life was pleasant, and all her feelings were glad: nature, if not understood in its suggestiveness or poetry, was yet agreeable in all its impressions on the senses—night brought wholesome rest, day had no lagging length in the weary consciousness of time, and the seasons of the year succeeded like the changing measures of a song. How could she understand the restless pining, the lonely, the undefinable sadness, the visionary longings, the hopeless fancies, of a life the opposite of her own? Why should she? Why indeed should it be expected that she could, or why should it be expected or desired? All that she had her companion wanted. It was no wonder if the living world seemed dull to that companion, and the natural world dark, and existence itself a slow and toilsome journey. We are not in these suppositions taking into account religious influences, which so powerfully modify life; for it is our object in this paper to analyze simply natural experiences. It is within such limits that we view the present and other contrasts. The weaker companion here could obtain no sympathy from the stronger—not because the stronger was ungentle or unloving, but because she could not *understand* the weaker. The weaker spoke an unknown language to her. The stronger had no inward interpretation for the spoken words. The living meaning of such words she had yet to learn, when trial would bring experience, and experience, knowledge. Now, however, she could only answer to her sister's murmur with, "*Ain't you too sensitive?*" Too sensitive! Perhaps this was the first time she had ever ventured to speak of that within her which was long a hidden pain, and which she had bravely and carefully kept to herself—and now thrown back again upon solitude and silence, she will hold her secret closely, and bear it safely to the grave.

This one illustration will stand for a large variety of other trials and experiences, which it would be useless or tiresome to bring forward separately and singly. We have given the *spirit* and the *principle*, and any one can test or verify them by examples every day, and in every circle.

Our idea—that is, our indifference to troubles which we do not feel or *can not* feel—may be illustrated by experiences in our more outward life. There is no hard-heartedness in the mat-

ter. We may wish to give sympathy—*nay*, we try to give it—and to the degree that we grasp a common sentiment with the sufferer we do give it. As far as community of feeling can carry us we go; but when *that* can not carry us farther, we must stop. So far as we *feel* we can understand, and so far as we can understand we sympathize; into the peculiar and individual we can not enter: within *that* there is a mystery to which we can not pierce, and for which our personal consciousness has neither type nor counterpart. If it be a great affliction, our common humanity has always the resource of pity, and we can often help where we can not understand. It is not, however, in great affliction alone that we may fail in the ability to understand others in their troubles, but also in what are considered very minor ones; perhaps, indeed, our difficulty becomes greater as such troubles become less. Our friend complains, for instance, that he has not his just place in society. He either has not the proper station allotted to him, or the station he occupies is not sufficiently respected; or, whatever be his station, he is not, as he thinks, duly recognized. We either have all the station that society can give, or we have all the station that we covet, or we are indifferent about station. In any of these cases we are not in the position to understand our friend. We have all that we can have; we can not therefore tell how we should feel if we had not. Or we have all that we desire, and so we can not imagine what would be our state of mind if we had less. Or we are indifferent to all station; we can not then tell how it would be with us if we were anxious about station. If we can not understand what our own consciousness would be as a hypothesis, how much less can we understand that of our friend as a fact; and to any arguments we urge, he can turn against us all these objections. If we tell him that outward position is mere appearance—inward worth and wisdom alone true reality—he may deny this statement. Outward position *is* reality—at least, it *represents* reality. If the individual nobleman is a fool, some one had the talent, the courage, or the cunning which procured for him his title. Even for the fool position is an advantage, and it has even for *him* a real influence. But, further, outward position is reality as the exponent constantly of talent, character, and successful activity. And, lastly, outward position is reality not only as a social power, but as an incitement, as an intensive force, as an authority, as a means of fixing public attention, and even as a means of moral impression. The desire for position arouses mental energy, improves the common mind, and glorifies the great. It becomes a centralizing influence to faculty and activity, and gives to endeavor direction, purpose, persistency, and end. It stamps on what a man does a certain sanction which enlarges the individual to the magnitude of collective numbers, and confers on his words the grandeur of the nation or the sovereignty of the state. Suppose

that Demosthenes uttered the same words to the workmen in his sword-factory that he did in the courts, the council, or the assembly; would they seem the same words to these workmen themselves as they heard in the public orations? Suppose an obscure man could think like Burke, feel like Fox, or speak like Chatham; would he ever so think, feel, or speak in obscurity? or, if he did, who would recognize it, or who would mind it? It may be said that such men would force themselves into station. This has nothing to do with the supposition—it does not weaken, but strengthen the argument; for it shows that power seeks position. It goes still further: it implies that position is a necessary element in the action of power. An ordinary man in public station has a value given even to commonplace words that eloquence itself can not obtain or genius win in more retired situations. Every Sunday there is nobler and finer speech in scores of pulpits throughout Christendom than some of the most brilliant men pronounce in senates, yet not one preacher in a thousand rises to the fame of an orator. Is it, then, that eloquence is one thing in the pulpit and another in the senate? No. What, then, is the difference? The difference of position. The preacher speaks to a congregation, the senator speaks to nations; and for one orator in the senate there are thousands in the pulpit. And it is the same with moral influence. The peasant of worth and wisdom is not less elevated than the celebrated sage or worker; but the peasant's elevation is only dimly seen even by his family and his neighborhood—that of the celebrated sage or worker lasts during time, and is seen and known of all the world. It is therefore to no purpose that we argue; we do not reach our friend's case. He may be feeble as well as ambitious; but if we say to him, "*Ain't you too sensitive?*" we may but prick the sorest spot of his infirmity, and irritate when we mean to soothe.

Men also become morbid as to what they consider the measure of their own merit. No doubt there are often judgments that are extremely false and painfully unjust; and if the ill-treated are indignant and complain, it is often from a righteous truthfulness, and not from egotism or envy, vanity and moroseness. The mature veteran sees a youth sent to command him; the gray-haired curate finds in his old age the parish which he has faithfully served for half a century sold to a sporting parson, or given to the bishop's son-in-law; the bold and honest politician, true to his constituents and loyal to his country, sees that for his independence he is excluded from office, and for his integrity fails of re-election, while the worthless rise to power, and unprincipled praters win the popular suffrage; the diligent, skillful, and faithful manager of a mercantile firm, who has been the architect of its wealth and greatness, who has thrown his life into its capital, sees that year after year he remains a servant, with no chance of rising to the dignity of a partner, while the place that he has severely earned is bestowed on some idler

with full purse and empty pate; superannuated and worn-out, he is dismissed upon a paltry pension. If these, and such like in every department of life, complain, we must not blame them, nor meet them with the cold inquiry, "*Ain't you too sensitive?*" for their sensitiveness is a part of their virtue. Yet it will be equally in vain to say it to the foolish, who imagine that others judge them falsely, because they do not rightly judge themselves. They have one standard of their own merit, those outside have another. It will be useless to try to reconcile these standards—not only different but opposite. They are contradictory which not even Hegel could harmonize. The subjective idea of their deserving in their own minds and the objective idea of it in the minds of others are, necessarily, repulsive, each of each; if any one can harmonize them, he has brought into union the subjective and the objective in a most difficult example, and solved what has been hitherto regarded by sober thinkers as the most impossible problem of metaphysics.

If, therefore, a man comes to you and tells you that his article has not been accepted by this Magazine, or that his book has been most unmercifully cut up by that Review, do not say to him, "*Ain't you too sensitive?*" but say to him, cordially and kindly, "My dear fellow, take care of your nervous system, and strengthen your digestion." If a friend of yours makes a bad speech and has the grace to repent it, do not prostrate him, but deepen his repentance. If the stuff is in him, he will get up again and startle those who mocked him. "Try again"—"Try again," is the maxim of all manly energy; and if one fails at last, and his efforts have been wise, his loss, in the long-run, becomes gain to others. So, if a military commander, on technical reasons, tells you why his profound strategy *should* have been annihilation to the enemy, but you see that the enemy is alive and kicking, forbear, wait, think—abide the issue, but do not dogmatize or prophesy. If a man descants to you on his wonderful financial sagacity, who has yet always been in a state of chronic failure, listen to him patiently, but do not lend him your money.

Still, there are always in the world men who merit success and do not gain it. They are either in advance of their time, or in some way they do not understand it, and so the time does not feel them, or soon forgets them. Say not, then, to the thinker—the writer—the singer—the worker—the enthusiast, whose genius is divinely ardent for liberty and goodness, righteousness and liberty—say not to him when he is sad, downcast, and disappointed, "*Ain't you too sensitive?*"

We have a few reflections to make, and then we close. One is, the absurd way in which the doctrine of compensation is generally presented. As a person hears it commonly stated, it would almost seem to be a misfortune to be handsome, stout, and healthy; to be well-born, rich, and educated. Now this is all nonsense. It is true, indeed, that in comparison with a living soul

all the material universe is as nothing; that in comparison with an immortal soul all human history is but a dream; but relatively to this world, and to the present life, the good numbers in the lottery of nature are not without a marked and desirable value. To be handsome is not to be foolish: on the contrary, good-nature and a handsome face are almost a guarantee for kindly views of the world and generous conduct in its affairs, or for domestic grace and sweetness. To be stout and healthy is, in ordinary circumstances, to be also frank and brave; and if the stalwart are otherwise they meet with infamy and disgrace. The pity which is given to the petulance and irritation of the feeble is a natural penalty and a moral humiliation. To be well-born, physically or socially, is an advantage which only the most shallow or the most vulgar mind will underrate. To be rich is not to be vicious or licentious, but to have a safe-guard from most of the basest temptations, and to have in one's power an instrument of the most beneficent virtues. We, the writer, have to do the best we can with poverty; but we do most conscientiously believe we should have done wonderfully better with riches. We should have been more good-natured, good-humored, in every way more agreeable. With one half of what old Astor said a man might be well-off on, we should not be the cynic that we are; the milk in us of human kindness would not have soured; we would not have scolded our wife, or snubbed our children, or *cut* our friends—we would have been brightly placid as the summer lake, mildly shining as the moonlit hill; we would have been affectionate to dunces, and smiled at all creation. Despite of all the praises which the struggling, the disappointed, or the satiated lavish on the blessings of mediocrity or indigence, we sincerely believe that more truth, goodness, and all the graces and charities that make life beautiful are to be found among the wealthy than among the destitute. Ordinary virtue among the destitute is **HEROISM**; among the wealthy it is a matter of course.

Still more absurd are the usual forms of giving consolation or offering assistance. Sometimes the manner of doing this wounds more bitterly than the actual affliction. A feeble man was passing along a city street from a railroad station, carrying a traveling-bag which seemed to fatigue him. A stalwart fellow came beside him. "Let me carry *that*," said Hercules. "No, thank you," said Doddikins. "You'd better," insisted Hercules; "for you're nothing but a cripple." Now you observe that unhappy phrase, "*You're nothing but a cripple*," crushed a world of gratitude bubbling up in the breast of Doddikins, and for the moment blunted him to the generous good-nature in the heart of Hercules. To be gracious, and to hit the almost invisible point between grief and apathy, is the rare art which few possess of giving consolation. When affliction is present, according to Sterne, consolation is too soon; when affliction is past, it is too late: there is a space which you must

hit between them both as fine as a razor's edge. But those who seem to need consolation are often as unreasonably obstinate as their comforters are awkwardly absurd. The brother of a clergyman had been prostrated by a severe domestic bereavement. The clergyman exhausted all the common topics of consolation. The afflicted man listened with dumb attention, and then at last gasped out: "Brother, I have thought on some of these things." A rough man of the world was trying to comfort a widow on the death of her husband. He exhausted all his commonplaces, and found that he had made no impression. At length, vexed and disappointed, he exclaimed: "Well, dash it, Madam! what's to be done about it?"

There are griefs that will not speak—there are griefs that can not speak—and why not leave them to the sanctity of their silence? Why obtrude on them the outward forms of even religious consolation? They are awfully holy in themselves, and the soul must endure them in its solemn solitude with God. To insult such sorrows with words, however sacred, seems to us a sort of pious profanity. Those of the olden faith, who saw in all their life the immediate action of divine power, did not mouth or mumble phrases; but while their hearts were torn, simply said—"It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." They then put sackcloth on their bodies, and ashes on their heads, and bent themselves in silence to the ground: those who came to condole with them lay as they did, prostrate in the dust, and did not add to their calamity by mockery of words. Were any peculiar misfortune to befall ourselves, so much do we know of the pain it would cost to friends *not* to be able to feel it in the measure or degree that we should, that we would at once write to them to be at ease—to be natural. They could not have the secret of our woe. We would not wish them to have it. It is worse than cruel to put them on the rack of trying to *feel* what, outside of the individual, it is not in the power of humanity to comprehend or to communicate. We would at once relieve them from this great torture. We would tell them to live, as they had lived, their daily life; to do as they had done, their daily work; and enjoy as they had enjoyed, what God and nature gave them. Then might we honestly stay alone with our own heart and heaven.

Let no reader mistake our doctrine. We preach no selfish isolation. We simply maintain that there are all through life certain conditions of experience, which only similar conditions of experience can interpret; and that this interpretation is essential to any real and inward sympathy. But the want of this mind-sympathy or heart-sympathy is no barrier to any of the great charities or duties of life. We have always enough in common to secure these, and no peculiarities of individual trial change or multiply them. But as to such trial as is strictly individual, silence is most honorable wisdom; self-reliance and self-endurance, the most gener-

ous heroism. Let each, in meek and magnanimous spirit, bear the pain, which others can not share or help, within himself: and no man that respects his own personal or moral individuality will babble of his inward sufferings, whether retributive or blameless, and grieve or humiliate his friends by exacting the task-work from them

of talking sympathy—which at the most can only be conventional and verbal. Generous reticence on one side—kind reserve on the other. This is what, on both sides, is sincere, just, and true; true to nature, true to honesty, true to the best goodness, and to the purest sanctities of human life.

EDWIN OF DEIRA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

BOOK I.

WITH hasty rein from off the bloody field Prince Edwin with a score of followers fled Toward King Redwald's border—thither drawn By hope, which was twin-brother to despair— The grey King Redwald, though to him unknown, Long time his father's friend, who ruled a land In peace beyond the vapor-burdened hills. But Ethelbert upon the fliers swooped Like peregrine on pigeons, striking down And scattering. Edwin 'scaped, but 'scaped as one Wet-fetlocked from the Morecambe tide, that brings Sea-silence in an hour to wide-spread sands Loud with pack-horses, and the crack of whips. And on the way the steed of steeds beloved Burst noble heart and fell; and with a pang Keener than that which oftentimes is felt By human death-beds, Edwin left the corse To draw the unseen raven from the sky; Then fearful lest the villages of men Might babble of his steps to Ethelbert, Certain to sweep that way with clouds of horse, He sought rude wastes and heathy wildernesses Through which the stagnant streams crept black and sour.

Once, coming on a string of traffickers, With laden mules bound for a town, he hid Within the hollow of a ruined oak Till the blue evening steaming from the ground Made the star wink; then, signaled by the owl, He from his hiding stole. When earth was red With set of sun he passed into the land Of reed and fen, by many a wing be-clanged, And all the night he journeyed, while o'erhead The windy heaven streamed from east to west, And dim in vapor, keen in azure gulfs, The feverish stars pressed forward to their bournes. Midnighted thrice in wilderness he saw The far-meandering lake beneath the moon, Flicker in silver round a woody isle— The lake he oft had heard of. And he knew Another day would bring him to the Court Of the grey King who for his father's sake Would shelter him in this his sore distress.

Next morning, from the sandy hills he saw The bare blue desert of the sea flow out In glittering wrinkles 'neath a cloudy dawn; And when the sun burned through the mists, and grew

A mass of blinding splendor that out-rayed, He dipped into the valleys. On through woods, And roadless meads he passed, till at the hour When fiercest is the light, he weary came To a ravine that broke down from the hill With many a tumbled crag: a streamlet leapt From stony shelf to shelf: the rocks were touched By purple foxgloves, plumed by many a fern;

And all the soft green bottom of the gorge Was strewn with hermit stones that sideways leaned, Smooth-cheek'd with emerald moss. Here Edwin paused

To quench his thirst, and rising, was aware Of a gay youth that slid from off a rock With cordial greeting and toward him came: Slender as any girl: the golden hair, That plenteously unto his shoulders hung, Divided, gave to view a happy face Pure red and white as apple bloom on bough. He was a page, he said, at Redwald's Court, And going thither. "Thither go I, too," Quoth Edwin; "and have traveled since the morn. If it mislikes thee not, companionship, Poor as mine own, may kill a weary mile." So without farther parley on they went— One blithe in spirit, and as gaily dight As goldfinch swinging on a thistle top; The other sad of brow, and in attire As homely as the sparrow that has chirped Its whole life long upon a smoky thatch. And as they walked, the stranger full of life, Grew garrulous on Redwald and his sons. To him the Prince gave eager ear, though oft The kingliness behind the cloud put out A ray that dazzled, to be swift withdrawn. "Redwald," he said, "was grey and sad of blood. A man that, rooted in a bitter past, Drew sap enough to keep the trunk alive, But not enough to make the foliage green. His seven sons, hound-footed, falcon-eyed, The maddest men for hunting, who could rest No more than could the winds." And then his speech

Brightened like water round a sunbeam. "Ah, The Court is richest in a maid that comes Like silence after hoof and bugle-blare; Who owns the whitest hand, the sweetest cheek Air touches, sunlight sees. And Time, like one Who in the task delights, with every grace And glow is dressing her, so that to-day Shames yesterday, to-morrow shames to-day." From this height soon he fell and 'gan rehearse The petty spites and scandals of the Court: How the King's frown had dimmed the warrior's arms,

How the proud lady scorned the faithful knight, How all that day the forests would be loud With hound and horn, how 'twas the King's intent That night to give a feast to all his lords, Himself upon the dais. As Edwin winced, The page turned smiling. "See, my tongue runs on Of court and courtier, princess, prince, and king, Unmindful of thy business! Let me know. Perchance in me resides some little power To gain thee audience of a mighty lord,

Though in the stirrup were his hasty foot—
 Glad should I be." In strange sort Edwin smiled.
 "What trade have such as I with mighty lords?
 'Tis with King Redwald that my business lies.
 A king is like the unexpecting sun
 That shines on all alike." Discoursing thus
 They entered on a broad and public way
 Whereon were travelers and lively stir,
 And now a maid and now a knight went past
 With light upon his armor; and at length,
 The while the press was growing more and more,
 They came upon the palace, vast in shade
 Against the sunset. Noisy was the place
 With train and retinue, and the cumbrous pomps
 The feasters left without. The steeds were staked
 Upon the sward, and from the gates the folk,
 Busy as bees at entrance of a hive,
 Swarmed in and out. Men lay upon the grass,
 Men leaned with folded arms against the walls,
 Men dined with eager hands and covetous eyes;
 Men sat on grass with hauberk, greave and helm
 And great bright sword, and as they sat they sang
 The prowess of their masters deep in feast,—
 How foremost in the chase he speared the boar,
 How through the terrible battle press he rode,
 Death following like a squire. Prince Edwin
 paused:

On his companion's shoulder laid his hand
 With something like affection. "Here we part;
 Thanks for thy courtesy. If I regain
 That which my father on his death-bed left,
 This day thou wilt remember. Fare thee well."
 Thereat the page into the palace went:
 But Edwin sat without till darkness came,
 And dicers all had vanished; then he rose
 And, entering, claimed an audience of the King,
 For his was instant business, life and death.
 The seneschals swift bustled to and fro
 Regardless; but at last it reached the King
 That the waste dark had given up a man
 That sought his face and would not be denied:
 Then at his wish, the haggard Prince was led
 To the great hall wherein was set the feast;
 And at his step, from out the smoky glare
 And gloom of guttering torches, weeping pitch,
 A hundred bearded faces were upraised,
 Flaming with mead: and from their master's stools
 Great dogs upstarting snarled; and from the dais,
 The King, while wonder raised the eyebrow, asked
 What man he was? what business brought him
 there?

When Edwin thus, the target of all eyes:

"One who has brothered with the ghostly oats,
 That skim the twilight on their leathern wings,
 And with the rooks that caw in airy towns;
 One intimate with misery: who has known
 The fiend that in the hind's pinched entrail sits
 Devising treason, and the death of kings—
 Famine the evil-visaged—that once faced,
 There is no terror left to scare a man.
 Though my associates are the horrible shapes
 That press on dying eyes in wildernesses
 Where they must stare unclosed, this hand I stretch
 Is native to the sceptre, knows its touch
 Familiarly as thine. Though hunted like
 Some noisome beast, that when it steals abroad
 The cry spreads, and the village rises up
 With sticks and stones to kill it, I have seen,
 When I but oped my mouth, men look as if
 It thundered in the air."

As from a crag
 That rises sheer from out the fresh-blown surge,
 Upsprings a smoke of sea-fowl, puff on puff,
 Until the air is dark with countless wings
 And deaf with plummy clangor, from the feast
 Broke laughter. When it ceased, the smiling King
 With the intruder played. "Whence comest thou?
 What king art thou? where doth thy kingdom lie?
 In earth or air? and if indeed a king,
 Though ne'er stood king in such unkingly plight,
 Why hast thou been so strangely companied
 By midnight and the owls?"

Then Edwin cried—
 "O list fell hunger and the mountain wind
 To the loud bruit of fed prosperity,
 That never can be neighbored with distress!
 No height so high, but you can fall from it.
 Earth counts ten graves for every living man;
 A single scroll contains our victories,
 But 'tis a dreary volume, that the names
 Of our defeats o'erflow. I was a king,
 Have been destroyed in battle, lost my home,
 Have fed on berries like the moorland birds;
 Have drunk the stream that tameless creatures
 drink—

Slept where I could. Thou ask'st me who I am?
 From whence I come? From Deira do I come.
 I am that Egbert's son who loved thee well.
 Oft thou and he were tenants of one crib—
 Two growing apples reddening cheek to cheek
 Upon the self-same bough—two pebbles glazed
 By the same wavelet's hand. In Egbert's name—
 Egbert these twenty years in earth—his son
 Claims shelter from thee."

When he ceased, and when
 A murmur grew among the guests, wherein
 Doubt with assurance clashed, the King arose,
 A sudden flash of color on his face,
 Of which, if half was pleasure, half was shame,
 And in the seeing of the spacious hall
 Stepped down, took Edwin in his arms, while speech
 Came like a hurrying brook that overlays
 Eddy with eddy, watery swirl with swirl.
 "Something of this I heard, as one immersed
 In boundless woods, the falling of a tree:
 Who hears a sound, but can not tell from whence,
 Nor whether nibbling centuries of time
 Or woodman's axe hath sapped it. 'Twas *thy* fall!
 'Twas *thy* name rumor babbled indistinct!
 And thou art come unto thy father's friend
 For shelter! Thou shalt have it. Would that
 thou

Hadst asked for something costlier. So disguised!
 So covered up!—but never murky cloud
 Let slip so fair a sun! 'Tis Fortune's trick
 To muffle up her gifts in dusky hulls,
 That, when they throw their mantles off, surprise
 May richness over-double. Egbert's child
 Nay, his own self returned again to run
 A large career of noble deeds, and reap
 An aftermath of fame. It is a sight
 To make me young again! While I peruse
 The lips, the nose, the color of the curls,
 The build of brow, the contour of the cheek,
 The wild-hawk eye, and when, as now, thou smil'st,
 The face's sunbeam—all this melts away,
 And through the cloudiness of forty years
 I see thy father and myself, when we,
 Like twin lambs, raced across the meads of youth,
 Happy as lambs, and innocent as they—

While our young lives were bright as silks un-
creased,

Or daggers newly gilt; the careless days
When life was May and full of singing birds;
Before that we had seen or kissed our wives;
Ere thou, young sir, wert thought of. Welcome
here!

Although it were the son of my own loins
Long absent from these eyes, I could not grace
His coming with a single smile beyond
These now I give thee. Welcome, yet again!
But now have meats and drinks: the moorland
fruits

And streams I thank, for hunger will enrich
This my poor table more than cups of gold.
Sit here beside me, 'twixt me and my sons—
Nay, as thou art. At bed-time, doff these weeds.
Thou art a new found jewel, and to-morrow
We'll have thee richly set."

Then Edwin stepped

Across the dogs that lay upon the floor,
With drowsy muzzles on their outstretched paws—
Oft starting into voice as if they chased
And bayed the boar in dream, and took his seat
On the right hand of Redwald, 'mong his sons,
A kingdom's strength upon a battle day.
The lordliest game of forest and of hill
Made that board paradise, within whose smell
The phoenix appetite divinely died
Into a rarer life. Sheep, steer, and boar,
And stags that on the mountain took the dawn
High o'er the rising splendors of the mists,
Were plenteously there. All fowls that pierce
In wedge or caravan the lonely sky,
At winter's sleety whistle, heaped the feast;
With herons kept for kings, and swans that float
Like water-lilies on the glassy mere.
Nor these alone. All fish of glorious scale,
The fruits of English woods, and honey pure
Slow oozing from its labyrinthine cells,
And spacious horns of mead—the blessed mead
That can unpack the laden heart of care—
That climbs a heated reveler to the brain,
And sits there singing songs. And seated high,
'Mid torches' glare and glimmer, minstrels sang
Mailed gods of war, grim giants, kings who walked
In the grey dawn and morning light of time
Statured like towers; kings whose huge bulks of
bone

Unmouldered, yet are seen in twilight caves,
Like some old galley with its sea-worn ribs
Half-sunk in ancient sands. And, while they sang
Of blazoned banners streaming on the wind,
Of arrows splintering on the brazen breast,
Swords red from point to hilt; of trumpets blown,
Shred armor, floundering horses, cries of men,
The light of battle burned in every eye,
Shouts burst from bearded lips be-drenched with
mead,

Swords and cuirasses rusting on the wall
Clattered as life were in them. So the feast,
Led by the minstrels' scaling voice, and hand
In fury 'mong the harpstrings, roared, till dawn,
Let through a loophole, fell on torches burned,
The upset goblets of the deep debauch,
Lords tumbled on the rushes.

But long ere that

The King, with Edwin and his seven sons,
Left the fierce feasters maddening with the song.
A spacious chamber facing to the east

Was Edwin's, who threw down his weary length,
And, like a fallen column, slept till morn.
Then touched by earliest beam, he waking, stared
With a blank eyeball, troubled as a man
Who dies in sleep and wakes in another world.
The chamber broke upon him weird and strange—
He knew not what had been, or where he was—
Till, like the lightning come and gone at once,
Swift memory supplied the missing link
And knit him with himself. He rose at last,
Unbreathed on by the cold ungracious air
That lives in waste and wilderness, and saw
A pile of raiment in the chamber, heaped
In fold and golden crease. Enclathed, he shone
Like some gay kingfisher whose flight illumines
A river's sandy bank. His rich cap lay
Upon the rushes when the King came in,
With a "good morrow" in his face and eye.
Well pleased, he laughed, "So, so, the grub has
cracked

To a rare butterfly! Did'st rest as well
When thou wert ligg'g'neath the round-eyed owl,
And heard him scold his brethren of the waste?
Come with me to the lads, for they at noon
Will fly their falcons, and the sport will be
The gayer for thy presence." Then he led,
Through a long passage, toward a noise of dogs
That ever nearer grew, and entered straight
A mighty chamber hung with horn and head;
Its floor bestrewn with arrows, as if War
Grown weary of his trade, had there disrobed
And thrown his quiver down. And in the midst
The brothers stood in hunting gear, and stroked
Great brindled dogs, that leapt about their knees,
And talked of them the while, and called to mind
How this one charged the lowering mountain bull,
What time he stood affronted in the glade
And the spurned earth flew round him in his rage:
How the boar's tusk made that one yelp and limp
The day he came upon him in the brake.
"Lads," quoth the King, still holding Edwin's hand,
"I've brought a fair companion for your sport.
Strive which can bend the stiffest bow, which train
The swiftest hound, the highest towering hawk."
While welcome danced within their cordial eyes,
While one by one they grasped the Prince's hand,
And while the dogs, suspicious, sniffed his heel,
And while an eager babble broke of hawk
And steed and hound, and arrow-head and spear,
In at the door a moment peeped a girl,
Fair as a rose-tree growing thwart a gap
Of ruin, seen against the blue when one
Is dipped in dungeon gloom; and Redwald called.
And at the call she through the chamber came,
And laid a golden head and blushing cheek
Against his breast. He clasped his withered hands
Fondly upon her head, and bent it back,
As one might bend a downward-looking flower
To make its perfect beauty visible,
Then kissed her mouth and cheek. "My little one,
A morsel to these lion whelps of mine,
Yet pearl to pebble, precious gold to iron,
There came last night a stranger to our Court,
Who brought with him a face from out the grave,
And with an ancient friendship warmed my heart.
He stands in centre of thy brethren there
Worthy thy dearest greeting." As she turned
(Half-breaking from the arms that softly held)
A happy blushing face, with yellow hair
And sweet eyes azure as the flaxen flower,
The dim air brightened round her, and her voice
Brake into silvery welcome, then so stopped

That its surcease was to the ear what light
Withdrawn is to the eye. The Prince, through all
The hurry of his pulse, returned her grace
In ceremonious phrases—stately set,
Cold in themselves, yet tinged as by a dawn
Of coming passion—when the King broke in,
Words that a kiss foreran, "Now go, my girl;
Thou shouldst be very fair; thy coming stole
Thy mother from me. After last night's bout,
Day will be grateful to our heated brows.
Our guests have gone, a fiery throat with each
That will no more let stream go by unlapped
Than thirsty dogs in July. Whilst we go,
Thou canst the story of thy wrongs relate,
And then rejoin the lads." So, with these words,
Redwald led Edwin forth.

And while they walked
Toward the rookery, the Prince rehearsed
How Ethelbert, tolled on by plunder's bell,
Wasted his borders for these many years;
How when, a month ago, the routing boar
Pierced to his kingdom's heart, in haste he hid
His mother, with the women and their broods,
Within the secret places of the hills,
And raised a host; and how, one summer's day,
His squadrons dashed upon the iron foe
Effectless as the rainy flaws that smoke
On precipices that o'er-frown the vale;
And how, at a most dismal set of sun,
He saw his files lie on the bloody field
Like swathes of grass, and knew that all was lost;
And how, when the pursuit grew fierce and fell,
A hut he entered, blazoned like a king,
And issued thence a peasant; how he fled
For days and nights toward his father's friend,
Till, as he knew, last night, a famished man
He burst upon the feast. At this he dashed
Fierce tears aside, that broke upon a cheek
Stormily crimson, as the light that burns
Upon the bellied wry-necked thunder-cloud,
Rearing itself from out the inky east
Against the spokes of sunset, and he cried,

"Though earth and heaven both had knit their
hands

To grant my wishes, I would only ask
To be once more before him host to host!
Ye iron destinies that rule the world
From injury preserve him till that day!
From knife, disease, and heaven's snaky fire
That licks up life like water, keep him free!
For every limb of that same Ethelbert
Is dearer unto me than to his Queen;
She never pined for him in all her love,
Or cursed the hours that kept them separate,
As I do in my hate. O, I could kill him
Fondly as e'er she kissed him! King, my realm
Is sorrow and the memory of wrong;
My courtiers are the ghosts of happiness.
Yet unmixed evil lives not. Fallen low,
I see a new proportion in the world,
And hear another murmur of events.
Although the wafture of its muffled vans
Be noiseless as the downy owl's flight,
I hear thy coming ruin climb the wind.
In me as in a mirror see thyself.
Fear this, wild Ethelbert. 'Tis not my cause
Alone I plead, but every prince's cause.
This man would break down all our diadems,
And with the gold and jewels build his own.
He has a stomach for us all. Nor think

In him ambition is a phantasy
Of idleness engendered, and as frail
As stream of summer vapor, which the crag
Tears with its horns, the sunlight can drink up.
For years within his dark and constant mind
The monstrous thing has grown. No hand but
Death's

Can root it out. 'Tis like a poisonous tree
For ages anchored in a castle wall,
Whose gnarled and fingery roots so clutch the
stones,
That, plucked up, all is ruin. Well, what then?
Better the arrow stayed upon the string
Than shivered on the breastplate."

Edwin's words
Came like a mountain torrent swollen with rain
Adown a long ravine of cataracts,
Ending one chafe of foam. The King replied,
In measured words devolving smooth as oil:

"I need not say, in earnest of my love,
Were I assured it would thee reinstate,
In the red hand of War I'd strike my own,
And clasp it as a friend's. Were I assured—
Alas! my heart is like a troubled seer,
And speaks a cloudy language. Ethelbert
Is strong in towns and men—most subtle-brained,
Most proud of heart—yet roughly generous
To those that with submission flatter him.
Before the forthright motion of the wind
Bend like the sapling; when 't has overblown,
Erect thyself at pleasure. For myself,
Thou hast a boding eye that can discern
A tempest brewing in the sunny noon.
If a portentous cloud should climb the sky,
(Though I protest I see no present sign),
Some shelter will be found ere o'er my head
It splits in rain and fire. Why search for ills
That wander o'er the wilds of phantasy,
Which, if we seek not, we may never see?
Be not downcast, although the heavens frown;
The gods oft use us as we use our babes,
And snatch our plaything from us for a time;
Be patient, 'tis returned. Perversely fight,
The frail thing oft is broken. Do not fear;
Prosperity, like the swallow, comes and goes:
To-day there is the ruinous clay and straw;
To-morrow, sweetest twitterings fill the eaves.
The wretch plunged knee-deep in the whirling drift
Cannot believe in summer, yet it comes
With all its singing birds. Remember, Time
Works often to some fair accomplishment,
Which we impatient, purblind, cannot see.
And in our eagerness stretch forth a hand,
And that one act mars all."

Then Edwin cried,
"There is scant comfort in thy words. No more
The births of time we can prognosticate
Than the next phantom of a madman's brain;
Or than the shape that yonder traveling cloud—
Now to my fancy headed like a wolf—
Will crumble into next. Most wretched he,
Unreasoning Chance's pensioner, who lives,
Like the blind beggar at the high-way side,
On alms of passers-by. I have been taught
The world is nothing but a mass of means,—
We have but what we make; that every good
Is locked by nature in a granite hand,
Sheer labor must unclench. The forest trees—
Do they fall round us into builded homes

Without an axe or arm? The blowing winds
Are but our servants when we hoist a sail.
O Redwald, Redwald! be not like the owl
That dozes with a wise and solemn face
In its own midnight, in the blaze of day.
Not for myself I speak, but all for thee.
The ravening wolf hath burst into the fold
Of peaceful kingdoms; 'tis the untouched herd,
Not the torn carcase, that hath cause to fear.
Thou yet art standing in thy pride of place,
I've known misfortune's worst; and like a soul
Refuged by death from all calamity,
Nothing can hurt me more."

Then Redwald's face
Grew troubled, for his spirit, peering out
Into the future, blenched at something there.
Uneasily he spake. "Draw once the sword,
In a strange world 'tis sheathed. When war-winds
blow,

Kingdoms break up like clouds. I would thee serve,
But dare not set my dwelling in a blaze
To warm thy hands. But let this end to-day:
In private council I will take the thing,
And do not doubt that, through the voluble throng
Of diverse reasons, love for thee will plead—
An advocate silver-tongued. Come now, the lads
Will fly their hawks at noon."

Then, like a man
That brings a painful interview to end,
Turned on his heel the King, and instant went
Toward the Palace. Edwin at his side
Walked, with ignited heart that fumed within,
Slow climbing to a clear bright flame of rage.
Both silent. When they reached the Palace front,
The brothers stood about the gate with grooms
And steeds, and falconers with hooded hawks,
Eager to ride. And Redwald, with pleased eyes,
Gazed on that carcanet of noble youth,
The poorest of whose seven precious stones
Would have enriched a realm, till Edwin sprang
Into the saddle, and away they rode
Toward the mass of woodland in the west;
And when the last gay rider disappeared,
Within his countenance pleasure's fire went out,
And left it dark. He entered full of thought.
With muffled sound, fair glimmered man and horse
Down forest aisles, bedipt from plume to hoof
In dancing light and shade; and issuing thence
As from a roof, the riders burst in day
On an uneven waste of hillocked sand,
Shagged with rude grass, and patched with with-
ered furze,

With the great dazzle of the sea in front.
And as along they rode, though Edwin flashed
The general gladness back, as sea the sun,
Kept up the game while each derided each,
Paying gay jest with jest—'twas like a man
High-capering to no music—for the wit
Ached at the heart, and loud his laughter rose
To hide its want of joy. Some three leagues on,
Taking the wind upon a purple moor,
The happy Princes, riding hitherto
Close as a clump of primroses, broke up
And curvetted in twos; and as they broke,
Regner, the rose of all the wreath of sons,
Spurred his horse up to Edwin's, drew the talk
Slowly from this and that, to last night's feast,
Thence to the overthrow, and by what means
The pit-maker should fall into the pit,
The ruiner be ruined. Riding thus—

Prince Edwin lightening with his wrongs, the while,
By the true virtue of an open ear
Blonde Regner drew the grief that stagnated
In bitterness about the heart away—they dipped
Down on a shining water-course, that led
To mountains closely drawn, and came at length
On a great boulder, black with pine, flung down
In the gorge's throat; and, rounding it, they split
A second time. Like pearls upon a string,
Each after each, they thrid a ruinous glen,
All silence, toppling crag, and falling stream,
Where nothing moved except the vapory smoke
From the abyss, or slowly crawling cloud
That hardly can sustain its weight of rain,
Eating the sunshine up and blackening all—
Since earthquake passed that way. At last, they
reached

The gloomy tenant of that gloomy place,
A lake of sadness, seldom shunned, that stretched
In sullen silver from a marge of reeds
To far-flung gloom of precipice and peak,
That on the northern side kept back the day.
As on the ruined shore the eight drew rein,
Uprose the startled heron with a scream,
Waking the echoes of that region dorn;
And Edwin, with a stranger's privilege,
First threw his hawk. Then Regner, riding near,
Watching his countenance, caught his eye, and
cried,

"When 'gainst the heron Ethelbert thou fliest,
I follow in thy track, come weal, come woe!"
And, rising fiercely in his stirrup, flung
His falcon into air. A glorious sight
To see them scale the heaven in lessening rings
Till they as motes became: while here and there
About the strand the eager brethren rode,
With shaded faces upturned to the blue,
Now crying, "This one has it!" and now "That!"
When suddenly, from out the dizzy sky,
Dropped screaming hawks and heron locked in fight,
Leaving a track of plumes upon the air.
Down came they struggling, wing and beak and
claw,
And splashed beyond the rushes in the mere.
Amid the widening circles to the waist,
A falconer dashed and drew to shore the birds,
All dead save Edwin's falcon, that, with claws
Struck through the heron's neck, yet pecked and
tore,

Unsated in its fierceness. Regner laughed
At the weird omen, though his color rose.
"I cannot guess," quoth he, "how this will come
Unless I with thee to the battle ride,
So *that* is fixed. Brave falcon, with thy heart
Burst on thy foeman's bill!" He gave his steed
The spur to hide his face. His brethren stood
Dashed for the moment; and no more that day
Was falcon thrown from fist into the sky,
Or from its airy poisonings to the lure
Brought with a whistle. Soon the dreary lake
Lost princely voice and clang of iron hoof,
And as the six rode on the omen died,
And was entombed in laughter; farther on,
Heading the riders down the ruinous vale,
Regner and Edwin moved abreast, while love
Grew up between them purely—all untouched
By haughtiness, or thought of selfish end;
The noble love that lives in noble men;
That is ashamed of its own nakedness,
And hides itself in deeds,—would not be seen,
And tongueless lives and dies. And riding thus
Toward the palace, Regner talked of days

When all would be at peace within the land,
And each man have his own inheritance,
Be it cot or citted realm: and how they twain,
When crownèd kings, would through the country
ride,

Teaching civility and raising man,
Till on the highway there should not be heard
A rude word, and till gold might lie untouched.

So talking, Edwin knew that they approached
The palace: neither mount, nor stream, nor tree,
Nor landmark, noted as they rode at morn,
Foretold its nearness, but a heart that swam
In new delight, like summer setting suns
In color. As they rode, between the twain
Speech died; and, when the billowy woods drew off,
And gave the palace clear in afternoon,
Its turrets rose in a delicious clime,
And sacred as her garment's hem had grown,
Its utmost pale and limit. As they came,
The noise of hoofs brought Redwald to the door,
A shallow ray of welcome in his face
That faded soon. Like one preoccupied
With his own thoughts, he asked What sport?
whose hawk

Had highest towered? which struck the quarry
down?

And heeded not the answer when it came.
All the dismounted princes then he led
To a great board set forth with meats and drinks,
And, as he sat and carved before them all,
And as the talk rose high among the sons,
His face to Edwin—who with anxious eye
Sought there the future—seemed a doubtful day
Beyond the skill of prophet to predict
Whether 'twould darken into thunder shower
Or clear to azure and a golden set,
With promise of fair morrows. Moody-browed
He sat at feast and moody-browed he rose
And went out, leaving Edwin and his sons.
Then, after interval of sportive talk,
Regner brought all the table to the hall
Where in the morning he had stood with dogs;
But changed its grisly furniture, for now
Twilight had settled down upon the world,
And in the red and winking faggot light
Now flashed a spear-head, and now gleamed a brand.
The seven soon were busy here and there—
Some diced, one played with spear-head, one with
hound.

But Edwin, feathering arrows sat apart,
For all the piled-up anguish—visible
As some high hanging tempest, which the sun
Holds back at noon, but which, when that same sun
Goes out like a red ember in the west,
Settles down bodily, a double night,
And pours through all the hollows of the hills
With voices in the blackness and the blast—
Covered him up, and in his soul he cursed
The purblind King, incapable to pierce
The curtain of a sunset, and descry
The angry-featured morn that lowered behind.
And, as they sat, and redder grew the hall,
The Princess came and sang as was her wont,
And as it chanced that night a tale of love—
Of love new-born and trembling like an Eve
Within a paradise all wide and strange
At the most perilous sweetness of herself
But one short moment known. And while her voice
Went wandering through a maze of melody,
The hand lay where it fell, and ceased the breath,
And finer grew the listening face. And when

Like a leaf's wavering course through autumn air,
The wildered melancholy music ceased,
And silence from a rack of keen delight
Unstretched their spirits to their grosser moods
And common occupations, she arose
With music lingering in her face, and eyes
That seemed to look through surfaces of things,
And would have thence withdrawn from out the hall:
But Regner caught her twixt his mighty knees,
Proud of her innocence and gentle ways,
Impatient half that she was not a glede
Fire-eyed to peck his fingers. "Tush!" he cried,
Breaking in laughter like a wave in foam,
"Thy music trembles like a yearling fawn
At its own shadow. Evermore of love
Thou singest, as if love made up the world
And men were pigeons cooing on a thatch.
Was hand and arm like this of mine but made
To circle waists and finger maiden hair?
Although this love be all thou sing'st, methinks
'Tis something to be first to spear the boar,
'Tis something to have heart enough to keep
A friend, and strength enough to kill a foe.
Happy thy husband, Bertha, in his hall
Sitting unscolled, while each enterprise
That might have made him great unheeded streams
Like wild swans overhead. A gentle wife
With yellow-headed children round thy knees—
Aha, our lily leaps into a rose!
What! struggling like a very sheep in pen
Beneath the shears!" While gazed the throneless
Prince

With idle fingers on the feathered shaft,
While she, flushed rosy-red, broke loose and fled,
And while great Regner's loving laugh pursued,
Sudden, all heaven, immeasurably sweet,
Sank downward on his heart, and filled it full
As crimson fills a rose.

Then, while they slept,
The feverish heart within his body lay
Awake, and slave to giddy fear and hope,
'Twas blown from life to death, from heaven to hell,
A hundred times ere morn. But when the dawn
Flowed from the eastern cloud, and chamber wall,
And window white, and passion's fiery self
Wavered and lost their forms, and swam away,
Like watery circles into nothing, she
Came floating in upon a stream of sleep,
And smiling, breathed the sacredest delight
Through all his soul. Ah, dawn among thy stars,
Yet linger, scare not with thy broadening ray
The paradise our father Adam knew!
Sudden above the shoulder of the world
The broad sun bounced and flung his shafts abroad—
One quivered redly on the dewy lawns,
One broke in rose along a mountain range,
One fired the cloud, and lark beneath the cloud.
And in the wide effulgence Edwin woke,
With heart sweet thrilling, like a string from which
The hand has vanished, though the tone is yet
By silence undevoured. And, when the sun
Had in succincter splendor turned his face
Noonwards, the Prince arose, and sought the hall;
And, after frank "Good morrow" from the sons,
And graver greeting from the King, and touch
Of Bertha's hand—the while from eye and lip
Broke sunlight for a moment, and was gone—
He put aside a plan by Regner urged,
To kill the noon, on score of weariness.
And when the King had gone, and when the sons,
With six or seven great dogs at their heels,
He, with a mighty thirst to be alone,

To weed his heart of perilous delight—
 For this new passion seemed unnatural
 As winter breeding roses—stole unseen
 From gate, and hid himself within the woods,
 That billowed on and on toward the west;
 And after roaming many a shadowy way,
 He found a green recess, a sheltered nook,
 Where many a family of violets dim
 Sweetened the forest twilight with their breaths
 Through mossy centuries unsmelt by man.
 Covered with secrecy and silence there,
 While Time sailed on, and never beat a wing,
 All Nature fed his madness. Solitude
 Spake with her voice, and Memory wore her face,
 And in the thick-leaved murmur overhead
 "Bertha" was shaped forever. Starting up,
 For his delight he feared as 'twere a fiend
 In angel's shape, with cruel-lovely eyes
 That fascinate a man against his will,
 Drawing him onward to some horrible brink,
 He left the massy coverture of leaves,
 That whispered like a tempter, and sought peace
 And some deliverance from his heart on wold,
 Brown waste, and sea-shore. But the world was full
 Of Bertha as a trembling string with sound:
 The shallow stream upon its pebble stones
 Was babbling "Bertha, Bertha!" all the air,
 Like his own brain, was singing with her voice;
 And every cliff and mount her beauty knew,
 And looked on him in passion. Worn at length
 He reached the palace, black against a west
 Yet crimson with the memory of the sun,
 And, passing through the hall, he heard, amid
 A crowd of youths that lay about the fire,
 Relaxed from chase, one talk about a stag
 That day seen in the woods, the noblest brute
 That ever antlers wore, and Regner's vow
 That, though the chase should stretch o'er half the
 land,
 The head would hang upon his trophied walls
 Ere set another sun. Like bows unbent
 The tired youths lay. But Regner looking up,

Saw Edwin passing, and toward him came,
 With a most gay reproachfulness of tone,
 But not the less reproachful that it wore
 A sprightly color. "All the day," quoth he,
 "I have been looking for thee, and each sport
 Renounced for want of heart in it. Come, now,
 By all the friendship as we rode last night,
 And by the better day we look for still,
 Do not forsake me so. I'd rather walk
 With thee through shower, than with another man
 Through all the summer sunshine. We are men,
 Not women, and our hearts should never dwell
 Upon our tongues—yet as the thing is said,
 Let it remain. What can I do to kill
 The tedium of the time? A mighty stag,
 (A forester has brought the welcome news,)
 Lairs in our woods to-night. Then in the morn,
 As early as thy sluggardly will let,
 Wilt thou with Bertha and the rest of us
 Ride, for his antlers I have vowed to win?"
 To him Prince Edwin, with a kindly face:
 "I'll stir, so please thee, ere the youngling birds;
 And may to-morrow prove the goodliest day
 Of a whole wreath of hunting days. Thy love
 Is to me, Regner, justly dear; and, though
 I did account it less, I am too poor
 To put it lightly by." He then adduced
 For his retirement, weariness and weight
 Of anxious thought, and to his chamber went.
 When, after preparation for the morn
 The circle broke to bed, and while the horn
 Was blowing shrilly through the hunter's dreams—
 (For, passion is a substance vaporous
 That cannot hold its shape a single hour),
 Prince Edwin sat upon his couch, with hands
 Lax hanging on his knees, while all his love
 Seemed hopeless as the feasts a famished man
 Beholds in dream; as brilliant and as frail
 As wondrous imagery of fruit and flower
 Wrought by the frost upon the window pane
 At night, while wolds are steaming white and chill,
 That in the morning runs a blur of tears.

BOOK II.

So when the light was springing in the east,
 Unkenneled staghounds bayed, men's voices rose,
 Steeds pawed and clanked their bridles. Then,
 equipped
 In hunting gear, Prince Edwin and the rest
 Trooped forth with spirits gay as their attire;
 And with the dawn, and like another dawn,
 But fairer, Bertha came. Amid the dogs
 They mounted, and the instant that the sun
 Stood on the hill-tops, prodigal of light,
 They rode with wondrous clatter on their way;
 And ever as they in their joyous haste
 Skirted dim forest, forded shallow stream—
 In which the sun had thrown a spear that lay
 Golden on amber pebbles—pushed o'er heath,
 The sound that gaily traveled on before
 Woke all things ere they came. For when afar
 At instance of a strong-lunged forester,
 The sudden bugle on the rosy cliff
 Was splintered into echoes, from the marsh
 The heron screaming rose; within his wood
 The mountain bull stood listening to the sound,
 Silent as lowering thunder, when the winds
 Are choked, and leaves hang dead; and from his lair
 Rose, with dew-dappled flanks, the stag, and snuffed
 Their coming in the wind—a moment stood,
 His speed in all his limbs—but when the pack

Dragged with them down the echoes of the vale
 And opened out, he fled, with antlers laid
 Along his back like ears. Halloo and horn
 Broke then upon the breeze. Now on his flight
 By flying wood, o'er wastes, thro' streams that
 splashed
 High o'er the saddle girths, the hunters hung,
 And ever as a slowly burning fire
 Consumed the space between. And, as it happened,
 When the increasing sun grew hot and strong
 In an impetuous whirl of stormy chase,
 The Prince and Bertha were alike thrown out.
 The rest ne'er drew a rein, for now the troop,
 With long-haired Regner far in the advance,
 Was pressing hard upon the weary brute,
 Sore-panting, black with sweat. Around a crag
 That with its gloomy pines o'er-hung the vale,
 Swept hunt and hunter out of sight and sound.
 They were alone, and in the sudden calm,
 When round them came the murmur of the woods
 Upon a sweeping sigh of summer wind—
 O moment dying ere a cymbal's clash!
 O memory enough to sweeten death!—
 The unexpected solitude surprised
 His heart to utterance, and the Princess sat
 Blinded and crimson as the opening rose
 That feels yet sees not day. Then, while the wind

To his quick heart grew still, and every leaf
Was watchful ear and eye, he pressed his lips
Upon the fairest hand in all the world
Once. That instant, like an envious fate
That rushes through, dissevering clinging joys,
A distance-muffled bugle sang *à mort*;
His courser started to his iron heel;
And, ere the blush had died on Bertha's cheek,
And ere her eyes could bear the conscious day,
They reached the crag with its black scalp of pines:
Rounding, they saw the end. For on a rock
That rose fern-fringed and lichened in a dell,
Tall Regner stood. "Ye twain have lost a sight!
With bursting heart he turned upon us here,
Desperate in death. Upon him climbed the dogs
To drop off gored. He would have beat them, too,
Had not I on him drawn my hunting knife—
He came down like a pine!"

So after rest,
Homeward through prime of noon the hunters
wound;

The Princess rode with dewy drooping eyes
And heightened color. Voice and clang of hoof,
And all the clatter as they sounded on,
Became a noisy nothing in her ear,
A world removed. The woman's heart that woke
Within the girlish bosom—ah! too soon!—
Filled her with fear and strangeness; for the path,
Familiar to her childhood, and to still
And maiden thoughts, upon a sudden dipped
To an unknown sweet land of delicate light
Divinely aired, but where each rose and leaf
Was trembling, as if haunted by a dread
Of coming thunder. Changed in one quick hour
From bud to rose, from child to woman, love
Silenced her spirit, as the swelling brine
From out the far Atlantic makes a hush
Within the channels of the careless stream,
That erst ran chattering with the pebble stones.
Somewhat in front rode on the happy Prince;
His heart was frozen on that battle-day
To one wild thought of vengeance, and stood still
Like a stopped clock, aye pointing to one hour
Through days of gloom and shine. But now the
hate

And ancient sorrow, piled up cloud on cloud,
Lost form, and in an ecstasy dissolved,
In wandering blood that knew itself beloved,
And with the tidings ran to pulse and nerve
And thrilled them. Once again the light was sweet,
The lark sang, and the hedge wore scent and bloom,
And in his spirits' morning light, a word,
A hunter's jest, the nothings of discourse,
Were things to play with in his happiness,
As they were golden toys. So, when they reached
The palace gate, and Bertha had gone in,
Taking the sunshine with her, Edwin flung
The reins impatient on his courser's neck,
Broke through the crowd of losels gathered round,
And sought the loneliness of wood and field
To listen to the nightingale that sang
Within his heart of love and love's delight;
And on it sang till, through enkindled air,
The heron flapped toward his forest home
With gullet full of fish. Returning then
Slow-paced, and miser of his own delight,
While lovely shapes of summer twilight stole
From tree-root and from hollow, and joined hands
In silence on the plain, he reached at last
The palace, stiller than its wont, and would
Have entered, but from out the solid gloom,
Flung from an overhanging eave, the Page

Who met him by the rock-split streamlet, broke
With finger on his lip: "O enter not!
The place is trapped and baited for thy life.
The hate of Ethelbert is round thee here.
I know thy story as it hath been noised,
And that the King is troubled by thy case,
And would, and yet would not. So when at noon,
In absence of the Princes and thyself,
There came one seeking Redwald, travel-stained,
I was alert as a hind's ear to catch
The danger in the wind. I hid myself
Within the private chamber, where the King
Gives his selectest audience. When they came,
Without a pause, the strange man opened out
His treacherous purpose with a shameless brow,
And guessing, as I deemed, the King was weak,
And must in any strife go to the wall;
Or that the coward dwelling in his heart
Would prove the ally in the house, and fling
Out to the foe the keys of every gate,
He scorned to lacquer the accursed thing
(Which in the first flush of its hideousness,
Like a fanged snake, might make a man shriek out)
With glozing speech. And wisely. Deeds like
these

Corrupt in their excuses. Ethelbert,
I gathered from their converse, having heard
That thou art come for shelter to the court—
(Ill fall the little bird that sang the news),
Threats war on Redwald if he stands thy friend—
Sharp war that will not spare a living thing.
If he betrays thee, gold is his, and part
Of thy dismembered kingdom. Long they talked—
I heard the chink of golden argument,
While Redwald's mind swayed this way now, now
that,

And now he would betray thee, now defend.
Thus hearing, from my hiding-place I stole
To warn thee hence if not indeed too late.
There is no time to lose. This very night
The foul thing may be done; strange whispers pass
Throughout the palace. Openly his sons
Marvel at what's afoot. This moment fly—
I know the secretest sequestered paths
And hiding places that ne'er saw the day."

As nightmared man—when solid-seeming ground
Breaks downward in a cliff precipitous
And on the sheer edge leaves him, dizzy-brained,
Toppling o'er death,—strives to regain the morn
And the sweet healthy world, Prince Edwin strove
In coils of monstrous evil, and at last,
Trampling the foul thing underfoot, he smiled.
"I owe thee many thanks for thy regard,
And for this cruel kindness more than all.
Out of thy love for me, thou urgest flight—
The falcon hath its nature and the dove,
And by that nature is each motion shaped
And every beat of wing. Thy master's hearth
Hath warmed me, at his table have I fed,
Drunk of his cup, and 'twere the vil'st return
By hasty flight to call him traitorous
To dead and living. Doubtless, this bad hour
But swims a vapor o'er the heavenly lights
That will be clear anon. But if, indeed,
His spirit harbors murder—if the knife
Has bloody fascination for the hand—
I have no power to cover up my throat,
'Tis naked to its using."

Then the Page—
"Remain awhile within the friendly dark,
And ere the thing draws to a wicked head,

Poisoned and fanged, and raised in act to sting,
I will rejoin thee here, and lead thee far;
And, if it melts in nothingness away,
I'll be the blithest bearer of good news
That ever ran. So cloak thyself in night.
I will into the palace, where I'll tread
With foot of air, made up of ears and eyes."

When he was gone, the Prince, with heavy heart,
Not knowing what to do or where to turn,
Sat on a stone, a bow-shot from the gate,
Sore troubled. In his cloak he wrapt his face
Like one who hears the coming foot of doom
And waits the end. Hour passed on tardy hour,
And in the dreary middle of the night
The late moon rose, and then he groaning said:

"Ah, miserable me! My soldiers bleach
Beneath the moon, and she who bore me, sleeps
On flint beside the waterfall, begirt
By widows, and by children, and by all
The congregated sorrow of a realm
Most sorrowful. And I, who can alone
Bring to my people roof-tree, fire, and law,
And build again for them an ordered state,
Sit here an outcast, and the door is shut.
And Ethelbert, my deadly foe, like air
Enclips me round, and there is no escape.
Ah, wretched! for to me the healthy world
Is poisoned and deranged; where'er I go
Worth turns to baseness; and sweet love itself
That dwells with weary hinds, and makes the load
To the galled shoulder lighter, brandishes
With snow-soft arm a burning torch for me
That but reveals the face of a despair
That darkling stood, and all my prison's strength—
A prison wide as the unbounded world,
Whose walls are my own life. To-day I've fallen
From summer, and the song-bird and the rose,
To a dark ground, exempt from light, that breathes
The earthy horror of a new-made grave,
And those who should be unto me as friends
Stretch hands to push me in. So let it be:
Death heads the mighty count of human ills,
And every man can die. And in the grave
All hatred and revenge are baulked at last;
No smiles that murder hide, no star of love
Lighting my steps to ruin, no bloodhound
Hoarse baying on my track, can ever more
Disturb my quiet. A great sea of peace,
On which was never boat nor puff of wind,
'Twixt me and sorrow flows."

Thereat down pressed
With grief he forward leaned, as forward leans
The bulrush when the stream runs swift with rain.
Thus like one carved he sat, till suddenly
He felt upon him breathe an icy wind,
And with an unknown terror every hair
From heel to scalp arise; then looking up
He saw in that lone place a dark-robed man
Stand like a pillar in the setting moon;
And at the sight Prince Edwin's heart stood still.

"What man art thou that sitt'st on this cold stone
When every bird, its head beneath its wing,
Is sound asleep upon the forest bough?"

"It matters little where I sit o' nights."

"I know thy name, and why thou sittest here.
I saw thee sleeping on the naked ground

With but a rainy sky for coverlet.
I know thy story and the things thou fear'st;
What wouldst thou give if I turned Redwald's heart
And made him draw the sword in thy defence?"

"I have not much, but I would give thee all."

"What, if I clothe thy limbs with mightiness?
What if, in far days when thou tak'st the field
Beneath thine ancient banner wide displayed,
I give thee spoil and captive? If I give
Her soft voice to thine ear, her lips to thine,
Her white arms to thy neck?"

"O mock not so
My sharp distress: for any good I'll be
Most answerably grateful."

"If I build
Thy throne secure against the flaws of time?
If I send teachers that will teach thee more
Of the dark world that lies beyond the grave
Than if thy father's ghost did speak with thee—
Teachers as never king in England had?"

"Who speaks with me?" cried Edwin starting up.
"Thy voice is like a trumpet that proclaims
Something, I know not what—but at the sound
Through pallid ash the embers of my hope
Have burst in flame. I tremble at the brightness."
"Who speaks with thee thou canst not know as yet;
But," here he laid his hand on Edwin's head,
"When next this sign upon thy body comes
The promise thou hast given me remember."

And lo! before the Prince could utter word
The moon had fallen and the man was gone.

He knew it was a spirit with him talked;
And like an idol-stone uncouthly hewn
In image of a man, the astonished Prince
Sat folded in his cloak the while the words
Went wandering through the regions of his mind
Like thunder 'mong far hills. Slowly the woods
Came out in ghastly glimmer, slowly dawn
Stained the horizon with a beamless red.
And when the risen sun outstretched his lance
O'er dewy earth, a sound of voices stirred
Around the palace and unfroze his limbs.
And as the world swam back into his brain,
He threw the darkness with his mantle off,
And started at the morning's lucid walls
Grown up in silence round him. And the Page,
Right in the glory of the level beam,
Came running from the shadowed palace-gate,
Dawn in his face, and called him with a voice
Sweeter than any grove of singing birds
That ever waved, an emerald of May.
"O Prince, unto the palace come again.
The messenger has gone with angry heart,
And like a cobwebbed banner from its nook
Where it has hung for ages, taken down
And streaming in the wind, the King cries 'War!'
In the rude shaking of the boughs, rich fruit
Will tumble in our laps." And then the Prince,
With an unflattered countenance and eye,
Like one who has already heard the news,
Arose and followed him within the gate.

They reached the chamber hung with horn and head,
Antler and weapon, where Redwald up and down,
Much troubled, paced with quick impatient starts.
Bertha sat weeping, but the brothers stood,
Their bold hearts tingling to the stirring time,

Its light was in their faces, like proud crags
 High up, that wear the morning ere it comes.
 The King turned sharply as the Prince approached:
 "Whether to bless or curse the hour, I know not
 That blew thee here, for everything hath clashed
 In broil since then; things unconceived have bred
 Their strangest opposites, as eagles doves,
 And fruit trees poison. I that did thee love
 Have listened with no inattentive ear
 To the sweet music of the minted gold
 That foul betrayal urged; and I that clung
 To peace—that fattens beeves, and tills the mead,
 And fills the bursting barns with harvest-home—
 Have, like a passionate whipster, drawn a sword
 That fruitless blood must paint. In even poise
 The issue hung; and, lo! a chitling's tears—
 This lily thrown into the trembling scale
 The heavier only by some dewy drops—
 Makes wisdom kick the beam. Within my heart
 There beats another heart that is not mine:
 I go, but like a steed that chafing goes.
 I am an arrow by some unknown hand
 Drawn tensely to a mark. Here yestermorn,
 As now thou know'st, a man came from thy foe
 With gold in one hand, in the other war,
 Demanding me to give thy body up.
 I kept thee, and chose war. So take my sons,
 My towns, my horses, arms, and goodly men;
 Enclothe thyself in all my kingdom's strength,
 And try the hazard of a bloody field,
 Which will, I doubt not, to the right incline,
 And with its dust at sunset shape a throne—
 Which, howsoever it turn, must cost me dear—
 And, now what can I more?" And while the King
 Went on thus chafing, Edwin's sleepless heart
 Grew silent, as an eagle's famished brood
 Huddled upon a ledge of rosy dawn,
 When sudden in the blinding radiance hangs
 Their mighty dam, a kid within her grip,
 Borne off from valleys filled with twilight cold
 That know not yet the morn. Yet somewhat sore
 At Redwald's cautious balancings and doubts,
 He fiercely spoke: "I do suspect me, King,
 The self-same wind that pushed me out to sea
 Now blows me into port. Yet, as I hold
 The golden apple in my fortunate palm,
 I need not all too curiously inquire
 Upon what bough it grew:" At that, Remorse,
 In generous crimson, rushed to cheek and brow,
 And shook his voice. "Redwald, I could thee
 thank,
 Upon the gratefulest knees that ever knelt
 On ground. But, though these words of thine sur-
 pass

All other sounds that ever reached my ear,
 As angels men, I thrill with no surprise;
 For, sitting on a stone without thy gate
 When gold was being weighed against my life,
 I knew a morning fair as this would break,
 And to this interview I walked assured,
 As one who hath been absent but a day
 Into his house, where table, bed, and stool,
 Have places kept since childhood. And I know
 This morn is prologue to a happy act:
 The future rises like a curtain up,
 And, shadow-like, I see a battle won
 And a recovered throne. And once more, King,
 A world thou'st given me wherein to live;
 I also crave the dawn to make it fair,
 To gild its forest tops, to light its streams,
 To set a rainbow in its cloudy gloom,
 To fill its soft green vales with tender light,

That I may see the work grow 'neath my hands—
 Thy daughter whom I love."

At the King's feet
 She sat, and, hearing, over neck and brow
 Brake morning; and, as love is faced like fear,
 Or wears fear's mask, she hid her own and shrank;
 And, shrinking, like a sudden burst of light,
 The unimprisoned splendor of her hair
 In coil on coil of heavy ringlets fell,
 And veiled the face that burned through hands close
 pressed,
 And clothed her to the knee. The King down
 glanced,
 And caught the sweet confusion, while his spleen
 Went out in words, like thunder's dying groan,
 When tempest passes, and reveals again
 The azure and the sun. "And dost thou, too,
 Fret in thy nest's confinement, and desire
 To flit away into the boundless world
 And range therein with some gay-feathered mate
 The summer through? We fathers are the soil
 In which a second generation grows:
 From our decrease it draws the youthful sap
 That keeps it green atop. Nay weep not, girl!
 Press not against my knee in that wild way
 A cheek all flame and tears. I cannot chide:
 It is the very order of the world;
 We have our seasons, even as the flowers.
 And I, when I did once a daughter seek,
 Made thick a father's heart. Some twenty years,
 This hour may be thine own. Most gladly, Prince,
 When time hath tried thy steadfastness of heart,
 And when the wayward fowl, Prosperity,
 Roosts in thy boughs, I'll see her wife of thine,
 Wearing with thee the crown. So, sweet, arise,
 And give the man thy heart hath chosen out
 From all his fellows a pure hand in pledge
 Of faithfulness—the one assured thing
 He ever will possess upon the earth." She heard, and, all untouched by virgin shame,
 False and unworthy then, erect she stood
 Before her father and her brethren seven,
 Pale as her robe, and in her cloudless eyes
 Love, to which death and time are vapory veils
 That hide not other worlds, and stretched a hand,
 Which Edwin held, and kissed before them all
 In passionate reverence; smitten dumb by thanks
 And noble shame of his unworthiness,
 And sense of happiness o'erdue. And while
 The Prince's lips still lingered on the hand
 That never more could pluck a simple flower
 But he was somehow mixed up in the act,
 She faltered, like a lark beneath the sun
 Poised on the summit of its airy flight,
 And, sinking to a lower beauteous range
 Of tears and maiden blushes, sought the arms
 That sheltered her from childhood, and hid there,
 Shaken by happy sobs. "Prince," quoth the King,
 The while his palm lay on the golden head,
 "I count myself this day most fortunate
 In that, by the sweet ministry of love,
 (Which was to me invisible as spring,
 Shaping itself beneath the winter's white,)
 I see the future fairly form and flow
 From happy throne to throne. I am no more
 A cliff that fronts a waste abyss of air—
 Beyond me seem to glimmer cultured fields
 And a continued world. My heart feels light
 With children yet to be. But those sweet days
 Are distant, and the present in our path
 Stands like a grisly thistle spiked with spears,
 That will draw blood from the bold hand that grasps.

I do remember me there was a time
 When fight was keenlier wooed than any girl;
 And, though my fires are wasted, even now
 This withered hand is hankering for a lance—
 Even now these feeble knees compress a steed,
 And the wild rank tears onward—and I hear
 The combat's music when great spears go crash,
 When through the dust of fight the clarions blow,
 And red blood springs. 'Tis but an old man's dream,
 And other hands must rule the battle now:
 Take Regner to thy council: think it out.
 Be wise, be wise, yet be not over-wise—
 Plot like an old man, execute like youth—
 We will discuss thy plans around the board.
 Come, Bertha!" So they went, nor did love's sun
 Vouchsafe a beam at parting.

Then the sons,
 His brethren now, came crowding round the Prince
 With joyful faces, and with many a wish
 That the miraculously blossomed time
 Would ne'er its vermeil promise falsify,
 But come to happy fruit. And Regner threw
 His arm round Edwin's neck, for elder love
 Claimed a fond precedence, and, brother-linked,
 They passed through gates to sunshine, and then
 struck

Adown a road, tree-shaded, silent both,
 Though many a thought was stirring at their hearts.
 At last, Prince Regner, on a ruined dyke,
 Hoary with lichens, with each crevice bossed
 And bulged with mossy emerald, sat, the while
 The sunlight, broken by the thronging boughs,
 Splashed his great limbs, and Edwin standing near,
 And all the lonely greenness of the place.
 Then turned he, smiling: "Edwin, when I dreamed
 Of distant days when we twain should be kings,
 Ruling our realms in peacefulness and joy,
 Yet with the awe of justice intermixed—
 With a most perfect friendship, good to us,
 And to our people ever issuing thence—
 I did not count on such a day as this,
 In which the dearest sister in the world
 Hath made us brothers, not in love alone,
 But by the sweetest tie that ever knit
 A man to man." Then, as a sudden wind
 Swayed every bough, and broke the mass of light
 Into a swarm of golden butterflies,
 That danced and bickered o'er the velvet sward,
 Then slowly grew to one, Prince Edwin said:
 "I know that I am happy; I know not
 How happy—and I may not ever know!
 I am as one engifted in a realm,
 Whose wide unskirted boundaries and shores
 He will not have encompassed round about
 When he is hoary grown." Then Regner's laugh
 Rang like the blackbird's whistle, loud and clear,
 When all the woods are breathing after rain.
 "It is a churlish bird that will not sing
 Against the ray. Bridegroom will be bridegroom,"
 The mirth died in his face as he went on.
 "Thou wilt be my superior in this war;
 At pointing of thy sword 'tis mine to ride,
 Though it point straight to death. Yet let me speak
 Before I sink into a place wherein
 My duty is obedience absolute.
 The morning after thou didst on us burst
 Like one on fire, telling the King thy wrongs,
 In likeness of a harper with a harp,
 I sent one privately to gather news.
 Last night he came, and told me how distressed
 Is that fair land in which thine enemy dwells.
 How conflagrations redden every night,

And how the mead on which he halts a space
 Looks, when he leaves it, as if charred by fire.
 But now by some fair wanton meshed and toiled,
 The King a canvas town of pleasure spreads,
 And lays his arms by for the moment. Well.
 The voice now running through my father's land
 Will make each knight collect his plump of spears,
 The smith his hammer on the anvil leave,
 The hind his lowing oxen in the trace,
 And hither will they troop. King Ethelbert
 Was drawing this way, when his heart was caught
 By white arms, glittering eyes. Yon range of hills,
 On which the heaven leans with rack and cloud,
 Is all that stands between us. Swiftly lead
 Thy files up through a world of mist, and crag,
 And dashing waterfall, and from the height,
 Upon the flushed King in the wanton's lap,
 Drop like the thunderstone and crush him out,—
 Him and his strength for ever." Edwin then:
 "But all the perilous passes! Canst thou guide?"
 And Regner, bearing on like stream at flood,
 "I know the region dwelling in the mist
 As do the wild blasts penned within it; come,
 And let us lay the thing before the King."
 So they arose and to the palace walked,
 Through wondrous fantasy of light and shade
 That danced and glimmered with each sigh of wind,
 And entering, found a plenteous table spread;
 And soon the King came in, and then the sons,
 But Bertha's place was empty all the while.

Then, through the progress of the stately feast,
 The question of the conduct of the war
 Drew all discourse, and Regner opened out
 His plan, and held it swiftest, simplest, best:
 Affirmed that Ethelbert, in pleasure drowned,
 Was helpless as a leveret in a snare;
 That Edwin need not fear his guidance up,
 For that he knew the misty mountain world
 As the fierce torrent knows its native gorge,
 Through which it has run white a thousand years.
 With Regner every brother gave his voice;
 The King was doubt-perplexed, and slowly moved,
 Like a clogged wheel, till Edwin, who had sat
 Silent among the talkers, suddenly,
 Like a grave echo from a mountain height
 That startles, gave his full adhesion in.
 And, driven thus from point to point, the King
 To half-enforced agreement warmed at last.
 They rose from table when the midnight hung,
 An emerald twilight up among the stars;
 All night the Prince tossed restless on his couch,
 With trumpets blowing in his ears, a sword
 Haunting his hand; but with the whitening dawn
 Sleep brought a shock of joy, for, out of waste
 And formless horror, Ethelbert and he
 Fell grappling, and in fight rolled o'er and o'er,
 Mid plunging horses, in a hug of death.

Then with the rising of the third day's sun,
 As wave doth shoulder wave toward an isle
 When thither sets the tide and blows the breeze,
 Till in the silence of its central vale
 Is heard the surgy murmur, troop on troop
 Pressed round the palace; and Prince Edwin gazed
 Down on the living sward, and saw a knight
 Go pricking through the press in harness rich,
 Dark groves of footmen standing in their ranks,
 Mares whinnying from the stake, and from the wood,
 Slow trickling through the light, a rill of spears.
 And as he gazed upon the joyous scene
 His forward-pushing spirit made his face

Pale, as a man's who, with a resolute heart,
Towers in the breach at daybreak, hand on hilt,
When shouting comes the foe. Descending then,
He found the King and all his seven sons
Standing in hall amid a hundred lords,
Brown-cheeked, fierce-eyed, long-bearded, mighty-
limbed,

Who from each corner of the realm were bade
To battle, and who came as to a feast.
Walking from martial knot to knot that buzzed
With all the fiery pleasure of the time,
King Redwald made each chief to Edwin known,
Summed up the spears he brought, and proudly
flashed

A hurried sunbeam o'er his foregone life,
That made each brave deed sparkle jewel-like,
And wandering up and down among the lords.
More loud the din of preparation grew—
The sudden opening of a door let in,
The neigh of steeds, clashed anvils, countless fires
Blistering the noontide air, and on the skirts
Of tumult, oft a coming trumpet blown.

And Bertha in an eastern turret sate,
That took the sunrise like a cliff, and heard
The steed neigh, and the coming trumpet blow.
And knowing that her life was being shaped
By Fate's dark hands, that heed not sob or tear,
Above the tumult, like a thing divine,
Arose her voice. To this effect she sang—

“On many pastures man can feed his heart;
He drinks the wine of travel to the lees,
His is the sceptre and the golden crown,
His is the strife and glory of the field;
But ours the empty couch on which he lay,
The listening at the gate for dreadful news,
The breaking heart, and binding up of wounds.”

So all the land around the Palace glowed
With upward-striking fires when fell the night,
And shapes of men went flitting through the glare,
Gigantic. From the ruddy distance came
The hum of thousands, and steed neighed to steed:
The minstrels sang great battles to the lords,
But, in his hand the reins of all the host,
The Prince, with Redwald, Regner, and the rest,
Sat half the night discoursing, grave and sad,
For in the presence of the war each heart
Was clear and naked as a sword unsheathed.
The minstrels ceased, the Palace lights burned low,
The circle round the King arose at last.
Beside a thousand fires the army slept,
Except the watcher leaning on his spear,
Or when, affrighted by a falling brand,
A war-horse reared and snorted at the stake.

At the first wind of dawn the thousands woke
And rolled into their places, rank on rank,
Expectant, ready, shadowing large as groves;
But when the sun arose, and was afar
Mirrored in dewy lawns, a window oped,
At which King Redwald and his daughter stood
With eyes of sad farewell. A bugle's cry
Went tingling to the roots of every heart;
And, ere it died, from out the Palace gate
The Princes issued 'gainst the level rays
That burned on breast and helm, and, at the sight
The host rocked like a forest in a storm,
The banners shook, with clash and cry they cheered
The lords of Battle. Then, as the army moved
Onward, like thunder's corrugated gloom

Rolling o'er desert hills, with fire reserved
For other lands, the wistful hearts and eyes
Of those within the silent Palace left
Hung on its dusty rear. Spears ceased to flash
And horns to sound. At height of noon it hung
Cloud-like upon a ridge; and as a cloud,
If the hot sun but touch it with a beam,
Crumbles into a livid dust of rain
Leaving the rock-line clear against the sky,
The shadow passed.

And nothing now stood 'twixt
The act and issue. And soft-plumaged Time,
That ere while with a soundless wafture shot
From ruddy sunrise to all-swallowing night,
Fanned hearts to fever with his creaking wings.
Still as a rooted flower the Princess sate,
With face intense that ever searched the north
For the first glitter of returning spears.
The grey King whitened in the weary hours,
And watched with vacant eyes, bewildered hands
That worked, and had forgot at what they worked:
Then at the simple carol of a bird
He started, with a scared look in his face,
As if he feared from out the invisible air
Something would break in fire. Each morn and eve
He questioned, like a voyager who knows
That land is somewhere hidden in the sky,
And, weary of the ocean's silence, thrusts
A haggard face into the eyes of dawn
And reads no news, and, when the long day falls
With its great torch of sunset o'er the west,
Revealing nothing, sickens. But afar,
On the sixth day, a courier was descried
Swift-hasting, like a solitary crow
Winging the empty heaven. Out of doors
The people, on a sudden impulse, shoaled
Impetuous, but only to be hurt
By the keen shaft the archer Sorrow sent
Before he came himself. The panting man
Caught these words from the top of difficult breath:
“The field is ours—Prince Regner's ghost has fled—
King Ethelbert is cold, and all his lords—
They broke at sunset!”—As a rill is lost
In ocean's murmur, all the rest was drowned
In lamentation and a bitter cry;
And then, besurged by weeping multitudes,
The man was borne into the palace hall,
Where Bertha lay at the King's feet, while he
Stood up before them, mute and stony-eyed,
Like one so far o'ercome by sore distress
That he no sharpness knows, and can but wring
Piteous incapable hands. And then the man
Rehearsed the story of the bitter field:—
“Hanging upon the midnight hill we saw
Their watch-fires dot the plain. Slow broke the
morn,

All damp and rolling vapor, with no sun,
But in its place a moving smear of light,
And through the mist we heard a trumpet blow.
By mid-day we were on them ere they knew,
And Ethelbert, like some wild beast at bay,
Fought but to kill, while he was being killed.
For him Prince Edwin and Prince Regner sought;
And though so knit in love their noble hearts
That each would give the other all he had,
Yet each grudged each his death. So when the sun
Broke through the clouds at setting, on a mound,
Lifted in seeing of the swaying fight,
Stood Ethelbert, surrounded by his lords,
Known by his white steed and his diadem,
And by his golden armor blurred with blood.
'Gainst him with but a single score of knights

The Princes spurred. Many were ridden down
In shock of onset. Regner's horse was speared,
And, rearing with fore feet that pawed the sky,
Fell backward on his rider, in whose side
A thirsty arrow stuck. Prince Edwin then,
With axe and arm up to the elbow red,
Drove up his horse 'gainst Ethelbert's, and struck,
Crushing the diadem and head at once,
And rode him down, and spurned him with his
hooves.

Then, as a tent when the main pole has snapped
Falls into ruin, all the army fell,
On the King's death. By this, the sun had set.
They fled before us, drove on drove, like sheep,
And Edwin, like one famishing for blood,
Headed the chase, and night held up her moon,
To light us to the slaying." While the tale
Was being told, the people silent stood,
But at its close their grief broke out afresh,

When some fond memory brought back Regner's
face,

His gait, his voice, some cordial smile of his,
And all the frank and cunning ways he had
To steal a gazer's heart. The long day waned,
And, at the mournful setting of the sun,
Up through the valley came the saddened files,
With Regner's body borne on leveled spears.
And, when they laid the piteous burden down
Within the gate, with a most bitter cry
The loose-haired Bertha on it flung herself,
And strove, in sorrow's passionate unbelief,
To kiss dead lips to life. The hardest eyes
Oozed pitying dew. But when the ancient King
Was, like a child, led up to see his son,
With sense of woe in woe's own greatness drowned,
With some obscure instinct of reverence
For sorrow sacreder than any crown,
The weeping people stood round, hushed as death.

BOOK III.

ROUND Regner's mighty corse, upon the mound,
Prince Edwin and the brethren weeping stood
In the red dawn, while all the men hung back.
And Edwin, when he heard his charger neigh,
Clasped hastily their hands; and, having bade
The noblest man that e'er lay dead on field
A sad, eternal farewell with his eyes,
He, with a slender following of knights,
Passed onwards through a solitary land,
O'er wastes that wore the silence of the sky,
O'er ferny hills that autumn rusts like iron.

And, when he came into his ruined town,
The news spread swift as sunrise—touched high
moors,

And waterfalls that never iris wore,
And every natural fastness wherein men
Had flung themselves in haste, and stood at bay.
And, at the news, toward the blackened walls
Thin rills of people 'gan to trickle down
The barren slopes, uncertain; for each heart,
Like some frail bough from which an evil bird
Had fled on dusky wing at step and shout,
Was trembling even yet. And with the first
Of the returning folk, like one that steps
Sudden from mountain vapor, from a grief
That brooked no fellowship, his mother came,
With aspect unsubdued by woe—nay, raised,
Like something smit by heaven's fire, and more
Majestic in its ruin than its prime:
More queenly—wearing sorrow's dreary crown,
And robed in bitter wrongs—than when she moved
In youthful beauty, and the diadem
Paled in more golden hair. The people fell
Back from her side in simple reverence,
And made a lane for sorrow. Tall she stood,
Like some old druid pillar by the sea,
Whose date no legend knows, with all its length
Eaten by foam-flakes and the arrowy salts
Blown blighting from the east, and wildly gazed
Upon the blackened ruins of her home,
Once loud with marriage joy, oft hushed by death,
With working nether lip, while native pride
Scorned weakness back into her heart, and strove
To shut a door on tears—in vain—she stretched
Fond arms of passion out, that Edwin sought
In sudden night, then weeping like a cloud
She hung upon his breast. Though dimmed awhile
By natural sadness, from that fond embrace
He raised a countenance like a rising sun—

Such an infectious light was in his eye,
Such hope and courage in his resolute voice,
Such noble scorn of all calamity,
That from his glance it shrank, a fearful shade
That into nought dislimned. A difficult hour
To try the pith and spirit of a man!
For gathered there the helpless people stood,
Foolish and timorous as a plump of sheep
That shoots this way, now that, and only held
Compact by barking dog and shepherd's cry:
He, like a flame that rises on the wind,
Feeding on what it fights with, cried aloud:—
"The robber that hath robbed us is struck down—
The fire that wasted us is quenched in blood!
Courage, my friends! new dwellings we will raise
And fairer, from these ashes!" Then, in mood
King-like, he grasped an axe, and first disturbed
The forest's silence with a falling pine.
The shock struck heart through the uncertain
crowds—

Each spirit rose as from a weight relieved—
At once the hundreds were alive like ants,
Swift-swarming to repair their citadel,
Crushed by a heedless foot. Ere twice a month
The town arose, a palace in its midst,
And girdled round by horror-breathing pines,
From whose unwilling tops the vibrant wind
Drew a hoarse murmur like the wintry surge,
A temple stood, by deities made dark,
Whose ears were closed to dulcimer and lute,
Wide to the clash of shields. And all around
The voice of industry in wood and field
Came back again, like some old pleasant tune
Long broken off, renewed, or silver stream
That sinks in earth, then, reappearing, flows
A mirror for the flowers. Once more the smoke
Uncoiled itself in evening's crimson air,
Once more the kine from out the pasture lowed,
Again within the solitude of woods
The muffled axe was heard. But ever when
On Edwin's heart the apparition came,
The old familiar world that hummed around,
Like mountains hanging green within the mere
Disturbed by dimpling breeze or lone canoe,
Became a weird confusion—something, nothing—
Commixed and mingling in the spinning brain.
As months went by, his mother Donegild,
Though still a ruin, was a ruin sunned,
Whose rents and fissures tell of thunderstroke,
But thunder long ago—where pain is not,

But only, in the quiet summer light,
The gentleness of natural decay.
And in the silent lapse of prosperous time
The bow of Edwin's spirit was relaxed.
In evil days he was the mole that broke
The dangerous surges of calamity,—
Now wind and wave were down. The common-
wealth

Was well cemented, and could stand alone,
Without his staying and supporting hand.
In the surcease of effort, love grew strong
And widened from that sweet point in the past,
As the pure pool of moonrise in the east
Soaks through the cloudy texture of the sky,
Till, in the tenderness of light, the woods
Grow flakes of blackness, and the monstrous forms
Of everlasting granite, clamped with iron.
Lose all their horror, and transfigured stand
Soft as the stuff of dreams. Across the hills
Time's gentle ministry was also felt;
For now the grassy mound of Regner's grave
Had grown a portion of the accustomed world—
Familiar as the shapes of distant hills,
And hardly moving sorrow more than they.
Drawn by a heart that boded happiness,
Thither Prince Edwin rode, with all his train,
Feasted a week—the while the ancient King
Was clad with flowers of holiday—and oft
In hall, in greenwood, 'neath the evening star,
In Bertha's half-turned ear, he chid delay,
For she was coy as is a backward spring
That will not take possession of delight
Nor all its buds disclose. And Redwald watched
With smiling eyes, remembering his own youth,
The amorous war of sunbeam and of snow,
And swore it was the way of bashful maids
To turn a sour face on the sweetest thing—
To pine for love, and then, whene'er it comes,
Fly with a red scared face. In his young days
Their mothers did the same. At last, the Prince
Drew the green bud to a sweet rosy tip,
Thence to the open flower; and, when he went,
The death of Regner was made up. Again
King Redwald had his wreath of sons complete.

So, in the very depth of pleasant May,
When every hedge was milky white, the lark,
A speck against a cape of sunny cloud,
Yet heard o'er all the fields—and when his heart
Made all the world as happy as itself—
Prince Edwin, with a score of lusty knights,
Rode forth a bridegroom to bring home his bride.
Brave sight it was to see them on their way,
Their long white mantles ruffling in the wind,
Their jeweled bridles, horses keen as flame
Crushing the flowers to fragrance as they moved!
Now flashed they past the solitary crag,
Now glimmered through the forest's dewy gloom,
Now issued to the sun. The summer night
Hung o'er their tents within the valley pitched,
Her transient pomp of stars. When that had paled,
And when the peaks of all the region stood
Like crimson islands in a sea of dawn,
They, yet in shadow, struck their canvas town,
For love shook slumber from him as a foe,
And would not be delayed. At height of noon,
When, shining from the woods afar in front,
The Prince beheld the Palace gates, his heart
Was lost in its own beatings, like a sound
In echoes. When the cavalcade drew near
To meet it, forth the princely brothers pranced,
In plume and golden scale; and, when they met,

Sudden, from out the Palace, trumpets rang
Gay wedding music. Bertha, 'mong her maids,
Upstarted as she caught the happy sound,
Bright as a star that brightens 'gainst the night.
When forth she came the summer day was dimmed,
For all its sunshine sank into her hair,
Its azure in her eyes. The princely man,
Lord of a happiness unknown, unknown,
Which cannot all be known for years and years—
Uncomprehended as the shapes of hills
When one stands in the midst! A week went by,
Deepening from feast to feast; and, at the close,
The grey priest lifted up his solemn hands,
And two fair lives were sweetly blent in one,
As stream in stream. Then, once again, the knights
Were gathered fair as flowers upon the sward,
While, in the distant chambers, women wept,
And, crowding, blest the little golden head,
So soon to lie upon a stranger's breast,
And light that place no more. The gate stood
wide—

Forth Edwin came enclothed with happiness,
She trembled at the murmur and the stir
That heaved around: then, on a sudden, shrank,
When through the folds of downcast lids she felt
Burn on her face the wide and staring day,
And all the curious eyes. Her brothers cried,
When she was lifted on the milky steed,
“Ah! little one, 'twill soon be dark to-night!
A hundred times we'll miss thee in a day,
A hundred times we'll rise up to thy call,
And want and emptiness will come on us!
Now, at the last, our love would hold thee back!
Let this kiss snap the cord! Cheer up, my girl;
We'll come and see thee when thou hast a boy
To toss up proudly to his father's face,
To let him hear it crow!” Away they rode;
And still the brethren watched them from the door
Till purple distance took them. How she wept,
When, looking back, she saw the things she knew—
The Palace, streak of waterfall, the mead,
The gloomy belt of forest—fade away
Into the grey of mountains. With a chill
The wide strange world swept round her, and she
clung,

Close to her husband's side. A silken tent
They spread for her, and for her tiring girls,
Upon the hills at sunset. All was hushed
Save Edwin, for the thought that Bertha slept
In that wild place—roofed by the moaning wind,
The black blue midnight with its fiery pulse—
So good, so precious, woke a tenderness
In which there lived uneasily a fear
That kept him still awake. And now, high up,
There burned upon the mountain's craggy top
Their journey's rosy signal. On they went;
And as the day advanced, upon a ridge,
They saw their home o'ershadowed by a cloud;
And, hanging but a moment on the steep,
A sunbeam touched it into dusty rain;
And lo the town lay gleaming 'mong the woods,
And the wet shores were bright. As nigh they
drew,

The town was emptied to its very babes,
And spread as thick as daisies o'er the fields.
The wind that swayed a thousand chesnut cones,
And sported in the surges of the rye,
Forgot its idle play, and, smit with love,
Dwelt in her fluttering robe. On every side
The people leapt like billows for a sight,
And closed behind, like waves behind a ship.
Yet in the very hubbub of the joy,

A deepening hush went with her on her way;
She was a thing so exquisite, the hind
Felt his own rudeness; silent women blessed
The lady, as her beauty swam in eyes
Sweet with unwonted tears. Through crowds she
passed,

Distributing a largess of her smiles;
And, as she entered through the Palace gate,
The wondrous sunshine died from out the air,
And everything resumed its common look.
The sun dropped down into the golden west,
Evening drew on apace; and round the fire
The people sat and talked of her who came
That day to dwell amongst them, and they praised
Her sweet face, saying she was good as fair.

So while the town hummed on as was its wont,
With mill, and wheel, and scythe, and lowing steer
In the green field; while, round a hundred hearths,
Brown Labor boasted of the mighty deeds
Done in the meadow swathes, and envy hissed
Its poison, that corroded all it touched—
Rusting a neighbor's gold, mildewing wheat,
And blistering the pure skin of chastest maid—
Edwin and Bertha sat in marriage joy
From all removed, as heavenly creatures winged,
Alit upon a hill-top near the sun,
When all the world is reft of man and town
By distance, and their hearts the silence fills.
Not long; for unto them, as unto all,
Down from love's height unto the world of men
Occasion called with many a sordid voice.
So forth they fared with sweetness in their hearts,
That took the sense of sharpness from the thorn.
Sweet is love's sun within the heavens alone,
But not less sweet when tempered by a cloud
Of daily duties! Love's elixir, drained
From out the pure and passionate cup of youth,
Is sweet: but better, providently used,
A few drops sprinkled in each common dish
Where with the human table is set forth,
Leavening all with heaven. Seated high
Among his people, on the lofty dais,
Dispensing judgment—making woodlands ring
Behind a flying hart with hound and horn—
Talking with workmen on the tawny sands,
Mid skeletons of ships, how best the prow
May slice the big wave and shake off the foam—
Edwin preserved a spirit, calm, composed,
Still as a river at the full of tide;
And in his eye there gathered deeper blue,
And beamed a warmer summer. And when sprang
The angry blood, at sloth, or fraud, or wrong,
Something of Bertha touched him into peace,
And swayed his voice. Among the people went
Queen Bertha, breathing gracious charities,
And saw but smiling faces; for the light
Aye looks on brightened colors. Like the dawn—
(Beloved of all the happy, often sought
In the slow east by hollow eyes that watch—)
She seemed to husked and clownish gratitude
That could but kneel and thank. Of industry
She was the fair exemplar, as she span
Among her maids; and every day she broke
Bread to the needy stranger at her gate.
All sloth and rudeness fled at her approach;
The women blushed and curtsied as she passed,
Preserving word and smile like precious gold;
And, where on pillows clustered children's heads,
A shape of light she floated through their dreams.

But when the gentle Queen was growing pale

With the new life that stirred beneath her heart,
Her brethren rode up to the Palace gates.
Dismounting there, they greeted first the King,
Then kissed her every one. They brought with
them

Another kingdom's wonders, which revived
And lived around the table; and their stay
Was that long summer's glorious hunting time.
All day they roared like winds within the woods,
Kept every echo busy with their horns,
Coursed saddest wastes, and broke on lonely pools
With margins lily-paved—that knew no change
Except the snowy convoluted cloud
Down flowing to new shapes without a sound.
One evening, when the hunters sat at feast
With Donegild and Edwin, and the Queen
In silent mood, compact of life and death,
Like day and night in twilight, out they broke
In speech which somewhat antic in attire,
Yet wore most true sincerity at heart.

One cried: "Dost thou remember when we dwelt
In the old world of blue transparent air
Beyond the hills, seven mighty beechen bolls,
The day reposing on our sultry heads,
And thou, the trembling windflower at our feet,
Which no rude wind dared wag till this man came?"

Another then took up the tender thread:
"We missed thee, little sister, as a man
Reft of the special jewel from his neck
With which he loved to play; and, when his hand,
Unthinking, wanders to the empty place,
He starts to find it not!"

And then a third:
"Great changes have come o'er us since thou
went'st.

The poor old father, with his grief-bleached head,
Still whitens; and the thought of Regner's death
Yet wears him as a torrent wears a hill.
There is no spring of life in these old men,
And the lopped branch can put forth no fresh
leaves—

As they are, they remain. Yet, thanks to Time,
Whose touch alone can numb the bitter wound,
Our Regner's coming would be now as strange,
And would as huge unfitness wear to all,
As did his going hence. The saddest grave
That ever tears kept green must sink at last
Unto the common level of the world;
Then o'er it runs a road."

And then a fourth:
"Ay, the old lamp is sorely scant of oil,
And gutters in the wind. A gentler hand
Than ours it needs to trim the fallen wick
And shelter the still flame until it dies!"

And so they talked and talked about the past
In which we mortals sweetly rooted stand.
Week after week their going was delayed
Till the heath reddened on the rock—till, like
One golden-mouthed, September preached decay
With all its painted woods. And ere they went,
In Bertha's fragrant bosom lay asleep
The sweetest babe that ever mother blest—
A helpless thing, omnipotently weak;
Naked, yet stronger than a man in mail—
That, with its new-born struggling sob and cry,
Softened the childless Palace, and unsealed
Fountains of love undreamed of. Tenderness
Made every arm a cradle, every voice
Soft as a cradle song. Star-like it lay

In Donegild's dark lap, while o'er it she
Crooned, like a druid forest, weirdest songs.
And as one poring on a precious seed,
Creates a phantom of the future plant
With odorous terraces of leaf and bloom,
Fairer perchance than ever sun will woo—
Edwin upon the infant gazed, until
Before him rose a nobly-statured man,
Unmarred by sloth, by all excess unstained,
Pure-hearted as a girl, whose edge of will
No stubborn grain could turn—wise, resolute—
The kingly crown his natural covering,
As matted hair the hind's. And Bertha hung
Over its slumber all the live-long day
As moveless as a willow that o'er droops
A well, the while there is in all the world
Not wind enough to turn a silvered leaf.

So the boy throve into his second year,
And babbled like a brook, and fluttered o'er
The rushes, like a thing all wings, to meet
His father's coming, and be breathless caught
From the great foot up to the stormy beard
And smothered there in kisses. And whene'er
Edwin and Bertha sat in grave discourse
Of threatened frontier and the kingdom's need,
If the blue eyes looked upward from their knees,
Their voices in a baby language broke
Down to his level, and the sceptre slipped
Unheeded from the hands that loved his curls
Far more to play with. Every day these twain—
Two misers with their gold in one fair chest
Enclosed—hung o'er him in his noon-day sleep
Upon the wolf-skin—blessed the tumbled hair,
Cheek pillow-dinted, little mouth half-oped
With the serenest passage of pure breath,
Red as a rose-bud pouting to a rose;
Eyelids that gave the slumber-misted blue;
One round arm doubled, while the other lay,
With dainty elbow dimpled like a cheek,
Beside a fallen plaything. Slumbering there,
The fondest dew of praises on him fell,
And the low cry with which he woke was stilled
By a proud mother's mouth.

Then, while the boy
Grew imitative as an echo, while
His mother passed beyond her girlish joys,
And sorrows transient as a summer shower
Chased by the laughing blue, and reached that peace
Of perfect love, that weather of the heart,
Which is the image of the windless days
When July sleeps within the golden air,
And the wheat ripens in its rank—and while
King Edwin roamed the happiest Prince on ground—
The black cloud floated over them and broke;
In spring-time when the trees were newly-dressed,
When from its sleep came forth the snake, and
when

The nestless cuckoo sought the sparrow's house,
Warm-lined in hawthorn hedge, and left her own
Among the turquoise eggs.

A robber clan
Dwelt in the wastes upon his kingdom's edge,
And harried many a homestead, many a farm;
So, when the cry for succor reached the throne,
King Edwin rose, and with a cloud of horse
Passed suddenly into a townless land,
And fought the robbers there, and many slew,
And pushed the rest, confused, into a marsh
Where rose the leader's tower. There closely cooped
He stood at bay, like badger in his hole,
While men and dogs unearth him. At the last,

The bandits, hunger-clung, burned up with thirst,
Wild-eyed, and clad in rusty iron, came forth,
And offered Edwin, for the gift of life,
Horses, and gold, and faithful following
Where'er he blew his trumpet. But the King,
With their death-warrant in his eye, broke out
Upon the troublers of the public weal,
And called them "liars, malefactors, knaves,
Ungracious creatures, countenanced like men,
Yet hearted, stomached, fanged, and clawed like
beasts!

Mere kites and crows that pick the sheep's eyes out;
Mere wolves that prowl about the wattled folds,
With teeth that sharpen as the kidling bleats.
Worthless; who could destroy, but could not make.
Spoilers, who could contribute, for the good
Of toiling villages and towns of men,
But the rank greenness of their graves!" The crew
Hearing themselves thus dedicate to death,
For pardon clamored loudly—begged for life,
Would water bear, hew wood, slave in the homes
Of him and of his people—but the King
Was to all mercy inaccessible
As a sheer precipice to clutching hands,
And hanged the rabble on the doddered oaks
That stunted grew, long lichened in the marsh,
And set the torch unto the leader's tower.
And, while he sat upon his steed, and watched
The smoke of ruin rise up flecked with flame,
A man came with a letter from the Queen,
Which he broke open with a hurried hand,
And read within the saddle as he sat.
And as one walking on a pleasant way,
When tree and hedge are newly-green with spring,
Sweet thoughts in heart, and eyes upon the ground,
Pores suddenly on something at his foot,
That is not of the world in which he dwells,
And startles him into strangeness, so the King,
Perusing with a smile the loving words,
Stooped sudden down on this:—

"The strangest thing
Happened yesterday. For as I sat, a maid
Came with the news that one within the hall,—
A poor far-traveled man, whose face a sun
Warmer than ours had painted,—o'er his food
Was railing in set terms against the gods;
Whereat I went with Regner at my foot.
But when I came, he pushed aside his dish,
And raised his eyes, and blessed me and the child;
Then sat stone-still, in meekest humbleness.
I asked him 'What wrong thing the gods had done?'
Then forth there broke the music of his voice
About a dear God Christ, who hung on tree
While His own children pierced His tender side.
Quoth he, 'This English land belongs to Christ,
And all the souls upon it. He will come,
And merciful possession take of all.'
He asked me 'if the King was then at war?'
I answered 'Yes.' Then said he, 'When Lord
Christ

Comes to His own, the times of war are o'er.
Upon His raiment there are stains of blood,
But 'tis His own, for He can only love.
He never blew a trumpet to the field;
His soldiers are the men who die in fires,
With blessings on their lips for those who stack
The faggots, and who bring the blazing torch;
His nobles, those who have subdued their pride
To the forgetting of a wrong that whets
The sword to think on.' Then his eyes he fixed
Upon the child that hid within my robe,
The while his face grew tender with a smile.

'O baby brow, that yet wilt wear a crown!
 O baby hand, that wilt the sceptre hold!
 Thou art beloved of our Brother Christ;
 He carries all earth's children in His heart—
 His heart more tender than a mother's is.
 A child stands ever at the foot of Christ,
 And wanders from Him into manhood. Mayst
 Thou wander not! And when the resting Christ
 Sits in His heaven when the world is done,
 Wearing pure souls as jewels in His crown,
 Mayst thou shine fairly set!' With that he rose,
 Blessing me and the child again, and went,
 Leaving his strange words burning in my ear:
 And through the night I dreamed a gracious shape
 Walked in a garden full of flowers, and full
 Of children—children fair and apple-cheeked,
 Children on pallets stretched—and when the shape
 Passed by these last, they smiled the happiest smile,
 The wan cheek reddened, from the couch they rose,
 And ran among their fellows 'neath the trees.
 When at his foot a chain of children broke,
 There stood my Regner; and methought as one
 Doth pluck the fairest flower of all the flowers,
 In some sequestered hiding-place of spring,
 He took him to his heart: and then I woke."

This letter did the grave King ponder o'er—
 Folding it up, then opening it to read,
 As if in search of something he had missed.
 When evening fell, and the thin crescent moon
 Brightened through crimson vapors, and the tower
 Glowed in the darkness like a burned-out brand,
 The King dismounted, and within his tent
 Pored o'er the letter by the cresset light
 That, star-like, hung beneath the silken roof.

So, when the robber clan was trodden out,
 And all the strongholds razed—upon a day
 Of spring's divinest sunshine, when the breeze
 Had o'er the heaven spread the winnowed cloud
 As reapers shake the loose hay o'er the fields—
 The King rode homeward with a moody heart,
 And all his lords behind, a goodly train.
 And, when they reached the Palace, in a hush—
 For by the weather on the leader's brow
 The followers dressed their own—he leapt from
 steed,

Flinging the careless reins upon the neck,
 And entered. In the high hall sat the Queen,
 Among her maids. They, singing, sat and span
 The carded wool. She silent bent above
 A struggling battle-piece of horse and man,
 And flying standard, terrible of look.
 The red drops trickled down the soldier's brow
 Unhelmeted. The central charger, speared,
 Rolled a wild eye, and snorted angry breath.
 Almost the trumpeter was heard to blow,
 Dead man to fall on man with iron sound.
 A thing that billowing on a gusty wall
 In blinking faggot light, with strangest life
 Might shake a gazer. By her stood the child,
 Grave for his years, with a most earnest eye,
 Watching the nimble fingers at their task
 Upon the pictured folds. In broke the King—
 In many a grisly crease the thing crept down,
 While Bertha rose and sought his open arms,
 And raised a face no higher than his breast,
 There to be kissed and kissed. And while he held
 The upturned face within his mighty palms,
 Like one with a great cloud upon his mind
 That makes it dark, he broke out, "Dearest wife,
 I cannot rid me of the strange discourse

Thou heldest with the man that came and went.
 Can gods supplant gods as one race of kings
 Another? Is there nothing fixed? Will death
 Not only heir earth's sceptres, but the homes,
 The majesty, the wisdom, and the strength
 Of deities that thunder when they speak?
 Are farewells said in heaven? and has each bright
 And young divinity a sunset hour?
 Methought, as I rode past, the temple shook,
 And deities a dying murmur made—
 Sighing farewell to empire, and to rule.
 Ay, the transparent curtain of the air,
 Hides toil and heart-break and unguessed-of
 change—

My Regner." Here the child came to his foot,
 All rosy cheek, blue eye, and golden curl,
 And chased dark thoughts away; and, while his
 brow

Cleared, Edwin from the rushes caught the babe—
 Tossed him as high 's the roof. "O ho! thou imp,
 Wearing a name the dearest to my soul,
 Mocking me with thy mother's smile and eye—
 When wilt thou head a gallant company
 Where hound and horn make music in the dale?
 When wilt thou back a steed? and couch a spear?
 And hurl some great king down in tournament
 With all the plumage of his helmet shred?
 When wilt thou in the bloody battle press
 O'er which thy banner flies, wield axe like him,
 The long-haired fellow in the canvas there,
 As men were trunks of trees? His sun will shine
 In its meridian, wife, when thine and mine
 Are low beneath the hills. Thou morsel, thou—
 Thou bud, thou babbling sweetness full of life
 From foot to curl. Thou trout in sunny pool,
 Thou butterfly in air, thou blue-eyed thing
 Crowing despair away, thou—" Here the boy
 Danced up and down upon his father's hands
 With baby laughter and delighted eyes,
 Was to his face dropped down, drowned in his beard
 And there devoured in kisses, till a noise
 Arose outside, like mews, that o'er a fish
 Clamor and wheel; and then the single voice
 Of one made clamant by a mighty wrong,
 Cried, "Justice, justice, justice for the weak!"
 Upon the floor the King set down the child
 And called out, "Let the poor man hither come;
 He shall have justice." Then into the hall,
 Drawn by the voice, a man came roughly clad
 As a sea-rock with sea-weed. Wild his face,
 Like one who knew waste places and waste hours,
 And had scant share of human fellowship.
 And in the hall he stood before the King.

Then Edwin said, "Stranger, whoe'er thou art,
 If in my realm an ill thing hath been done,
 A maid been wronged, a poor man robbed, a march
 Dishonestly been changed, it is my place
 To smite the wickedness from off the earth—
 Else wherefore is my crown? And do not fear
 There is a dweller in this commonwealth
 Whose proud head wags o'er law. From lowest hut
 To the throne's footsteps, to the throne itself,
 Let wrong and wronger perish. But this much—
 I am no idle creditor of tales
 Brought by the brushwood 'gainst the lordly oak;
 And, if a lie within thy story lurks,
 It, like a wild beast, will I track and kill.
 And desolate the place in which it dwelt.
 Wherefore on justice dost thou cry aloud?"

Then like a weir unsluiced the man began.

"I call for swift revenge upon my foe—
A mighty lord who heeds me and my rage
But as the moated tower blown thistle-down,
Great King, I had a daughter; only one—
Dearer to me a thousand times than life:
Sweet as the heather-bell that from afar
Attracts the bee; and by my side she grew
Full fourteen summers, sweeter every year.
One day, O King, the great lord came my way
And spied the lonely blossom of my life,
And coveted its beauty. It was all
I had—he, gardens of his own to roam
And pluck at will, where every rosebud cropped
With pride would redden. Mine away he stole,
And with it took the sun from out the sky,
The joy from out my life. I followed him,
Fell on my knees before his castle gate,
And prayed that he would give me back my flower,
Pure as at first; if not, then any way;
Soiled, sodden, withered, of its leaves despoiled,
To me dear ne'er the less. He mocked my grief,
Struck these old grey hairs down upon the stones."

Then rushed to Edwin's temples the hot blood.
"Old man, if this sad tale of thine be true,
The evil lord shall surely die the death,
Though he stand foremost in my roll of knights,
Yea, were my mother's son. What is his name?
However strongly girt by fosse and tower
Thy voice is his death-warrant."

Then the flame
In the man's face sank low at once. He said,
In broken meekness, "Mighty King, I am
But withered grass beneath the feet of all,
Despised and trodden, nor doth it befit
Me to arraign great lords. And, when 'tis come
To this, I tremble at the single word
That once unloosed, will, like the lightning, rend
And spread a desolation far and wide.
In this pure presence also would I not
Blazon the shame of one who beareth arms,
And eats with thee at feast. And therefore King,
I pray thee, let me in thy private ear
Whisper the name of him that did the thing."

To him then answered Edwin: "Fear, methinks,
Should with the wronger dwell, not with the
wronged.

Though all my knights were standing now in hall,
The name should be clear spoken out at once.
The scarlet face but to one man belongs,
To him it sticks for ever, not to thee.
Yet, if the name of that uncourteous lord,
Which to dishonor's keeping shall be given,
Among the sins and falsehoods of the world,
Ne'er to be rendered back, thou wilt not give
Where best it should be; standing on thy wrong
In the clear public air—come with me hence."
The King turned with an angry port; the man

Followed him meekly, stepping like a cat,
With silent footsteps. Hardly had they gone,
Before there twirled the distaff of a maid,
Before the patient needle of the Queen
Renewed its work on arm and brandished spear,
A sharp cry rose, a fall, and then a voice.
Like some pure bevy of white-breasted doves
By a hawk fluttered, skirred the maids, the Queen
Flew to the sound; they, gathered in a crowd,
Flocked at her heel. Against the wall the King
Leaned like one hurt, his hand upon his side,
At his foot the cursed knife; the while, the man
Upon the floor lay groveling like a beast
Whose backbone has been broken by a shot—
His face distort with pain. When these he saw,
The King smiled in that bitter sort which hides
A grievous wound, and mocks it. "Wife," he said,
"This strange wild-cat has scratched me, that is all.
And yet no thanks. For with that tumbled stool,
I've crushed the creature to a broken heap
Of agony, that ne'er will bite or claw.
Wherefore against me didst thou lift the knife?"
Whereat the writhing snake with dying lips,
Dabbled with poisonous foam: "It was not I,
'Twas Ethelbert that struck thee from the grave.
His spirit passed into me when he died,
And for thy life I hungered as for food.
My hate suborned the world against thy life.
All things were my confederates and spies;
The running stream that caught thy shadow, knew
I sought thy life, and told it to the reed.
The myriad grass-blades whispered of thy steps,
As thou didst pass intent on peace or war.
The flower from out its covert leaned and watched;
The forest leaves took note of thee, and made
A murderous murmur to my greedy ears.
Aided by grass and flower, I found thee; struck—
Struck home, as thou struck'st home. O mighty
King,

A poor fool hath o'erreached thee. Thou didst boast
The cunning'st lie thou couldst nose out, as hound
The skulking fox. I led thee through a land,
The foxes' trail was rank on bush and brake,
Where was thy scent then? With a lie I fanned
Thy virtuous rage for justice, made it flame
Fiercely 'gainst nothing. Dying folly mocks
A dying wisdom. Take my hand, great King,
For we are fellow travelers on the way
To death's void darkness." At this Edwin stamped,
"Ho, Offa, Cedric! I've blown the candle out,
But yet the wick stinks foully." Then he reeled
And caught at something in the deathly mist,
But Bertha stayed him. By supporting arms,
Slowly the wounded man was led to couch.
And there for many a weary day and night,
Low lay the princely pillar of the state,
And by his side, but by him all unheard,
His mother wept aloud like blustering March;
Bertha, like breathless April, close and still.

BOOK IV.

SEVEN days and nights the Queen sat by the couch
With cooling cup and pillow-smoothing hand,
And propped the wild and matted head that throbbed
With fiery veins. In watches of the night
She weeping heard, like some clock out of gear
Striking strange hours, the cool and temperate lips
Rave of a battle lost and hasty flight,
And of a hate that chased him o'er the land,
And of a stone without a traitor's gate,
And of a spirit that did prophesy

Of ruined thrones rebuilt and deaths of kings,
And of a promised something yet to come
With universal change. The wasteful sea
Of ancient sorrow which was pushed far back
By dyke and labored mole, till but a sound
Haunted with grief the shores of happiness,
Broke down its barriers, drowning cot and town,
Tillage and blossomed wood, until the caves
Which summer had o'erspread with leaf and bloom,
And all the old sea margins heard again

The wild waves welter and the sea-birds cry.
Seven days and nights the Queen sat by his couch
The while her tears and kisses were unknown.
The lords, who were to him right hand and left,
On whom he built as on the solid ground,
Were strangers; and the people thronged the doors
Devouring every morsel of the news
Brought from the sick room where the King was
laid,

For they were helpless as a town whose walls
Have fallen when the foe is in the field.
On the eighth night he fell in slumber deep,
And Donegild and Bertha o'er him hung,
For he lay moveless as the sea at full
Ere the tide 'gins to turn; and, when he woke
He knew the tear-wet faces and the lips
And pressing hands; and slowly glimmered back,
Like something coming out of racking mist,
The man who cried for justice, and the blow,
And then the sharp pain of his unhealed wound.
Each day thereafter like a fairy brought
The King some gift of health, some red to cheek,
Some lustre to the eye. When passed a week
And, gathering strength he lay within the hall,
The Queen upon a low stool at his feet
Played with his wasted hand, far dearer now,
In that it had been neighbor unto death,
Than when 'twas hers upon her marriage morn,
And in the childishness of her delight
She covered it with kisses. Then the hand,
Warm with the loving roses of her lips,
Slipped from her grasp, and in love's silence stroked
Bright golden hair and happy cheek that leaned—
And, as she spake she smiled at the caress.
“Husband, within the palace of thy heart
I have free range of audience hall, and room
Where people throng, or where thou sitt'st alone
Holding a thoughtful session in thy soul,
Whither each deed is summoned. Well I know
Each door is wide. But tell me, is there not
Some little private closet in the place
For which I have no key? Is there not one?
A little one? When that dark visitress,
Delirium, through the silent chamber stalked
The sad and sovereign mistress for the time,
She left a door ajar, where horror lay
And perturbation, and a fear that looks
And listens for calamity that moves
Somewhere within the future with no shape.
What spirit was it that did speak with thee?
And what will on a sudden step from air,
To change the world?” Thereat the sick King's
hand

Stayed on the hair and on the nestling cheek,
And Bertha's heart beat thick before he spoke.
“I would, my Bertha, thou hadst never known,
Or that the knowledge and the thing had come
Together. That were better far. For oft
When on me blows the cold foreboding wind,
The clearness of my spirit is made gross
By its own sands. For long my mood of mind
Is that of one on expectation's edge,
Who, having heard a herald's trumpet blow,
Doth wait for what 'tis blown for. Seated once,
Years bygone now, without thy father's gate,
At midnight a strange man stood at my feet
And told me that in battle huge and wide
King Ethelbert would fall with all his lords,
That I should call thee wife, and that my throne
Would be rebuilt, that I should teachers have
Who knew the secrets in the hand of death,
That once more he would come,—and then like mist

He melted, and again I sat alone.
King Ethelbert and all his nobles fell;
Thou art the truest wife that ever breathed
Or shared the joys and sorrows of a man;
My throne is 'stablished, and a little hand
Is growing for my sceptre when it falls,
Be that day soon or late. But where are they,
The teachers? And the apparitional man,
When will he reappear? I cannot doubt
The end will prove as the beginning, true.
No Summer ever yet did midway pause
And without wheaten sheaf return to Spring.
Who knows, it may be that this same Lord Christ
Of whom thou heard'st, this Christ that seems to
break

O'er me like a strange dawn, within whose light
The world takes other hues, may have to do
With that for which I wait.” And then the Queen,
With a poor trembling cheer upon her lips
Upbubbling through her blank astonishment,
“Ah, husband, husband! though our lives are
wrapt

Within a cloud of wonder, do not fear;
The voice hath only half fulfilled itself;
Good hath its half fulfilment been; much good
For us is on the way.” And, as she leaned
Her head against his side, she hardly felt
The gaunt hand wandering over hair and cheek.

But ere King Edwin's bitter hurt was whole
He hungered for the whirr of windy mills
And din of carpenters among the ships.
While chained with weakness to a painful couch
It irked him to be like a mossing stone
Within the hearing of the running stream.
Cooped up, his thirst for noble action towered
At times unto the captured lion's mood,
When all his waste of burning sand and sky
Shrinks to a twilight den, which his disdain
Can measure at a stride. Once, as he lay
Stretched weak in hall, there came a hasty man,
Astonishment depicted on his face,
And told the King a ship lay on the sands,
And from it issued strange and foreign men.
Unknowing what the strangers might portend,
Straightway he rose from couch and sat on steed,
Gaunt, fever-wasted, pale with conquered pain,
And, as he rode adown the narrow street,
His lords behind, he broke the silent air
To murmured blessings, for at unwonted sound
Of hoofs, each window was with faces crammed;
The black-browed armorer on the anvil left
His hammer, and stood gazing from the door,
The woman held her child up as he passed,
The beggar's hand forgot to stretch for alms,
The girl laid down her pitcher. With an eye
That softened, slowly through the town he rode,
And, slowly issuing from the gate, he spurred
Along a rude sea bank of mounded sand
'Gainst which the universal glitter flowed,
With a sharp face that reddened in the wind.
But ere the foam was churning on the bit,
He saw a crowd of people sea-ward look,
As at some strange thing happening on the earth:
And, riding down upon a yellow bay,
From which the unseen moon had drawn the tide,
He drew the rein with wonder. In the bright
Fringe of the living sea that came and went
Tapping its planks, a great ship sideways lay,
And o'er the sands a grave procession paced
Melodious with many a chaunting voice.
Nor spear nor buckler had these foreign men;

Each wore a snowy robe that downward flowed ;
 Fair in their front a silver cross they bore ;
 A painted Saviour floated in the wind ;
 The chaunting voices, as they rose and fell,
 Hallowed the rude sea-air. On these the King
 Stared wonder-stricken—marble horse and man
 Not more bereft of motion. All the lords
 Sat silent and wide-eyed. The foremost man,
 Who seemed the leader of the white-robed train,
 Unbent, although his beard was white as snow,
 And the veins branched along his withered hands,
 Spake, while to Edwin he obeisance made.
 "To thee, who bear'st the likeness of a king,
 'Tis fit that I should speak, that thou may'st know
 What is the business of thy servants here.
 We come to traffic not in horse or man,
 Corn, wine, or oil ; nor yet to gather gold,
 Nor to win cities by the force of arms.
 O King ! we came across the dangerous seas
 To win thee and thy people from the gods
 Who cannot hear a cry or answer prayer,
 Unto the worship of the heavenly Christ,
 Of whom thou art the eldest son of all
 That in this nation dwell. We are unarmed ;
 'Tis in thy power to strike us through with spears,
 To stake us in the pathway of the tide,
 To burn us in the fire. Within thy hands
 Thou hast our lives. But yet we trust in Christ,
 From whose pure hand each king derives his crown,
 And in whose keeping are the heavenly worlds,
 No harm shall us befall. We bring thee Christ—
 The Christ before whose coming devils flee,
 Idolatrous fires burn low, and horrid drums,
 Beaten to drown the shrieks of sacrifice,
 Are covered o'er with silence."

Then the King
 Stirred from his marble trance, and color flashed
 Across his face, as something in his soul
 Murmured, like a reverberating cliff,
 The apparition's words without the gate
 Of Redwald on the night he sat alone ;
 But straightway he possessed himself and spake :

"Within my realm no harm shall thee befall ;
 And as thou hast into my kingdom come
 So far, and art desirous to make known
 Thy spirit's dear inheritance of truth,
 Or what thou deem'st its dear inheritance,
 Thou shalt have sustenance within my towns,
 And lodgement as is fit. Nay, more than this—
 To-morrow, here, beneath the open sky,
 Where magical arts are powerless, will I bring
 In council all my lords, and ancient men
 Who have inherited wisdom with their snows,
 To give thee patient hearing. For myself,
 Although not minded to desert the gods
 My fathers followed, and beneath whose sway
 The happy seasons still have come and gone,
 I keep an open door for thoughts and men
 That wear strange clothes and speak with foreign
 tongues ;
 Such hospitality befits a King."

Thereat the King and all the knights returned :
 Them the procession followed, with the folk
 Dispread on either side in cloudy wings ;
 And when the priests, the cross before them borne,
 Beheld the city in the yellow light,
 And all the King's train riding to the gate,
 Sudden a choir of silver voices rose :—
 "Lord Christ, we do beseech Thee in Thy grace,
 Let not Thine anger 'gainst this city burn,

Nor 'gainst Thy holy house, for we have sinned !"
 And so they sang until the gate was reached.
 There, like a stream, that fretting on a stone
 Is on itself pushed back, the tumult grew ;
 At last, from out the struggle and the press,
 Adown the street the white procession flowed,
 And, like a rookery that starts on wing,
 And hangs a noisy blackness in the air,
 The town was uproar, till a courteous knight
 Sent by the King, into a dwelling wide,
 Right opposite the palace, brought the priests,
 And closed great doors upon a crowd close pressed
 And jammed like wethers in a fold. And then
 As the tumultuous rookery that wheels
 Above its ancient trees, subsides at last,
 Each bird beside its nest upon the bough,
 And caws itself to silence, all the mass
 Dense wedged, split like an ice-floe in a thaw,
 Then gathered into clumps of twos and threes,
 And, ere the evening, from the street withdrew
 To babble of the wonder by the fire.

And, when the town had brawled itself to rest,
 Edwin went privately unto the priests
 To further learn of Christ, and stayed a space.
 Then he came back and sat beside the Queen,
 And talked of all the wonders of the day ;
 But, with a mind confused, and blurred by doubt,
 And indistinct, as in dim-weeping dawns
 When wreaths of mist are stretched from tree to
 tree,

The landscape which a man knows as himself !
 And, when she like a star had set, he turned
 The matter o'er and o'er within his mind,
 And broke out with a touch of fretfulness,
 For his deep wound twinged sharply. "If 'twere
 but

The building of a city, or a ship,
 Defence of threatened frontier, anything
 That may be compassed by apparent means,
 And, being compassed, brings apparent good !
 This Christ has ne'er been seen by living eye,
 His voice has ne'er been heard by living ear,
 And if beneath his banner I enlist,
 Service life long, obedience absolute,
 Strict abstinence from all ambitious thoughts,
 Stern curbing of the war-horse in the heart,
 Are needed ; and long years of purity,
 That shame the honor of a knight, that shame
 The nobleness of kings. War is forbid ;
 I must forgive the man that injures me.
 What if, when I am on a death-bed laid,
 Hoary with painful years, no Christ should be ?
 I have my spirit tortured for a dream :
 The man who wrongs me insolently laughs ;
 And unenlarged my kingdom for my son ;
 And unembalmed by victories, my name
 Will perish like a nothing from the earth,
 Unrescued by a harpstring. Could I place
 This Christ within the temple of the gods ?
 One must be right ! But then this man brings
 Christ

To save me from the worship of the gods,
 To smite in dust their shrines. Divinities
 Are jealous of divinities. They may
 Forgive the worshipper ; they ne'er forgive
 The proud thing praised and worshipped. It is kill,
 Kill, kill, and overturn !" So thus and thus
 From divers points the King's mind blew until
 The lamp was fading, and forgetful sleep
 Hung on the weary eyelid. Then he rose,
 Stepped to his boy and kissed him, as he lay,

Round, rosy cheeked, beneath a cloud of curls ;
And sought his couch until the early dawn.

But till the dawn he slumbered not, for—like
A rude petitioner that presses suit
In the market-place, and, urgent, dogs the heel
Of him, whose word is grace, to audience hall
And thence to private chamber—yet unlaid
By an irrevocable yea or nay,
The thing pursued him to his couch, unchanged,
Confronted him in dream. So, when the town
Was growing white with dawn, the King, to 'scape
The tyranny of thought that made him toss
From deep to deeper fever, and suborned
Against his peace the motions of the blood
That beat and surged against his ear, arose
And clothed himself and hasted out to bathe
In cool grey light soft flowing from the east,
Scented with dewy woods, and in its heart
The chirrupings of newly wakened birds.
Dawn struck on fevered forehead, and on eyes
Reddened with watching, as he paused to look
Upon the glimmering city, stretching out
In slumber's silent trustfulness ; no sound—
The white light pouring down on wall and roof,
The secure raven flying low—that lit,
And from the temple croaked. "Ah little town,
Round which I am a wall, which I have fed
As tenderly as e'er a parent bird
Its nest of callow young, which I have kept
As shepherd keeps his sheep—the thing I do,
The way I turn in this grave matter scoops
A channel for thy flow to good or ill.
This thing, though clamant, is ungraspable,
Bodiless, airy, and transacts itself
In spiritual regions all unbreathed,
And strange, as is a new-created world
Unprinted by a foot. I am a staff
Placed upright on the ground, and have no power
To fall this way or that, but fall I must,
And by the way I fall shall Deira grow.
Unwise, irresolute, it is my doom
To lift on high my voice, and at my voice
A future with an unimagined face
Will break on thee and me." Thereat the King,
(As on the night he sat without the gate)
With unknown terror shook from head to heel,
And lo, there stood within a lane of dawn
A folded shape that, slow advancing, laid
A hand upon his head, and at the sign
So well remembered, waited for through years
With a desire that called it, and again
With blood chill-streaming and a cowering heart,
Edwin fell on his knees, and then the Shape—
"Kneel not to me, but to the heavenly Christ !
Have not the things I promised come to pass ?
Have I not sent Paulinus as I said ?
To his instructions give attentive ear,
And bring thy people also unto him,
That Christ may be the Lord of all. And know
This fertile island in the narrow seas
Parceled in seven states that fret and fume
Fiercely against each other, shall grow one,
And a far distant son of thine shall sit
Within its capital city high enthroned,
The crown upon his head. The crown from Christ
He will receive on coronation day.
The kingdoms and the nations of the earth
Are tools with which Christ works ; and many He
Hath broken, for the metal faithless proved ;
And many He hath thrown aside to rust
In a neglected corner ; many worn

With noble service into nothingness :
This England, when 'tis tempered to His need,
Will be His instrument to shape the world
For many a thousand years. O mighty Prince,
Within the East is born a day of days,
For Christ this day will to thy kingdom come
And seek therein to dwell. Be faithful thou,
That faithfulness may live from king to king."
At this a ray smote Edwin on the face,
Each dew-drop twinkled gem-like on the thorn,
And with wet wing from out the fields behind
A lark rose singing, and when Edwin looked
He was alone with sunrise on the hills.

The town that morning was all ear and eye,
There was no sound of shipwrights on the beach,
The wind twirled empty mills, the armorer's fire
No bellows blew to crimson. Like a stream
On which frost lays his hand, all work stood still.
The child looked up into its father's face,
And, seeing what it could not understand,
Sat still and played not. As the morn drew on,
A voice, the clatter of a passing hoof,
Crammed every door with faces. Then the folk
Gathered in groups to stare upon the house
In which the priests were lodged, and strove to
shape,
In ignorant wonder what event was ripe ;
And now the stirring palace took the pulse,
And raised the flying rumor which o'er-swept
The crowd, as wind a wheat field. Now one rode
As if in haste adown the narrow street,
One oped a palace window and looked forth,
One tightened girth of steed. Conjecture made
These nothings monstrous as the shade that stalks
Along the shining vapor 'mong the hills
When the red sun is at the herdsman's back.
Then, while the crowd was growing more and more,
The knight went from the palace for the priests :
And then King Edwin and his nobles rode
Adown the street and issued from the gate,
And half the people thither ran ; and now
From out the dwelling streamed the holy priests,
With silver cross and Saviour raised in air,
Each clad in snowy vestments, and they sang.
The clear sweet voices and the gleam of white
Drew mothers forth that held their babes to breast,
And tottering children, and infirmest men
That by the fire had sat for many a year
Discoursing querulously of stitch and ache,
Till, like a hay-field reft of all its cocks,
Or like a beach at ebb with yawning caves
Silent and tenantless, the town was left.
Awhile the crowd surged at the narrow gate,
And then it poured upon the ample down
Beyond, where by commandment of the King
They all were seated crescent-wise on grass.
He and his lords and grey-haired counselors,
Dismounted stood within the tapering rings,
With them the white-robed priests. In front the sea
Stretched leagues of frosted silver ; on one side
The temple stood, dark with a passing cloud.

And then the King spake out right clear and loud,
Heard by the multitudes on either side.
"Demons and gods have power beneath our roofs,
But not beneath the azure. Pure soft light
Disarms them, makes them innocent ; and so
I've brought my people here to list thy words.
Friends, a strange bird has flown from o'er the sea
Into this air of England. Here it sits,
And here it meditates to build a nest.

'Tis in our power to scare the bird away,
'Tis in our choice to let it build and breed.
What say ye? Shall it go or shall it stay?"

There was a silence for some minutes' space :
At last from out the circle of the priests
Stood Coifi, giant-moulded, bred of priests,
And highest 'neath the gods : and though debarred
The use of spear or steed, his soul was aye
A broad-disked flower at gaze on battle's sun.
He never knew contentment, and his mood
Was stormful, passionate, as the mountain land
Where 'gainst the rocky barrier streams the blast,
Where the red torrent flays the gorge's throat,
The passing sunbeam smites the rainy ledge
Making it wildly shine,—and thus he spake
Fiercely, but with the fierceness curbed and reined.
"O King, consider well what shall be said,
For truly the religion we uphold
Seems to me, barren, virtueless, and dead.
What benefit is there in churlish gods
That take our rolling incense and our prayers
And give us nothing in return? The dogs
That follow at our heels we now and then
Requite with a caress, and throw them bits
From out the very dish on which we sup.
Not one of all thy people more than I
Hath worn his knees, but brighter many know
Thy countenance than I ; more prosperous
In all their undertakings are than I.
Now if the gods are good for any thing
They would advance their faithful worshipper.
The man that season after season tills
A field that yields no crop, grows tired at last,
Curses its barrenness and lets it stand,
And takes to others ; of his mind am I.
Giftless the rich churl's as the beggar's hand :
Whether the gods are churls or beggars, this
I know that they have given nought to me,
Nor do I think their hands will e'er relax ;
And so, if these new doctrines promise more,
We should accept them, King, without delay."

Thus Coifi, visaged like the thunder-cloud
That steeps the crag in lurid purple. Then
Rose Ella, hoary with a hundred years,
Who dreamed his life away, afar from men
As glimmering wraiths of twilight in old woods
That into nothing flit from oak to oak
Whene'er comes human footstep ; and his smile
Put all in memory of those days in Spring
With sunshine covered, but whose sunniness
Foretells an earlier coming on of tears
Than even gloom itself. "To me," he said,
"To me, O King, this present life of man
Seems in comparison of unknown time
Like a swift sparrow flying through a room,
Wherein thou sitt'st at supper with thy lords,
A good fire in the midst, while out of doors
In gusty darkness whirls the furious snow
That wall and window blocks. The sparrow flies
In at one door, and by another out,
Brief space of warm and comfortable air
It knows in passing, then it vanishes
Into the gusty dark from whence it came.
The soul like that same sparrow comes and goes,
This life is but a moment's sparrow-flight
Between the two unknowns of birth and death :
An arrow's passage from an unknown bow
Toward an unknown bourne. O King, I have
This matter meditated all my days,
And questioned death, but with no more effect

Than if I shouted 'gainst a stormy wind
And had my words dashed back in my own face.
If therefore these new doctrines bring me light,
All things I would renounce to follow them."

He ceased : then at a signal from the King,
The grey Paulinus in his robe of white
In front of all his white-robed followers
Upraised a hushing hand, and all was still.
"Fair island people, blue-eyed, golden-haired,
That dwell within a green delicious land
With noble cities as with jewels set—
A land all shadowed by full-acorned woods,
Refreshed and beautified by stately streams—
We heard this island with its climate pure
Was given o'er to heathen deities :
That these were worshipped with the bended knee,
Unholy fire, and smoke of sacrifice.
And we are come to smite the deities,
And to the idolatrous temples set the torch.
For this we took our lives within our hands,
For this we drew a furrow through the sea,
And this we will accomplish ere we die.
And furthermore we come to speak of Christ,
Who from his heaven looked down, and saw a world
Crimson with stains of wicked battle-fields,
And loud with the oppressions of the poor.
And, moved with gracious pity, wrapt the sun
Of his Divinity in a mortal cloud
Till it was tempered to our human sight.
And, for the love he bore the race of men,
Full thirty years ungrudgingly he breathed
Our human breath, endured our human needs,
Hungered and thirsted, oft without a home.
Though but a man he seemed, such virtue dwelt
Within the compass of his mortal frame,
That poor and forlorn creatures near their death
Touched by his garments were made instant whole.
And all the time he lived upon the earth
He cast out devils, gave the blind their sight ;
With slender store of loaves and fishes fed
A hungry multitude close-ranged on grass ;
And, walking on the waters, with a word
Made all the roaring lake of Galilee
Sink to a glassy mirror for the stars.
Yea at his word a three days' buried man
Came forth to light with grave-clothes on his face.
And, when the times of wickedness were full,
When by the vilest city in the world
Nailed to a cross upreared against the sky
He hung with malefactors—dismal sight
The sun dared not to look on—with a prayer
For him who pierced his body with the spear,
For him who tore his temples with the thorns,
For him who mocked his thirst with vinegar,
The Lord Christ bleeding bowed his head and died ;
And by that dying did he wash earth white
From murders, battles, lies, ill deeds, and took
Remorse away that feeds upon the heart
Like slow fire on a brand. From grave he burst ;
Death could not hold him, and ere many days
Before the eyes of those that did him love
He passed up through yon ocean of blue air
Unto the heaven of heavens, whence he came.
And there he sits this moment man and God ;
Strong as a God, flesh-hearted as a man,
And all the uncreated light confronts
With eye-lids that have known the touch of tears.
Marvel not, King, that we have come to thee.
If but one man stood on the farthest shore,
Thither I would adventure with the news—
News that undungeons all from sin and fear.

The glimmering wisp, the sprite that haunts the
ford,

The silent ghost that issues from the grave
Like a pale smoke that takes the dead man's form
Can scare us never more, for Christ made all,
And lays His ear so close unto the world
That in lone desert, peril, or thick night,
A whispered prayer can reach it. In the still
Abyss of midnight lives a human heart,
And therefore all the loneliness and space
And all the icy splendors cannot freeze.
Coifi, I bring to thee no churlish God:
A heaven-full of reward he has for those
That love and serve. And thou, most ancient man,
For ever musing on a grassy grave,
Death is a dinted couch; for there a space
Christ's limbs have rested, and that knowledge takes
The loneliness, which is death's fear away.
And in the light beyond earth's shade He sits
With all the happy spirits of the dead
Silent as garden flowers that feed on air,
And thither thou wilt join Him in due time.
O King! O City! seated on the grass
We have unpacked our bales. Christ cannot come
Where any idol is; so burn them down.
King, be the wind to blow these clouds away,
That Christ's clear sky may over-arch thy land."

He ceased; but on the hem of his address
Ere yet a man could say that he had ceased,
Cried Coifi, while his face in splendor broke,
And shone among the others dark with doubt;
As, when a day of rolling vapor dims
A waste of congregated pool and mere,
One, smit by sunshine from a cloudy rift,
Glitters among the gloomy brotherhood,
And wears the gleam while all the rest are dark:
"O King, give ear unto the stranger's words,
Surely the truest, best that ever ear
Gave welcome habitation to. For long
To me the worship of the native gods
Was emptiness and vapor: and if truth
In that religion dwelt, 'twas spectre-like
And fleeting as the rainbow in the shower,
That ever shifts its place and flying smiles.
In this new doctrine, if I judge aright,
Truth lives not like an unbroke skittish colt
That never yet has known the touch of man;
That starts, and whinnying flies, if but a head
O'ertops its pales, or any noise is made—
But in contentment like the paddocked steed
That has a life of noble service led
And fears not the approach of any man,
May saddled be and used. The deities
Are but the mighty shadows of ourselves,
And reach no higher than our highest moods.
But this Christ has existence all untouched
By fond imagination or belief:
And, being Lord, the richly furnished world
Is an unemptied treasury of gifts
For those He loves; and, on rebellious men,
He has for executioners the sea,
Snow-drift, and sun-fire, blast, and thunderstone,
Earthquake and shivering lightnings red with haste:
All good is resident within His smile,
All terror in His frown. And, therefore King,
It seems to me expedient that the gods,
Voiceless and empty-handed as our dreams,
Should be at once forsaken, and the torch
Be set unto the temples we have built."

And, when the full heaped wave of Coifi's words

Broke sudden in a wreath of dying foam,
The King arose, and with him rose a sound.
"Ye strangers who have come across the sea,
Ye people who have known me all my days,
I here, in seeing of the earth and sky,
Unclothe myself of the religion dark
Which I and all my forefathers have worn,
And put on Christ like raiment white and clean.
To this I am not urged by wantonness,
Nor by a weak and giddy love of change.
This thing I have considered o'er and o'er,
And, when my spirit wavered, it was fixed
And clamped unalterably as with iron
By spiritual visitors and signs;
And that these spiritual signs and shapes
Were offspring of no over-heated brain,
This kingdom I am king of is the proof.
Ye priests, I take allegiance unto Christ;
My crown I wear as vassal unto Him:
This day I Christ as my commander take,
And as His faithful soldier will I live,
And as His faithful soldier will I die.
And, as the dawn from out the heaven comes
And on the craggy mountain's highest peak
Kindles a fire, then, falling lower, breaks
In splendor on the fortress on the crag,
Then rosy makes the solitary mere
Deep in the wrinkled armpit of the hill,
Then strikes a rainbow on the cataract,
Then with a sunbeam wakes the misty vale,
Till in the light the little children laugh
And over all the world is morning—so
From me, who am the highest in the state,
This new religion will step down to priest,
From priest to noble, and from thence through all
The ranged degrees that make a commonwealth
Until it reach the laborer soiled with clay,
And Christ will o'er us rule in perfect peace.
But, being now His soldier, it is meet
That I make war upon His enemies;
Who of my priests and nobles standing round
Will first profane the temples of the gods
And all the dark enclosures sacred held?"
Then Coifi without pausing answered, "I,
For surely of thy people it befits
No one so well as him who was their priest.
If I the dwellings of the gods outrage,
With a forbidden horse, unlawful spear,
And smite them and return again unhurt,
What then? Yon ancient boulder on the hill,
That wears obscure the features of a man,
Is strong, divine, and worshipful as they.
But, if the blow and clangor of my lance
Should pierce the stony calm, and draw a voice
And lightnings that will blast me, I but die,
And by my death I bring the gods alive,
And in the fairer summers that will come
My name will be remembered oft with praise.
The profanation of the gods is mine;
Provide me, King, a stallion, and a spear."
Thereat arose confusion manifold,
And one perched on an eminence might see
That through the crowds that stood stock-still there
ran
Meandering currents, like the ruffled belts
That bend and waver through the oily calm
When noonday lies in slumber on the deep.
Soon from the tumult running footmen broke
Leading the coal black stallion of the King
That plunged and neighed, his knee and counter
dashed
With foamy flakes, and on him Coifi sprang

Priest-vested as he was, and curbed and reined
 The mighty brute as though his heels were armed,
 And loud cuirass and greave his daily wear.
 While with his hooves the stallion bruised the turf,
 Coifi leaned sideways, stretched a hand and caught
 A glittering spear, and, poisoning it, gave rein
 And rode toward the temple, and the crowd,
 Deeming the priest stark mad or brain-distract,
 In that he was so covetous of death,
 Broke after him in wild and shrieking lines;
 But Coifi struck them marble as he crashed
 Through the enclosures ever sacred held,
 And gained the central space unharmed, and rode
 Thrice round and round, then in his stirrup stood,
 And, with a high defiance on his lip,
 Smote, with a clang, an Idol, monster-faced;
 And, as he smote, the foul thing reeling, fell,
 Fell Dagon-like, face downwards on the grass.
 And, when from every heart the icy hand
 Of fear was lifted, sea-like grew the noise.
 And Coifi shouted something from the place,
 And, as in answer to the half-heard shout,
 King Edwin's voice the mighty uproar clove,
 "Consume with fire the idols and their homes;
 Burn stake and god together!" And the cries
 Within the crowds a sacred fury wrought,
 The deities were tumbled on the grass,
 The pales and the enclosures were torn down
 By naked hands, and flung into a heap,
 And one a torch applied; and through the smoke
 There flickered here and there the fiery tongues
 That crackled, spread, and ever higher climbed;
 Till the scorched beam came thundering down, and
 towers

Of flame rushed up, then licked the air and died.
 And when the world was quivering through a
 film

Of furnace heat that shook in welling lines,
 And a great smoke rolled off and sea-ward spread,
 And dimmed the gleam from headland on to cape,
 And ever louder grew the swarming crowds,
 The white-robed priests together standing sang,
 "Down falls the wicked idol on his face,
 So let all wicked gods and idols fall!
 Come forth, O light, from out the breaking East,
 And with thy splendor pierce the heathen dark,
 And morning make on continent and isle
 That thou may'st reap the harvest of thy tears,
 O Holy one that hung upon the tree."

So, when the temple lay a ruined mass,
 And the gorged flames were low upon the brand,
 And a great vapor breathed across the sea,
 King Edwin called his people; and they came
 Long line on line as tide sets to the shore.
 And then he pointed to the smoky blot
 Athwart the sea-light and the peaceful sky.
 "Behold our old religion hanging there,
 Behold it dying in the heavenly ray;
 So dies the error of a thousand years!
 Thee would we thank, Paulinus, but the top
 And pinnacle of our indebtedness,
 No language e'er can scale. Yet would we know
 Whose hand it was that reached us o'er the sea."
 Then to the King Paulinus answered straight,
 "I gladly shall instruct thee, mighty King.
 The holy Pontiff Gregory sent us here;
 The saintliest spirit after Christ, whose soul
 In clearest light and meditation dwells,
 And is of his corporeal body free
 As is the lark in heaven of its nest;
 One day it happened that to the market-place

In Rome, Pope Gregory went, and, through the
 crowds

Of buyers and of sellers walking, saw
 A crowd of lovely boys exposed for sale;
 Fair-faced were they, white-skinned, and azure-
 eyed,

And to their shoulders hung the yellow hair.
 Moved by their beauty, Gregory enquired
 Who were they? from what country they were
 brought?

And some one said they came from Britain. Then
 He marvelled if the isle that bred such youth
 Was Christian, or lay yet in pagan dusk;
 And those around him told that never yet
 That island's tongue had shaped the name of Christ.
 Then sighed he from the bottom of his heart;
 'Alas!' he said, 'that Darkness and its King
 Should such fair creatures in possession hold!
 Alas, that creatures as the morning fair
 Should live with darken'd spirits!' Then he turned,
 And went home musing o'er this island's good;
 And the desire grew powerful that the tongue
 Of Britain, which could modulate alone
 Dark idol-prayer and hoarse battle-cry,
 Should utter Hallelujah. So when time
 Was ripe, at his behest we sailed from Gaul
 Freight with prayer and the name of Christ;
 And landed here. The holy Pontiff's heart,
 That aches with the great darkness of the world,
 Is this day lightened, for among the tongues
 That rise to heaven in prayer, there is one
 Ne'er heard by Christ before; another string
 Is to the world-harp added, praising Christ.
 For what has been accomplished on this day,
 Fragrant will Gregory's memory be held
 By every race of Englishmen to be.
 From out the twilight of unnoted time
 The history of this land hath downward come
 Like an uncited stream that draws its course
 Through empty wildernesses, and but hears
 The wind sigh in the reed, the passing crane;
 But Christ this day hath been upon it launched,
 Like to a golden barge with burnished oars,
 Whose progress makes the lonely waters blush,
 And floods the marshes with melodious noise.
 And, as that river widens to the sea,
 The barge I speak of will dilate and tower,
 And put forth bank on bank of burnished oars,
 And on the waters like a sunset burn,
 And roll a lordlier music far and wide,
 And ever on the dais a King shall sit,
 And ever round the King shall nobles stand."

Thereafter in a stream that ran to sea
 The King and all his nobles and his priests,
 Were by Paulinus in Christ's name baptised
 And solemnly unto his service sealed.
 And then Paulinus lifted up his hands,
 And blessed them and the people. But by this
 The congregated clouds along a sea
 From every fret and wrinkle smoothed began
 To wear their evening colors, and the King
 Turned homeward priest and noble in his train,
 With all the people following full of awe.
 And from that day, filled with strange fire, he rode
 A mighty Idol-breaker, far and wide
 In battle-gear, Christ following in the print
 Of his war-horse's hooves. The fanes he burned
 At Goodmanham, at Yeverin, and York,
 And Cateret where the Swale runs shallowing by.
 To Redwald and his sons he bore the faith,
 And sent Paulinus to the neighboring Kings.

Near his own city, where the temple stood,
He raised to Christ a simple church of stone,
And ruled his people faithfully, until
Long-haired and hoary, as a crag that looks
Seaward, with matted lichens bleached by time,
He sat in Hall beholding, with dim eyes
And memory full of graves, the world's third bloom;
Grand-children of the men he knew in youth;

And dying, pillow-propped within his chair,
The watchers saw a gleam upon his face
As from an opened heaven. And so they laid
Within the church of stone, with many a tear,
The body of the earliest Christian King
That England knew; there 'neath the floor he sleeps,
With lord and priest around, till through the air
The angel of the resurrection flies.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XIX.

QU'ON EST BIEN À VINGT ANS.

A FAIR correspondent—and I would parenthetically hint that all correspondents are *not* fair—points out the discrepancy existing between the text and the illustrations of our story; and justly remarks that the story dated more than twenty years back, while the costumes of the actors of our little comedy are of the fashion of to-day.

My dear madam, these anachronisms must be, or you would scarcely be able to keep any interest for our characters. What would be a woman without a crinoline petticoat, for example? an object ridiculous, hateful, I suppose hardly proper. What would you think of a hero who wore a large high black-satin stock cascading over a figured silk waistcoat; and a blue dress-coat, with brass buttons, mayhap? If a person so attired came up to ask you to dance, could you refrain from laughing? Time was when young men so decorated found favor in the eyes of damsels who had never beheld hooped petticoats, except in their grandmothers' portraits. Persons who flourished in the first part of the century never thought to see the hoops of our

ancestors' age rolled downward to our contemporaries and children. Did we ever imagine that a period would arrive when our young men would part their hair down the middle, and wear a piece of tape for a neckcloth? As soon should we have thought of their dyeing their bodies with woad, and arraying themselves like ancient Britons. So the ages have their dress and undress; and the gentlemen and ladies of Victoria's time are satisfied with their manner of raiment; as no doubt in Boadicea's court they looked charming tattooed and painted blue.

The times of which we write, the times of Louis Philippe the king, are so altered from the present, that when Philip Firmin went to Paris it was absolutely a cheap place to live in; and he has often bragged in subsequent days of having lived well during a month for five pounds, and bought a neat waistcoat with a part of the money. "A capital bedroom, *au premier*, for a franc a day, Sir," he would call all persons to remark, "a bedroom as good as yours, my lord, at Meurice's. Very good tea or coffee breakfast, twenty francs a month, with lots of bread and butter. Twenty francs a month for washing, and fifty for dinner and pocket-money—that's about the figure. The dinner, I own, is shy, unless I come and dine with my friends; and then I make up for banyan days." And so saying, Philip would call out for more truffled partridges, or affably filled his goblet with my Lord Ringwood's best Sillery. "At those shops," he would observe, "where I dine, I have beer: I can't stand the wine. And you see, I can't go to the cheap English ordinaries, of which there are many, because English gentlemen's servants are there, you know, and it's not pleasant to sit with a fellow who waits on you the day after."

"Oh! the English servants go to the cheap ordinaries, do they?" asks my lord, greatly amused, "and you drink *bière de Mars* at the shop where you dine?"

"And dine very badly, too, I can tell you. Always come away hungry. Give me some Champagne—the dry, if you please. They mix very well together—sweet and dry. Did you ever dine at Flicoteau's, Mr. Pecker?"

"I dine at one of your horrible two-franc houses?" cries Mr. Pecker, with a look of terror. "Do you know, my lord, there are actually houses where people dine for two francs?"

"Two francs! Seventeen sous!" bawls out Mr. Firmin. "The soup, the beef, the roti, the

salad, the dessert, and the whitey-brown bread at discretion. It's not a good dinner, certainly—in fact, it is a dreadful bad one. But to dine so would do some fellows a great deal of good."

"What do you say, Pecker? Flicoteau's; seventeen sous. We'll make a little party and try, and Firmin shall do the honors of his restaurant," says my lord with a grin.

"Mercy!" gasps Mr. Pecker.

"I had rather dine here, if you please, my lord," says the young man. "This is cheaper, and certainly better."

My lord's doctor, and many of the guests at his table, my lord's henchmen, flatterers, and led captains, looked aghast at the freedom of the young fellow in the shabby coat. If they dared to be familiar with their host, there came a scowl over that noble countenance which was awful to face. They drank his corked wine in meekness of spirit. They laughed at his jokes trembling. One after another, they were the objects of his satire; and each grinned piteously as he took his turn of punishment. Some dinners are dear, though they cost nothing. At some great tables are not toads served along with the entrées? Yes, and many amateurs are exceedingly fond of the dish.

How do Parisians live at all? is a question which has often set me wondering. How do men in public offices, with fifteen thousand francs, let us say, for a salary—and this, for a French official, is a high salary—live in handsome apartments; give genteel entertainments; clothe themselves and their families with much more sumptuous raiment than English people of the same station can afford; take their country holiday, a six weeks' sojourn *aux eaux*; and appear cheerful and to want for nothing? Paterfamilias, with six hundred a year in London, knows what a straitened life his is, with rent high, and beef at a shilling a pound. Well, in Paris rent is higher and meat is dearer; and yet madame is richly dressed when you see her: monsieur has always a little money in his pocket for his club or his café; and something is pretty surely put away every year for the marriage-portion of the young folks. "Sir," Philip used to say, describing this period of his life, on which—and on most subjects regarding himself, by-the-way—he was wont to be very eloquent, "when my income was raised to five thousand francs a year, I give you my word I was considered to be rich by my French acquaintance. I gave four sous to the waiter at our dining-place—in that respect I was always ostentatious—and I believe they called me Milor. I should have been poor in the Rue de la Paix; but I was wealthy in the Luxembourg quarter. Don't tell me about poverty, Sir! Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of her, or truckle to her. Poverty is good-natured enough if you meet her like a man. You saw how my poor old father was afraid of her, and thought the world would come to an end if Dr. Firmin did not keep his butler, and his footman, and his fine house, and fine chariot and horses? He was a poor man, if you please. He

must have suffered agonies in his struggle to make both ends meet. Every thing he bought must have cost him twice the honest price; and when I think of nights that must have been passed without sleep—of that proud man having to smirk and cringe before creditors—to coax butchers, by George! and wheedle tailors—I pity him: I can't be angry any more. That man has suffered enough. As for me, haven't you remarked that since I have not a guinea in the world, I swagger, and am a much greater swell than before?" And the truth is that a Prince Royal could not have called for his *gens* with a more magnificent air than Mr. Philip when he summoned the waiter and paid for his *petit verre*.

Talk of poverty, indeed! That period, Philip vows, was the happiest of his life. He liked to tell in after-days of the choice acquaintance of Bohemians which he had formed. Their jug, he said, though it contained but small-beer, was always full. Their tobacco, though it bore no higher rank than that of caporal, was plentiful and fragrant. He knew some admirable medical students; some artists who only wanted talent and industry to be at the height of their profession; and one or two of the magnates of his own calling, the newspaper correspondents, whose houses and tables were open to him. It was wonderful what secrets of politics he learned and transmitted to his own paper. He pursued French statesmen of those days with prodigious eloquence and vigor. At the expense of that old king he was wonderfully witty and sarcastical. He reviewed the affairs of Europe, settled the destinies of Russia, denounced the Spanish marriages, disposed of the Pope, and advocated the liberal cause in France, with an untiring eloquence. "Absinthe used to be my drink, Sir," so he was good enough to tell his friends. "It makes the ink run, and imparts a fine eloquence to the style. Mercy upon us, how I would belabor that poor King of the French under the influence of absinthe, in that café opposite the Bourse where I used to make my letter! Who knows, Sir, perhaps the influence of those letters precipitated the fall of the Bourbon dynasty! Before I had an office, Gilligan, of the *Century*, and I used to do our letters at that café; we compared notes, and pitched into each other amicably."

Gilligan of the *Century*, and Firmin of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, were, however, very minor personages among the London newspaper correspondents. Their seniors of the daily press had handsome apartments, gave sumptuous dinners, were closeted with ministers' secretaries, and entertained members of the Chamber of Deputies. Philip, on perfectly easy terms with himself and the world, swaggering about the embassy balls—Philip, the friend and relative of Lord Ringwood—was viewed by his professional seniors and superiors with an eye of favor, which was not certainly turned on all gentlemen following his calling. Certainly poor Gilligan was never asked to those dinners which some of

the newspaper ambassadors gave, whereas Philip was received not unhospitably. Gilligan received but a cold shoulder at Mrs. Morning Messenger's Thursdays; and as for being asked to dinner, bedad! "That fellow, Firmin, has an air with him which will carry him through anywhere!" Phil's brother correspondent owned. "He seems to patronize an ambassador when he goes up and speaks to him; and he says to a secretary, 'My good fellow, tell your master that Mr. Firmin, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, wants to see him, and will thank him to step over to the Café de la Bourse.'" I don't think Philip, for his part, would have seen much matter of surprise in a minister stepping over to speak to him. To him all folk were alike, great and small; and it is recorded of him that when, on one occasion, Lord Ringwood paid him a visit at his lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain, Philip affably offered his lordship a *cornet* of fried potatoes, with which, and plentiful tobacco of course, Philip and one or two of his friends were regaling themselves when Lord Ringwood chanced to call on his kinsman.

A crust and a carafon of small-beer, a correspondence with a weekly paper, and a remuneration such as that we have mentioned—was Philip Firmin to look for no more than this pittance, and not to seek for more permanent and lucrative employment? Some of his friends at home were rather vexed at what Philip chose to consider his good fortune; namely, his connection with the newspaper and the small stipend it gave him. He might quarrel with his employer any day. Indeed no man was more likely to fling his bread and butter out of window than Mr. Philip. He was losing precious time at the bar; where he, as hundreds of other poor gentlemen had done before him, might make a career for himself. For what are colonies made? Why do bankruptcies occur? Why do people break the peace and quarrel with policemen, but that barristers may be employed as judges, commissioners, magistrates? A reporter to a newspaper remains all his life a newspaper reporter. Philip, if he would but help himself, had friends in the world who might aid effectually to advance him. So it was we pleaded with him, in the language of moderation, urging the dictates of common sense. As if moderation and common sense could be got to move that mule of a Philip Firmin; as if any persuasion of ours could induce him to do any thing but what he liked to do best himself!

"That *you* should be worldly, my poor fellow" (so Philip wrote to his present biographer)—"that you should be thinking of money and the main chance, is no matter of surprise to me. You have suffered under that curse of manhood, that destroyer of generosity in the mind, that parent of selfishness—a little fortune. You have your wretched hundreds" (my candid correspondent stated the sum correctly enough; and I wish it were double or treble; but that is not here the point) "paid quarterly. The miserable pittance numbs your whole existence. It prevents

freedom of thought and action. It makes a screw of a man who is certainly not without generous impulses: as I know, my poor old Harpagon, for hast thou not offered to open thy purse to me? I tell you I am sick of the way in which people in London, especially good people, think about money. You live up to your income's edge. You are miserably poor. You brag and flatter yourselves that you owe no man any thing; but your estate has creditors upon it as insatiable as any usurer, and as hard as any bailiff. You call me reckless, and prodigal, and idle, and all sorts of names, because I live in a single room, do as little work as I can, and go about with holes in my boots: and you flatter yourself you are prudent, because you have a genteel house, a grave flunky out of livery, and two green-grocers to wait when you give your half dozen dreary dinner parties. Wretched man! You are a slave: not a man. You are a pauper, with a good house and good clothes. You are so miserably prudent that all your money is spent for you, except the few wretched shillings which you allow yourself for pocket-money. You tremble at the expense of a cab. I believe you actually look at half-a-crown before you spend it. The landlord is your master. The livery-stable keeper is your master. A train of ruthless, useless servants are your pitiless creditors, to whom you have to pay exorbitant dividends every day. I, with a hole in my elbow, who live upon a shilling dinner, and walk on cracked boot soles, am called extravagant, idle, reckless, I don't know what; while you, forsooth, consider yourself prudent. Miserable delusion! You are flinging away heaps of money on useless flunkies, on useless maid-servants, on useless lodgings, on useless finery—and you say, 'Poor Phil! what a sad idler he is! how he flings himself away! in what a wretched disreputable manner he lives!' Poor Phil is as rich as you are, for he has enough, and is content. Poor Phil can afford to be idle, and you can't. You must work in order to keep that great hulking footman, that great raw-boned cook, that army of babbling nursery-maids, and I don't know what more. And if you choose to submit to the slavery and degradation inseparable from your condition; the wretched inspection of candle ends, which you call order; the mean self-denials, which you must daily practice—I pity you, and don't quarrel with you. But I wish you would not be so insufferably virtuous, and ready with your blame and pity for *me*. If I am happy, pray need you be disquieted? Suppose I prefer independence, and shabby boots? Are not these better than to be pinched by your abominable varnished conventionalism, and to be denied the liberty of free action? My poor fellow, I pity you from my heart; and it grieves me to think how those fine honest children—honest, and hearty, and frank, and open as yet—are to lose their natural good qualities, and to be swathed, and swaddled, and stifled out of health and honesty by that obstinate worldling their father. Don't tell *me* about the world, I

know it. People sacrifice the next world to it, and are all the while proud of their prudence. Look at my miserable relations, steeped in respectability. Look at my father. There is a chance for him, now he is down and in poverty. I have had a letter from him, containing more of that dreadful worldly advice which you Pharisees give. If it weren't for Laura and the children, Sir, I heartily wish you were ruined like your affectionate

P. F.

"N.B., PS.—Oh, Pen! I am so happy! She is such a little darling! I bathe in her innocence, Sir! I strengthen myself in her purity. I kneel before her sweet goodness and unconsciousness of guile. I walk from my room, and see her every morning before seven o'clock. I see her every afternoon. She loves you and Laura. And you love her, don't you? And to think that six months ago I was going to marry a woman without a heart! Why, Sir, blessings be on the poor old father for spending our money, and rescuing me from that horrible fate! I might have been like that fellow in the 'Arabian Nights,' who married Amina—the respectable woman, who dined upon grains of rice, but supped upon cold dead body. Was it not worth all the money I ever was heir to, to have escaped from that ghoul? Lord Ringwood says he thinks I was well out of that. He calls people by Anglo-Saxon names, and uses very expressive monosyllables; and of aunt Twysden, of uncle Twysden, of the girls, and their brother, he speaks in a way which makes me see he has come to just conclusions about them.

"PS. No. 2.—Ah, Pen! She is such a darling. I think I am the happiest man in the world."

And this was what came of being ruined! A scape-grace, who, when he had plenty of money in his pocket, was ill-tempered, imperious, and discontented; now that he is not worth two-pence, declares himself the happiest fellow in the world! Do you remember, my dear, how he used to grumble at our claret, and what wry faces he made, when there was only cold meat for dinner? The wretch is absolutely contented with bread and cheese and small-beer—even that bad beer which they have in Paris! Now and again, at this time, and as our mutual avocations permitted, I saw Philip's friend, the Little Sister. He wrote to her dutifully from time to time. He told her of his love affair with Miss Charlotte; and my wife and I could console Caroline, by assuring her that this time the young man's heart was given to a worthy mistress. I say console, for the news, after all, was sad for her. In the little chamber which she always kept ready for him, he would lie awake, and think of some one dearer to him than a hundred poor Carolines. She would devise something that should be agreeable to the young lady. At Christmas time there came to Miss Baynes a wonderfully worked cambric pocket-handkerchief, with "Charlotte" most beautifully embroidered in the corner. It was this poor widow's mite of love and tenderness

which she meekly laid down in the place where she worshiped. "And I have six for him, too, ma'am," Mrs. Brandon told my wife. "Poor fellow! His shirts was in a dreadful way when he went away from here, and that you know, ma'am." So you see this wayfarer, having fallen among undoubted thieves, yet found many kind souls to relieve him, and many a good Samaritan ready with his two-pence, if need were.

The reason why Philip was the happiest man in the world of course you understand. French people are very early risers; and, at the little hotel where Mr. Philip lived, the whole crew of the house were up hours before lazy English masters and servants think of stirring. At ever so early an hour Phil had a fine bowl of coffee and milk and bread for his breakfast; and he was striding down to the Invalides, and across the bridge to the Champs Elysées, and the fumes of his pipe preceded him with a pleasant odor. And a short time after passing the Rond Point in the Elysian fields, where an active fountain was flinging up showers of diamonds to the sky—after, I say, leaving the Rond Point on his right, and passing under umbrageous groves in the direction of the present Castle of Flowers, Mr. Philip would see a little person. Sometimes a young sister or brother came with the little person. Sometimes only a blush fluttered on her cheek, and a sweet smile beamed in her face as she came forward to greet him. For the angels were scarce purer than this young maid; and Una was no more afraid of the lion than Charlotte of her companion with the loud voice and the tawny mane. I would not have envied that reprobate's lot who should have dared to say a doubtful word to this Una: but the truth is, she never thought of danger, or met with any. The workmen were going to their labor; the dandies were asleep; and considering their age, and the relationship in which they stood to one another, I am not surprised at Philip for announcing that this was the happiest time of his life. In later days, when two gentlemen of mature age happened to be in Paris together, what must Mr. Philip Firmin do but insist upon walking me sentimentally to the Champs Elysées, and looking at an old house there, a rather shabby old house in a garden. "That was the place," sighs he. "That was Madame de Smolensk's. That was the window, the third one, with the green jalousie. By Jove, Sir, how happy and how miserable I have been behind that green blind!" And my friend shakes his large fist at the somewhat dilapidated mansion, whence Madame de Smolensk and her boarders have long since departed.

I fear that baroness had engaged in her enterprise with insufficient capital, or conducted it with such liberality that her profits were eaten up by her boarders. I could tell dreadful stories impugning the baroness's moral character. People said she had no right to the title of baroness at all, or to the noble foreign name of Smolensk. People are still alive who knew her under a different name. The baroness herself was what



THE MORNING GREETING.

some amateurs call a fine woman, especially at dinner-time, when she appeared in black satin and with cheeks that blushed up as far as the eyelids. In her peignoir in the morning, she was perhaps the reverse of fine. Contours which were round at night, in the forenoon appeared lean and angular. Her roses only bloomed half an hour before dinner-time on a cheek which was quite yellow until five o'clock. I am sure it is very kind of elderly and ill-complexioned people to supply the ravages of time or jaundice, and present to our view a figure blooming and agreeable, in place of an object faded and withered. Do you quarrel with your opposite neighbor for

painting his house front or putting roses in his balcony? You are rather thankful for the adornment. Madame de Smolensk's front was so decorated of afternoons. Geraniums were set pleasantly under those first-floor windows, her eyes. Carcel lamps beamed from those windows: lamps which she had trimmed with her own scissors, and into which that poor widow poured the oil which she got some how and any how. When the dingy breakfast papillotes were cast of an afternoon, what beautiful black curls appeared round her brow! The dingy papillotes were put away in the drawer: the peignoir retired to its hook behind the door: the satin raiment came forth, the shining, the ancient, the well-kept, the well-wadded: and at the same moment the worthy woman took that smile out of some cunning box on her scanty toilet-table—that smile which she wore all the evening along with the rest of her toilet, and took out of her mouth when she went to bed and to think—to think how both ends were to be made to meet.

Philip said he respected and admired that woman: and worthy of respect she was in her way. She painted her face and grinned at poverty. She laughed and rattled with care gnawing at her side. She had to coax the milkman out of his human kindness: to pour oil—his own oil—upon the stormy *épiciér's* soul: to melt the but-terman: to tap the wine merchant: to mollify the butcher: to invent new pretexts for the land-lord: to reconcile the lady boarders, Mrs. General Baynes, let us say, and the Honorable Mrs. Boldero, who were always quarreling: to see that the dinner, when procured, was cooked properly; that *Françoise*, to whom she owed ever so many months' wages, was not too rebellious or intoxicated; that *Auguste*, also her creditor, had his glass clean and his lamps in order. And this work done, and the hour of six o'clock arriving, she had to carve and be agreeable to her table; not to hear the growls of the discontented (and at what table-d'hôte are there not grumblers?); to have a word for every body present; a smile and a laugh for Mrs. Bunch (with whom there had been very likely a dreadful row in the morning); a remark for the colonel; a polite phrase for the general's lady; and even a good word and compliment for sulky *Auguste*, who just before dinner-time had unfolded the napkin of mutiny about his wages.

Was not this enough work for a woman to do? To conduct a great house without sufficient money, and make soup, fish, roasts, and half a dozen entrées out of wind as it were? to conjure up wine in piece and by the dozen? to laugh and joke without the least gayety? to receive scorn, abuse, rebuffs, insolence, with gay good-humor? and then to go to bed wearied at night, and have to think about figures and that dreadful, dreadful sum in arithmetic—given, £5 to pay £6? Lady Macbeth is supposed to have been a resolute woman: and great, tall, loud, hectoring females are set to represent the character. I say no. She was a weak woman. She began to walk in her sleep, and blab after one

disagreeable little incident had occurred in her house. She broke down, and got all the people away from her own table in the most abrupt and clumsy manner, because that driveling epileptic husband of hers fancied he saw a ghost. In Lady Smolensk's place Madame de Macbeth would have broken down in a week, and Smolensk lasted for years. If twenty gibbering ghosts had come to the boarding-house dinner, madame would have gone on carving her dishes, and smiling, and helping the live guests, the paying guests, leaving the dead guests to gibber away and help themselves. "My poor father had to keep up appearances," Phil would say, recounting these things in after-days; "but how? You know he always looked as if he was going to be hung." Smolensk was the gayest of the gay always. That woman would have tripped up to her funeral pile and kissed her hands to her friends with a smiling "Bon jour!"

"Pray, who was Monsieur de Smolensk?" asks a simple lady who may be listening to our friend's narrative.

"Ah, my dear lady! there was a pretty disturbance in the house when *that* question came to be mooted, I promise you," says our friend, laughing, as he recounts his adventures. And, after all, what does it matter to you and me and this story who Smolensk was? I am sure this poor lady had hardships enough in her life campaign, and that Ney himself could not have faced fortune with a constancy more heroic.

Well. When the Bayneses first came to her house, I tell you Smolensk and all round her smiled, and our friends thought they were landed in a real rosy Elysium in the Champs of that name. Madame had a *Carrick à la Indienne* prepared in compliment to her guests. She had had many Indians in her establishment. She adored Indians. *N'était ce la polygamie*—they were most estimable people, the Hindus. Sur-tout she adored Indian shawls. That of Madame la Générale was ravishing. The company at Madame's was pleasant. The Honorable Mrs. Boldero was a dashing woman of fashion and respectability, who had lived in the best world—it was easy to see that. The young ladies' duets were very striking. The Honorable Mr. Boldero was away shooting in Scotland, at his brother, Lord Strongitharm's, and would take Gaberlun-zie Castle and the duke's on his way south. Mrs. Baynes did not know Lady Estridge, the embassadress? When the Estridges returned from Chantilly, the Honorable Mrs. B. would be delighted to introduce her. "Your pretty girl's name is Charlotte? So is Lady Estridge's—and very nearly as tall; fine girls, the Estridges; fine long necks—large feet—but your girl, Lady Baynes, has beautiful feet. Lady Baynes, I said? Well, you must be Lady Baynes soon. The general *must* be a K.C.B. after his services. What, you know Lord Trim? He will and must do it for you. If not, my brother Strongitharm shall." I have no doubt Mrs. Baynes was greatly elated by the attentions of Lord Strongitharm's sister; and looked him

out in the *Peerage*, where his lordship's arms, pedigree, and residence of Gaberlunzie Castle are duly recorded. The Honorable Mrs. Boldero's daughters, the Misses Minna and Brenda Boldero, played some rattling sonatas on a piano which was a good deal fatigued by their exertions, for the young ladies' hands were very powerful. And madame said "Thank you," with her sweetest smile; and Auguste handed about on a silver tray—I say silver, so that the conveniences may not be wounded—well, say silver that was blushing to find itself copper—handed up on a tray a white drink which made the Baynes boys cry out, "I say, mother, what's this beastly thing?" On which madame, with the sweetest smile, appealed to the company, and said, "They love orgeat, these dear infants!" and resumed her piquet with old M. Bidois—that odd old gentleman in the long brown coat, with the red ribbon, who took so much snuff and blew his nose so often and so loudly. One, two, three rattling sonatas Minna and Brenda played; Mr. Clancy, of Trinity College, Dublin (M. de Clanci, madame called him), turning over the leaves, and presently being persuaded to sing some Irish melodies for the ladies. I don't think Miss Charlotte Baynes listened to the music much. She was listening to another music, which she and Mr. Firmin were performing together. Oh, how pleasant that music used to be! There was a sameness in it, I dare say; but still it was pleasant to hear the air over again. The pretty little duet *à quatre mains*, where the hands cross over, and hop up and down the keys, and the heads get so close, so close. Oh, duets, oh, regrets! Pshaw! no more of this. Go down stairs, old dotard. Take your hat and umbrella and go walk by the sea-shore, and whistle a toothless old solo. "These are our quiet nights," whispers M. de Clanci to the Baynes ladies, when the evening draws to an end. "Madame's Thursdays are, I promise ye, much more fully attended." Good-night, good-night! A squeeze of a little hand, a hearty hand-shake from papa and mamma, and Philip is striding through the dark Elysian Fields and over the Place of Concord to his lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain. Or, stay! What is that glow-worm beaming by the wall opposite Madame de Smolensk's house?—a glow-worm that wafts an aromatic incense and odor? I do believe it is Mr. Philip's cigar. And he is watching, watching at a window by which a slim figure flits now and again. Then darkness falls on the little window. The sweet eyes are closed. Oh, blessings, blessings be upon them! The stars shine overhead. And homeward stalks Mr. Firmin, talking to himself, and brandishing a great stick. I wish that poor Madame Smolensk could sleep as well as the people in her house. But care, with the cold feet, gets under the coverlet, and says, "Here I am; you know that bill is coming due to-morrow." Ah, atra cura! can't you leave the poor thing a little quiet? Hasn't she had work enough for all day?



CHAPTER XX.

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

WE beg the gracious reader to remember that Mr. Philip's business at Paris was only with a weekly London paper as yet; and hence that he had on his hands a great deal of leisure. He could glance over the state of Europe; give the latest news from the salons imparted to him, I do believe, for the most part, by some brother hireling scribes; be present at all the theatres by deputy; and smash Louis Philippe or Messieurs Guizot and Thiers in a few easily turned paragraphs, which cost but a very few hours' labor to that bold and rapid pen. A wholesome though humiliating thought it must be to great and learned public writers, that their eloquent sermons are but for the day; and that, having read what the philosophers say on Tuesday or Wednesday, we think about their yesterday's sermons or essays no more. A score of years hence, men will read the papers of 1861 for the occurrences narrated—births, marriages, bankruptcies, elections, murders, deaths, and so forth; and not for the leading articles. "Though there were some of my letters," Mr. Philip would say, in after-times, "that I fondly fancied the world would not willingly let die. I wanted to have them or see them reprinted in a volume, but I could find no publisher willing to undertake the risk. A fond being, who fancies there is genius in every thing I say or write, would have had me reprint my letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*; but I was too timid, or she, perhaps, was too confident. The letters never were republished. Let them pass." They have passed. And he sighs, in mentioning this circumstance; and I think tries to persuade himself, rather than others, that he is an unrecognized genius.

"And then, you know," he pleads, "I was in love, Sir, and spending all my days at Omphale's knees. I didn't do justice to my powers. If I had had a daily paper, I still think I might have made a good public writer; and that I had the stuff in me—the stuff in me, Sir!"

The truth is that, if he had had a daily paper, and ten times as much work as fell to his lot, Mr. Philip would have found means of pursuing his inclination, as he ever through life has done. The being, whom a young man wishes to see, he sees. What business is superior to that of seeing her? 'Tis a little Hellespontine matter keeps Leander from his Hero? He would die rather than not see her. Had he swum out of that difficulty on that stormy night, and carried on a few months later, it might have been, "Beloved! my cold and rheumatism are so severe that the doctor says I must not *think* of cold bathing at night;" or, "Dearest! we have a party at tea, and you mustn't expect your ever fond Lambda to-night," and so forth, and so forth. But in the heat of his passion water could not stay him; tempests could not frighten him; and in one of them he went down, while poor Hero's lamp was twinkling and spending its best flame in vain. So Philip came from Sestos to Abydos daily—across one of the bridges, and paying a half-penny toll very likely—and, late or early, poor little Charlotte's virgin lamps were lighted in her eyes, and watching for him.

Philip made many sacrifices, mind you: sacrifices which all men are not in the habit of making. When Lord Ringwood was in Paris, twice, thrice he refused to dine with his lordship, until that nobleman smelled a rat, as the saying is—and said, "Well, youngster, I suppose you are going where there is metal more attractive. When you come to twelve lustres, my boy, you'll find vanity and vexation in that sort of thing, and a good dinner better, and cheaper, too, than the best of them." And when some of Philip's rich college friends met him in his exile, and asked him to the Rocher or the Trois Frères, he would break away from those banquets; and as for meeting at those feasts doubtful companions, whom young men will sometimes invite to their entertainments, Philip turned from such with scorn and anger. His virtue was loud, and he proclaimed it loudly. He expected little Charlotte to give him credit for it, and told her of his self-denial. And she believed any thing he said; and delighted in every thing he wrote; and copied out his articles for the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and treasured his poems in her desk of desks: and there never was in all Sestos, in all Abydos, in all Europe, in all Asia Minor or Asia Major, such a noble creature as Leander, Hero thought; never, never! I hope, young ladies, you may all have a Leander on his way to the tower where the light of your love is burning steadfastly. I hope, young gentlemen, you have each of you a beacon in sight, and may meet with no mishap in swimming to it.

From my previous remarks regarding Mrs.

Baynes, the reader has been made aware that the general's wife was no more faultless than the rest of her fellow-creatures; and having already candidly informed the public that the writer and his family were no favorites of this lady, I have now the pleasing duty of recording my own opinions regarding *her*. Mrs. General B. was an early riser. She was a frugal woman; fond of her young, or, let us say, anxious to provide for their maintenance; and here, with my best compliments, I think the catalogue of her good qualities is ended. She had a bad, violent temper; a disagreeable person, attired in very bad taste; a shrieking voice; and two manners, the respectful and the patronizing, which were both alike odious. When she ordered Baynes to marry her, Gracious Powers, why did he not run away? Who dared first to say that marriages are made in heaven? We know that there are not only blunders, but roguery in the marriage office. Do not mistakes occur every day, and are not the wrong people coupled? Had Heaven any thing to do with the bargain by which young Miss Blush-rose was sold to old Mr. Hoarfrost? Did Heaven order young Miss Tripper to throw over poor Tom Spooner, and marry the wealthy Mr. Bung? You may as well say that horses are sold in heaven, which, as you know, are groomed, are doctored, are chanted on to the market, and warranted by dextrous horse-vendors, as possessing every quality of blood, pace, temper, age. Against these Mr. Greenhorn has his remedy sometimes; but against a mother who sells you a warranted daughter, what remedy is there? You have been jockeyed by false representations into bidding for the Cecilia, and the animal is yours for life. She shies, kicks, stumbles, has an infernal temper, is a crib-biter—and she was warranted to you by her mother as the most perfect, good-tempered creature, whom the most timid might manage! You have bought her. She is yours. Heaven bless you! Take her home, and be miserable for the rest of your days. You have no redress. You have done the deed. Marriages were made in heaven, you know; and in yours you were as much sold as Moses Primrose was when he bought the gross of green spectacles.

I don't think poor General Baynes ever had a proper sense of his situation, or knew how miserable he ought by rights to have been. He was not uncheerful at times: a silent man, liking his rubber and his glass of wine; a very weak person in the common affairs of life, as his best friends must own; but, as I have heard, a very tiger in action. "I know your opinion of the general," Philip used to say to me, in his grandiloquent way: "you despise men who don't bully their wives; you do, Sir! You think the general weak, I know, I know. Other brave men were so about women, as I dare say you have heard. This man, so weak at home, was mighty on the war path; and in his wigwam are the scalps of countless warriors."

"In his wig *what*?" say I. The truth is, on

his meek head the general wore a little curling chestnut top-knot, which looked very queer and out of place over that wrinkled and war-worn face.

"If you choose to laugh at your joke, pray do," says Phil, majestically. "I make a noble image of a warrior. You prefer a barber's pole. *Bon!* Pass me the wine. The veteran whom I hope to salute as father ere long—the soldier of twenty battles; who saw my own brave grandfather die at his side—die at Busaco, by George! you laugh at an account of his wig. It's a capital joke." And here Phil scowled and slapped the table, and passed his hands across his eyes, as though the death of his grandfather, which occurred long before Philip was born, caused him a very serious pang of grief. Philip's newspaper business brought him to London on occasions. I think it was on one of these visits that we had our talk about General Baynes. And it was at the same time Philip described the boarding-house to us, and its inmates, and the landlady, and the doings there.

For that struggling landlady, as for all women in distress, our friend had a great sympathy and liking; and she returned Philip's kindness by being very good to Mademoiselle Charlotte, and very forbearing with the general's wife and his other children. The appetites of those little ones was frightful, the temper of Madame la Générale was almost intolerable, but Charlotte was an angel, and the general was a mutton—a true mutton. Her own father had been so. The brave are often muttons at home. I suspect that, though madame could have made but little profit by the general's family, his monthly payments were very welcome to her meagre little exchequer. "Ah! if all my locataries were like him!" sighed the poor lady. "That Madame Boldero, whom the generaless treats always as honorable, I wish I was as sure of her! And others again!"

I never kept a boarding-house, but I am sure there must be many painful duties attendant on that profession. What can you do if a lady or gentleman doesn't pay his bill? Turn him or her out? Perhaps the very thing that lady or gentleman would desire. They go. Those trunks which you have insanely detained, and about which you have made a fight and a scandal, do not contain a hundred francs' worth of goods, and your creditors never come back again. You do not like to have a row in a boarding-house any more than you would like to have a party with scarlet-fever in your best bedroom. The scarlet-fever party stays, and the other boarders go away. What, you ask, do I mean by this mystery? I am sorry to have to give up names, and titled names. I am sorry to say the Honorable Mrs. Boldero did not pay her bills. She was waiting for remittances, which the Honorable Boldero was dreadfully remiss in sending. A dreadful man! He was still at his lordship's at Gaberlunzie Castle, shooting the wild deer and hunting the roe. And though the Honorable Mrs. B.'s heart was in the Highlands, of

course, how could she join her Highland chief without the money to pay madame? The Highlands, indeed! One dull day it came out that the Honorable Boldero was amusing himself in the Highlands of Hesse Homburg; and engaged in the dangerous sport which is to be had in the green plains about Loch Badenbadenoch!

"Did you ever hear of such depravity? The woman is a desperate and unprincipled adventurer! I wonder madame dares to put me and my children and my general down at table with such people as those, Philip!" cries Madame la Générale. "I mean those opposite—that woman and her two daughters who haven't paid madame a shilling for three months—who owes me five hundred francs, which she borrowed until next Tuesday, expecting a remittance—a pretty remittance indeed—from Lord Strongitharm. Lord Strongitharm, I dare say! And she pretends to be most intimate at the embassy; and that she would introduce us there, and at the Tuileries: and she told me Lady Garterton had the small-pox in the house; and when I said all ours had been vaccinated, and I didn't mind, she fobbed me off with some other excuse; and it's my belief the woman's a *humbug*. Overhear me! I don't care if she *does* overhear me. No. You may look as much as you like, my *Honorable* Mrs. Boldero; and I don't care if you do overhear me. Ogoost! Pomdytare pour le général! How tough madame's boof is, and it's boof, boof, boof every day, till I'm sick of boof. Ogoost! why don't you attend to my children?" And so forth.

By this report of the worthy woman's conversation, you will see that the friendship which had sprung up between the two ladies had come to an end, in consequence of painful pecuniary disputes between them; that to keep a boarding-house can't be a very pleasant occupation; and that even to dine in a boarding-house must be only bad fun when the company is frightened and dull, and when there are two old women at table ready to fling the dishes at each other's fronts. At the period of which I now write, I promise you there was very little of the piano-duet business going on after dinner. In the first place, every body knew the girls' pieces; and when they began, Mrs. General Baynes would lift up a voice louder than the jingling old instrument, thumped Minna and Brenda ever so loudly. "Perfect strangers to me, Mr. Clancy, I assure you. Had I known her, you don't suppose I would have lent her the money. Honorable Mrs. Boldero, indeed! Five weeks she has owed me five hundred frongs. Bong swor, Monsieur Bidois! Sang song frong pas payy encor. Prommy, pas payy." Fancy, I say, what a dreary life that must have been at the select boarding-house, where these two parties were doing battle daily after dinner. Fancy, at the select soirées, the general's lady seizing upon one guest after another, and calling out her wrongs, and pointing to the wrong-doer; and poor Madame Smolensk, smirking, and smiling, and flying from one end of the salon to the other, and thanking

M. Pivoine for his charming romance, and M. Brumm for his admirable performance on the violoncello, and even asking those poor Miss Bolderos to perform their duet—for her heart melted toward them. Not ignorant of evil, she had learned to succor the miserable. She knew what poverty was, and had to coax scowling duns, and wheedle vulgar creditors. “Tenez, Monsieur Philippe,” she said, “the général is too cruel. There are others here who might complain, and are silent.” Philip felt all this; the conduct of his future mother-in-law filled him with dismay and horror. And some time after these remarkable circumstances, he told me, blushing as he spoke, a humiliating secret. “Do you know, Sir,” says he, “that that autumn I made a pretty good thing of it with one thing or another. I did my work for the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and Smith, of the *Daily Intelligence*, wanting a month’s holiday, gave me his letter and ten francs a day. And at that very time I met Redman, who had owed me twenty pounds ever since we were at college, and who was just coming back flush from Hombourg, and paid me. Well, now. Swear you won’t tell. Swear on your faith as a Christian man! With this money I went, Sir, privily to Mrs. Boldero. I said if she would pay the dragon—I mean Mrs. Baynes—I would lend her the money. And I *did* lend her the money, and the Boldero never paid back Mrs. Baynes. Don’t mention it. Promise me you won’t tell Mrs. Baynes. I never expected to get Redman’s money, you know, and am no worse off than before. One day of the Grandes Eaux we went to Versailles, I think, and the Honorable Mrs. Boldero gave us the slip. She left the poor girls behind her in pledge, who, to do them justice, cried and were in a dreadful way; and when Mrs. Baynes, on our return, began shrieking about her ‘sang song frong,’ Madame Smolensk fairly lost patience for once, and said, ‘Mais, madame, vous nous fatiguez avec vos cinq cent francs,’ on which the other muttered something about ‘Arsolong,’ but was briskly taken up by her husband, who said, ‘By George, Eliza, madame is quite right. And I wish the five hundred francs were in the sea.’”

Thus, you understand, if Mrs. General Baynes thought some people were “stuck-up people,” some people can—and hereby do by these presents—pay off Mrs. Baynes, by furnishing the public with a candid opinion of that lady’s morals, manners, and character. How could such a shrewd woman be dazzled so repeatedly by ranks and titles? There used to dine at Madame Smolensk’s boarding-house a certain German baron, with a large finger ring, upon a dingy finger, toward whom the lady was pleased to cast the eye of favor, and who chose to fall in love with her pretty daughter. Young Mr. Clancy, the Irish poet, was also smitten with the charms of the fair young lady, and this intrepid mother encouraged both suitors, to the unspeakable agonies of Philip Firmin, who felt often that while he was away at his work these inmates of Madame Smolensk’s house were near

his charmer—at her side at lunch, ever handing her the cup at breakfast, on the watch for her when she walked forth in the garden; and I take the pangs of jealousy to have formed a part of those unspeakable sufferings which Philip said he endured in the house whither he came courting.

Little Charlotte, in one or two of her letters to her friends in Queen Square, London, meekly complained of Philip’s tendency to jealousy. “Does he think, after knowing him, I can think of these horrid men?” she asked. “I don’t understand what Mr. Clancy is talking about, when he comes to me with his ‘pomes and potry;’ and who can read poetry like Philip himself? Then the German baron—who does not call even himself baron—it is mamma who will insist upon calling him so—has such very dirty things, and smells so of cigars, that I don’t like to come near him. Philip smokes too, but his cigars are quite pleasant. Ah, dear friend, how *could* he ever think such men as these were to be put in comparison with him! And he scolds so; and scowls at the poor men in the evening when he comes! and his temper is so high! Do say a *word* to him—quite cautiously and gently, you know—in behalf of your fondly attached and most happy—only he will make me unhappy sometimes; but you’ll prevent him, won’t you?—Charlotte B.”

I could fancy Philip hectoring through the part of Othello, and his poor young Desdemona not a little frightened at his black humors. Such sentiments as Mr. Philip felt strongly he expressed with an uproar. Charlotte’s correspondent, as usual, made light of these little domestic confidences and grievances. “Women don’t dislike a jealous scolding,” she said. “It may be rather tiresome, but it is always a compliment. Some husbands think so well of themselves that they can’t condescend to be jealous.” Yes, I say, women prefer to have tyrants over them. A scolding you think is a mark of attention. Hadn’t you better adopt the Russian system at once, and go out and buy me a whip, and present it to me with a courtesy and your compliments, and a meek prayer that I should use it. “Present you a whip! present you a goose!” says the lady, who encourages scolding in other husbands, it seems, but won’t suffer a word from her own.

Both disputants had set their sentimental hearts on the marriage of this young man and this young woman. Little Charlotte’s heart was so bent on the match, that it would break, we fancied, if she were disappointed; and in her mother’s behavior we felt, from the knowledge we had of the woman’s disposition, there was a serious cause for alarm. Should a better offer present itself, Mrs. Baynes, we feared, would fling over poor Philip: or, it was in reason and nature, that he would come to a quarrel with her, and in the course of the pitched battle which must ensue between them, he would fire off expressions mortally injurious. Are there not many people, in every one’s acquaintance, who, as soon

as they have made a bargain, repent of it? Philip, as "preserver" of General Baynes, in the first fervor of family gratitude for that act of self-sacrifice on the young man's part, was very well. But gratitude wears out; or suppose a woman says, "It is my duty to my child to recall my word, and not allow her to fling herself away on a beggar." Suppose that you and I, strongly inclined to do a mean action, get a good, available, and moral motive for it? I trembled for poor Philip's course of true love, and little Charlotte's chances, when these surmises crossed my mind. There was a hope still in the honor and gratitude of General Baynes. *He* would not desert his young friend and benefactor. Now General Baynes was a brave man of war, and so was John of Marlborough a brave man of war; but it is certain that both were afraid of their wives.

We have said by whose invitation and encouragement General Baynes was induced to bring his family to the boarding-house at Paris; the instigation, namely, of his friend and companion in arms, the gallant Colonel Bunch. When the Baynes family arrived the Bunches were on the steps of madame's house, waving a welcome to the new-comers. It was, "Here we are, Bunch, my boy. Glad to see you, Baynes. Right well you're looking, and so 's Mrs. B." And the general replies, "And so are you, Bunch; and so do *you*, Mrs. B. How do, boys? Hoy dyou do, Miss Charlotte? Come to show the Paris fellows what a pretty girl is, hey? Blooming like a rose, Baynes!" "I'm telling the general," cries the colonel to the general's lady, "the girl's the very image of her mother." In this case poor Charlotte must have looked like a yellow rose, for Mrs. Baynes was of a bilious temperament and complexion, whereas Miss Charlotte was as fresh pink and white as—what shall we say?—as the very freshest strawberries mingled with the very nicest cream.

The two old soldiers were of very great comfort to one another. They toddled down to Galignani's together daily, and read the papers there. They went and looked at the reviews in the Carrousel, and once or twice to the Champ de Mars—recognizing here and there the numbers of the regiments against which they had been engaged in the famous ancient wars. They did not brag in the least about their achievements; they winked and understood each other. They got their old uniforms out of their old boxes, and took a *voiture de remise*, by Jove! and went to be presented to Louis Philippe. They bought a catalogue, and went to the Louvre, and wagged their honest old heads before the pictures; and, I dare say, winked and nudged each other's brave old sides at some of the nymphs in the statue gallery. They went out to Versailles with their families; loyally stood treat to the ladies at the restaurateurs (Bunch had taken down a memorandum in his pocket-book from Benyon, who had been the Duke's aid-de-camp in the last campaign, to "go to Beauvillier's," only Beauvillier's had been shut up for twenty years). They took their families and Charlotte to the Thé-

âtre Français, to a tragedy; and they had books: and they said it was the most confounded nonsense they ever saw in their lives; and I am bound to say that Bunch, in the back of the box, snored so that, though in retirement, he created quite a sensation. "Corneal," he owns, was too much for him: give him Shakspeare: give him John Kemble: give him Mrs. Siddons: give him Mrs. Jordan. But as for this sort of thing? I think our play days are over, Baynes, hey? and I also believe that Miss Charlotte Baynes, whose knowledge of the language was imperfect as yet, was very much bewildered during the tragedy, and could give but an imperfect account of it. But then Philip Firmin was in the orchestra stalls; and had he not sent three bouquets for the three ladies, regretting that he could not come to see somebody in the Champs Elysées, because it was his post-day, and he must write his letter for the *Pall Mall Gazette*? There he was, *her* Cid; her peerless champion: and to give up father and mother for *him*? our little Chimène thought such a sacrifice not too difficult. After that dismal attempt at the theatre the experiment was not repeated. The old gentlemen preferred their whist to those pompous Alexandrines sung through the nose, which Colonel Bunch, a facetious little colonel, used to imitate, and, I am given to understand, very badly.

The good gentleman's ordinary amusement was a game at cards after dinner; and they compared madame's to an East Indian ship, quarrels and all. Selina went on just in that way on board the *Burrumpooter*. Always rows about precedence, and the services, and the deuce knows what! Women always will. Selina Bunch went on in that way; and Eliza Baynes also went on in that way; but I should think, from the most trust-worthy information, that Eliza was worse than Selina.

"About any person with a title, that woman will make a fool of herself to the end of the chapter," remarked Selina of her friend. "You remember how she used to go on at Barrackpore about that little shrimp Stoney Battersby, because he was an Irish viscount's son? See how she flings herself at the head of this Mrs. Boldero—with her airs, and her paint, and her black front. I can't bear the woman! I know she has not paid madame. I know she is no better than she should be; and to see Eliza Baynes coaxing her, and sidling up to her, and flattering her: it's too bad, that it is! A woman who owes ever so much to madame! a woman who doesn't pay her washer-woman!"

"Just like the *Burrumpooter* over again, my dear!" cries Colonel Bunch. "You and Eliza Baynes were always quarreling; that's the fact. Why did you ask her to come here? I knew you would begin again, as soon as you met." And the truth was that these ladies were always fighting and making up again. "So you and Mrs. Bunch were old acquaintances?" asked Mrs. Boldero of her new friend. "My dear Mrs. Baynes, I should hardly have thought it, your

manners are so different! Your friend, if I may be so free as to speak, has the camp manner. You have not the camp manner at all. I should have thought you—excuse me the phrase, but I'm so open, and always speak my mind out—you haven't the camp manner at all. You seem as if you were one of us. Minna! doesn't Mrs. Baynes put you in mind of Lady Hm—?" (The name is inaudible, in consequence of Mrs. Boldero's exceeding shyness in mentioning names; but the girls see the likeness to dear Lady Hm—at once.) "And when you bring your dear girl to London you'll know the lady I mean, and judge for yourself. I assure you I am not disparaging you, my dear Mrs. Baynes, in comparing you to her!" And so the conversation goes on. If Mrs. Major MacWhirter at Tours chose to betray secrets, she could give extracts from her sister's letters to show how profound was the impression created in Mrs. General Baynes's mind by the professions and conversation of the Scotch lady. Didn't the general shoot and love deer-stalking? The dear general must come to Gaberlunzie Castle, where she would promise him a Highland welcome. Her brother Strongitharm was the most amiable of men; *adored* her and her girls: there was talk even of marrying Minna to the captain, but she for her part could not *endure* the marriage of first-cousins. There was a tradition against such marriages in their family. Of three Bolderos and Strongitharms who married their first-cousins, one was drowned in Gaberlunzie lake three weeks after the marriage; one lost his wife by a galloping consumption, and died a monk at Rome; and the third married a fortnight before the battle of Culloden, where he was slain at the head of the Strongitharms. Mrs. Baynes had *no idea* of the splendor of Gaberlunzie Castle; seventy bedrooms and thirteen company rooms besides the picture-gallery! In Edinburgh the Strongitharm had the right to wear his bonnet in the presence of his sovereign. "A bonnet! how very odd, my dear! But with ostrich plumes I dare say it may look well, especially as the Highlanders wear frocks too!" "Lord Strongitharm had no house in London, having almost ruined himself in building his princely castle in the north. Mrs. Baynes *must* come there and meet their noble relatives and all the Scottish nobility. Nor do *I* care about these vanities, my dear, but to bring my sweet Charlotte into the world: is it not a mother's duty?" Not only to her sister, but likewise to Charlotte's friends of Queen Square, did Mrs. Baynes impart these delightful news. But this is in the first ardor of the friendship which arises between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Boldero, and before those unpleasant money disputes of which we have spoken.

Afterward, when the two ladies have quarreled regarding the memorable "*sang song frong*," I think Mrs. Bunch came round to Mrs. Boldero's side. "Eliza Baynes is too hard on her. It is too cruel to insult her before those two unhappy daughters. The woman is an odious woman, and a vulgar woman, and a schemer, and I al-

ways said so. But to box her ears before her daughters—her honorable friend of last week!—it's a shame of Eliza!"

"My dear, you'd better tell her so!" says Bunch, dryly. "But if you do, tell her when I'm out of the way, please!" And accordingly, one day when the two old officers return from their stroll, Mrs. Bunch informs the colonel that she has had it out with Eliza; and Mrs. Baynes, with a heated face, tells the general that she and Mrs. Colonel Bunch have quarreled; and she is determined it shall be for the last time. So that poor Madame de Smolensk has to interpose between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Boldero; between Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Bunch; and to sit surrounded by glaring eyes and hissing innuendoes, and in the midst of feuds unhealable. Of course, from the women the quarreling will spread to the gentlemen. That always happens. Poor madame trembles. Again Bunch gives his neighbor his word that it is like the *Burrumpooter* East Indiaman—the *Burrumpooter* in very bad weather, too.

"At any rate, *we* won't be lugged into it, Baynes, my boy!" says the colonel, who is of a sanguine temperament, to his friend.

"Hey, hey! don't be too sure, Bunch; don't be too sure!" sighs the other veteran, who, it may be, is of a more desponding turn, as, after a battle at luncheon, in which the Amazons were fiercely engaged, the two old warriors take their walk to Galigani's.

Toward his Charlotte's relatives poor Philip was respectful by duty and a sense of interest, perhaps. Before marriage, especially, men are very kind to the relatives of the beloved object. They pay compliments to mamma; they listen to papa's old stories, and laugh appositely; they bring presents for the innocent young ones, and let the little brothers kick their shins. Philip endured the juvenile Bayneses very kindly: he took the boys to Franconi's, and made his conversation as suitable as he could to the old people. He was fond of the old general, a simple and worthy old man; and had, as we have said, a hearty sympathy and respect for Madame Smolensk, admiring her constancy and good-humor under her many trials. But those who have perused his memoirs are aware that Mr. Firmin could make himself, on occasions, not a little disagreeable. When sprawling on a sofa, engaged in conversation with his charmer, he would not budge when other ladies entered the room. He scowled at them, if he did not like them. He was not at the least trouble to conceal his likes or dislikes. He had a manner of fixing his glass in his eye, putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and talking and laughing very loudly at his own jokes or conceits, which was not pleasant or respectful to ladies. "Your loud young friend, with the cracked boots, is very *mauvais ton*, my dear Mrs. Baynes," Mrs. Boldero remarked to her new friend, in the first ardor of their friendship. "A relative of Lord Ringwood's, is he? Lord Ringwood is a very queer person. A son of that

dreadful Dr. Firmin, who ran away after cheating every body? Poor young man! He can't help having such a father, as you say, and most good, and kind, and generous of you to say so, and the general and the Honorable Philip Ringwood were early companions together, I dare say. But having such an unfortunate father as Dr. Firmin, I think Mr. Firmin might be a little less *prononcé*; don't you? And to see him in cracked boots, sprawling over the sofas, and hear him, when my loves are playing their duets, laughing and talking so very loud, I confess isn't pleasant to me. I am not used to that kind of *monde*, nor are my dear loves. You are under great obligations to him, and he has behaved nobly, you say? Of course. To get into your society an unfortunate young man will be on his best behavior, though he certainly does not condescend to be civil to us. But What? That young man engaged to that lovely, innocent, charming child, your daughter? My dear creature, you frighten me! A man with such a father; and, excuse me, with such a manner; and without a penny in the world, engaged to Miss Baynes! Goodness, powers! It must never be. It shall not be, my dear Mrs. Baynes. Why, I have written to my nephew Hector to come over, Strongitharm's favorite son and my favorite nephew. I have told him that there is a sweet young creature here, whom he must and ought to see. How well that dear child would look presiding at Strongitharm Castle? And you are going to give her to that dreadful young man with the loud voice and the cracked boots—that smoky young man—oh, impossible!"

Madame had, no doubt, given a very favorable report of her new lodgers to the other inmates of her house; and she and Mrs. Boldero had concluded that all general officers returning from India were immensely rich. To think that her daughter might be the Honorable Mrs. Strongitharm, Baroness Strongitharm, and walk in a coronation in robes, with a coronet in her hand. Mrs. Baynes yielded in loyalty to no woman, but I fear her wicked desires compassed a speedy royal demise, as this thought passed through her mind of the Honorable Lenox Strongitharm. She looked him out in the *Peerage*, and found that young nobleman designated as the Captain of Strongitharm. Charlotte might be the Honorable Mrs. Captain of Strongitharm! When poor Phil stalked in after dinner that evening in his shabby boots and smoky paletot, Mrs. Baynes gave him but a grim welcome. He went and prattled unconsciously by the side of his little Charlotte, whose tender eyes dwelt upon his, and whose fair cheeks flung out their blushes of welcome. He prattled away. He laughed out loud while Minna and Brenda were thumping their duet. "*Tuisez-vous donc, Monsieur Philippe,*" cries madame, putting her finger to her lip. The Honorable Mrs. Boldero looked at dear Mrs. Baynes, and shrugged her shoulders. Poor Philip! would he have laughed so loudly (and so rudely, too, as I own) had he

known what was passing in the minds of those women? Treason was passing there: and before that glance of knowing scorn, shot from the Honorable Mrs. Boldero's eyes, dear Mrs. General Baynes faltered. How very curt and dry she was with Philip! how testy with Charlotte! Poor Philip, knowing that his charmer was in the power of her mother, was pretty humble to this dragon; and attempted, by uncouth flatteries, to soothe and propitiate her. She had a queer, dry humor, and loved a joke; but Phil's fell very flat this night. Mrs. Baynes received his pleasantries with an "Oh, indeed! She was sure she heard one of the children crying in their nursery. Do, pray, go and see, Charlotte, what that child is crying about." And away goes poor Charlotte, having but dim presentiment of misfortune as yet. Was not mamma often in an ill-humor; and were they not all used to her scoldings?

As for Mrs. Colonel Bunch, I am sorry to say that, up to this time, Philip was not only no favorite with her, but was heartily disliked by that lady. I have told you our friend's faults. He was loud: he was abrupt: he was rude often: and often gave just cause of annoyance by his laughter, his disrespect, and his swaggering manner. To those whom he liked he was as gentle as a woman, and treated them with an extreme tenderness and touching rough respect. But those persons about whom he was indifferent he never took the least trouble to conciliate or please. If they told long stories, for example, he would turn on his heel, or interrupt them by observations of his own on some quite different subject. Mrs. Colonel Bunch, then, positively disliked that young man, and I think had very good reasons for her dislike. As for Bunch, Bunch said to Baynes, "Cool hand, that young fellow!" and winked. And Baynes said to Bunch, "Queer chap. Fine fellow, as I have reason to know pretty well. I play a club. No club? I mark honors and two tricks." And the game went on. Clancy hated Philip, a meek man whom Firmin had yet managed to offend. "That man," the Pote Clancy remarked, "has a manner of treading on me corrans which is intolerable to me!" The truth is, Philip was always putting his foot on some other foot, and trampling it. And as for the Boldero clan, Mr. Firmin treated them with the most amusing insolence, and ignored them as if they were out of existence altogether. So you see the poor fellow had not with his poverty learned the least lesson of humility, or acquired the very earliest rudiments of the art of making friends. I think his best friend in the house was its mistress, Madame Smolensk. Mr. Philip treated her as an equal: which mark of affability he was not in the habit of bestowing on all persons. Some great people, some rich people, some would-be-fine people, he would patronize with an insufferable audacity. Rank or wealth do not seem somehow to influence this man as they do common mortals. He would tap a bishop on the waistcoat, and contradict a duke at their first meeting. I have

seen him walk out of church during a stupid sermon, with an audible remark perhaps to that effect, and as if it were a matter of course that he should go. If the company bored him at dinner, he would go to sleep in the most unaffected manner. At home we were always kept in a pleasant state of anxiety, not only by what

he did and said, but by the idea of what he might do or say next. He did not go to sleep at madame's boarding-house, preferring to keep his eyes open to look at pretty Charlotte's. And were there ever such sapphires as his? she thought. And hers? Ah, if they have tears to shed, I hope a kind fate will dry them quickly!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 4th of September, up to which date no military operations of importance have taken place in Virginia. Immediately after the defeat at Bull Run serious apprehensions were felt for the safety of the Capital, and the Secretary of War telegraphed to the Governors of the Eastern and Middle States to dispatch all troops at once to Washington. The order was promptly obeyed, and in a few days the place of the regiments whose term had expired was abundantly filled by men enlisted for the war. The Confederates after some delay began to move slowly toward the Potomac; but up to this date no engagement, beyond collisions between pickets, has taken place.—In Western Virginia several sharp skirmishes have occurred.—General Wool has been appointed to the command of Fortress Monroe.

On the 26th of August a strong military and naval force, under command of General Butler and Commodore Stringham, left Fortress Monroe, destined for Hatteras Inlet, in North Carolina, where the Confederates had erected two forts. This inlet formed a convenient refuge for privateers. The vessels, having on board about 800 soldiers, reached their destination on the afternoon of the 27th, and the next morning about 300 men were landed. The fleet then commenced cannonading the forts, which replied. The action continued until noon of the 29th, when a white flag was hoisted, and a message was sent from the shore proposing to surrender the forts, the men being permitted to retire. This was refused, and a full capitulation insisted upon. This was yielded, and the forts and garrison were surrendered. The prisoners numbered 715 officers and men. The commander was Samuel Barron, formerly commander in the United States Navy, and now Assistant-Secretary of the Navy of the Confederate States. The loss in the forts was 8 killed and a number wounded. None of the United States troops were injured. The prisoners have been brought to New York. A considerable amount of ammunition, 31 cannon, and 1000 stand of arms were captured.

In *Missouri* events of decided importance have occurred. Confederate troops in large numbers from Tennessee and Arkansas, with those belonging to Missouri, under command of Generals M'Culloch and Price, advanced toward Springfield, which was occupied by the national forces under General Lyon. On the evening of the 9th of August General Lyon, at the head of about 5500 troops, marched out of Springfield to attack the enemy. The next morning he came up with a greatly superior force. A fierce engagement ensued. General Lyon was killed in the early part of the action, and the command devolved upon General Siegel. The national forces were too few to ensure success, and General Siegel retired, at first to Springfield, and then back to Rolla, some fifty miles in the direction of St. Louis.

Official reports state our loss in this action to have been 223 killed, 721 wounded. Two official reports have been published by the enemy. General Price commanding the Missouri troops, reports to Governor Jackson that the men under his command numbered 5221, of whom 156 were killed and 517 wounded. General M'Culloch commanding the Confederate troops reports to his Government. He claims a decided victory, says his forces were nine or ten thousand, and his loss 265 killed and 800 wounded. The entire loss of the Confederate troops in this action, acknowledged by themselves, is therefore 421 killed and 1317 wounded. The result of the retreat of the national troops has been to lay Southwestern Missouri open to the Confederates, and enable them to take possession of important lead mines, thus furnishing them with an article of which they have stood in great need.—On the 14th martial law was proclaimed at St. Louis by General Frémont.—Governor Jackson, who was deposed by the State Convention, has issued a proclamation, declaring the union between Missouri and the other States dissolved, and that Missouri is a free and independent State. This proclamation is dated at New Madrid on the 15th of August.—On the 24th Mr. Gamble, the Governor appointed by the Convention, issued a proclamation stating that the civil authority was insufficient to protect the lives and property of the citizens; he therefore calls into active service of the State 42,000 militia, to be as far as possible volunteers, for six months, unless peace should be sooner restored. If there were not sufficient volunteers recourse would be had to a draft.—On the 31st General Frémont issued a proclamation placing the entire State of Missouri under martial law, and the lines of the army of occupation are for the present declared to extend from Leavenworth by way of the posts of Jefferson City, Rolla, and Ironton, to Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi. The most important clause in this proclamation reads as follows: "All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within those lines shall be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men." The extreme penalty of the law is threatened against all who shall destroy railroad tracks, bridges, or telegraphs; those who have been led away from their allegiance are warned to return to their homes, as their absence will be held to be presumptive evidence against them. The object of this proclamation is to enable the military authorities to give instantaneous effect to existing laws; but the ordinary tribunals are not to be suspended wherever the laws can be executed by the civil authority.

Increased activity pervades every branch of the Government. In the Navy Department, besides the vessels building, nearly 200 have been purchased or chartered to aid in the blockade.—The army, under the command of General M'Clellan, is rapidly advancing in discipline, a large number of incompetent officers resigning or being dismissed. Several attempts at insubordination have been promptly put down.—The Departments at Washington have been freed of clerks in favor of secession; and numerous arrests have been made of persons charged with aiding and assisting the enemy. The persons arrested are mostly confined at Fort Lafayette in New York Harbor. Among the prisoners are the Baltimore Police Commissioners, Mr. Berrett, Mayor of Washington, who refused to take the oath of allegiance, and Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia. Mr. Faulkner, late Minister to France, has also been placed under arrest at Washington. In New York the Grand Jury made a presentment against several newspapers, charging them with publishing treasonable articles; their transmission through the mails has been prohibited. Among these was the *Daily News*, edited by Benjamin Wood, a member of Congress from that city, and the *Journal of Commerce*, one of the oldest papers in New York; the prohibition has been rescinded in the case of this latter paper.—On the 16th of August the President issued a proclamation declaring the seceding States to be in a state of insurrection, prohibiting all commercial intercourse between them and the other parts of the Union without special permission from the Government, under penalty of the confiscation of all goods dispatched either way, and of the vessels or vehicles conveying them; and declaring that all vessels belonging wholly or in part to any citizen of the insurgent States found at sea or in a port of the United States after fifteen days from the date of the proclamation forfeited to the United States. A large number of vessels remaining in our ports contrary to this notice have been seized.—Banks in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston agreed, on the 15th of August, to take at par \$50,000,000 of Treasury Notes, bearing 7·3 per cent. interest, with the privilege, in case the money was not raised by a national loan, or negotiated abroad, of taking \$50,000,000 at the expiration of 60 days, and another \$50,000,000 in 120 days; the Government agreeing to issue no bonds or notes other than those payable on demand, within a specified time; reserving, however, the right to negotiate its bonds abroad, and to receive subscriptions for a national loan. The Secretary of the Treasury has issued an appeal to the people, pointing out the advantages, in point of profit and security, of this loan, and announcing that subscription books would be opened at once in the principal towns and cities. The interest amounts to one cent per day for every fifty dollars.—The Secretary of State has issued an order directing that no person shall leave the country for any foreign port without a passport countersigned by the Secretary of State; nor shall any person be permitted to land from abroad unless provided with the proper passport, after a reasonable time has been given for the fact of such requirement to be known in the country from which such persons come.—The Convention of Western Virginia has passed an ordinance, to be submitted to the people on the 24th of October, cutting off about 40 counties from Virginia, and forming them into a new State, to be called Kanawha. These counties comprise about one quarter of the white population of Virginia, but have only a small proportion of slaves. Several important Acts have been passed by the

Confederate Congress at Richmond. The President is directed to issue a proclamation ordering all male citizens of the United States, above the age of 14 years, to leave the Confederate States within forty days. If they remain longer, they are liable to arrest and imprisonment as alien enemies.—The President is empowered to accept the services of 400,000 men for a period not less than one year or more than three.—A Treasury and Tax Act has been passed, authorizing the issue of Treasury notes to the amount of \$100,000,000, redeemable six months after the close of the war; these are to be received in payment of all Government dues, except the export duty on cotton. Besides this, \$100,000,000 of bonds are to be issued, bearing interest at the rate of 8 per cent., and redeemable in twenty years. A war tax is also levied of fifty cents in the hundred dollars upon all persons whose property amounts to more than \$500. The proposition to sell cotton to the Government, taking payment in Confederate bonds, seems to meet with much favor. It is said that cotton to the amount of \$50,000,000 is already subscribed.—The cotton brokers in the principal ports have issued Circulars urging planters not to forward cotton to the sea-ports until the blockade is raised.—Privateering has been very actively carried on. Nearly a hundred vessels are known to have been captured. The *Jeff Davis*, the most daring and successful of the Confederate privateers, was wrecked on the 18th of August while attempting to cross the bar at St. Augustine, Florida. The vessel was a total loss, but the crew escaped and have reached Charleston.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

There is no improvement in the condition of Mexico; in fact all accounts concur in representing it as worse than ever. The Juarez Government appears to be powerless, and Marquez, the most dashing of Miramon's officers, is at the head of a strong force. The French and English representatives have suspended diplomatic relations with the Mexican Government.—Some months ago the Spanish Government took possession of the Dominican republic, the southern portion of the Island of Hayti, which has since been formally annexed to the Spanish dominions, Spain pledging itself not to re-establish slavery there.—In *New Granada* the desultory war which has been waged for more than a year has been brought to a close by the capture of Bogota, the capital, by the revolutionary forces under General Mosquera, who has assumed the office of Provisional President. He proposes a reconstruction of the old Republic of Colombia, by the re-union of New Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador.—Civil war has again broken out between the different provinces of the *Argentine Confederation*. At the latest dates from Buenos Ayres, which are of July 15, that province had sent an army into the field against the National Government. The army of the Confederation is stated to amount to 20,000 men, with 12,000 in reserve. The Congress has declared Buenos Ayres to be in a state of insurrection.

EUROPE.

The American difficulties, in their commercial relations, form the staple of our European intelligence. In Great Britain especially the attention of the manufacturers and of Government is turned toward the opening of new sources for the supply of cotton. They hope that a considerable part of the present deficiency from America will be supplied from other quarters, India being the principal; and that in a year or two they will cease to be dependent upon America for this article.

Editor's Easy Chair.

A TIME of war gives profound interest to all stories of wars. There is no book so interesting this summer as the history of our Revolution. You lay down the morning paper—which overflows with news of military movements, of battles, of camp life, of heroism, of hardship, of patriotic enthusiasm—and turning to the pages of Hildreth, or Irving, or Bancroft, or Lossing, or Marshall, you find yourself reading the same tale—but a little farther off, and in another costume.

The history of the American Revolution never tires and constantly surprises. The other day an English gentleman said, good-humoredly, "Ah, yes, Mr. Easy Chair, your revolution was all very well; but it was its success that justified it."

Mr. Easy Chair demurred entirely to such a view. Success can no more justify national than individual action. The American revolution would have been just as right if it had utterly failed. The only proper criticism then would have been that the moment for action was unwisely chosen. And as it was, the peculiar champion and Colossus of American independence, John Adams, said, in the midst of the war, that he would be thankful if things could be put back where they were at the beginning of the armed resistance.

If Burgoyne could have made his junction with Sir Henry Clinton, and by occupying the Hudson had broken the back-bone of our military operations, and if, in consequence, Washington had surrendered and the Continental Congress had sued for peace, and the foolish King of England and his mad ministry had resumed their authority over the colonies, the principle of the American Revolution would have remained as true as ever; it would have survived the temporary failure, and have been the harbinger and justification of final success.

It is as foolish to say that a state or nation can do no wrong as to say the same thing of an individual. Any man may be unjust, and a nation is only many men. If the nation is strong enough to persist in injustice unchecked, it is no more to be excused than the continued crime of a powerful criminal. If Arnold had succeeded in betraying the key of the Hudson to the enemies of America, would he have been any better man, or his act any worthier?

So, upon our side, if the revolution which aimed to establish by force a new government, and consequently to destroy the old one, among the English colonies here, had been hastily undertaken, and upon frivolous or false pretenses, or without long and patient appeal to every peaceful means of redress—if it had been an insurrection against human rights, instead of a struggle for their protection—it ought to have failed, and its success would not have ended it with dignity or worth. A new government might have been established. Succeeding generations might have flourished under it. The causes and circumstances of its origin might have been forgotten. But whenever the student turned up the stream of its history to study its sources, his unblinded moral sense would have been aghast at the springs of our prosperity, although he might himself be one of us, as the virtuous descendants of rich ancestry would burn with manly shame if they discovered that the hereditary fortune they enjoyed had been made in the slave-trade.

For there are such things as well as such words as honor, truth, justice, and right. And they are to be read in national as in individual action. Of

course men may honestly differ as to the measures and methods by which to secure justice in human affairs. One man may sincerely suppose that the irresponsible despotism of a single person will more surely promote the general welfare than the wish of the majority of the people. But when that man takes up arms to establish that despotism against the wishes of the majority, regardless of peaceful means provided, and without pretense that great wrong is done, then human nature declares either for or against that man; and by the canons of human conscience and reason, by which Arnold and Washington are equally judged, that man will also be tried.

No, Mr. Bull; Mr. Easy Chair is not of opinion that our success justified our revolution, but that the wrongs we suffered, and the increasing dangers of the system under which those wrongs were done—the exhaustion of every peaceful method of remedy—the palpable fact that the possible disadvantages of forcible redress could not be greater than the certain annihilation of the liberty of the people—and that the success of the revolution would be the political enfranchisement of a people, and the establishment of juster principles of government—these are the justification of our revolution. Our success was a gain for civil liberty. It increased the sum of human happiness. It gave more men a chance; and therefore its success was justified: it did not justify.

The best tonic for the times is our own history. Not every man can tell why his grandfather, who fought in the days of '76, did not deserve to be hung as a rebel. Let him read the history, and ponder as he reads, and he will perceive the essential difference between a wicked rebellion and a justifiable revolution. There may be a mutiny on a ship. If the captain is a pirate, the crew have a right to save themselves even at the cost of the captain's life; if the crew are pirates, they have the power also to take the captain's life, but they are not justified.

THERE are not many new books for the autumnal evenings; and a man who is in the habit of reading feels, in these days, as if he might really keep pace with current literature. The difficulty, of course, always is to know what books to read. In every library an intelligent man knows that a few books hold all the knowledge. If he could only know those he would hold the key of the position. There is a savage satisfaction now in looking at the long row of Rollin's Ancient History, for instance. That is virtually a spiked battery, if only the reader has the good fortune to know it. So all Roman and Greek history, unless a man is pursuing a particular study of details, may be read in their great results in no very cumbrous form.

It is so also with Science; the difficult point always being to find a man who can tell you what is superfluous, and where you can find the latest news.

But in the literature of the imagination, of course individual taste must determine. Whether you will have Pope or Bailey, whether you will read Bacon or Tupper, is a question for your individual answering. And yet even here there are certain books that every accomplished and cultivated person will have read, or at least he will know something of them. Shakespeare, for instance, and Milton belong to this class. Walter Scott also. The Pilgrim's Progress, and Robinson Crusoe, and the Arabian Nights, and Gulliver's Travels are of it.

Then, of current literature, the same person must have read certain books; and among them, upon this principle, perhaps the works of Dickens might be first named. He is the great living novelist. In genius he is unsurpassed by any novelist of any time or country. His opulence of creation is marvelous. Scott does not equal it. There is nothing like it since Shakespeare. His sympathy, in its depth and variety, is also Shakespearian—but it is not Shakespeare's. He loved as heartily, and could draw as skillfully, a technical lady and gentleman as a clown or a villain, a trader or a clerk. Dickens is always less powerful in that direction.

His latest work, in the sense of creation, is Joe Gargery, in "Great Expectations." The Easy Chair has mentioned it before, but the book is now completed, and, with the exception of the London *Spectator*, it is hailed by the papers with more enthusiasm than any late novel, and much more than any novel of Dickens's since "David Copperfield." And it is said to shine peculiarly by contrast with his last story, the "Tale of Two Cities."

The Easy Chair need make no comparisons; but certainly that story is a very great work. In epical unity, in power of imagination, in breathless and tragic interest, in masterly delineation of the inward and outward aspect of national life in an utterly gloomy period, and in the portraiture of the noblest self-sacrifice, rising into sublimity at last, it would not be easy to find a parallel to the "Tale of Two Cities." The last Idyl of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" and the conclusion of the "Tale of Two Cities" strike the highest and sweetest note in modern literature, and, in the opinion of one Easy Chair, in all English literature. That is to say, that, in the poem, King Arthur is depicted as a man fulfilling the requirements of the Christian ideal of human character, without forfeiting perfect respect for his manliness; and, in the novel, Sydney Carton offers his life, with the most utter self-renunciation, for the happiness of the woman he loves. Many have gladly died for love, indeed, but not as Sydney Carton dies. "Great Expectations" is a book which adds another leaf to the thick-clustering laurels of its author. But the new leaf does not shade or dim the last that opened there.

THE French Prince who comes to see us this year has a much quieter time than the English Prince who was our visitor a year ago. If we remember the enthusiasm with which the Prince of Wales was hailed, and reflect that the secret of it was not mere curiosity, but the persuasion that he represented a nation which was truly a friendly power through sympathy and intelligence, we can not but feel how entirely we were mistaken.

The French Prince is of a nation which is our hereditary ally. His own family has risen, indeed, upon the ruins of the *régime* which favored our early struggle. The Bourbons, hating England, helped us. The Bonapartes, hating England, sold us Louisiana. The help during the Revolution and the sale afterward were of the most signal service to this nation. But it is curious that both services were inspired not by love of us but by jealousy of England. In the great game of the world at that time we and our affairs were but episodic. If we could be used against the enemy, it was lucky for the power that wanted to aid us. But we were not a dangerous political power. We were not worth consideration as a political influence. England did not cease to despise and annoy us after she had

made peace. France outraged us more in the early days of her revolution than she had honored us during our own.

The reason is obvious and simple enough. We were not a compact nation, with power to compel respect. As Mr. Motley truly describes our condition, we were "a mere dissolving league of jarring provinces."

But since the days when the soldiers of Rochambeau danced upon the Newport green with the rustic belles of Narragansett Bay, and the officers of his army scrawled with diamond rings the name of Polly Lawton upon the windows of his headquarters; since the days when the Count de Grasse with his stately fleet came feeling in at the mouth of the Chesapeake, while Washington and Lafayette drew closer from the land around Cornwallis; since the days when "Citizen Genet" appealed from the Government of the United States to the people of the United States—for demagogues in every age and land are exactly the same kind of men; since the days when Talleyrand would not receive our ministers or treat upon any terms, until he had received a bribe of a quarter of a million of dollars—the United States have risen from a dissolving league of provinces into a mighty nation. Its flag floats round the globe. It covers a continent. Alone among nations, it stretches from one of the great oceans to the other. All climates and soils; all great natural features of the earth; all productions and manufactures; all the rich results of art and science; all the splendors of a complex civilization are counted within its undivided domain. And the people of this nation, secure, by hereditary law of their own making, in the protection of every human right, in the speedy relief and correction of wrong and injustice, enjoying "that form and substance of government whose leading object is, to elevate the condition of men; to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life," are also of a higher average prosperity in every relation of human life than has heretofore been the lot of nations.

This is what the French Prince sees. The spectacle can not but be edifying. He sees also clouds, indeed, and learns anew that human society, however prosperous, has yet to contend with difficulties. We do not assume that we have already lifted all artificial weights from all shoulders. We do not claim that the great argument of our destiny is fulfilled, but we do claim that it is in process of fulfillment. We do believe that the Prince himself will yet see the principle which has created the marvelous nation he beholds triumphant, and holy Peace, with a surer benediction for the future, healing our wild discord.

As for the Prince himself—*Plon Plon*, as he is called in Paris—he has done nothing which distinguishes him from other princely personages. It is impossible not to look with interest upon the nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, as upon the son of Burns or the grand-niece of Goldsmith. The interest in the case of the Prince is enhanced by his singular personal resemblance to his uncle. One evening at the theatre in Paris, when Rachel was playing, the Easy Chair, raising his eyes suddenly to the stage-box, saw what seemed Napoleon Bonaparte standing with folded arms and gazing down upon the stage. It was the face, and figure, and attitude of the Emperor more perfect than the subtlest art could reproduce them.

When the present Emperor was President, his cousin, the present Prince, sat in the assembly with the "Mountain," or the radical members. When the empire was restored, the Prince still cherished liberal views. But he has not yet distinguished himself either as statesman, soldier, or scholar. His position as possible heir to the Emperor gives him another interest. But his chief distinctions are thus far derived more from his accidental association with others than from his own talents or achievements.

Still another interest in him arises from his marriage with the daughter of the *re galantuomo*, Victor Emanuel of Sardinia. The Princess Clotilde is a daughter of the house of Savoy, one of the most ancient of the regal families of Europe; and her father has written his name with his sword in the history of Italy.

The conduct of Prince Napoleon in this country has been that of a quiet gentleman. He has wisely dispensed with all ceremony, and has gone about to see what he wishes in his own way, and not what Mayors and Common Councils wish, in their way. What he thinks of our difficulties, and what report he is likely to make to the Emperor, no one can say. But it may be very readily imagined that no great power is seriously sorry to see another in trouble, unless itself is immediately involved. If Louis Napoleon thinks it for the interest of France, and consequently of his own dynasty, that there should be a third great maritime nation, he will be very firm in his friendship for the Government of the United States. If he supposes that his interest requires division, he will very readily acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy.

THE Committee upon the National Hymn reported that among twelve hundred contributions they found none of such striking excellence that it should receive the premium. The "newspaper press" have, upon the whole, treated the Committee very gently. When the proposition was first announced the gentlemen of the Committee might have been supposed peculiarly destitute of common sense. "Write hymns to order! A price for inspiration! A paid muse!" was the general outburst; "the gentlemen of this Committee must be singularly ignorant if they are not aware that a national song is the offspring of an emotion that can not be summoned for a price. They may call songs from the heart of a people, but they will come at no sound of chinking gold. The lyric music is no venal prostitute, but shows her face and awards her favors," etc., etc., etc.

The "newspaper press" was eloquent upon the theme that great songs could not, and were not, and are not, and, indeed, should not, be written to order. Somebody, or something, seemed to have been outraged or slighted, by the suggestion that if before a certain time a poem should be sent to certain gentlemen which seemed to them worthy to be a national hymn, they were authorized to give the author a certain sum of money.

To suppose that those gentlemen imagined that the money would necessarily produce the hymn was supposing a great deal more than the occasion warranted. But there are probably very few gentlemen who, if they were asked to do so simple a favor as the serving upon such a jury, would refuse. There is sure to be a great deal of fun in the performance of the duties; and there can be little doubt that, if the Committee could honorably have published a

volume of the most extraordinary contributions sent to them, it would have been one of the drollest and most entertaining books of the season—sure to secure a considerable sum for the Patriotic Fund. And if some heart glowing with patriotic fire had flamed into song, where is the harm of giving the writer a chance to send the song to a committee and get money for it? It was not necessary that the hymn should have been written at the call of the Committee, but only that it should be written. Let it spring, as the "newspaper press" says such lyrics must spring, out of the heart swept by a passion of patriotism that can not be hired. All right. That is the way such songs generally come. Is the author, therefore, to be deprived of any reward? Is there any immorality or impropriety in offering a good dinner to a man who has written a good poem?

But there is still a word to say upon the general subject. It is not true that the greatest works of art may not be produced by commission. Mr. Pye, the Poet Laureate of George Third, certainly did not sweep the lyre to make the world resound for his pipe of canary. But the Pickwick Papers of Dickens, the Vatican frescoes of Raphael, and the Requiem of Mozart, are all works of the highest genius and were produced to order.

"I was a young man of three-and-twenty," says Mr. Dickens, "when the present publishers (Chapman and Hall), attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper," came to him and asked him to write a "monthly something" which "should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour;" and the idea of a "Nimrod Club" was suggested. Dickens preferred not to have a sporting club; but he says, "I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion."

If the publishers had issued a public advertisement that they wished a work of that general character to be written, how the public would have informed them that great works in literature were not written to order; that you couldn't buy inspiration by the page as you bought ribbon by the yard; that great works sprang out of great experience, and that Pegasus was not a livery horse. Neither the publishers nor Dickens seem to have thought of those excellent things. They issued a private advertisement, and the result was Pickwick, for which the genial writer has been paid many a rose-noble; and many more may he receive and enjoy!

As for Mozart, he did not even begin to write the Requiem until he had received part of the payment in advance.

There was, then, certainly no harm in inviting poets to send their songs, whether old or new, so they had not been published, to the Committee. It was the Committee really that was upon trial. They did not undertake to say what should be the National Hymn, for that only the favor of the people could determine. But if they awarded the prize, they did by that act declare that, in their opinion, the prize poem was worthy to be such a hymn. With great prudence, however, they reserved the right of refusing the premium to all, if none seemed to correspond to the conditions. We must allow that they were a tolerably shrewd committee. They gave themselves the largest liberty. They did not mean to decide upon abstract poetic merit. They probably did not anticipate very signal success, and they are, unquestionably, not very much disappointed.

There is, however, a book of contributions to be issued, with the consent of the authors; and the

Court of Last Appeal, the Public, will have the opportunity of reversing the verdict of the lower Court, the Committee.

THE Easy Chair lately called upon an old acquaintance, or, more properly, the scion of a family which he had known upon the banks of the Nile. It is an ancient African family of wide repute and of the most solid and weighty character. The younger representatives have an extraordinary personal resemblance, so marked that, although the one upon which I called in this city was individually unknown, the general likeness and traits were so unmistakable that we had the most delightful interview. The family is not loquacious, and the family manners are languid even to laziness. But the purity and innocence of expression in the broad face are very winning, and there are a great many whom we all meet in society who talk more but are little wiser.

One curious habit which I remarked in the member of the family abroad I did not observe in the friend here. The foreign one used to bathe in milk. A tank, in fact, was filled with milk, and the scion of the old family descended into it incontinently and disappeared. It was an eccentricity, also, that he did not stay to undress himself; but, to state it candidly, went in as he was. After the lapse of some minutes his bald, benignant head and face emerged, he breathed long and heavily as if sighing, and after beaming around in token of content and amity with all mankind, he dipped again and left the world to the spectator.

Afterward I met the distinguished stranger in London. The Nepaulese ambassadors were also there, but their greatness and importance did not overshadow the claims of the African. The nobility and gentry thronged to visit him. The *London Times*, most obsequious of snobs, courted him, and entertained its friends with endless twaddle about him. The town in the height of the season was in a flutter of delight. But the illustrious stranger was perfectly undisturbed. He took his milk bath with the greatest equanimity before the eyes of the loveliest ladies in the land, and beamed about, upon rising, with a depth of stolidity which might have made a prime minister frantic with envy.

It was undeniable that the stranger was a Pythagorean. He ate no meat. The costliest viands, the most sumptuous banquets, were unheeded by him. He desired only farinaceous food prepared in the simplest manner. Wine, also, he seemed to be principled against; yet he never said that he was a teetotaler, nor was he once heard to inquire about Father Mathew among the distinguished people of the British empire. In truth, he confined himself in drinking to milk and water; in eating, to the plainest grains and greens. And he thrived upon it wonderfully. He was certainly much the largest stranger in London. His complexion was even more tawny than that of the Nepaulese ambassadors, and his Princely placidity was much more profound than theirs. They were sometimes guilty of betraying curiosity or surprise, but he never. You might have supposed him to be born in London, so entirely did he adjust himself to what he saw and heard. You might have believed him of the highest *ton*, so utterly indifferent were his manners. There are few kings or queens in the world who have such serenity of deportment as he. Like the Pope, he took his meals entirely alone. Others assisted: indeed, I have seen countesses and other fine ladies present, but they were there only as the Cardinals and Mon-

signori surround the Pope; they were only princely servitors. The placid stranger revived the habit which used to prevail in medieval courts, of admitting spectators to the daily repast. But I never ceased to wonder at the change which had been wrought. I left him in Cairo a hippopotamus; I found him in London a lion.

It is said, indeed, that the one which has been recently in the city is the identical marvel and sensation of London ten years ago, and, indeed, he limped, as if it were possible. But I am inclined to see in his infirmity a sore foot and not age. No unbiased eyes could look in that artless face and call it old. Time, if indeed he has been at work upon the old friend of the Easy Chair, writes no wrinkles upon his leather brow.

Of all amorphous monsters the hippopotamus is the most engaging. He is a beatified rhinoceros. He bears no horn, indeed, but then he needs no horn, except of milk and water. Innocent himself, he is the friend of little children. If he is still here when you read this line, take the children, indulgent parents, and treat them to hippopotamus.

No English poet had ever such an enthusiastic welcome as Alexander Smith when he published his first poem, seven or eight years ago. The Reviews exhausted superlatives and surprise; and while many critics declared that they did not exactly know, and could not precisely see, they were borne down by the loud cry of welcome and delight which greeted the new singer. It was hardly possible that the enthusiasm should not cool. Of course the critics presently began to call the poet to account for the ardor with which he had been received; and now that he has sent out his third venture upon the sea of public opinion, the critical journals find that there is "promise," and so forth, but that he is still crude and imitative.

Long ago, when the Easy Chair was a mere bench, or stool, he was once speaking to a philosopher about a new poet. The young Chair thought that the singer was wonderfully wise. "I don't care about his wisdom," said the philosopher; "has he music? do his lines ring? A poet who begins with jingling nonsense begins well." Alexander Smith began with more than that. And his last poem, "Edwin of Deira," which is printed entire in this number of the Magazine, shows that, despite the wild praise and the sharp sneering which have surrounded him, and which might well have sadly affected a man who had not a clear brain and a calm heart, he has quietly pushed on, cultivating and concentrating his powers, until he has produced a poem which is so much stronger and matured than any he has yet written that no one can feel that his flower was not to grow into fruit.

That it should be called Tennysonian: that we should hear that the poem would never have been written but for the "Idyls of the King:" that it should be charged with conceit and high color, is only natural, because it is a poem of this time: and every poem of to-day has, and must have, a certain interior resemblance to every other. The spirit of the age as surely makes its mark upon every work of the age as the sunlight steals into every valley, as well as pours upon the mountains. The poetry of Tennyson is typical of the poetry of the age. That Alexander Smith's may remind you of it is not necessarily more surprising than that Marlowe, or Ben Jonson, or Beaumont and Fletcher should remind you of Shakespeare. It certainly does not show that

they may not be very excellent poets. "Edwin of Deira" is a broad, simple theme, treated with great skill and elaboration and delicate feeling. It is a succession of beautiful pictures of a continuous interest, which rises to an unexpected height toward the end. It is still almost too rich. To read it is almost to lunch on honey. But it draws you on with an interest deeper than curiosity or surprise—an interest which is rooted in its exquisite human feeling and its tender portraiture of love. Bertha may well be twin to "the lily maid of Astolot." And as every one naturally wishes to see the poem of the hour, "Edwin of Deira" will be as timely as it will be beautiful to the great host of our friends.

Our Foreign Bureau.

WHILE the American mind is alive only to one great subject it seems a folly to draw attention to others. And yet, Europe too has its life. Millions here, who know little of Davis or of Lincoln, are toiling, hoping, wearying through the meshes of a perplexed, and noisy, and brilliant, and disturbed existence—that may end to-morrow. Yonder, over the river (dating as we did whilom from the Quai Voltaire), they are building up new boudoirs within the old hulk of the Tuileries for the disportment of an imperial family; the new Boulevards are opening in all directions, straight, broad, splendid with every new adornment of architectural device. The click of the stone-mason's hammer comes to our ear like the unwearied song of locusts. The broad, gay placards that tell of revival of Molière or Corneille flame upon the unfinished houses. The Seine gurgles, yellow and muddy, past the ancient bridges, past the sweltering barges, past the piled up masses of bathing-houses, past the shadows of the gorgeous river palaces, past the quiet lines of stately poplars that stand on the banks toward St. Cloud, and rolls toward the sea as it rolled before our civil war was known.

We do not write this merely for prelude, but to say, in such roundabout manner as befits our gossip, that America is not the world; that our republicans, struggling in their fashion, are, after all, only so many millions out of God's hundreds of millions; that all of hope, and strength, and endeavor is not centred within the "States" we call "United;" and that the great clock which marks the centuries of the world's life does not stop, even if the "second" hand plays false and vibrates with some abnormal eccentricity.

There is this good lesson which our strife may teach us—that we are not atop of all the world; that we have not solved successfully all the riddles which belong to government and progress; that we must take our share of failures, and fire, and blood in the weary struggle we are making with other companies of nations toward the fulfillment of human destiny. We have made a grand push for a young family, and our success has intoxicated and distempered us. We have bragged till other people were weary of our bragging. We have boasted of our cheap bread and schools, as if cheap bread and schools were every thing; not remembering that bread only gave muscular vigor, and schools only mental vigor, for as much of deviltry as of godliness. The developments of our civilization which are reported over seas, in the few months last past, and the dissertations upon them, are not such as to make an American feel proud of his country. Why deny it? Why not

have done with bluster? Why not put ourselves to serious, silent work, and wait for plaudits from without?

As we said, Europe has its growth and its engrossing topics apart from the great American problem. Here, in Paris, we have been celebrating the opening of a new thoroughfare—greater, and destined to be more splendid even than the Rue Rivoli. A boulevard of lavish breadth and promised lavishment of architecture has like magic been stretched through the city from the temple of the Madeleine to the line of the fortifications. The rich houses of the Rue Rumford and a host of narrow, tortuous alleys have been brushed away for its path. The Park Monceaux—another and richer "Garden of the Tuileries"—flanks it, and great pavilions, with crimson and golden hangings, and an Imperial fête have marked its inauguration. The boulevard has been so recently opened that it is not of course as yet built up; but the stagings of all the houses and churches in process of erection were completely garlanded with verdure and flowers; soldiers lined the way in their gayest attire, and a fairy pavilion of Moorish richness received the Emperor and his suite near to the triumphal arch which crowned the entrance to the Park Monceaux. Here the Préfet of the Seine discoursed upon the difficulties and the triumphs of the great undertaking; while the Emperor replied in a good municipal speech, without allusion to any matters foreign to the embellishments and prosperity of the city of Paris.

Besides this gala day the capital has enjoyed its reception of the King of Sweden (accompanied by his stalwart body-guard in a costume of the time of Louis XV.) and the attendant brilliant review of fifty thousand men upon the Champs de Mars. The fête of the 15th of August has succeeded with its whirl of lampions, its games, its crowds, and its fairy festoons of parti-colored lights stretching from the Place de la Concorde to the *Arc de l'Etoile*.

French talk has turned upon the Imperial health and the sojourn at Vichy; upon the manœuvres of the great camp at Chalons; upon the Romish quarrel of the commanding (French) General Goyon with the Papish (Belgic) Minister of War, and upon the renewed coolness which has grown up between the Austrian and French courts. While the grain crop of the Empire is reported smaller than an average, it is understood that large purchases have been made upon Government account in America, and the Emperor has taken a late public occasion to assure the people that, in the event of comparative scarcity, his ministers have taken ample means to insure the poor against any inordinate increase in the price of bread. He also flatters Paris with the assurance that, since the negotiation of the late commercial treaty with England, the exportation of articles of Paris manufacture has nearly doubled. Cordial relations with the Ricasoli government of Turin are still entertained; while it is hinted that latterly commissioners of Hungary have been privately admitted to an Imperial audience.

The manufacturers and commercial men of France are beginning only now to feel the full weight of the American war, and are loud and earnest in their declarations against the tariff of the Union. It affronts (they say) and destroys a sympathy which else we might give them. It is understood that our Minister to Brazil (General Webb) has had the honor of a private interview with Napoleon, and that since the affair of Manassas one or two Commissioners of the Southern States have been hon-

ored with the same attention; but it does not appear that his Imperial Majesty was specially communicative on either occasion of his intentions or of his sympathies. It is clear, however, that he watches the progress of events with the utmost eagerness, and exhausts all the sources of information bearing upon it within his reach.

The naval preparations are going on with their usual activity, and no less than ten or twelve iron-clad vessels are reported as fit for sea; while as many more are in process of construction. The building of ordinary wooden vessels for war purposes is discarded; and it is matter of amazement to the naval constructors of France that America should just now be increasing her navy in such an enormous ratio with what the authorities here are reckoning only so much tinder-wood. They feel and express the assurance that a ship like *La Gloire*, with rifled guns and shells charged with molten metal, would prove more than a match for any ten of the old style wooden war-ships.

Either the British and French authorities are utterly befogged, and expending millions in development of a theory which is wholly untenable, or else the new constructions of the United States navy, in event of any conflict with a foreign power, would prove worthless. The contractors, however, are probably doing well.

Italian affairs remain comparatively quiet. We wait patiently the death of the Pope, as the only event which can give a new phase to the complicity of Roman politics. Every day some rumor of a French evacuation makes the quidnuncs gape with wonderment; and every succeeding day the rumor is belied by an announcement of the continued tranquil status of the eternal city. The difficulties of the Neapolitan insurrections are real and threatening. The old Italian jealousy of Piedmont has its share in fomenting them; the unthrift and turbulence of the Neapolitan character has perhaps a larger share in the same direction; and most provocative of all is the money and the art of the exiled Bourbon family, which finds a secret ally in the Church and all its most bigoted dependents.

A new complication, moreover, of the Southern difficulties has arisen from the fact that certain Sardinian statesmen (Massimo d'Azeglio among them) have seriously and publicly questioned the right of Victor Emanuel to maintain his authority in the Sicilian kingdom, if the inhabitants persist in showing a disinclination to his rule.

Our principle, say such statists, is that the cheerful and voluntary consent of a people is an essential condition of our right to govern them and make them part of our great Italian nation. If they resent our authority, struggle against its exercise, and make their antipathy rebellion, what we have to do is to withdraw and permit them to determine for themselves. Of course this view of the matter supposes that their vote of allegiance to the King Victor Emanuel was an unfair one, or that they have outlived their wishes of that date.

Austria still stands nervously poised upon the point of dissolution. Her difficulties grow so great, and assail her from such opposite quarters, that she seems to stand erect only by the contrariety of her assailants. Hungary does not yield, and only does not fight. Styria is querulous, but does not rebel. Even Dalmatia, in the inquiry after traditionary rights, has her assertions of integrity to make, and does not fear to propound them to the Councilors of the Empire.

We hear nothing from Venetia, because they have grown there into the habit of low speech; but the calm and the silence, be they ever so long, do not mean, and never can mean, that the German and Italian currents of hope and endeavor have become mixed and are one. The Lagoon will never lift its waters to the level of the Julian Alps; and the shaggy Julian Alps will never come down to the level of the Lagoon.

The new Sultan is making good, thus far, his promise of reforms; but they are reforms which, however much they may count for Government energy, and economy, and system, count very little toward the Christianizing of the great empire of the Prophet. It is a new brandishing of the cimeter of the Levant in the face of the West—a stalwart declaration that all vigor has not yet gone out from the followers of Mohammed. Far as Bagdad the energy of the new master has reached already; dishonest officials have been cast out by the score; the trumpery jewels of three reigns are in the markets; the golden ewers are melted down; honesty has no longer its price, and “God is great,” but “Mohammed is his prophet.”

Russia is puzzled with Poland: wanting to be gracious, but yet fearful of issues. The serf question (just now coming into its most trying phase) is on its hands, and the new wars upon the borders of the Caspian. Alexander is strong by his private character, strong by reason of his amiable intentions, but he has that perverse nationality of Poland (which will not die, though trampled down never so many times) to contend with, and the ill-concealed animosity of a great host of his nobles, who do not share in his policy of emancipation. So it happens that Russia, by reason of its own home struggles, is just now written out of all the moves which strategy is devising upon the chess-board of Europe.

Prussia, though bristling with the best-appointed army (outside of France) in Europe, and though the Holstein difficulty is not solved against all chance of recurrence, may be almost written down in the same category. The Becker attempt upon the King's life has alone caused prominent mention of the new monarch. And young, heated Germany (of which Becker was a somewhat exalted type) is inditing ever-fresh poems to that eidolon of Germanic unity, which is always coquetting with its vision and always eluding its grasp.

Great Britain has had her successive sensations—over the American news—over the “iron-armor” debate—over the Northumberland Street tragedy—over the naming of Sir Robert Peel to the Chief-Secretaryship of Ireland—over the last hours of Parliament, and the Goodwood races; and now, in sober mood, is following Lord Herbert, the late War-Secretary, to his tomb; and to-morrow will be away to the moors and the grouse of Scotland.

Lord Herbert, better known as Sidney Herbert, is deserving of more than this careless mention. He was an elegant and worthy scion of the British peerage. High in birth (being son of the Earl of Pembroke), he was rich, generous, cultivated, industrious; and gave promise, if life had been spared him, to rank second to none in influence in the British Parliament.

He was buried at Wilton, near to Salisbury, where he lived, and where, some years since, he built at his own cost an exquisite parish church, at an expense of £70,000, being altogether the richest and most artistic reproduction of the Lombard school of architecture to be found in England. Near to its

marvelous cloister he lies now, and the bells that swing on its campanile are heard as far as the ancient house of Pembroke, where Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia."

And (to be prosaic) at this town of Wilton, where the "Arcadia" was written, which nobody reads, they make now the carpets which every body buys.

Editor's Drawer.

"NOTHING new under the sun" was the sentence of Solomon; and from the days of Josephus Moliter, or, as he is familiarly called, Joseph the Miller, and vulgarly Joe Miller, it has been said that no new joke has been made, no smart thing said. Indeed, the sayings of this Joseph are believed by many profound antiquarians to embrace the wit of all his humorous predecessors gathered into one comic volume and tacked to his name. It was all his grist that came to the mill of this miller, and he takes the toll of all the tales that are told of him as well as by him. So it is with modern story-tellers: they repeat themselves and their ancestors—disinterring the venerable remains of the Joe Millers that have been buried so long as to be forgotten by all the world and the rest of mankind, and bringing them out at a dinner-table as the old dining Egyptians had a skeleton shown them at the table, to remind them that, eat as much as they would, they would only come to that at last. So they laughed over the bones of their forefathers. A short time since we were greatly amused by the rule which Mr. Sparrowgrass told us the Home Guard of Yonkers had adopted—"this Guard is not to leave Yonkers except *in case of invasion*." We thought this very funny in Mr. Sparrowgrass. He is a wit of the first water; and there was something so very ludicrous in the idea of a Home Guard going out of town when the enemy came in that we all laughed heartily, and said, "Long live Sparrowgrass! all flesh is grass, but Sparrowgrass is fish, flesh, fowl, and every thing else that is good to take." But the grass withereth, and so the wit of Mr. Sparrowgrass is to perish in the grave of Josephus the Miller. For in his day, and perhaps before his day, the great William Pitt, who seldom said a witty thing, but many wise ones, was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. He presided at a public meeting held in Dover, during the war, for the purpose of raising a volunteer corps, when the secretary, in drawing up the conditions on which they were to be embodied, said to the chairman, "I suppose, Sir, that I am to insert the usual clause—not to serve out of the country." "Certainly, certainly," smiled Pitt, "except in case of invasion!"

So the Yonkers regulation was borrowed from the British service; and if any body is disposed to doubt the valor of the Home Guard, let him remember that the suggestion of leaving when the enemy enters has the highest possible authority in the words of the great Pitt!

THE Drawer has long been the reservoir for the streams of good-humor that flow in from all parts of this great country. In these times of war, when there is less fun than fighting, the Drawer is sought for to enliven the Home Guard, and help in the good work of keeping off the enemy that comes in the shape of "blue devils." What wit has to do with health and happiness it is easy to know by trying it on, not very easy to define in an essay.

War has its humors, as we shall presently see. But war is no joke. It is worse for wit than the dyspepsia: it may be truly said of the wittiest man that his jests die when he can not digest; and the explosions of gunpowder are rarely followed by those of laughter, though there is not a letter of difference between man's laughter and manslaughter.

THE other day a very dull Dominie was taking up too much of the attention of the company at dinner with talking of himself and his ailments, of which he had more than a dozen in his own imagination, and he had very little of that. At length, turning to Dr. Parker—the Physician, not the Reverend—he said, "I never can go out of doors without catching cold in my head." "No wonder," replied the Doctor, "you always go out without any thing in it!"

A CORRESPONDENT of the Drawer writes:

"In Ashtabula, Ohio, the village paper reports a festival in honor of a company returned from the wars. The Zoo Zoos were a squad of Zouaves home on furlough from the Seventh Regiment. It is not quite clear what the meaning of the last sentence is, but no doubt the editor's intention was good. The extract ought to have space in the Drawer, as a specimen of what can be furnished by Ohio:

"The festival for raising funds for the Ladies' Aid Society, to liquidate a burdensome debt, held at Smith's Hall, on Tuesday evening, was, we believe, a success, both pecuniarily and in the pleasures of the entertainment. The band gave some of their most touching strains; the ladies' smiles were prolific without strain; the Zoo Zoos went through their evolutions with military precision, eliciting much interest; and the strawberries and cream, as they went home to the seat of palatial enjoyment, opening the avenues to the intellect, and radiating every index of the soul, scattered to the winds all that refined and transcendental nonsense about the inconsistency of animal pleasures with a high state of intellectual elegance and ethereal purity."

FROM Joliet, Illinois, a contributor sends the following incident, which, he says, occurred in that city a short time since:

"The Twentieth Illinois Regiment was stationed near our city for several weeks. Captain B—, a real good fellow and Sheriff of Kankakee County, became impressed with the idea that he was unpopular with his company, which occasioned him to take a glass or two too much, and to express, in pretty strong language, the many troubles and grievances with which he had been afflicted. A good deacon of our place induced him to come into his store, and endeavored to persuade him that his suspicions in regard to his unpopularity were unfounded, and that he should bear his troubles like a man. The Captain drew himself up, and said, "Deacon, you are a good deal of a Bible man, and probably are acquainted with old Job. Now, I don't say but what he had a pretty hard time, and that they spread the *boils* on him mighty thick; but still you see he never commanded a company of Illinois volunteers."

To judge from the letters that find their way into the newspapers occasionally, we are disposed to believe the Illinois Captain's experience is not peculiar.

FROM Missouri a good-natured correspondent writes:

"I am sure you will be gratified to know that, amidst the gloom surrounding us in this land of neighborhood strife, many an hour, otherwise con-

separated to sadness, has been enlivened by the unflagging humors of your Drawer—one of the few institutions of our country seemingly unaffected by our national troubles.

"Connected with the difficulties in this State an incident has occurred too good to be lost. Our town which, twelve months ago, after rising to the dignity of a railroad terminus, boasted a happy and prosperous population of twelve hundred souls, can claim at this time scarcely half that number. Goldsmith's ideal of a deserted village with us has become a realization.

"Among those who fled hence to a land of greater security beyond the 'Father of Waters,' was an old and highly esteemed family by the name of H——, whose chief had occupied among us, for the long period of sixteen years, the office of County Clerk.

"Mr. H——, at the time he left, was the owner of several slaves, among whom was one of venerable age rejoicing in the name of 'Aunt Katie.'

"Now Aunt Katie has many prominent characteristics. She is benevolent and pious, and teaches many lessons of propriety to the young 'Africans,' among whom she is looked upon as an example of a very high order. She is devoted to her master and mistress, by whom she has been tendered her freedom, which she has declined to accept. Her master has been gone from here several weeks, and frequently sends Aunt Katie an expression of his desire that she should favor him with her presence in Illinois. But she persistently refuses to go, as there are, she says, too many 'abolitionists' there. She has now sent her master the following as her *ultimatum*: She will go whenever he executes a bond guaranteeing that the 'abolitionists shall not steal her when she gets there.' Well knowing Mr. H——'s accommodating disposition, we feel satisfied that the condition will be complied with, and Aunt Katie made happy once more."

"WE have in this county an old German who, in the days of militia trainings, commanded the 'Cornstalk Rangers.' On review-day he was drilling his men near a creek, and had marched them in line nearly to the bank of the stream. In his excitement he forgot the proper command, and called out, 'Wo-o-oh! shtop!'"

"AN amusing incident recently occurred at a theatre in a neighboring city, which illustrated the depreciation of Western Virginia currency better than the Detectors. A company of volunteers from our town, on their way to the seat of war, stopped in the city of P—— to be equipped, and some of the boys spent the evening at the theatre. The heroine of the play is desperately in love with a poor young gentleman, but her wealthy father is violently opposed to the match. In the last act, however, the 'cruel parent' relents, gives his consent to the marriage, and presents his daughter with a large sum of money. The scene was highly exciting, and the audience was breathlessly silent, when, just as the old gentleman hands his daughters the roll of notes, one of the soldiers (who had a V which he couldn't pass) exclaimed: 'Look'ee here, old fellow, if that's Wheeling money it ain't worth a cent!'"

A FRIEND in New Jersey revives some recollections of a Vermont Governor's son:

"A recent number of *Harper* contained in its Drawer (where all its best things are put) an amusing incident in the life of Governor Mattocks, of

Vermont. His humor was always agreeable, and his wit to the point. A few years since I had the pleasure of passing a few days with his son, a Presbyterian clergyman, then settled in the eastern part of New York. During my visit at his house I was struck with many things in his character which forcibly reminded me of his father. In fact, to one who had been familiar with the Governor, it was evident that the minister was a chip of the old block. While settled in K—— he had in his church a deacon who, though rich, was so parsimonious that some even called him mean. During a protracted meeting in the neighborhood of the deacon's house, Mr. Mattocks told him, if it would be convenient, he, with three brother clergymen, would dine with him next day. Deacon B—— gave a grunt of assent; and during the remainder of the day, instead of listening to the sublime truths falling from the lips of his worthy pastor, he seemed lost in calculating the exact cost of a dinner for four hungry clergymen.

"Next day the ministers repaired to the house of the worthy deacon. When seated at the table all seemed struck with the coarse and scanty provisions. The deacon was himself at once made painfully aware of the insufficiency of the means to accomplish the ends intended, and endeavored to apologize, by saying he was sorry he could offer them nothing better, but still this was more and better than we deserve.

"'Yes, Deacon B——,' said Mr. Mattocks; 'better, far better than we deserve from the Lord; yet by no means what we ought to expect from you.'

"The old man took the rebuke in a Christian spirit, and ever after ministers fared well with Deacon B——."

WE have pleasure in giving the following letter, just as it comes to our hands, though it was a long time on the way:

"MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY, S. A.,
"May 26, 1861.

"MR. EDITOR,—While walking my solitary watch I found one of your Magazines, and warmed myself with the spicy contents of its Drawer. Please accept two amusing incidents which happened on board this 'Uncle Sam's ship.'

"Among our marine guard is a high private from the Emerald Isle by the name of Pat Cronin. Mr. Cronin entered the service out of pure love of glory, mixed, I must confess, with a few romantic ideas of 'mountain waves and bright blue water.' Mr. Cronin wishes every one to understand that 'his father was a sojer before him.' To the point.

"One evening, when the shores of 'Columbia' were growing dim, Mr. Cronin was 'at his post' before the cabin-door. His new uniform and glittering bayonet appeared to please him, and, together with the fine weather, Mr. Cronin was delighted with his first night at sea. Suddenly Mr. Cronin was aroused from his pleasant reflections by the sonorous voice of the lieutenant of the watch, who cried,

"'Orderly!'"

"'Sur-r-r-r,' answers Mr. Cronin, dropping into the first position of a soldier, and making an exaggerated military salute.

"'LIEUTENANT. 'Orderly, inform the Captain that a hermaphrodite brig is in sight, three points off our lee-bow, bearing down.'

"'Yis, Sur-r-r,' said Mr. Cronin, with another salute, and then vanished into the cabin.

"'Oh, Captain!' says Cronin.

"'Well, what do you want, you rascal, coming into my cabin in this style?'"

"'But Captain, Sur-r-r, the gentleman what has charge of the sails says, yer honor, ther's a *mortified* brig three pints on top the lee-bow, Sur-r-r, and it's coming down, too, Sur-r-r.'

"SCENE ONE MORNING.—Mr. Cronin, walking his accus-

tomed place before the cabin-door (Mr. Cronin has changed his deportment), is more military, and he performs his duty with great precision. The sailing-master appears on deck, and casts his eye at the deck, near the cabin-door.

"'Orderly!'

"'Sur-r-r,' says Cronin, with a salute.

"'Orderly, that clock is fifteen minutes too slow—how's that? I set it this morning.'

"'I don't know,' says Cronin, 'on the honor of a sojer, Sur-r-r. I does my duty, and nary a person what has no right comes near the time-piece, Sur-r-r.'

"'Well,' said the master, 'all I've got to say is, that it's very strange that clock has lost fifteen minutes in two hours.'

"'Indeed,' says Cronin, 'I don't know.'

"'Orderly, some person must have been meddling with it.'

"'Well, Sur-r-r,' said Mr. Cronin, raising his hat and scratching his red head—'I think, Sur-r-r, the clock must have stopped and gone ahead agin, Sur-r-r.'"

A BALTIMORE correspondent writes to the Drawer:

"The anecdote of Lawyer Martin, of Maryland, has been given in a book about Aaron Burr; but it is told differently, and I think I have the correct version from a lady who visited at his house, and was intimate with his nieces. It appears that he was very fond of music, but could not distinguish one tune from another. Having made himself very unpopular by his defense of Burr, a crowd surrounded his house, with a band of music, playing the Rogue's March. The old gentleman took it as a compliment, walked to the front, and thanked them politely for their music. Not expecting such a reception, the mob stared and moved on; and his family, who were much terrified, gave him a hint to slip away from the door.

"He was in the habit of reading the newspapers on his way home of an afternoon, often becoming so absorbed that he would go past his own door; then he would look up and say, 'Bless me, I have passed the house!' and, resuming his reading, would perhaps go as far on the other side, to the extreme amusement of the juveniles of the neighborhood, who reported that he once stumbled against a cow, took off his hat, and bowing, said, 'I beg your pardon, Madam!' without discovering his mistake.

"THE recent panic in this city," says the same writer, "reminded me of a story I have heard about some ladies who had a brother in the Battle of Bladensburg. They lived near enough to the field to hear the artillery, and at every report one of them would say, 'Poor Richard is gone now!' or, 'There! I expect Dick is certainly killed this time!' This was continued till poor Richard was mourned over many times; and night came down with a storm of wind and rain, which blew down the kitchen chimney, and they were unprotected, in a lonely house, without any means of closing the wide aperture. To add to their distress, they fancied they heard the howling of wild beasts in the woods. There was a report afloat of some having escaped from a menagerie in the neighborhood. At last, in the midst of their terror, the elder sister exclaimed, 'Well, we shall live till we die, kill us who dares!' At this wise maxim the others laughed, and they took courage to go to bed and wait the issue of events. I am glad to say they were left unmolested, and Richard returned home alive and well."

WE are greatly indebted to the excellent correspondent who sends us the three following stories:

An Indian's tenacity of memory is often remarked. Here is a wonderful instance: Some time since,

the writer, with a party of gentlemen, was riding through an Indian settlement in the far, far West, some twelve hundred miles from St. Louis. Among the party was a Mr. S——, who had been some years before an auctioneer in St. Louis. As the Indians stood looking at us with keen attention as we passed, to our great surprise, one, an old man, sprung toward us with his eye glistening, as if he recognized an acquaintance. Coming up to Mr. S—— with extended hand, he exclaimed, in broken English, "How you do? Me know you! me know you! How you do?" Mr. S——, in great astonishment, shook his head, having never seen him before, saying, "Oh no! you don't know me." "Oh yes! me know you, me know you; how you do?" "No! you are mistaken, my friend, you don't know me!" "Yes, me know you!" "Then, if you know me, what is my name?" "Name? Name?" And he knitted his brow and seemed puzzled, musingly and abstractedly muttering, "Name? Name?" This was but for a moment. As with a flash of lightning, and with the rapid utterance of an auctioneer, that needed to be heard to be fully depicted, he called out, "Name? One dollar! One dollar! One dollar! Going! Gone!" and he slapped his right hand violently down on his left. Some twelve years before, accidentally, in St. Louis, he had passed Mr. S——'s Auction Rooms, and heard him crying as repeated. From that casual notice he remembered Mr. S——'s face, so far removed in time and place.

In a neighborhood near Cincinnati some Irish laborers were cutting a new road toward Walnut Hills that was a greatly-desired improvement; and we were impatient for it to be done—so anxious, that, before it was even safe to pass it, some adventurous travelers, at considerable risk, drove over it. One afternoon I risked it, anxious to show a friend, whom I was driving out, the improvement. In the worst part one of the laborers was wheeling earth. As a passing, pleasant remark, I said, "Halloa, Pat! when are you going to have this elegant road done?" "Arrah!" said he, "how did you know my name was Pat?" "I did not know; I only guessed it!" "By me soul, it's yerself that's good at guessing; for, faith! that same is me name. And since ye are so good at guessing, ye may jist guess when the road'll be done!" I drove rapidly on. I had read just such an answer before, but this was the first time I had heard it.

THE ignorance of American Geography, manifested by even intelligent and educated people in Europe, has often been the subject of remark with us. Mr. W——, a resident of Baltimore, was called upon some time since by a gentleman, bringing a letter of introduction from an intimate European friend, who was a very intelligent and wealthy banker in the city of H——, who prided himself on his knowledge of America, and who was received as the accredited authority on American affairs. Mr. V——, whom he wished thus to introduce, was seeking to invest a portion of his capital in this country. The letter of introduction stating this fact bespoke for Mr. V—— Mr. W——'s advice and co-operation in judicious investments. Stating the banker's knowledge of Mr. W——'s qualifications, it asked his friendly offices, and requested Mr. W—— to devote his afternoons to Mr. V——, to drive him round in his carriage, and show him the most desirable locations near Baltimor, *Milwalkie*, and the other towns in that vicinity.



ANXIOUS YOUTH.—“I say, Franswaw, ain't my whiskers ever coming out?”
 FRANÇOIS.—“I t'ink not—not mooch, certainement.”
 YOUTH.—“But, Franswaw, my Governor has lots of 'em.”
 FRANÇOIS.—“Mais, yees, M'sieu takes after his Mama.”

“In the pleasant city of Canton, Mississippi, lives a worthy landlord by the name of Colonel Pierce. Next door to the Pierce House was a gunsmith's-shop, kept by Bob Leonard, whose chief failing was the love of fish, squirrels, etc. When Bob wanted a day in the woods he had no scruples about closing up his establishment. Of course Bob's customers would be more numerous on the days the shop was closed. Now no place was so handy as Colonel Pierce's for the disappointed to inquire, ‘Do you know where Bob Leonard is?’ The Colonel, getting heartily tired of the annoyance, bethought him of a plan for ridding himself of the trouble of answering. He had a sign painted, and hung up in the most conspicuous part of the office, with this inscription: ‘I want it distinctly understood that I don't know where Bob Leonard is!’”

THE following anecdote is told of a prominent Southern politician, whose name we do not give, because we have little faith in the ties that connect a good story with a particular individual:

“Hon. Mr. —, with two friends, were once traveling upon a steamboat. The three, hearing rumors of pickpockets, agreed to deposit their mon-

ey with the steadiest of the three, for safe-keeping. In the course of the day some passengers lost a pocket-book, and it being proposed to search every one on board, the captain took charge of the search. Coming first to Hon. Mr. —, he found that he did not have the lost wallet—or, indeed, any wallet whatever. The captain's suspicions were aroused, and taking his unwilling passenger by the collar, he showed him up to the entire company, saying, ‘This man hasn't got the pocket-book, but I advise you to look after him, for he'll be certain to have somebody's before he leaves this boat!’”

TRADESMEN are so often *seriously* annoyed by tedious customers, that they are not apt to enjoy any imposition of fun.

One day a wag entered a hardware store, and, inquiring for grindstones, was taken to the back yard, where there were rows of the desired article ranged on either side. The day was drizzly, the rain pouring down silently but steadily. He examined a number, but none seemed to suit his purposes. One was too large, another was too small; one was too coarse in grain, another the opposite. At last, when he saw the salesman was getting somewhat damp

and uncomfortable from exposure to the weather, he thought that he would bring matters to a *finale*; and, laying his hands on a pretty fair specimen, he inquired: "How much do you charge a pound for this one?" "Well," replied the clerk, "I guess we can let you have that one at four cents a pound." "Well," returned Sam, "knock me off a pound and a half!"

"DICKINSON COLLEGE" furnishes the following brace of characteristic anecdotes:

One morning the Professor of Natural Science discovered two calves in his lecture-room. As the class came in to recite the Professor was urging the obstinate animals down the steps; but as he would approximate success, the boys drove them back. At length, being completely nonplused, the Professor in the most indignant tone exclaimed, "Gentlemen, your class is sufficiently large already." This was a *poser*, and the calves left the room precipitately.

On another occasion, after a recitation in Butler's Analogy, the President desired to change the hour for recitation. But Professor W—— had already appropriated the hour for his lecture, alleging, as a reason, that he had not sufficient opportunity to prepare the *gases* for his experiments. The President inquired why he had made the change. K——, who was something of a wag, immediately replied, "The Professor said he hadn't time to prepare his *gas*!" Prex bit his lips, and the class indulged in a round of applause.

THE following judgment is worthy of the Court of Solomon:

A trial was going on one day in which the parties were A *versus* B. Question in dispute was, the ownership of a certain dog. Both parties claimed the dog as theirs, by certain marks upon him. The testimony in regard to identity was full and clear upon both sides. After hearing the testimony, the Judge ordered the *dog* brought into Court. All being seated, he directed the Sheriff to hold the dog. A was to stand on the north side of the room, B on the south side, the Judge's seat being the east end, and the outside door was opened at the west end. He gave orders that at a certain sign A should whistle, B whistle, and he the Judge would whistle; and at another signal the Sheriff should let the dog loose. A whistled, B whistled, and the Court whistled. At the second signal the dog was let loose, and at four jumps he was outside the door, despite of all the whistling, and over the hills out of sight. The Judge then ordered the clerk to enter "Neither Party," and thus ended the dog case.

A VILLAINOUS specimen of humanity was brought into the Police Court before Justice Cole, of Albany, charged with having brutally assaulted his wife. The charge was substantiated in the clearest and most positive manner, and exhibited the most heartless cruelty on the husband's part. On his examination before the Justice he had a good deal to say about "getting justice." "Justice!" exclaimed Squire Cole; "you can't get it here. This Court has no power to hang you!"

ANY one who has a fancy for interesting details will peruse this "little bill," sent to us by a Baltimore correspondent, who secured the curiosity in Virginia. It will serve to remove the impression, so general in the North, that there is a lack of me-

chanical talent in the Southern portion of our beloved country:

1860

July 17 & $\frac{1}{2}$ of the 18th.

THOMPSON ATKINS'S WILLIAM a boot & shoe maker
To PARKER A WRIGHT.....Dr

To repairs on a double cased silver watch makers name Jn. Denby London No. 6026 To take said watch a part True the balance & dress up top pivot of virge, close pivot hole of same, take out the portent, & solder in the bush of bottom virge pivot hole, dress off all around the balance, & dress off collar of virge to prevent friction (they rubed) Dress off both top & bottom of Tumbler, to prevent friction of plate on the center wheel, To recoil hairspring to suit slide of regulator & take up the same $\frac{1}{2}$ inch (it was too weak), take out dents of outer case, tighten hands, & clean & oil the whole & put it up in good order & furnish a winding key, start & regulate same to run well, also to gear the balance wheel deeper in pallets of virge to give balance a better motion The job being worth \$2.50 but as he is a black man & it taking me $1\frac{1}{2}$ days I charge him only \$1.50 & 10 cents for the key..... \$1.60

A CORRESPONDENT in C. S. A. sends us the following anecdote, for the truth of which he vouches, not we:

"When Rev. Peter Cartwright was a boy some fourteen years old, he and his brother were so much in the habit of fighting that when their parents went to church on Sunday they always tied the boys to separate trees in the yard. Upon one occasion a traveler came along by the house, and inquired of the boys why they were tied up.

"'Oh,' said they, 'daddy and mammy tied us up here to keep us from fighting.'

"'And would you fight if I were to untie you?' said the traveler.

"'Yes, that we would,' said the boys; 'just try us.'

"'Well,' said the traveler, 'I will let you loose.' And so he did. So soon as the two boys were loose at it they went with a relish. Presently Peter was about to prove too hard for his adversary, when all at once his adversary turned upon the traveler, and roared, 'Confound you! you are to blame for letting us loose!' And Peter, seeing his brother engaged with the traveler, joined in with all his might. With doubled teams on him, the traveler could not stand his ground, but fled for the fence, which to jump he was prevented by the boys. They laid hold of him and pounded him for some time. At length, after a terrible drubbing, the traveler fled over the fence, when Peter turned upon his brother with—'Confound you! you turned him loose!' and at it they went again. The traveler rode off a wiser if not a better man, leaving the two boys hard at it. How long they fought was never known; but that Peter whipped no one ever doubted, for he could whip his weight in wild-cats."

In the earlier days of Washington Territory—and they are not many years since—there was a roving, rollicking set of people congregated at Port Townsend from all quarters of the world. As is usual on the frontiers, some of these people were queer fellows, who did odd things and uttered odd thoughts. One of these celebrities was named Cozzens, who kept a little grocery on the beach, where strychnine whisky, dried apples, salt fish, and hard bread, with the usual concomitants of a general trader, were mixed in glorious confusion. Another of these queer fish was named Powell, who, when about half-tight, would express himself whenever or wherever he pleased—in fact, he would "talk right out in meet-

in." The third who figured on this particular occasion was "Old Yank," well known on the Sound as an individual who, according to his own words, was "Mr. Watkins" when sober and "Old Yank" when drunk. Governor Stevens had come to address the citizens on the subject of the North Pacific Railroad and other matters pertaining to the good of the Territory, and was invited to address the crowd at Cozzens's house, adjoining the grocery. A lunch was prepared, and on the Governor's making his appearance he was invited to partake. "Take a cup of coffee, Governor," said Cozzens. "It is weak, I admit—in fact, it is very weak. But here is some good democratic whisky. Put a little of this democratic whisky into the coffee, Governor, and it will give it tone. And here is some smoked salmon, Governor; I cured it myself. It is democratic salmon; and three spoonfuls of that democratic salmon will make a hash for twenty men, Governor, provided you put potatoes enough with it."

After the lunch the Governor addressed the assembly, dwelling at length upon the beauty of the scenery of the Territory, its vast resources in its forests, its fisheries, its agriculture, and its great mineral deposits of coal, iron, lead, and its rich placers of gold. When in the most interesting portion of his remarks, Powell calls out, "Governor!"

"Well?" replied his Excellency.

"Governor, we all know about this country. I don't think there is a man, woman, or child but what is perfectly aware that this is a great country. In fact, we *know* it. Now can't you tell us something about the wars in Europe?"

"Presently," says the Governor; "I have not come to that yet."

Order being restored the Governor then spoke about the great railroad project, and after eloquently depicting the great advantages it would present not only to the Territory but the whole country, added that to carry out the plans the older States must come forward to assist. "We must get Massachusetts," said he, "the Old Bay State, to lend us a helping hand." Here Old Yank, who had been wearing about, suddenly spoke out: "Governor, if

the Old Bay State won't lend you any money on your railroad you may call on Old Yank!" It is needless to add that Yank was put out of the house; but as he went he added, "If I feel sorry for any thing I have said I am willing to be forgiven!"

A WESTERN lady writes: "Early last fall there came to our town a poor widow with several children, for whom she was willing to work hard. She would take in washing, or go out house-cleaning, and she soon had all the work she could do. But in a few weeks' time she fell sick, and having very few poor people in our place, the ladies felt a deep interest in the poor widow. By the time winter set in she was entirely well again, and herself and children better clothed than they had ever been before. One had given her a nice cloth cloak, very little the worse for wear; another had made over for her a dark merino dress and a velvet bonnet. To be sure the velvet hat was not just this winter's style, but it was a very genteel affair, and the widow felt determined to let the town see how nice she looked dressed up. Mrs. F—— was not a little surprised one day shortly after the widow's recovery by the entrance of the widow's little girl, saying, as she sunk in the arms of the crimson velvet easy chair by the side of Mrs. F——, 'I say, mammy wants to know if you'll have time to make some calls with her this afternoon, she wants to show off her new things, she does!' Mrs. F—— has not made what is called a 'dress-up call' since."

"COLONEL — once, in a crowd of men, was speaking in a pompous manner of a visit he paid to General Jackson; what the General said and did; and what *he* said and did. Major —, one of the company present, impatiently asked, 'And did you black his boots, Sir?' The Colonel soon had an opportunity of fully retorting upon his insulting interrogator. The Major was speaking of a company of the luminaries at Washington in which he was once thrown, and remarked, 'It would have made a common man feel "small potatoes."' The Colonel asked, 'Pray, how did *you* feel, Major?'



"This evening from the sun's decline arrived.
Who tells of some *infernal spirit* seen
Hitherward bent."—*Par. Lost*, iv.

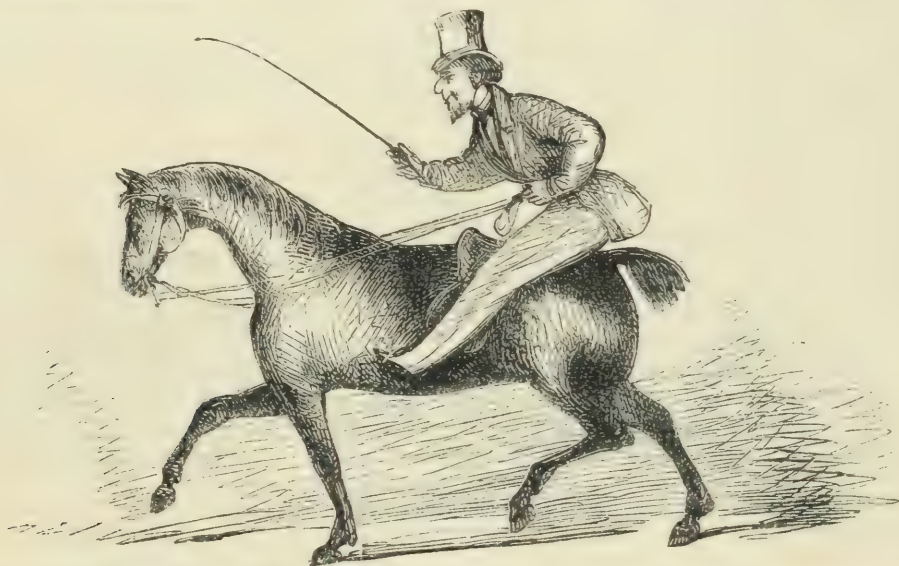


"What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is *thyself*.
With thee it came and goes."—*Par. Lost*, iv.

HINTS FOR EQUESTRIANS.



HINT 1. "*Choice of Horse*—Adapt your horse to your stature. A tall man upon a low horse, or *vice versa*, presents an incongruous appearance."



HINT 2. "*Seat*.—A graceful seat is essential to a thorough equestrian. The attitude of a shopkeeper recommending dry-goods is not graceful on horseback."



HINT 3. "*Demeanor*.—Preserve a cheerful countenance while riding. You are not supposed to be attending a funeral."



HINT 4. "*Locality.*—In riding it is of advantage to choose the best localities. By so doing you will not unfrequently be enabled to make your entrée into circles of Society which would otherwise be inaccessible to you."



HINT 5. "*Being thrown.*—If you find that you can not keep your seat, hold on by the mane until you reach a soft spot; then let go."



HINT 6. "*Falling.*—After being thrown, lie quiet for a while. A spirited horse will sometimes kick out when his rider makes any disturbance."

"ONE day, while preparing to shave, and singing to myself, 'I would not live always,' I observed that my little one was trying to get my attention, but I concluded the first verse, and then asked her what she wanted to say to me. 'Well, father,' she replied, 'it ain't much; only I was thinking that I would not like to live *always* either.' Surprised at her remark, I asked her what she meant? 'Why,' said she, 'you was singing "I would not live always," and I thought I wouldn't either, for *some ways are real dirty ways*!'"

"A FEW days since I took a little friend of mine to see a drill of the new company of Highlanders: highly pleased with which exhibition, he asked his mother to make him a suit of 'soger clothes,' but she would not consent. After begging a long while, he desisted. At length, suddenly rolling up his inexpressibles above his knees and jumping up on a stool, he cried out, '*Who can't be a Scotchman?*'"

DURING a trial before a Squire of doubtful orthodoxy, a witness was objected to as incompetent, not knowing the nature of an oath. The Court examined the witness in the following original mode, and pronounced this novel opinion:

"Do you know the nature of an oath?"

"No."

"Don't you know that if you should swear to a lie you would go to hell, *if there is any hell?*"

"No."

"Don't you know that if you *swear* to what is not true you would offend God, *if there is any God?*"

"No."

"We will swear her; she is just as *liable* to tell the truth as any body!"

"I HAVE a little nephew, between three and four years old, who is the idol of his pious grandma; he sleeps with her, and the moment they are awake in the morning they have a concert of prayer between them, each addressing (with uplifted eyes and folded hands) God on behalf of the other. The little fellow had finished his petition, when grandma began hers by begging 'God to *preserve* her dear Alfred all day—' He put his hand, with an alarmed air, to her mouth. 'Stop, grandma! don't ask God to do that; I don't want to be *PRESERVED*!' 'Why!' said his grandma, in astonishment, 'not want to be preserved!' 'No,' said he, sturdily, with a half-ludicrous half-defiant countenance, 'do you suppose I want to be boiled in sugar?'"

STUDENT'S SONG.



THOUGH we're deep in Titus Livius,
Or in Plato all the day,
Trust us, we are not oblivious
Of our maidens far away.

Though we bide in far-off places,
Working ever week by week,
We remember your dear faces,
Learning Latin, grinding Greek.

Living up in dismal attics,
Or in coziest first-floors—

Reading toughest mathematics,
Classics, science—horrid bores.

Turning leaves of dictionary,
Working hard as work we can,
We remember pretty Mary,
Lively Louie, gentle Anne.

Though we're deep in Titus Livius,
Or in Plato night and day,
Trust us, we are not oblivious
Of our maidens far away.

Fashions for October.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—VELVET CLOAK.



FIGURE 2.—CAP NO. 1.



FIGURE 3.—CAP NO. 2.

THE CLOAK which we present is a special favorite among the many styles which are now offered. This may be made of any seasonable material. The one from which our illustration is taken is composed of black velvet. The trimming consists of an arabesque ornament, with tassels upon the cape.

CAPS.—No. 1 is composed of lace, with loops and bows of taffeta, alternately white and blue; a plaiting of the same forming the inside border.—No. 2 is a simple arrangement of wide pale rose-colored ribbon and Valenciennes.

UNDER-SLEEVES.—In No. 1 the frills, which are double, are headed by a plaiting of taffeta similar to that upon the Cap No. 1.—No. 2 is made by alternating bands of insertion and taffeta ribbon; it is *en suite* with the Chemisette, Figure 6.

CHEMISETTE.—The design and construction of this will be perceived from the illustration, without the aid of verbal description.

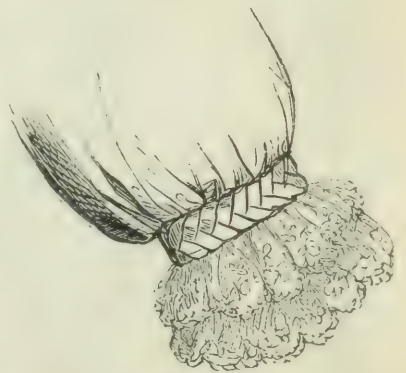


FIGURE 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE NO. 1.

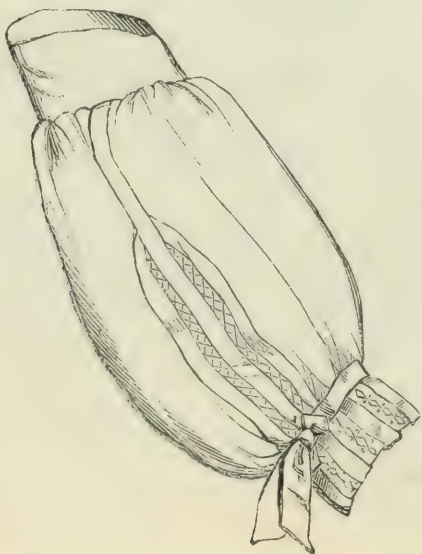


FIGURE 5.—UNDER-SLEEVE NO. 2.

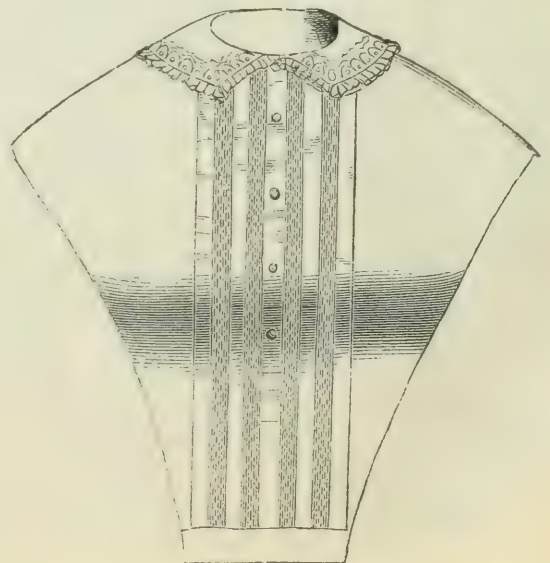
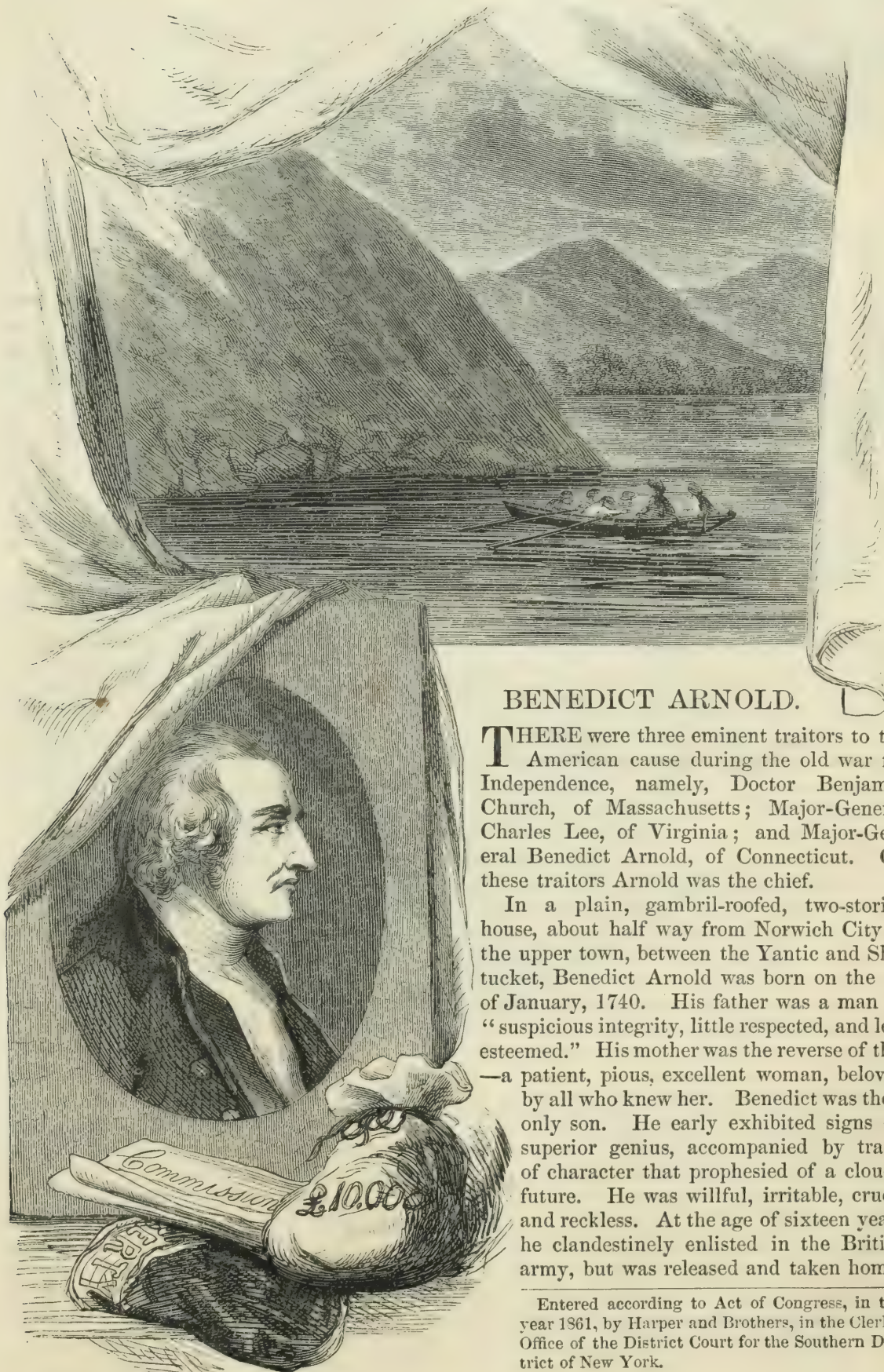


FIGURE 6.—CHEMISETTE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXXVIII.—NOVEMBER, 1861.—VOL. XXIII.



BENEDICT ARNOLD.

THERE were three eminent traitors to the American cause during the old war for Independence, namely, Doctor Benjamin Church, of Massachusetts; Major-General Charles Lee, of Virginia; and Major-General Benedict Arnold, of Connecticut. Of these traitors Arnold was the chief.

In a plain, gambrel-roofed, two-storied house, about half way from Norwich City to the upper town, between the Yantic and Shetucket, Benedict Arnold was born on the 3d of January, 1740. His father was a man of "suspicious integrity, little respected, and less esteemed." His mother was the reverse of this—a patient, pious, excellent woman, beloved by all who knew her. Benedict was their only son. He early exhibited signs of superior genius, accompanied by traits of character that prophesied of a cloudy future. He was willful, irritable, cruel, and reckless. At the age of sixteen years he clandestinely enlisted in the British army, but was released and taken home.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



ARNOLD'S BIRTH-PLACE.

He soon afterward ran away and re-enlisted; and not long afterward was subjected to the discipline and labor of garrison duty at Ticonderoga. He disliked both, deserted, returned home, and was apprenticed to the brothers Latham, druggists in Norwich, and his mother's kinsmen. He gave them a world of trouble; yet, because of his kinship, they afforded him pecuniary aid in establishing himself in business in New Haven. His mother died broken-hearted because of her husband's debasement and her son's unpromising career, before he arrived at manhood. He and his sweet sister Hannah were soon the sole survivors of the family.*

Arnold was a druggist and bookseller in New Haven several years. Fond of military life, he raised and commanded a company called the Governor's Guards. He was still in command when intelligence came of the skirmishes at Lexington and Concord. The bells of New Haven were rung, and the people crowded to the green or public square. Arnold addressed them, called for volunteers, appointed a place of rendezvous that afternoon, and there found himself at the head of sixty men, chiefly of his own company, with a few students in Yale College, ready to march to Cambridge, where an army was gathering to besiege the British in Boston. The cautious Selectmen refused to furnish them with powder without the sanction of higher authority. There was no time to be lost. Arnold sneered at such scruples in times of public danger, and threatened to break open the magazine and take the powder without leave. The authorities yielded, and the next morning Ar-

* Hannah Arnold, who remained the fast friend of her erring brother in his abasement, and charged the guilt of his treason upon his Tory wife (though without any proof), was never married, owing, probably, to the wickedness of her brother in early life. She was wooed and won by a young Frenchman of Norwich, whom young Benedict disliked. His persuasions would not make Hannah break the engagement with the foreigner, and he threatened him with violence if he should ever venture under his home-roof again. The young man disregarded the threat. Arnold rushed into the room with a loaded pistol, and discharged it at the Frenchman as he escaped from the window. Arnold and the Frenchman met in the West Indies in after-years, and fought a duel, in which the latter was severely wounded.

nold with his volunteers was on his way toward Boston.

A scheme for seizing Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, had been secretly planned at Hartford. Arnold had doubtless heard of it, for on his arrival at Cambridge he laid before the Committee of Safety a proposition to lead an expedition against the lake fortresses. It was eagerly approved. Arnold was commissioned a Colonel in the Massachusetts service, and authorized to raise not more than four hundred men in the western part of the province for the expedition. Full of enthusiasm, he proceeded to Stockbridge. There he was deeply chagrined by the fact that a similar expedition was on foot, composed of a few Connecticut and Massachusetts men and quite a large number of Green Mountain boys, under the command of Colonel Ethan Allen. They were on their march for Lake Champlain. Arnold overtook them at Castleton, and with insolent assurance assumed to be the Commander-in-chief by virtue of his commission. "We will follow no other leader than our own," said the Green Mountain boys. Arnold yielded as gracefully as his ambition would allow, and joined the expedition as a volunteer. Early on the following morning (10th May, 1775) Allen and his followers entered Ticonderoga as victors, demanding the surrender of the fortress in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. Colonel Seth Warner pushed on and captured Crown Point two days afterward.

At Ticonderoga Arnold again claimed chief command, with the same result. He sought consolation in his disappointment by sending to the Massachusetts authorities a protest and a list of his alleged grievances. He could not be idle; and while contemplating what next to do, he was joined by about fifty men recruited by his order, who brought with them a schooner they had seized at Skenesborough, now Whitehall, at the foot of the lake. These were *his* troops. Manning the schooner, he sailed down the lake to St. Johns on the Sorel, surprised and captured the garrison and fort, seized a king's sloop, destroyed five bateaux, and placing valuable plunder on four others, sailed away for Crown Point.

The British Governor of Canada made immediate preparations to drive back the invaders and retake the forts. Arnold summoned his maritime experience to his aid, and prepared a flotilla to meet the foe, constituting himself admiral of the embryo fleet. He had one hundred and fifty men, with several field-pieces and swivels. He had sent agents to Montreal and other places in Canada, and obtained such information as seemed to warrant him in writing to the Continental Congress, expressing his conviction that with two thousand men he could easily capture Canada. But the Congress, alarmed by what had already been done in the way of aggression in that quarter, would not listen to his proposals.

Many complaints against Arnold having gone



THE ASSAULT ON QUEBEC.

from the lake to the Massachusetts authorities, an investigating committee was sent to Crown Point. They found Arnold busily engaged in preparations for the campaign, as admiral of the fleet and commander-in-chief of the land forces at the fort. When they explained the object of their errand he manifested the hottest indignation. When he became calm he offered his resignation, discharged his men, and set out for Cambridge, breathing execrations against those who had ill-treated him.

Washington was now in command of the

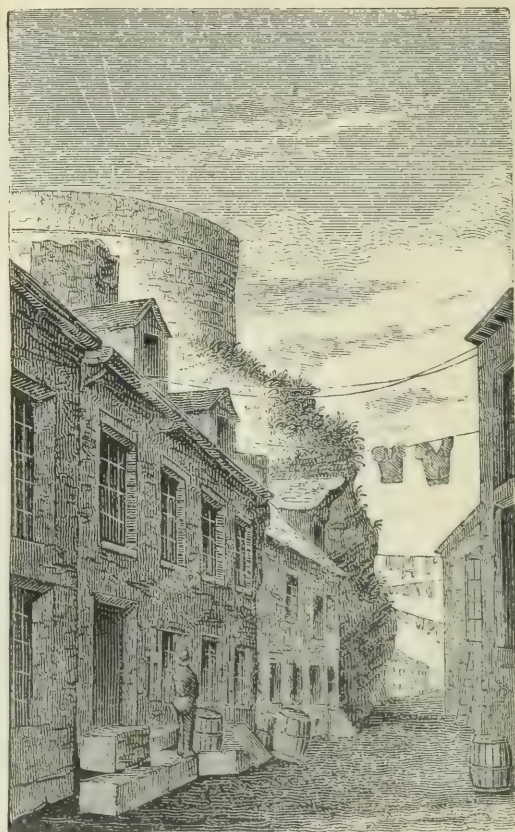
Continental army at Cambridge. The Congress had resolved to send an invading army into Canada by way of Lake Champlain, and Washington had conceived the plan of sending a co-operating force across the wilderness of the Kennebec and Chaudière to Quebec. The enterprise was bold and its execution would be perilous. The commander-in-chief had confidence in Arnold, and he appointed him to the command of the expedition. The irritated soldier was delighted, and with eleven hundred effective men he left Fort Western, opposite Augusta, on the

Kennebec, late in September, and penetrated the gloomy, uninhabited wilderness. The history of the movements of that expedition, from this point to the French settlements near the St. Lawrence, is one of the most wonderful on record. For thirty-two days they traversed the wilderness, through marshes, over cliffs, among tangled thickets, up and down rapid rivers, and through snow, ice, and mud. Their sufferings were terrible, and their endurance wonderful. At length they reached the French settlements, when, after enjoying food, warmth, and repose, Arnold led them, in the face of a severe snow-storm, to Point Levi, opposite Quebec. There they appeared early in November, to the great terror of many of the inhabitants of Quebec. They seemed to have dropped from the clouds.

After a little delay Arnold crossed the St. Lawrence, ascended to the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe fell sixteen years before, and menaced the city. Finally, with foolish pomp he demanded an immediate surrender of the town and garrison, and threatened the veteran M'Lean with terrible disaster in the event of his refusal. Just then he heard that Governor Carleton, with a considerable force, who had fled from Montreal on the approach of the Americans under General Montgomery, was hastening to Quebec. A friend in the city had also informed him of an intended sortie to drive him off. Advised by prudence, he raised the siege, and took post at Point aux Trembles, twenty miles up the river, to await the arrival of Montgomery. They joined forces on the first of December. Montgomery assumed chief command, and all pushed forward to Quebec.

For three weeks the little army besieged the Canadian capital, and then, in two divisions, attempted to carry the place by storm. Montgomery led one division by way of the St. Lawrence, and Arnold led the other by way of the St. Charles. Both parties were moving at dawn on the morning of the 31st of December, in the face of a blinding snow-storm. Montgomery was killed at the foot of Cape Diamond, and Arnold, while at the head of his troops, urging forward a cannon in the deep snow, to attack an obstructing battery, was severely wounded in the knee, and carried to the general hospital. Most of their troops were speedily captured, and the siege and assault were abandoned.

The command now devolved on Arnold, who was soon afterward commissioned a brigadier-general. He could muster only about eighty effective men. With these he formed a camp three miles from the city, and established a land blockade, hoping thereby to starve the garrison and citizens into a surrender. He failed. Finally, on the first of April, General Wooster arrived from Montreal with reinforcements and took chief command. Preparations were made to renew the siege, but these were abandoned. The disabled Arnold (whose wounded leg had been much injured by the falling of his horse upon it) asked leave of absence, and retired to Montreal, where he became military governor.



SAULT AU MATELOT—THE PLACE WHERE ARNOLD WAS WOUNDED.

He was glad to escape from the incompetent Wooster.

Not long after this the Americans were driven out of Canada. Montreal was the last place evacuated, and Arnold escaped to St. Johns with the enemy at his heels. General Sullivan soon arrived with his fugitive forces. When they were all embarked, under Arnold's superintendence, that officer mounted his horse and with one of his aids rode back two miles. There they discovered Burgoyne and a large force pressing toward St. Johns. Arnold hastened back, stripped and shot the horses of himself and aid, jumped into a small boat, and overtook the flotilla at twilight.

Arnold's quarrelsome disposition had already won for him the ill-will of many officers of the army, and his operations at Montreal had caused him to be charged with peculation. Of this he never purged himself fully; and in these charges was the commencement of his future degradation.

Preparations were now made to oppose a counter-invasion from Canada. Arnold fitted out a little squadron bearing an aggregate armament of fifty-one guns. It consisted of three schooners, two sloops, three galleys, eight gondolas, and twenty-one gun-boats. Early on the morning of the 11th of October (1776) he saw the British squadron sweeping around Cumberland Head. He was near Valcour Island, not far above Plattsburgh, and there awaited the enemy. The conflict began at noon. Arnold was on the *Congress* galley, and pointed almost every gun himself. The battle became general



ARNOLD LEAVING THE "CONGRESS."

at one o'clock, and the *Congress* suffered severely. She was hulled twelve times, received seven shots between wind and water, had the main-mast shattered in two places, and the rigging cut in pieces. The desperate conflict lasted five hours, and only ceased when night fell upon the scene. Arnold's vessels were dreadfully shattered; and during the intense darkness of the ensuing night, favored by a fair wind, he passed the enemy, and fled toward Crown Point. The British gave chase, and overtook him on the 13th, when another desperate contest occurred. For four hours the whole force of the attack fell on the *Congress* galley that bore Arnold. When she was reduced almost to a wreck, he gave orders to run her ashore, with four gondolas, and set them on fire, while the marines, bearing their arms aloft, should wade to the beach, and from the bank keep the enemy at bay until the whole flotilla should be consumed. Arnold was the

last to leave the flaming galley. He let himself into the water by a rope, joined his men on shore, and kept his position until his little squadron disappeared. He then marched to Crown Point, ten miles distant. For these exploits Arnold received the hearty applause of the whole country.

The British went back to winter-quarters in Canada, and many of the troops at Ticonderoga marched to join the army of Washington that fled from the Hudson through New Jersey to the Delaware. Arnold accompanied them. He reached head-quarters a week before the battle of Trenton, and was immediately sent to join General Spencer at Providence, Rhode Island, to rally the New England militia, and watch the British, then in possession of Newport. He remained there all winter; and during that time suffered an indignity which was keenly felt by his sensitive nature thirsting for military glory.



EXPLANATION OF THE MAP.—A, American squadron under Arnold; B, 21 American gun-boats; C, British schooner *Carleton*, 12 six pounders; D, British ship *Inflexible*, the Commodore's flag-ship; E, anchorage of the British fleet, during the night, to cut off the retreat of the Americans; F, British radeau *Thunderer*, 6 twenty-four pounders, and 12 six pounders; G, British gondola *Loyal Convert*, 7 nine pounders; H, British schooner *Maria*, 14 six pounders, with General Carleton, Governor of Canada, on board; I, place where the American schooner *Royal Savage* was burned. She carried 8 six pounders and 4 four pounders. She grounded and was burned. The force of the British in this desperate action was much superior to that of the Americans. The British vessels were manned by seven hundred chosen seamen.

Congress passed him by in the appointment of five major-generals. He had been made a brigadier at Quebec, and he felt that his subsequent exploits entitled him to promotion.

Arnold accused his countrymen of ingratitude. Washington was mortified by the neglect of the brave soldier, and wrote him a soothing letter. The wounded hero was calmed but not pacified. "It is a very civil way," he said, "of requesting my resignation as unqualified for the office I hold." He finally determined to visit head-quarters and ask permission to visit Congress in person and demand an investigation of his conduct. While in Connecticut, on his way, Governor Tryon invaded that State and burned Danbury. Generals Silliman and Wooster rallied the militia to repel the invasion. Arnold joined them, and placed himself at the head of five hundred men. A stand was made at Ridgefield, and the Americans were obliged to retreat. Arnold's horse was shot dead under him, and he escaped on foot to a neighboring swamp. His flight was short. He soon rallied his men, and hung on the flank and rear of the enemy in his retreat to his ships at Compo. There, in a skirmish, his second horse was shot through the neck. On all occasions, during the two days, he was conspicuous in every post of danger, and

won for himself the admiration of his countrymen.

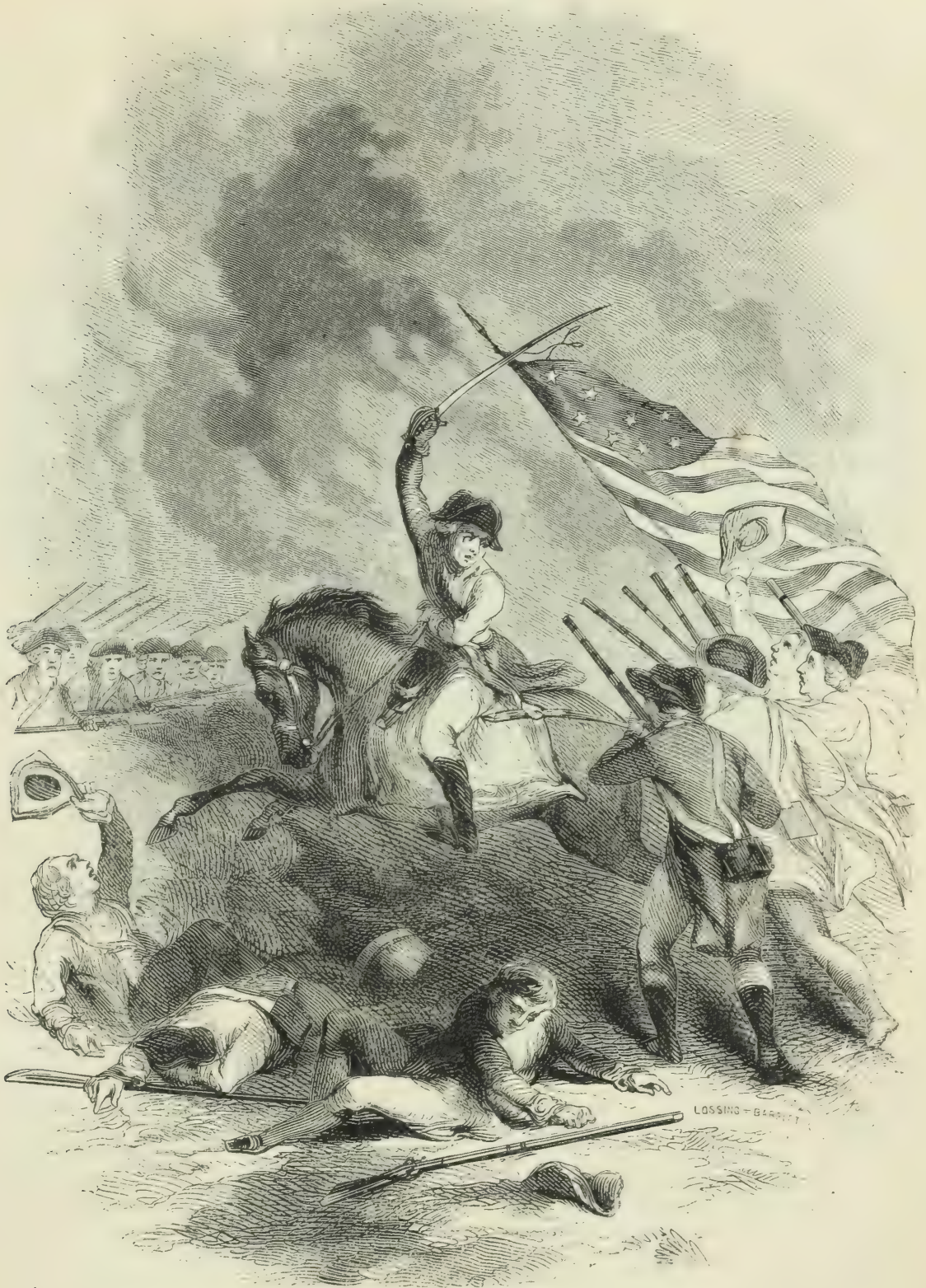
Congress immediately promoted Arnold to major-general, but left him in rank, by the date of his commission, below the five major-generals recently appointed. He felt the neglect keenly, and demanded of Congress an investigation of his conduct. By this he soon discovered that his inherent defects of character, and the unfavorable impressions he had made at Crown Point and Montreal, stood in the way of his cordial promotion. His accounts, examined by a committee of Congress at this time, also gave presumptive evidence of his dishonesty. Now was planted in his bosom the thorn that rankled until the foul fester of treason was produced.

Arnold was appointed to the command of the army in the vicinity of Philadelphia, charged with the duty of watching the movements of General Howe, then in New Jersey, and to oppose his passage of the Delaware. The duties of his position were faithfully performed by Arnold, and with his accustomed energy. Meanwhile he reiterated his demands upon Congress for the promotion of his rank. They paid no attention to his appeals. At length, incensed by their indifference, he offered his resignation, declaring that he had

been driven to that step by injustice; that he loved his country as well as any living man; and adding—"Honor is a sacrifice no man ought to make; as I received it, so I wish to transmit it to posterity."

Intelligence now reached the Congress of the invasion of the Northern frontier by a large force under Lieutenant-General Burgoyne; and on the same day when Arnold's resignation was laid before the Congress they received a letter from Washington, recommending that General Arnold should be immediately sent to the northern army. "He is active, judicious, and brave," wrote Washington, "and an officer in whom the militia repose great confidence." Arnold was flattered and soothed by these sincere compliments, and repaired to the northern army with alacrity. He joined General Schuyler at Fort Edward toward the close of May, and was placed in command of one of the two divisions of the army there.

At about this time the question of Arnold's rank was acted upon in the Congress, and his claims were disallowed by an overwhelming majority. Mortified and vexed, Arnold asked General Schuyler for permission to retire. That officer, who knew his military worth, persuaded him to remain.



ARNOLD AT SARATOGA.

Schuyler's army slowly retreated before Burgoyne to the Mohawk River. While there, intelligence came of a threatened invasion of the Mohawk valley by British, Tories, and Indians, then investing Fort Schuyler, now Rome. Arnold was immediately dispatched with volunteers to drive off the invaders. By quick movements, dexterity, and stratagem he succeeded fully. The enemy fled to Lake Ontario and did not return.

General Gates now took command of the

northern army, and advanced to Bemis's Heights, in the Upper Valley of the Hudson. Onward came Burgoyne, proud and confident, and on the 19th September, 1777, a severe battle was fought in front of Gates's lines, wholly by detachments from Arnold's division, on the part of the Americans, except one regiment. But Arnold himself was kept inactive by Gates until toward evening, when intelligence came that the result of the conflict was doubtful. Arnold was sitting upon his horse in great impatience. "I



MEETING OF ARNOLD AND ANDRE.

will put an end to it!" he exclaimed, and dashed toward the field pursued by one of Gates's aids with orders for him to return. He passed on, animated his men, and victory remained with the Americans. Gates had not left his camp at all, and had no claim to the honors of the triumph, yet he coveted all, and did not even mention Arnold's name in his official dispatches. A quarrel ensued; and when, eighteen days afterward, another battle was fought at Saratoga, Arnold was deprived of all command. He became intensely excited while the conflict was raging; and, finally, breaking through all the restraints of military discipline, he spurred forward from the camp to the field, placed himself at the head of troops formerly under his command, and with the impetuosity of the whirlwind attacked the enemy, assailed and captured the Hessian intrenchments, and secured a victory. Impartial history must accord to Arnold the honor of humbling Burgoyne—an honor long undeservedly borne by Gates.

In that last conflict Arnold received a severe wound in the leg that disabled him. It was

the same limb that was wounded at Quebec. He was conveyed to Albany, where he was confined to his room all winter. Before the end of May he joined Washington at Valley Forge, and when the British army evacuated Philadelphia he was placed in command there. He made his quarters in the old mansion of William Penn, and commenced a style of living altogether too extravagant for his income. In furniture, horses, carriage, and dinners he made an ostentatious display, the cost of which soon brought importunate creditors to his door. He mingled freely in the Tory society of Philadelphia, and married the beautiful daughter of Edward Shippen, a leading loyalist of the city. She was only eighteen years of age, and he was a fine-looking widower of forty.

Arnold's deportment made him very unpopular, and his extravagant habits caused him to prostitute his power for private gain. At length charges of a serious nature, involving his honor and honesty, were preferred against him by the authorities of Pennsylvania. Congress prosecuted a partial investigation, and then handed

the matter over to Washington and a court-martial. It was nearly two years before a decision was reached, when Arnold was adjudged to be sufficiently guilty to deserve a reprimand from the Commander-in-chief. It was administered with the greatest delicacy, yet Arnold exhibited great indignation. No doubt he was thankful for the alleged "persecution;" for it gave him a slight excuse for the treasonable preparations for betraying the liberties of his country, in which it was afterward ascertained he had then been engaged for more than eight months.

We shall not attempt, in this sketch, more than the most concise statement of the prominent events in Arnold's treason. These have been given in full in the third volume of the Magazine.

While the British army was in Philadelphia, in the spring of 1778, a grand parting entertainment was given to Sir William Howe, the British Commander-in-chief. Major Andrè, made Adjutant-General of the army by Howe's successor, was one of the chief managers of the affair. Miss Shippen figured conspicuously among the actors at the entertainment, and she and Andrè kept up a correspondence afterward. Through this channel Arnold saw, after his marriage with Miss Shippen, an opportunity for communicating with Sir Henry Clinton, at New York. He opened a treasonable correspondence with Andrè, under an assumed name and in commercial language, and this was continued till the last. When all things were ready for consummation, he asked Washington for the command of West Point and its dependencies, the important post in the Hudson Highlands which he had agreed to surrender into the hands of the enemy, and for which service he was to receive fifty thousand dollars and the commission of a Brigadier-General by brevet in the British army.

The command of West Point was unsuspectingly given to Arnold, and he made his quarters at the seat of the Tory Colonel Robinson, opposite. The time chosen for the performance of his overt act of treason was about the middle of September, 1780, while Washington was absent in Connecticut conferring with Rochambeau, commander of the French allies lately arrived. He sought and held a personal interview with Andrè, before dawn, on the western shore of the Hudson, several miles below West Point. It continued until daylight, when they went to a house not far distant to complete the arrangements. There Andrè anxiously awaited the return of night for his secret departure for the *Vulture*, the vessel that brought him up the river. She was driven from her anchorage by a cannon on shore during the day, and disappeared. Andrè was obliged to return by land. He crossed the river in disguise, and with a pass from Arnold. At Tarrytown he was met and questioned by some young American militiamen. They searched him thoroughly, and in his boots found papers of great interest to the

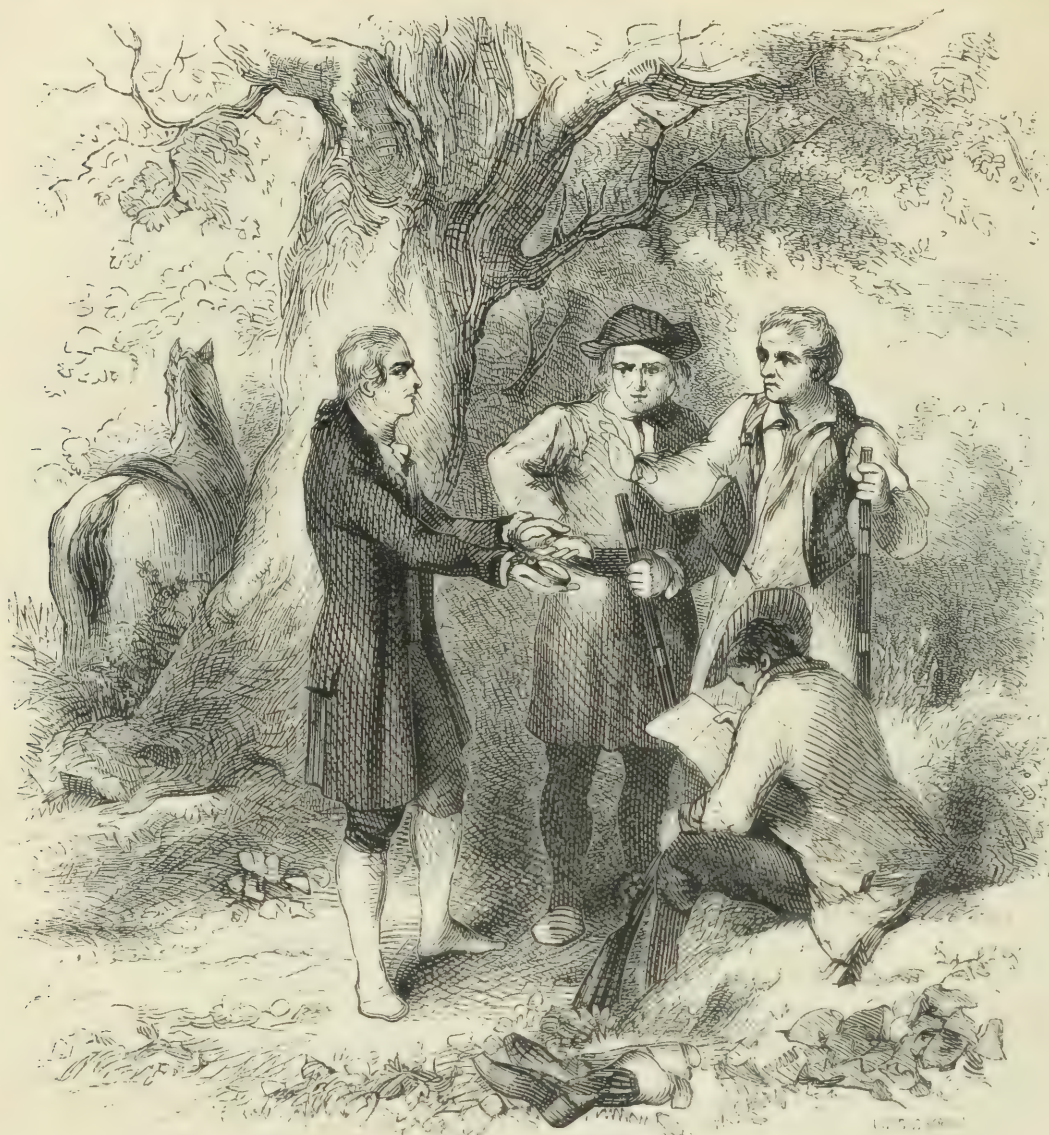
British, which had been given him by Arnold. They conveyed him to the nearest American post; but the stupid commander, not comprehending the matter, informed Arnold of the arrest. The alarmed traitor immediately fled in his barge to the *Vulture*, in the Tappan Sea, leaving Andrè to his fate. The unfortunate young man, who had been conveyed within the American lines against his will, was taken to Tappan, where he was condemned and executed as a spy, on the 2d of October, 1780. Arnold lived many years to experience the tortures of an utter outcast.

The traitor entered into the service of his royal purchaser immediately. He first addressed an explanatory letter to his "late countrymen," and then issued a proclamation calling upon American officers and soldiers to imitate his example, and join the army of the King. He was successful in neither. He was finally sent to Virginia on a marauding expedition, at the head of sixteen hundred men. It was a suitable employment. With the malice of an unprincipled renegade he plundered and destroyed.* Having finished his work there, he was sent to New England on the same errand; and burned New London, almost in sight of his birth-place and the grave of his mother! This was the closing scene of his military career.

Arnold was thoroughly despised by the British officers. They accepted the treason, but hated the traitor. Cornwallis refused to associate with him in Virginia; and he was shunned by all, as far as prudence and the good of the service would allow. He found himself uneasy in inactivity; and the war having virtually ended with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, in October, 1781, he sailed for England with his family a few weeks afterward, bearing a letter of introduction to Lord George Germain from Sir Henry Clinton, who spoke of his "spirited and meritorious conduct since he joined the British army." He commended him to the "countenance and support" of his lordship.

Efforts were made by the politic to give Arnold position in London, but they failed. The King and his Council, and a few others connected with the Government, noticed him from motives of policy, but he soon sunk into obscurity. No gentleman would associate with him, nor endure his company if it could be avoided; and his presence at court was an offense to men of character. When the petition for a bill authorizing a negotiation of peace with the Americans was presented to the King, Arnold was standing near the throne, apparently basking in the sunshine of the royal favor. Lord Lauderdale, it is said, on retiring to the Senate, declared that, "however gracious might be the language he had

* In a successful skirmish between Petersburg and Richmond, during this expedition, Arnold took some prisoners. To one of them he said, "Suppose the Americans should catch me, what would they do with me?" The prisoner promptly replied, "They would cut off and bury with military honors the leg that was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, and hang the remainder of you upon a gibbet."



CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

heard from the throne, his indignation could not but be highly excited at beholding his Majesty supported by a traitor."

Arnold was at the drawing-room of the King one evening, when Lord Shelburne offered to introduce him to Earl Balcarras, who was with Burgoyne at Saratoga. The Earl refused his proffered hand, saying, with tones of keen contempt, "I honored you as a brave man in battle; I despise you as a traitor to your country, unworthy of the notice of honest men. Your touch would be pollution." Turning upon his heel he left Arnold to chew in silence the bitter weed of deepest chagrin. At another time, when Lord Surry had risen in the British Senate to speak, he saw Arnold in the gallery. He immediately sat down, and pointing toward him, exclaimed, "I will not speak while that man is in the house!"

When Talleyrand was in England, and was about to embark for America, he heard that an American gentleman was stopping at the same hotel with himself. He sought an interview, was pleased with the intelligence and fluency of speech of his new friend, and asked him to give him letters of introduction to some of his friends

in his own country. "Alas!" exclaimed the American, with much emotion, "I have no country nor countrymen!" It was Benedict Arnold.

An officer of rank in the American army, who had known Arnold in early life, was in London after the war. The traitor called at his lodgings and sent in his card. "Tell the gentleman I am not at home," said the officer to the bearer, "and never shall be for General Arnold."

After the war Arnold made his abode at St. John's, in the British province of New Brunswick, where many refugee loyalists who fled from the United States had settled. He engaged in a profitable shipping business, made money, lived in a style of ostentatious profusion, and thus purchased entrance into the society of the so-called higher classes. His known fraudulent dealings and haughty deportment made him very unpopular with the people; and on one occasion they showed their resentment and contempt by suspending his effigy in public, labeled TRAITOR, in such a position as to be easily seen from his house. It was then committed to the flames with loud huzzas. This was in 1792.



ARNOLD AND BALCARRAS.

He went to St. John's in 1786. Every year his unpopularity increased, and in 1794 he closed his business, sailed first for the West Indies and then for England, and there made his permanent abode. When war broke out between England and France he petitioned for employment in the British army. His prayer was rejected because not a solitary officer could be found who would serve with him.

Arnold resided temporarily in the West Indies several times when engaged in commercial pursuits. He was at Point Petre, in Guadaloupe, when that island was retaken by the French. He had accumulated a large sum of money there, and fearing it might be taken by the French if his name and character should be known, he assumed the name of Anderson. He was put on board a French prison-ship in the harbor. A sentinel soon informed him that he was known.

He at once planned a method of escape with his treasure. He inclosed it in an empty cask, which, under cover of the darkness of night, he let down into the sea, so that the waves might carry it ashore where the English were encamped. Inside of the cask he placed a letter, informing the English that the cask and contents belonged to him. He then embarked upon a rude raft of planks which he had prepared, with which he reached a small boat. In this he escaped to the English fleet, and saved both his life and money.

Arnold returned to England soon after his perilous adventure in the West Indies, and lived in perfect retirement on Gloucester Place. There he died on the 14th of June, 1801, at the age of sixty-one years. His wife, who was more than twenty years his junior, died there in June, 1804.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE.



I.

A NICE little dinner at Ormolu's;
 A chosen few, and no ladies there:
 Every man is a millionaire,
 With ample waistcoat and creaking shoes.
 The dinner, of course, is a great success—
 Dinners at Ormolu's always are—
 From the delicate bisque to the caviar,
 And the wild boar's head in its gaudy dress.
 But better than all is the rich dessert,
 The season of large, well-fed repose,
 When calm delight through the system flows,
 And the brain deliciously lies inert.
 Then the rich man sits in his easy chair,
 And dreamily sees his houses and gold
 In long processions of wealth unrolled,
 Like caravans crossing the fields of air.
 Wine and walnuts,
 Walnuts and wine;
 Big grapes frosted with purple bloom;
 Odors floating all over the room
 From ruby claret and leathery Rhine;
 Frozen flasks of the dry Champagne,
 Crystal goblets of flint-like grain
 Flashing the light through a thousand prisms,
 And full of the tawny unctuous chrims
 That ooze from the oily vines of Spain.
 Fleshy clusters of rich bananas,
 Citrons drowning in sirops of amber;
 And, curling cloudily through the chamber,
 Faint blue smoke from the fresh Havanas.

Over the wine the chat goes round—
 English consols and Erie stock;
 The newest invention, a patent lock,
 And how the Paragon Bank's unsound.

Money, money on every tongue;
 How to make it and how to lose it,
 How to keep it and how to use it—
 All the changes are duly rung.

Every guest round that shining board
 Only dreams of dollars and cents,
 Only dreams of the rise in rents,
 Only thinks of his gathering hoard.

And Ormolu at the table sits,
 Sipping with gusto that rich Latour;
 While a vague thanksgiving that he's not poor
 Over his gratified senses flits.

And somehow he sees, in a dreamy way,
 His tenement houses:—He owns a few,
 And capital profits they bring him too;
 For he knows how to make the tenants pay:—

He sees them squalid and black and tall,
 With rotten rafters and touch-wood stair,
 The scant rooms fetid with stagnant air,
 And the plaster membrane that's called a wall.

And he sees the swarms of life that huddle
 In and out and over and thorough,
 Till the buildings look like a human burrow
 Moated about with a loathsome puddle.

Crazy, filthy, and insecure,
 Hastily builded, and cheap and nasty,
 About as strong as fresh-baked pasty,
 But almost too good for vagrant poor.

The neighbors say that they must come down;
From top to bottom each chamber rocks,
As the roaring wind of the Equinox
Blusters fiercely over the town.

And sometimes it seems that the neighbors think
That if a fire should come that way,
What splendid field it would have to play
Through tottering chamber and gaping chink.

And how its serpentine tongue would curl
With fierce, insatiate appetite,
Down the staircase's rotten flight,
And over the roofs in a crimson whirl.

And how the fiery fiend would rifle
Each crackling room of its human treasure;
Drinking blood with a savage pleasure,
And vomiting vapor to blind and stifle.

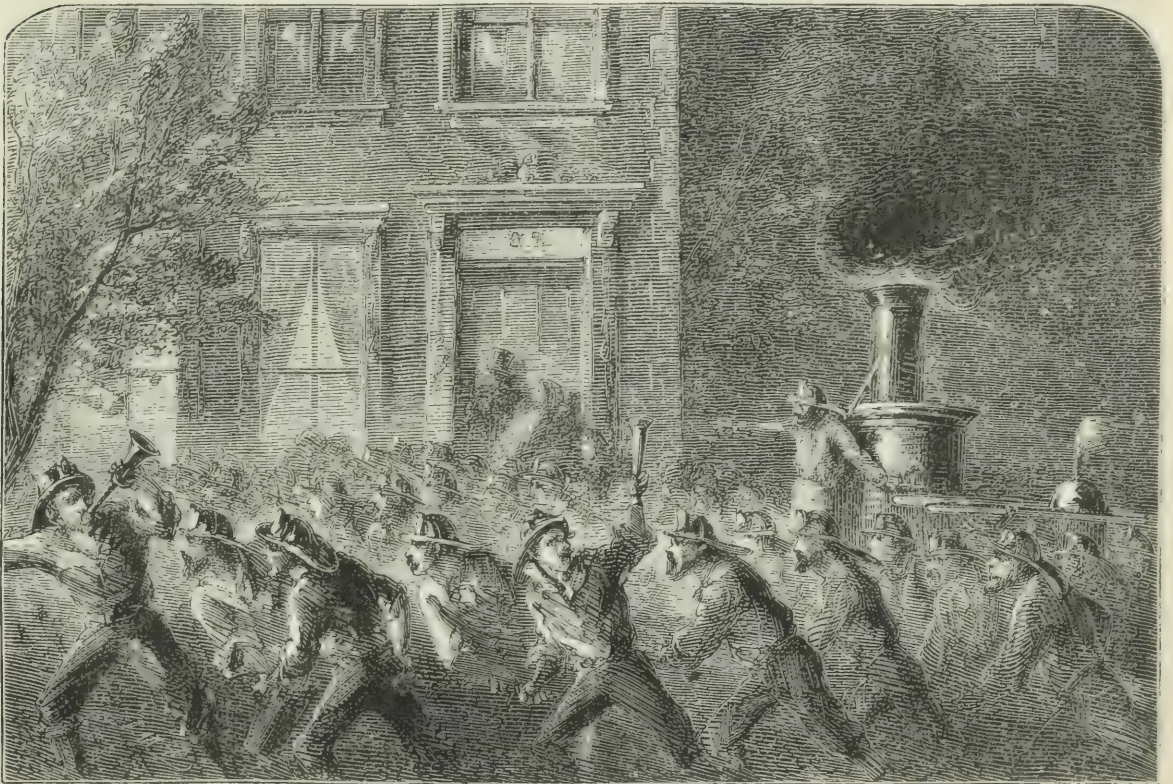
But what if it did? the tenement houses
Are all insured to their fullest figure—
Appraised and valued with utmost rigor—
And so our friend Ormolu carouses.

Come, just one glass of this Clos Vougeot!
An olive, though, first to give it a savor;
That's a wine of the true grape flavor,
Bottled exactly ten years ago!

See how it shines in amethyst splendor,
Just where the lamp-light strikes it and shivers:
This is the food for our sanguine rivers—
Strong as Milo, as Venus tender!

The wine is praised and the bottle passes,
And Ormolu looks all ripe and glowing;
No black remorse to his heart is flowing
As he gayly drinks from his aerial glasses.

II.



ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR!

The fire alarm comes loudly tolling,
Over the roofs of the city rolling,
And dying away on the island-shore.

One, two, three, four!

Engines over the pavements leaping;
While lusty tides of the firemen sweeping
Down through the channeled avenues pour

One, two, three, four!

The panting foreman's trumpet bellows,
"Pull her along and jump her fellows!
All your muscle and something more!"

One, two, three, four!

The shrieking crowds of the boys that follow,
The cries of the firemen hoarse and hollow,
Startle the night with a fitful roar.

One, two, three, four!

The red shirts down to their labor settle;
Every fellow is full of mettle,
Muscle, and courage, and something more.

One, two, three, four!

Ormolu hears the fire-bell toll;
It is his district—but, bless your soul!
All is insured, and fires are a bore!

One, two, three, four!

These Burgundy wines make one feel misty,
So here's a bottle of Lagrima Christi,
Fresh from the indolent Naples shore.

The wine is praised, and the bottle passes—
Smoky Vesuvius is its sire—
But Ormolu thinks never of fire,
As he gayly drinks from his aerial glasses.

III.

The tenement buildings are red and flaring,
The narrow street with the crowd is choking,
The opposite houses are hot and smoking,
The windows like blood-shot eyes are glaring.

Golden jets, like fiery fountains,
Over the tall roofs leap and spatter;
Till, struck by the wind, they break and scatter,
While ever the smoke piles up like mountains.

Fire, fire, fire, fire!

Hark to the roar of its hollow laughter,
As it swirls all over each rotten rafter,
Drunk with the heat of its own desire!

See how the jets from the hose-pipes battle
All in vain with the floods so furious;
Hark to those sounds so hollow and curious,
Like mournful lowing of distant cattle!

See how the blinded firemen clamber,
Step by step, up the smoking ladder;
And how the fire grows madder, madder,
As it thrusts them off from that stifling chamber!

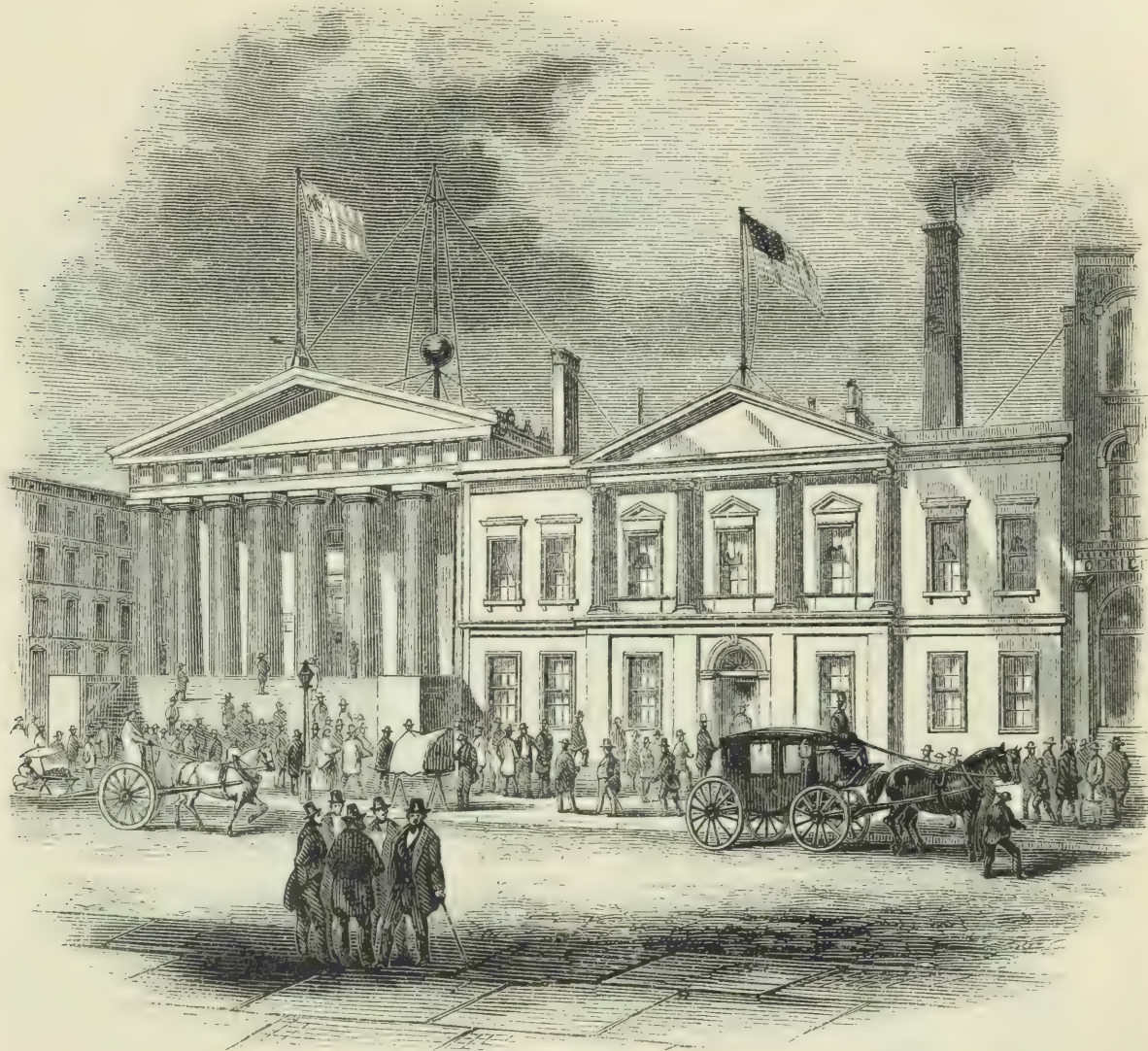
See how the crowds that are watching shiver,
As they see in the midst of that tide abhorrent
A black shape flash through the golden torrent,
Like one that drowns in a fiery river!

See that woman at the window flicker,
Holding a child in her hands and shrieking.
Ah! she's gone, even while we're speaking,
And every heart in the crowd grows sicker.

List to that sound that so hollowly rumbles!
The firemen pause, for they know what's brewing;
Then down with a roar, in a crimson ruin,
Ormolu's tenement building tumbles.

Crushed and mangled with beam and girder,
Five corpses lie in those tenement houses;
And Ormolu with his guests carouses,
Guilty, by Heaven, of all that murder!





UNITED STATES CUSTOM-HOUSE AND ASSAY OFFICE, NEW YORK.

MAKING MONEY.

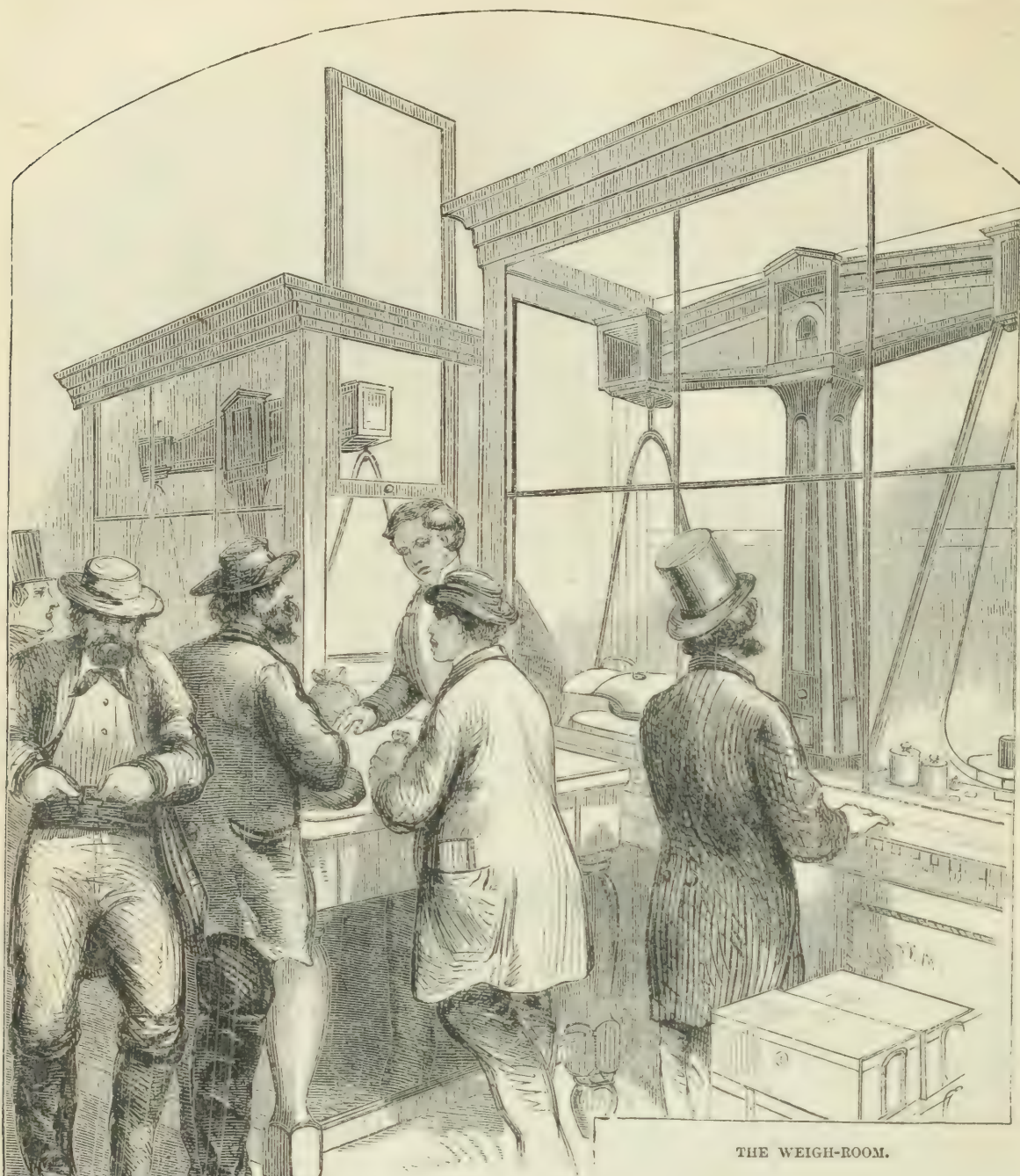
I.—THE ASSAY OFFICE, NEW YORK.

WE do not in these papers undertake—we wish it were in our power to do so—to tell every man how he can “make money.” We simply propose to describe the processes by which our Government, having in its possession a certain amount of the precious metals, puts them into a form which enables them to pass current from hand to hand, without further question, as a measure of value; or, in other words, makes “money” out of bullion. In all civilized, and in most uncivilized countries gold is the chief measure of value. A man does not say his farm is worth so many oxen or sheep, so many bushels of wheat, yards of cloth, or pairs of shoes, but so many pounds or dollars or francs. So the value of an ox, a bushel of wheat, a day’s labor, a book, or a picture, is said to be so many dollars, etc.—a dollar or pound or franc meaning simply a certain known weight of gold. The relative value of all commodities is expressed by comparing them, not directly with each other, but with a definite quantity of gold, which is

briefly expressed by the words pound, dollar, franc, etc.

But gold is never found in nature absolutely unmixtured with other substances, and is besides easily adulterated by artificial means. It is therefore of the utmost consequence that this should be purified from mixture, formed into pieces of convenient sizes, and so marked that any one can know just how much the piece contains. All civilized governments undertake to do this, guaranteeing that each piece which bears its stamp shall contain a definite quantity of the precious metal. That is, it coins money. Any Government that debases its coin, by diminishing its weight or increasing the proportion of alloy, is a swindler of the worst stamp, just as a trader who shortens his yard-stick, cuts down his gallon measure, or files away his weights is worse than the one who merely overcharges his customer in price.

This operation of making money is carried on in establishments called “mints.” It involves the two processes of “assaying,” or purifying the metals from mixture, and making them



THE WEIGH-ROOM.

into coins. Our Government has mints at San Francisco and Philadelphia (it formerly had them also at New Orleans, Louisiana; Charlotte, North Carolina; and Dahlonega, Georgia), where both assaying and coinage are carried on. The Assay Office in New York merely purifies the bullion, sending it to Philadelphia to be coined. As by far the greater amount of bullion brought to the Atlantic States is received here, and here also the majority of payments are made, Gothamites think a coining department should be added, being quite unable to see the advantage of sending the bullion to our neighbor city to be coined, and bringing it back here to be paid out. Our friends in the city of "Brotherly Love" have reasons abundantly satisfactory to themselves why things should remain as they are. We do not enter into this question; but propose in this paper to describe, with pen and pencil, the pro-

cesses of "assaying," as carried on at the Office in New York; and in a subsequent article to describe the process of "coining" at the Mint in Philadelphia. The officers of both establishments have afforded us every facility for the execution of our work; our only difficulty has been to condense within reasonable limits the information imparted to us. If our readers find it half as interesting as we have done, they will join us in thanking them for the courtesy extended to us in our many visits to both establishments.

The Assay Office is in Wall Street, adjoining the Custom-house. The front building which appears in our first sketch contains only the offices of the Superintendent and Treasurer, and the Weigh-Room, where bullion is received, the work of assaying being performed in a building in the rear, the only part of which seen from the street is the tall chimney which overtops the neighboring roofs. On the second floor is the office of the Superintendent, Mr. Dunning, who

has the general oversight of affairs. Here we apply for permission to make repeated visits to the establishment, for it would not do to allow every one at will to frequent a place where so many millions of dollars are apparently lying loose around. We shall find that this "lying loose" is only apparent, and that he must be a cunning rogue who could appropriate a dollar without detection. Our request is granted, we receive a "pass;" and to enhance the obligation a clerk is appointed to accompany us, who kindly explains every thing, and shows us a thousand things which we might otherwise have overlooked. We descend to the first floor, and look into the office of Mr. Cisco, the Treasurer of the Assay Office, and Assistant Treasurer of the United States. He receives the bullion from depositors, and has the care of it after it is refined. The responsibility of his position is evinced by the fact that he gives bonds in the penal sum of Eight Hundred Thousand Dollars for the performance of his duties, and the manner in which they have been performed for nearly eight years, in that an error of a dollar has never occurred in his accounts. That he is "the right man in the right place" is so fully known that, though an ardent Democrat, he retains his position by the express invitation of the present Republican Administration. In fact, all the responsible positions of the Assay Office were assigned and are held without any regard to political parties. Pity it is that the same principle had not been carried out in all departments of our Government.

Passing along, we first enter the Weigh-Room, where the bullion is received. The most prominent object here are two pairs of scales, inclosed in glazed cases, with sliding doors. These are of capacity sufficient to weigh two thousand ounces at once, and are so delicately poised that they will turn with the hundredth part of an ounce. The bullion is brought in by every conceivable class of persons. The greater part comes through banks and brokers, brought by sturdy porters or jaunty clerks; but much is brought by miners from California or Pike's Peak, and by emigrants from every land. A bearded Californian, fresh from the steamer, will not unfrequently walk into the room, throw off his upper garments, and take from his waist the belt filled with golden scales which he has worn during the whole voyage. The precious metals come in every possible shape. There are the bright bars stamped with the British crown—the value of five thousand dollars, compressed into a brick; there are Napoleons and sovereigns, with the imperial and royal effigies as bright as when they left the mint; doubloons, ducats, and joes, and all the miscellaneous coins of Europe. There is gold dust washed clean in mountain streams, and nuggets, rough but rich, worn into uncouth shapes by the waters of ages. There is plate and jewelry of every kind and form—rings, bracelets, brooches, and chains; vases, dishes, forks, and spoons of gold, silver, and not unfrequently, as subsequent assay shows, of counterfeit metals: these having performed their duty of

use or adornment, and now worn out or unfashionable, are sold for their value as metal. The amount of bullion weighed by Mr. Graham, the Treasurer's Clerk, upon these scales, is somewhat startling. The following table shows the value and kinds of the bullion received during the first five months of the present year:

Description.	Gold.	Silver.
Foreign Coins	\$17,970,000	\$476,000
Foreign Bullion.....	2,870,000	222,000
United States Bullion	10,477,000	132,800
<i>Total Gold</i>	<i>\$31,317,000</i>	
Old Silver Coins.....		69,700
Silver from Washoe		58,500
Silver Fine Bars, and California		53,000
<i>Total Silver</i>		<i>\$1,012,000</i>
Gold, from January to May, 1861.....	\$31,317,000	
Silver, from January to May, 1861.....		1,012,000
<i>Bullion received in Five Months.....</i>		<i>\$32,329,000</i>

Large as are these sums, they give an inadequate idea of the present operations of the office. The amount received during the month of July was more than nine millions; and there is every reason to anticipate that the whole business of the year will exceed one hundred millions. The process of assaying gold requires, as we shall see, the use of a large quantity of silver. The present want is not supplied by the frosted cakes from Mexico, and the bars from Washoe, supplemented by spoons and forks brought from family closets. So the office pays a premium upon silver. This brings in coin to be melted. On one of our visits we saw brought in a bushel or two of American dollars, coined some years since, but as sharp as when they left the mint; they had never been put in circulation, having rested all the while in some bank vault, whence they had been brought by the premium offered.

The bullion having been weighed, the depositor takes a receipt for it. This is beautifully engraved, with a vignette of the American Eagle, printed in crimson, and signed by the Treasurer of the mint. The following, with the exception of the name of the depositor, is a copy of a receipt, which, in this case, happens to be for California gold; the parts printed in *Italics* are filled out with the pen:

GOLD BULLION RECEIPT.

No. 1912.

Assay Office of the United States,
New York, June 11, 1861.

RECEIVED from *John Smith* a Deposit of GOLD BULLION for Coin, weighing *Eleven Hundred and Twenty-... 97* ounces, the net value thereof to be ascertained and paid to said Depositor, or Order, agreeably to Law.

1120- $\frac{97}{100}$ ozs.

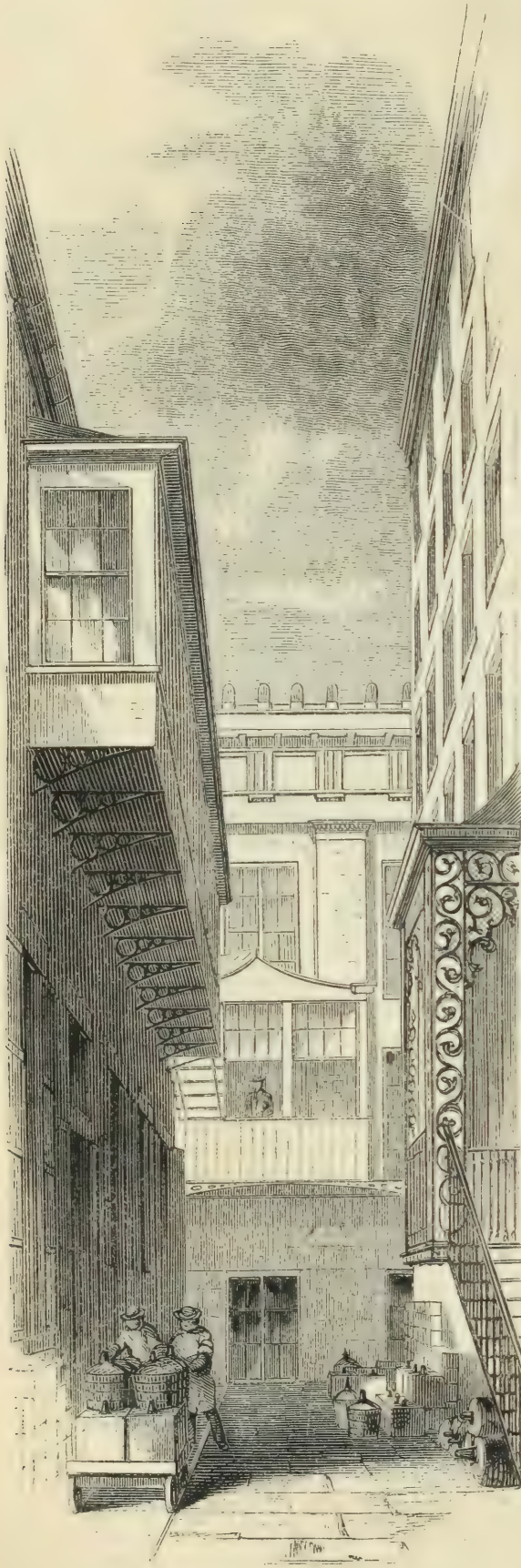
This deposit, which we propose to follow through the Office, happens to be of California gold, as is shown by the receipts which we shall give. If it had been of other bullion the subsequent documents would have borne quite different figures. There are three things in this receipt which are to be noted. *First*: It bears a number. This indicates its order in the deposits received since the 1st of January preceding. The Government undertakes to receive deposits of bullion, above the weight of six ounces, to assay each separately, and pay for it its actual value. *Second*: The weight of the deposit is

given in ounces and decimals of an ounce. This is the ounce "Troy weight," but we ignore the old denominations of pounds, pennyweights, grains, etc., reckoning only by ounces and decimals of ounces. *Third:* No value is affixed to the deposit; for to ascertain this is the precise object of the assay. If the deposit is in coin some may be counterfeit, others may be adulter-

ated by cutting out a part of the gold, and filling up the space by base metal; if it is in gold dust, it may be "doctored" by introducing a quantity of copper scales coated with gold; if it is in gold bars, a hole may have been drilled, the space filled up with other metal, the orifice being concealed by remelting; if it is of plate or jewelry, it is sure to be largely alloyed. Nuggets themselves are sometimes counterfeited; not long ago such a nugget, weighing 25 ounces, was brought to the office; on melting, it appeared that it contained no gold at all, but was made of a mixture of metals, galvanized with gold. Probably the rogue who deposited it pledged the certificate somewhere for a small part of its presumed value. In any event the Government lost nothing, for it promised to pay only the value of the gold and silver in the deposit, which happened to be nothing at all. Long practice has made the officers such judges of bullion that from appearance alone they could decide upon its value with great accuracy. But it is not worth while to do so. It is better to give a receipt for the gross weight, for the scientific tests through which each deposit must pass will detect the minutest portion of foreign substance.

The bullion, having been weighed, is placed in copper-lined boxes, with a card stating the number of the deposit, the character—whether bars, grains, or coins—and the weight. The box is securely locked and the number chalked on the lid. This number accompanies it through all its preliminary operations. The boxes of bullion are put upon a railroad at the door of the Weigh-Room, and run across the courtyard to the rear building, and hoisted to the Deposit Melting Room. The visitor is at first surprised at the apparently careless manner in which the metal is treated. Lumps and bars, which he is told are gold, lie about on the floor, to be had for picking them up. But if dishonestly inclined, let him try to pocket a piece and he will learn his error. His surprise will soon be directed to the completeness of the method for saving every particle of gold. The floor is of concrete, covered with an iron grating which allows every particle of dust to sift through. This is cast in sections, so that it can be readily removed, the smooth concrete floor swept, and the sweepings collected. The working garments of the men, the towels, brushes, and brooms which are used, all become impregnated with gold. These are preserved, burned, ground to powder, and every particle of the gold contained in the dust is ultimately recovered.

Arranged around this room, close to the wall, are ten iron furnaces for melting the gold. In these, buried in the red-hot coals, are large crucibles, made of clay and black-lead, which are the best materials for withstanding the intense heat to which they are subjected. In shape they resemble the earthen brown-bread pots of our New England mothers, having, however, a lip from which to pour the metal. The crucible being red-hot, a small handful of borax is thrown in, to cleanse the particles of gold and cause



COURT-YARD.

them to unite in one mass. It also lubricates the sides of the crucible, and prevents the metal from adhering, on the same principle that Mary Ann greases the griddle previous to frying the buckwheat cakes. Sometimes as much as eighteen hundred ounces of gold is placed in one crucible. They never mix two deposits, however, and if the deposit is only six ounces, it has a separate melt. When filled the crucible is covered and left for about forty minutes, the operator occasionally skimming the dross and dirt from the top. By this time it is thoroughly heated and mixed, which is important, as the portion taken from it to assay should be a fair representation of the whole. If it were not homogeneous, the assay would make the whole either more or less valuable than it really is. In front of each furnace is a little ledge, upon which any thing can be placed. The metal being in readiness, iron moulds are placed on these ledges. These are called "shoe-moulds," from some fancied resemblance to the sole of a shoe. Each of these is divided into three compartments by partitions not quite as high as the sides of the mould. When the mould is filled these partitions make the cast so thin in their places that it can be easily broken. When the metal has reached the right heat, the melter takes the crucible in a pair of tongs, lifts it from the fire, and pours its contents into these moulds. Remaining but a moment to cool in the mould the bar is taken by a man, with a pair of thickly stuffed canvas mittens, and tipped into an iron basin. The gold is still so soft that two bars touching will adhere. Here the deposit number which was given in the Weigh-Room is stamped on each division of the bar, so that in case it should be broken each part could be identified. After each melt the crucible is scraped out, and its



MELTING-ROOM.—POURING OUT THE METAL.

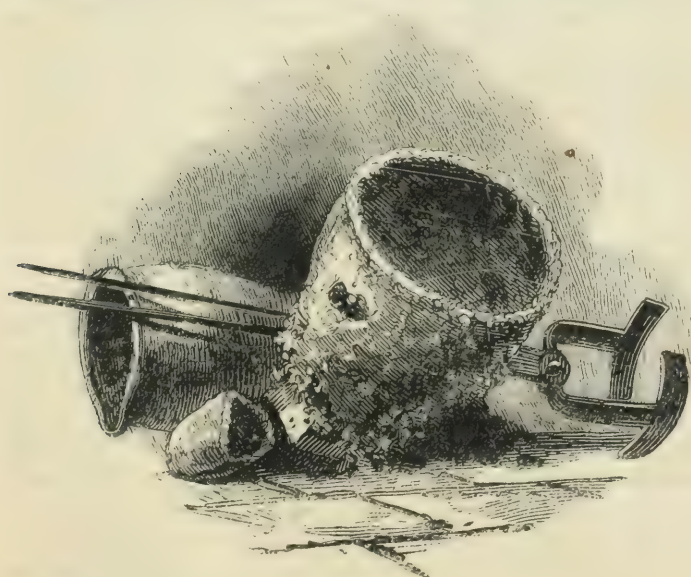
contents added to the mass to be afterward burned, and the ashes ground to powder, in order to extract the gold.

This is called "Deposit melting," its object being to free the metal from impurities and render it homogeneous, so that an assay-slip cut from one of the bars will fairly represent the whole deposit. The fineness of the deposit will be determined by a very delicate analysis performed upon the assay-slip; and the elements required for calculating the value are the weight after melting and the fineness.

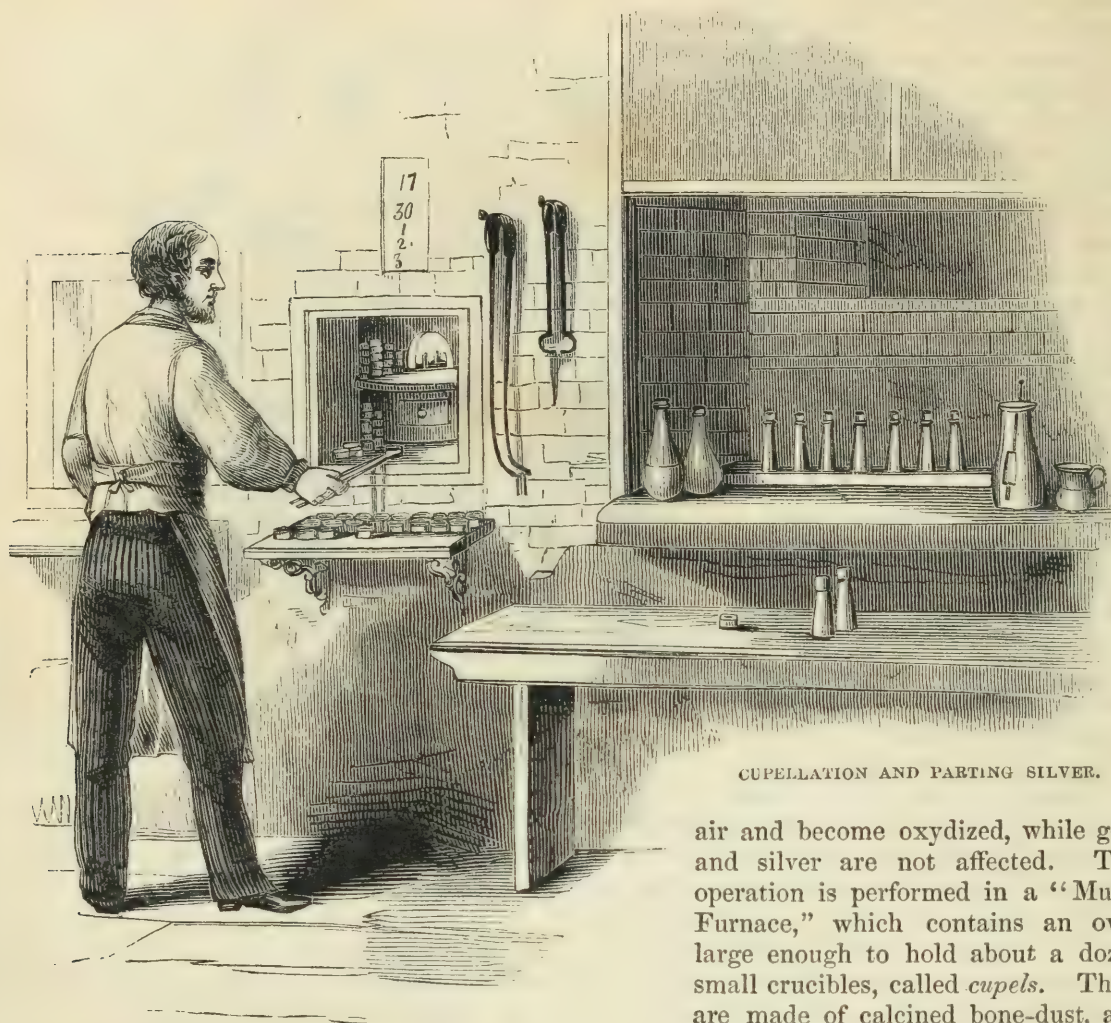
We follow our deposit, now in the shape of solid bars, to the Bar Weigh-Room, under charge of the Treasurer's assistant weigh-clerk. Here it is weighed to ascertain the loss in melting. This is an important operation, for upon it all calculations as to the value of the metal are based. It is performed in the presence of Mr.

Kent, the melter and refiner, and constitutes the official delivery of the bullion to him by the Treasurer, in whose custody it has heretofore been. To provide for the security of the treasure while in his charge, he is furnished with a large safety-vault, absolutely proof against fire and burglars.

We have now the net weight of our deposit, as bullion, freed from dirt. But it is not pure gold. It contains a portion of "base metals," as iron, copper, and so forth, and also some silver. If the deposit had been of plate or jewelry, probably half would have been alloy; if of foreign coin, about one-tenth; as it is of California gold, it is probably about one-twentieth. Government undertakes to ascertain the precise amount



OLD CRUCIBLES.



CUPELLATION AND PARTING SILVER.

of gold and silver in our deposit and pay us their worth—the “base metals” being here held of no value. This is done by the delicate process of “assaying,” conducted under the superintendence of Dr. Torrey, the chief Assayer.

Two small bits called “assay-slips,” are cut from different parts of the bar of each deposit. These are taken to the laboratory of the Assayer, where they are hammered and rolled into slips so thin that they can be easily cut by scissors. These slips, marked so as to show to what deposit they belong, are given to an Assayer, who has before him, inclosed in a glass case, a pair of scales with weights so delicate that they will indicate the half-millionth part of an ounce; the smallest weight resembling a bit of horse-hair, an eighth of an inch long. The operator cuts from the slip a piece weighing exactly half a *gramme* (the *gramme* being a French weight equivalent to about the 30th part of an ounce); to this he adds a *gramme* of pure silver, and incloses them in a wrapper of lead foil, weighing about ten times as much as both gold and silver. This is rolled into a little ball, and taken to an adjoining room, where it undergoes two operations, one of which removes the base metals, and the other separates the silver from the gold.

The first of these operations is called “cupellation,” and depends upon the principle that base metals, when melted and raised to a high temperature, combine with the oxygen of the

air and become oxydized, while gold and silver are not affected. This operation is performed in a “Muffle Furnace,” which contains an oven large enough to hold about a dozen small crucibles, called *cupels*. These are made of calcined bone-dust, and are about the size of a large pill-box, with a shallow depression to hold the metal. The cupels being heated red-hot, the little ball is dropped into one of them. It melts immediately, forming a bright globule, which boils and spins around. The surface rapidly oxydizes, and the oxyd runs down the sides of the globule, and sinks into the pores of the cupel. Lead forms a very liquid oxyd, which washes away, as it were, the oxyds of the other metals; and is added for this purpose. In about ten minutes the scum disappears and the little globule suddenly brightens up; the cupel is removed from the furnace, and the metal, forming a little button about the size of a buck-shot, is taken-out. This contains only gold and silver; all base metals having disappeared.

This button is hammered and rolled out thin, and then formed into a coil about as large as a pencil; this is called a *cornet*, and is to be subjected to the second process, for separating the silver from the gold. This is based on the fact that nitric acid will dissolve silver, while it will not act upon gold. But the proportion of silver in ordinary bullion is so small that each particle is surrounded and protected by the gold. The silver was added by the Assayer in order to diffuse the gold, and enable the nitric acid to come at the silver.

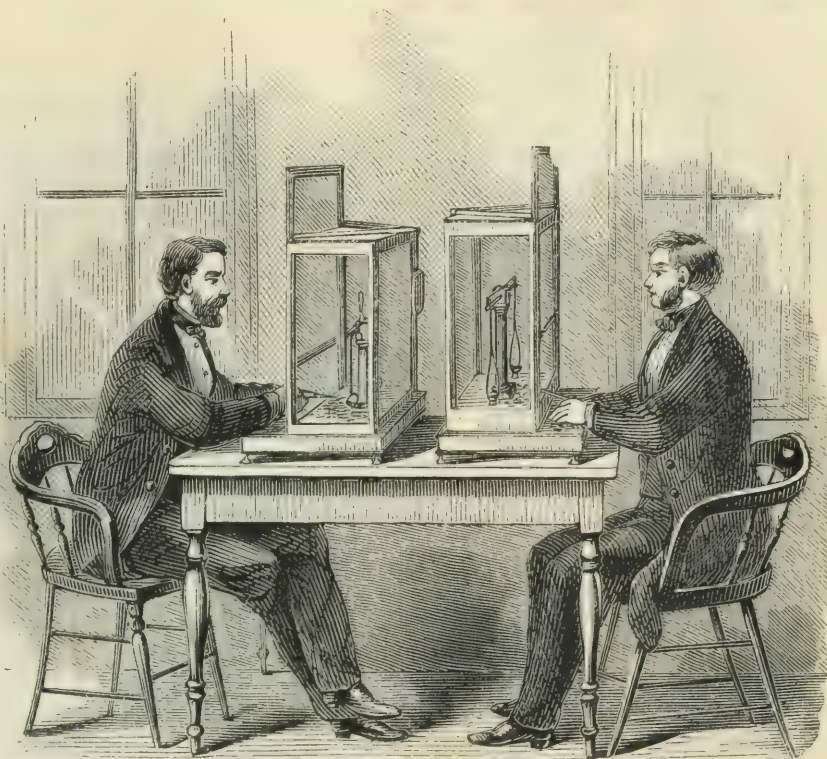
The cornet is put into a “mattress,” a vial with a broad base and long neck. Into this is poured about an ounce of diluted nitric acid,

which is boiled by placing the vial in a bed of hot sand. Bright red fumes soon arise, showing that the action of the acid upon the silver has begun. In about ten minutes the acid is poured off, and a quantity of less dilution is poured in to dissolve out the last traces of the silver. The silver and nitric acid uniting have formed nitrate of silver; and the remainder of the cornet is pure gold. It is a fragile roll, looking very like the brown tinder left in burning writing paper. This is taken out, washed in distilled water, and melted in a crucible, when it at once resumes its metallic appearance. It is carefully weighed in the operator's delicate scales, the result showing the fineness of the bullion; or how large a portion of it was gold, and how large alloy. The value of an ounce of any fineness being already known, the whole value of the gold in our deposit is readily ascertained.

There was, moreover, some silver contained in our deposit—a small proportion probably, but still of some value—and for this we are to be paid. To ascertain this another half gramme is cut from the assay-slip, but no silver is added to it. It is *cupelled* to extract the base metals, and being weighed with the cornet of pure gold, the excess in weight shows how much silver there was.

We have spoken of only a single assay; but in fact two are taken from each deposit, by different assistant-assayers. If these agree, they are deemed to be correct. If they differ, a new assay is made by each. If they still differ, it indicates that, in melting, the deposit was not thoroughly mixed, and that one portion of the bar was richer than another. In that case it is re-melted, and the process is gone over again. The process of assaying is a very delicate one, demanding great practical skill, since an error of the hundred-thousandth part of an ounce in the small piece assayed would make a sensible difference when multiplied by the quantity of a large deposit. But such is the acknowledged skill of our assayers, that Dr. Torrey's mark on a bar is never questioned.

To indicate the fineness of gold, we adopt the simple French decimal system. The bullion is supposed to be divided into 1000 parts. If it is pure gold, its fineness is $\frac{1000}{1000}$; that is, 1. If it contains 100 parts alloy, its fineness is $\frac{900}{1000}$; or, in decimals, .900, and so on. The English



ASSAY WEIGH-ROOM.

mint has used a less scientific system. It supposes the bullion to be divided into 24 parts, called *carats*. If it is pure, it is said to be 24 carats fine. If it contains 2 parts out of 24 of alloy, it is 22 carats fine; and so on. Recently, however, the assayers have been required to make their reports also in decimals; and this system will probably in time wholly supersede the old one.

The Assayer fills out a report stating the fineness of the gold, and the amount of silver contained in it. This is sent to the office of the Treasurer, where the necessary calculations are made, and a memorandum is sent to the office of the Superintendent for verification. This memorandum is made out in tabular form, printed in crimson, and signed by the Chief Clerk, in behalf of the Treasurer. The memorandum for our deposit reads as follows:

No. 1912.—Memorandum of GOLD BULLION deposited in the UNITED STATES ASSAY OFFICE, at New York, the 11th day of June, 1861, by John Smith.

DESCRIPTION, California Grain.—WEIGHT, before melting, 1120.97 ounces; after melting, 1120.34 ounces.—FINE-NESS, .923.—VALUE of the Gold, \$21,376 20.—VALUE OF SILVER parted from the Gold, \$94 40.—DEDUCTIONS for Parting, Coinage, and Fine Bars, \$162 90.—NET VALUE \$21,307 70.

I certify that the net amount of the above deposit is Twenty-one thousand three hundred and seven $\frac{70}{100}$ Dollars, payable at the U. S. Assay Office, only on presentation of the Receipt, of a corresponding date and number, heretofore issued. } *viz.* : { In Gold Coins, \$21,213 30.
In Silver Coins, \$94 40.

Our deposit, being of California gold, was quite pure. It lost less than half an ounce in melting, and being .923 fine, contained only 77 parts in a thousand of alloy, including the silver.

It was, in fact, worth more than its weight in gold coin, of which our standard is .900; that of British coin being 22 carats, equal to about .916. If our deposit had been in foreign coin, with no counterfeits in it, about one-tenth part would have been alloy; if it had been jewelry or plate, probably it would have contained quite half alloy. As we chose to take our pay in coin, the cost of coinage is charged to us. The deduction would have been less if we had taken fine bars, as is usually done when the gold is wanted for exportation or deposit. The charges are made according to a fixed scale; varying for parting and refining with the character of the deposit; for fine bars it is 6 cents, and for coinage 50 cents, per hundred dollars. In four or five days after making our deposit it is assayed, its value ascertained, and we get our warrant for the payment in coin, for which, however, we must now wait a while. Formerly, when Uncle Sam was "flush," he used to keep a balance of a few millions in the hands of the Treasurer of the

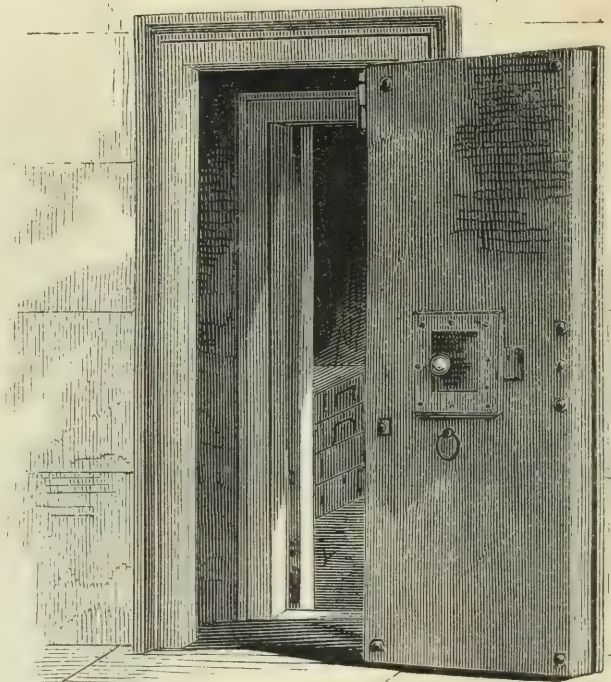
Assay Office, so that he could cash the Superintendent's warrants at once. But having met with some losses of late, and being subject to heavy expenses, he finds this inconvenient. In fact, he is "short." So we must wait for our money until the bullion can be sent to Philadelphia and coined. This will take twenty or

thirty days. But the hardship is not very great, as we can easily "make a raise," if need be, on our warrant.

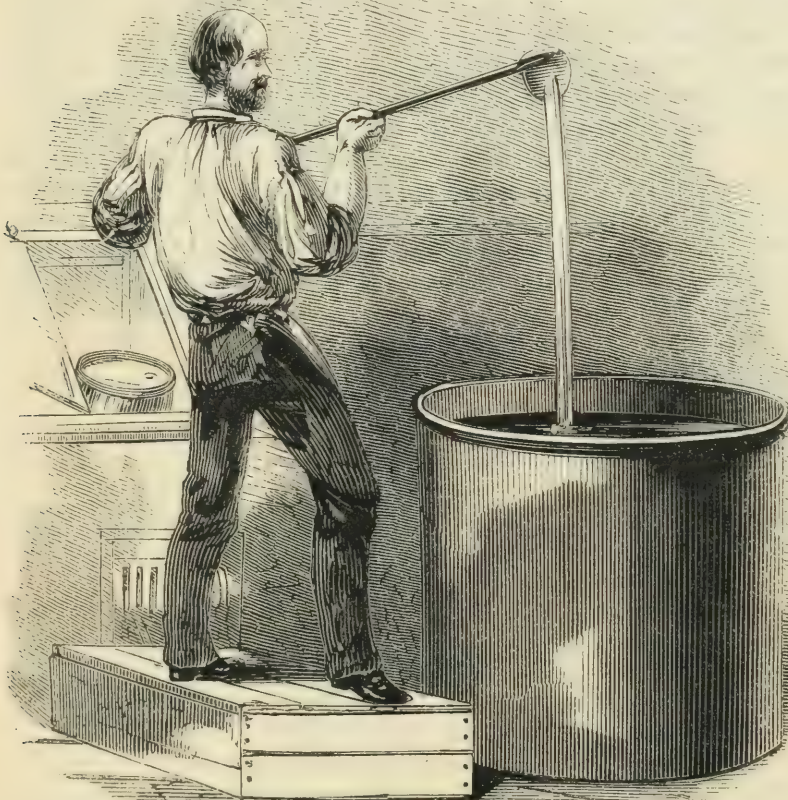
Hitherto our deposit has been kept separate from all others. But now that its value has been ascertained, and we have a warrant for the payment, it is considered as the property of the

United States; and in the processes of refining is mingled with other deposits, losing its personal identity.

The operation of refining, which Mr. Kent now commences, is a repetition on a large scale of the delicate processes of assaying. The bars are melted in a large crucible, twice their weight in silver being added. The molten mass is dipped up, and flung, with a peculiar jerk, into a cistern of cold water. We have all, for one purpose or another, poured melted lead into water, and noticed the minute fragments into which the metal is divided. The same thing happens to the compound of gold and silver. It is divided into small portions, and looks not unlike a heap of shavings. This process is called "granulating," its object



MELTER AND REFINER'S VAULT.

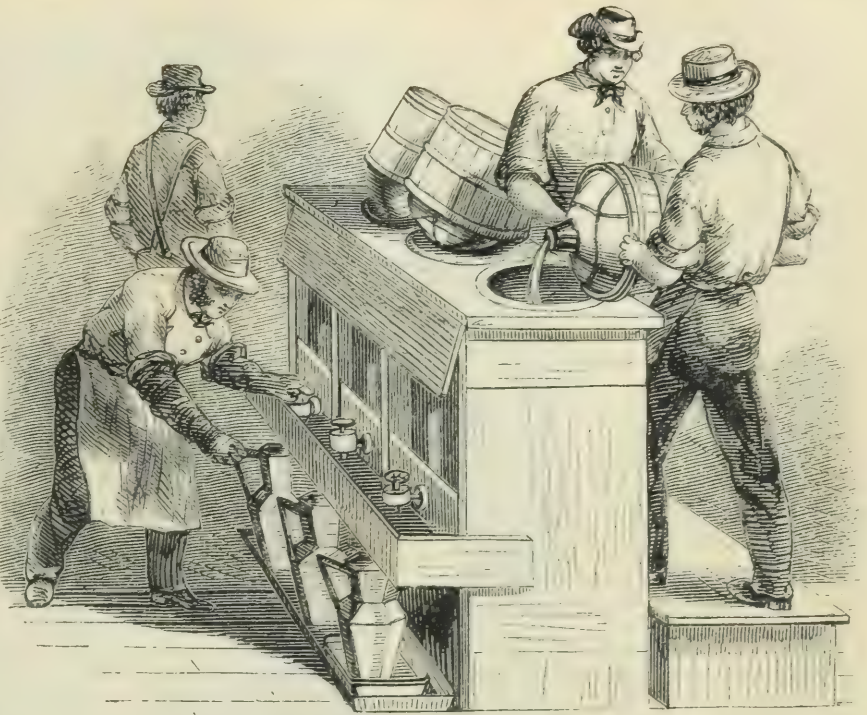


GRANULATING.

being the same as the rolling out of the assay-slips, to allow every part of the metal to come in contact with the nitric acid, in which it is to be placed to extract the silver.

The water is drained off, and the granulated metal is taken to the "Parting Houses."—These are closets with sliding windows, which shut close in order to prevent the fumes from escaping. The bottom is a tank with steam-pipes around it. Here are placed large jars of porcelain, holding about twenty gallons. Into each is put 150 pounds of the metal. The nitric acid, which has been decanted from the carboys in which it is held, is poured in—about ten

gallons, properly diluted, to each jar. Six or seven thousand carboys of acid, costing nine dollars each, are used in the course of a year. Great care must be taken in handling it, for it will burn the flesh or clothes of the workmen should it touch them. It will not, however, act upon



POURING OUT ACID.

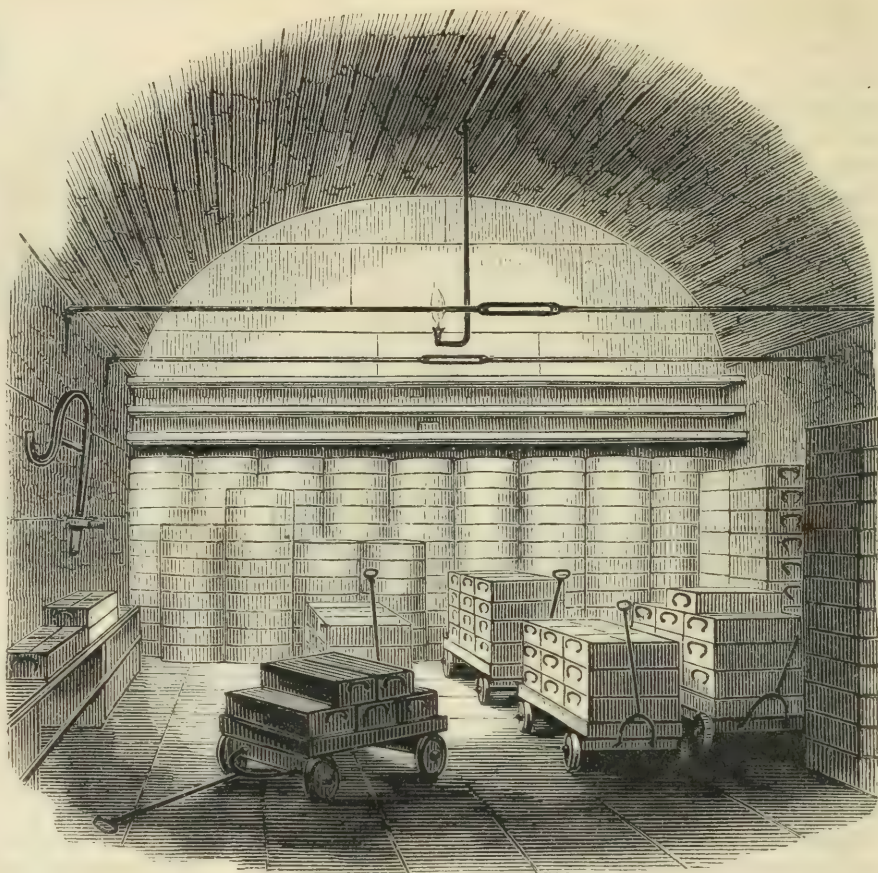


THE PARTING HOUSE.

India-rubber, and so they wear long gloves made of that material. The water in the tank, and with it the acid in the jars, is kept boiling by means of the steam-pipes for six hours. The fumes, prevented by the closed windows from

passing into the room, escape through the tall chimney seen in our first illustration. This vapor presents a brilliant appearance, and many who see it suppose that vast quantities of gold are passing off into the air. The vapor, however, is nothing more valuable than nitrous acid. After boiling for six hours, the acid, or rather the combination of nitric acid and silver, which is nitrate of silver, is drawn off by a gold siphon, worth three thousand dollars, and a stronger dilution of acid poured in. This is boiled for another six hours, when all the silver is supposed to be taken up; it is drawn off, as before, and the gold is left in the jar. The nitrate of silver is now in the form of a dark fluid, looking like a pale greenish ink. We shall meet it again.

The gold, which is in the form of a dark brown powder, resembling Scotch snuff, with no lustre or indication of its metallic character, is yet almost pure—probably .993 fine. It has been by this process purified as high as .995. It still contains a little nitrate of silver mixed with it, to remove which it is placed in a large tub, having at the bottom a strainer composed of layers of muslin and filtering paper. A stream of warm water is poured upon it, which



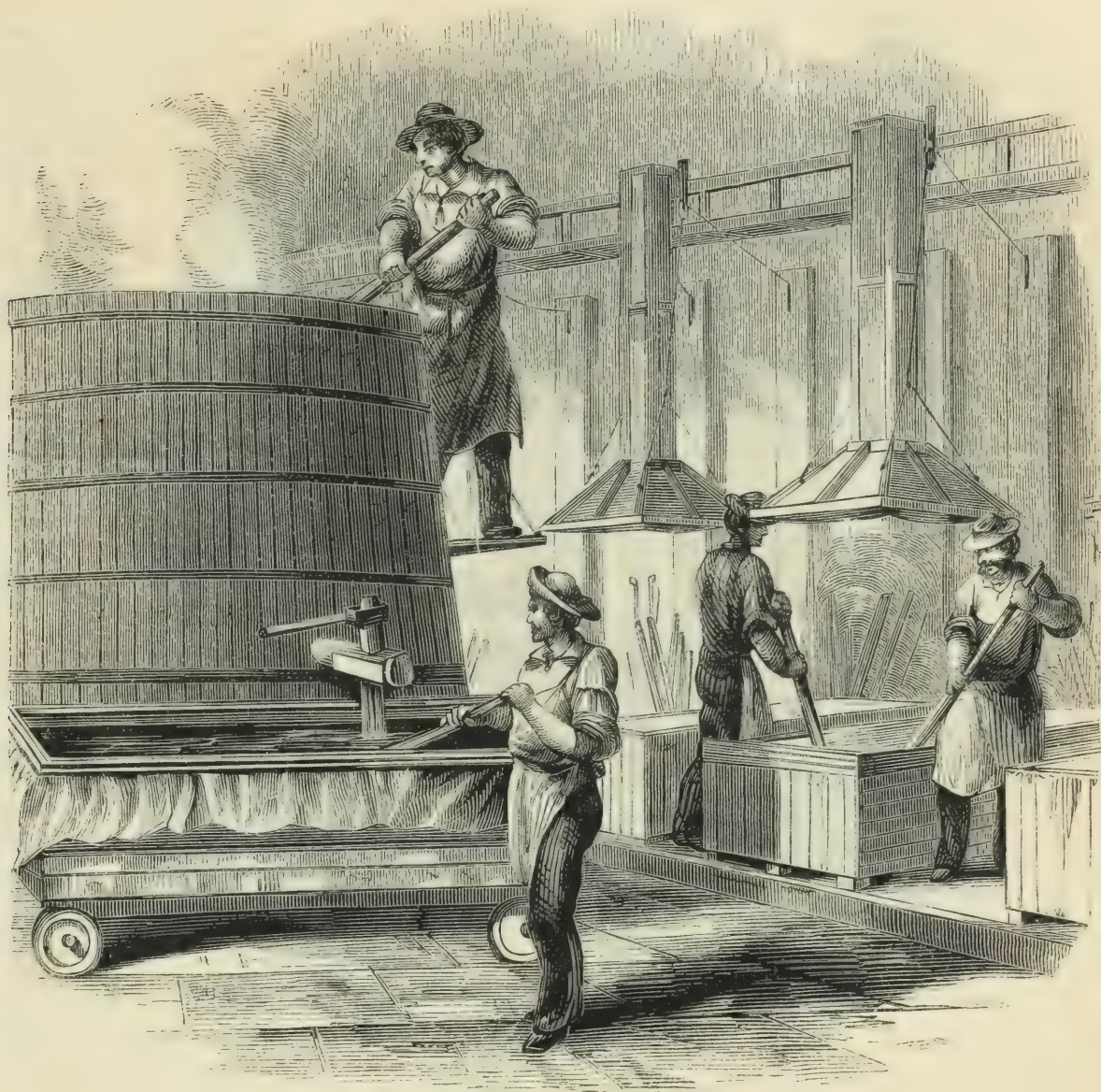
INTERIOR OF VAULT.—THE CHEESES.

penetrates the mass, washing away the nitrate. In eight or ten hours it is thoroughly cleansed. It is then taken to a hydraulic press. About a peck is placed in a "stave" or mould. A pressure of two hundred tons is applied, which forces out the water through slits left in the stave, and compresses the powder into a solid cake, about twelve inches in diameter and three inches thick. The top and bottom of this cake present a dull yellow "frosted" appearance; but the sides, which have been exposed to friction, shine with metallic lustre. It looks like a fine yellow cheese, by which name it is called. One of these gold "cheeses," however, weighs about sixty pounds, and is worth eighteen or nineteen thousand dollars. Twelve of them are made from the contents of one filter-tub.

These cheeses, after having been baked in an oven, heated by steam-pipes, to expel any moisture that may remain, are taken down to the "Fine Melting-Room," broken up, and melted. A little saltpetre and borax is thrown into the crucible, to extract any base metal which may have become mixed. It is turned into iron moulds, smoked with rosin and pitch to prevent adherence; oil is poured on the bar while cooling, to give it a good surface. It comes out in the shape of "fine bars," each weighing about seventeen pounds, and worth some five thousand dollars. These



CASTING FINE BARS.



PRECIPITATING AND PARTING SILVER.

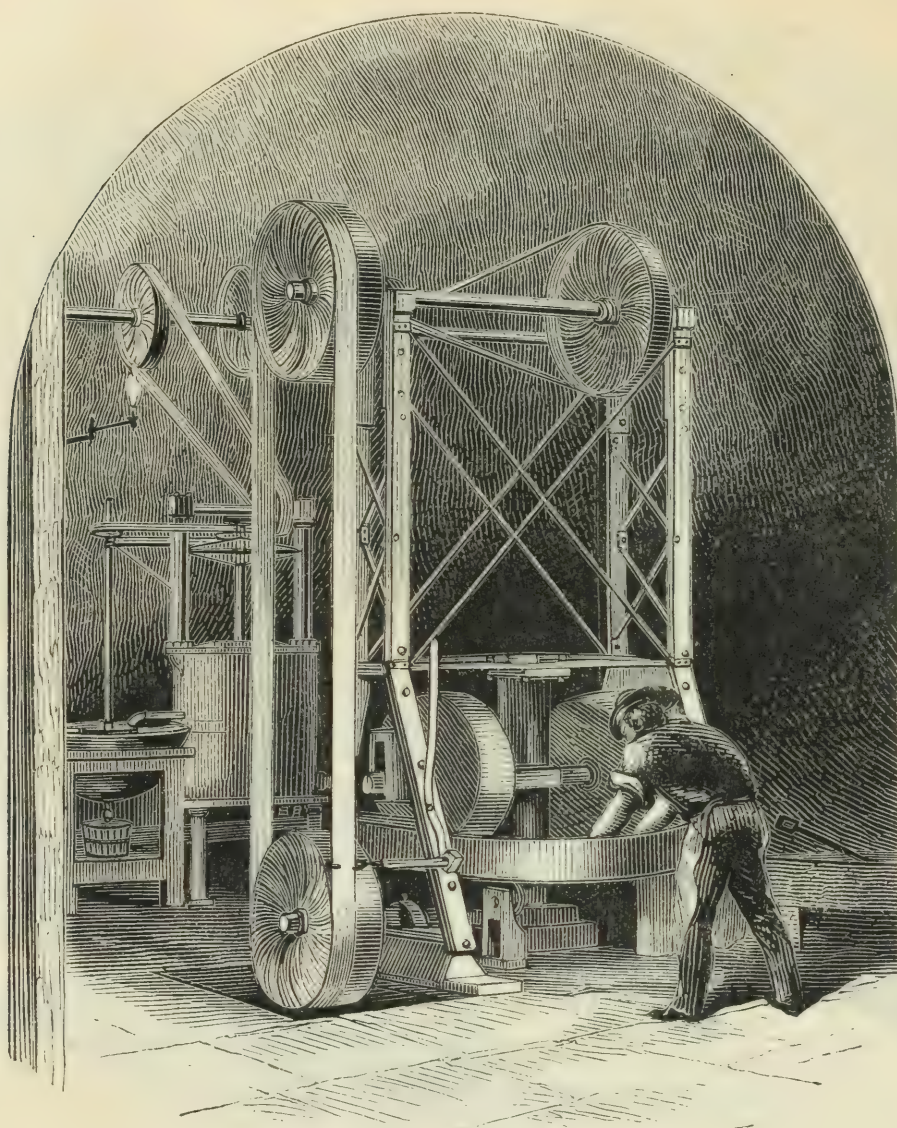
are cooled in a "pickle" of sulphuric acid diluted with water, which removes any oxydation of iron on the surface, and gives them a bright appearance. These bars are about .993 fine.

When the moulding is begun a cake of five or six ounces is cast, and one notch is cut in it as a mark; when the last bar is cast another cake is made, and marked with two notches. These are called "assay pieces;" they are stamped with the number of the melt, and assayed, as before explained. Each bar is then weighed separately by the Bar Weigh-Clerk, who calculates its value from the weight and fineness, as reported by the Assayer. The number of the melt, the year of melting, the office where refined, the number of the bar, its weight, fineness, and value, are then stamped on every bar. These are now delivered to the Treasurer, who keeps a record of every one. Thus the bullion, which was delivered to the Melter and Refiner in various shapes, is now converted into "fine bars," refined, assayed, its exact value stamped on each, and is ready to be sent to the Mint at Philadelphia for coinage, or to be exported. For shipments bars are generally used in preference to coin, because they are

more convenient to pack, and there is a saving of the expense of coinage.

It will be remembered that two parts of silver were melted with every part of gold. This, dissolved in nitric acid, constituting nitrate of silver, was left at the "Parting House." The recovery of this silver forms one of the most beautiful operations in the Assay Office.

This nitrate, in the form of a greenish fluid, is poured into an immense tank, holding about 3000 gallons, in which has been placed a strong solution of common salt. Salt is a combination of chlorine and soda—its chemical name is chloride of sodium. Four substances are contained in this tank: silver, combined with nitric acid, forming nitrate of silver, and chlorine, combined with soda, forming chloride of sodium. A double chemical action takes place. Nitric acid has a stronger affinity for soda than for silver, and chlorine a stronger affinity for silver than for soda. The consequence is that the acid leaves the silver and unites with the soda, forming nitrate of soda; while the chlorine unites with the silver, forming chloride of silver. The chloride of silver thus formed falls down, or is "precip-



GRINDING AND SEPARATING THE DUST.

itated" in soft downy flakes, like falling snow, leaving the nitrate of soda separate. The nitrate of soda is soluble in water, while the chloride of silver is insoluble. When the new combination is complete, the contents of the tank are drawn off into large wooden filters; a stream of hot water is poured in; the soluble nitrate of soda, which also contains all the base metals of the melt, is held to be of no value; it passes off into the sewer and is lost, leaving the insoluble chloride of silver behind in the filter. This, when "sweetened" or washed free from nitric acid, resembles thick white paint, except that the surface, which is exposed to the light, is of a delicate purple. A similar action of light upon the silver-coating of a copper-plate is the basis of the daguerreotype process. About 4000 bushels of salt are used up every year in this process.

When thoroughly "sweet," the chloride of silver is transferred from the filter to large leaden vats, in which has been placed a quantity of granulated zinc. Water is added, and another chemical action takes place. The chlorine, having a stronger affinity for zinc than for silver, leaves it, and unites with the zinc, forming chloride of zinc. This being soluble in water,

is washed away, not being worth preserving. A little sulphuric acid has been meantime added to destroy any surplus of zinc.

The silver, thus successively freed by purely chemical processes from nitric acid and chlorine, is in the form of a dull grayish powder, looking very like a heap of ashes. It is nevertheless almost pure silver, much finer than coin. This powder is "cheesed" by the hydraulic press, like the gold powder, and is deposited in the Melter's safe, to be melted up into bars, or used again for refining gold.

We have described only the processes of assaying and refining gold. Silver bullion does not, like gold, require to be refined; but after being assayed is sent to the Mint to be coined, unless it is required to be used for refining gold. The process of assay applied to silver is known among chemists as the humid assay. It is a very delicate operation, based upon the principle that a definite weight of a solution of salt, of known strength, added to a definite weight of silver dissolved in nitric acid, will precipitate a definite weight of chloride of silver.

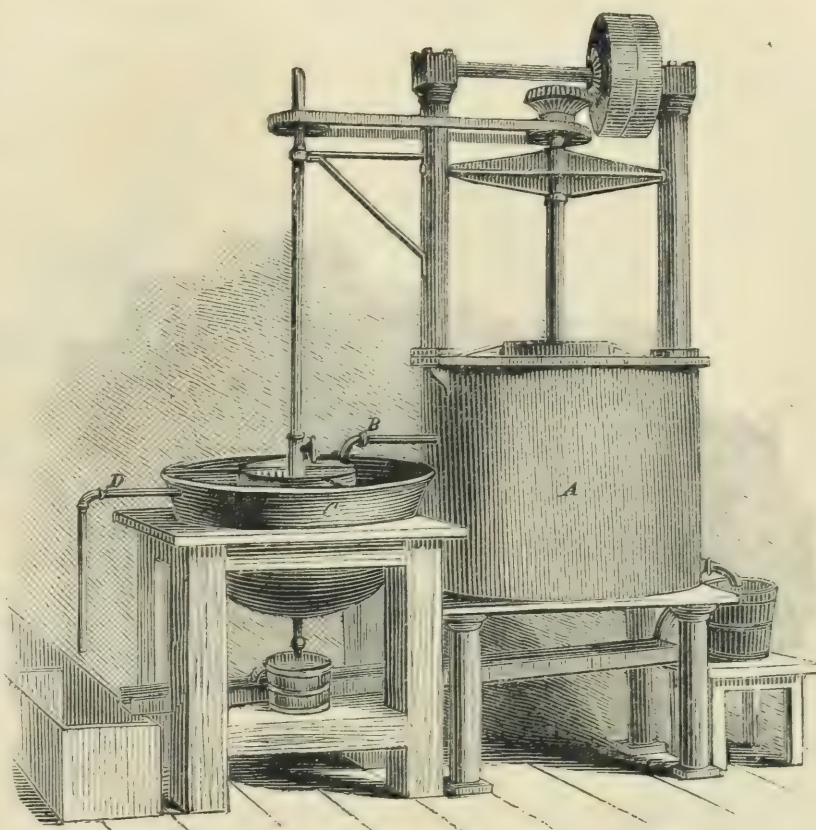
Before leaving the Assay Office we must descend to the basement, and visit the "Sweep

Room"—a dirty and disagreeable apartment, but a very important one, nevertheless. Here all the rubbish of the establishment—sweepings of rooms, ashes from the furnace, old crucibles, brooms, brushes, clothes, mittens, and so forth—are treated to extract the gold contained in them. These are first burned to ashes, then reduced to an almost impalpable powder in the "Grinding Mill," under heavy iron rollers weighing 2000 lbs.

This powder is then placed in the "Gold Separator"—a machine invented by Mr. Kent, the Melter and Refiner. The dirt is put into the circular vessel *A*, where the powder is ground still finer, by heavy iron rollers working under water, which is supplied in a continuous stream. The motion of the rollers keeps the mass in perpetual agitation. The coarser particles of gold sink to the bottom; while the dirt, still containing some gold, being lighter, passes off with the water, through the pipe *B* into the basin *C*. At the bottom of this basin is a quantity of quicksilver. The surface of this is kept bright and clean by a couple of paddle-wheels, which just touch it, and also keep the water in motion. Any particle of gold touching the quicksilver is instantly seized, while the water and dirt pass out at the top, through the waste-pipe *D*. For the right to use this Separator in all the United States Mints Mr. Kent received, by vote of Congress, \$20,000; but as the gold saved by it, beyond what was recovered by the old process, amounts to \$20,000 a year, the arrangement is a profitable one.

In the processes of melting, assaying, and refining, there is of course some waste, for which the Government makes allowance; but declares that it must not exceed two parts in a thousand of the amount operated upon. That is, unless the loss exceeds this proportion, the Melter and Refiner is deemed to have returned all that he received. The actual loss has always been considerably less. It is now reduced, by careful economy, to one-thirteenth part of the legal allowance, saving to Government in five years, up to December, 1859, \$191,151 55.

We have said that the amount of bullion which will pass through the Assay Office during the present year is estimated at one hundred millions of dollars. Let us try to give some general idea of the weight and bulk of the gold required to make up this sum. A cubic inch of fine gold



KENT'S GOLD SEPARATOR.

weighs about $10\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, and is worth a trifle less than \$210; a cubic foot weighs about 1454 pounds, and is worth \$362,600. A hundred millions in fine bars will measure about 273 cubic feet, say two and one-seventh cords. If cast into a solid cube, each side would measure about six and a half feet. Our coinage is of "standard gold," the ten-dollar piece weighing 258 grains. A million dollars in coin weighs nearly 4479 pounds Troy, equivalent to about 3685 pounds avoirdupois, or more than one and three-quarter tons. A keg $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, 10 inches at the heads, and $11\frac{1}{2}$ at the bilge, will hold about \$50,000 in gold coin. Two thousand such kegs would be required for \$100,000,000. Gold in grains occupies about twice the space that it does when cast into bars. It is said that in California gold dust was for a while sold by the pint, this measure holding 142 ounces, worth \$2500. A hundred millions in California dust would measure 40,000 pints, or 625 bushels. After all, the coin which any depositor would be likely to carry with him makes no very great bulk. Into a box measuring on the inside 10 inches long, 8 wide, and 5 high, \$36,000 in gold coin can be packed. A bag 6 inches by 9 will hold \$5000, leaving room to tie. Silver coin occupies a little more than twenty-five times the bulk of gold coin of the same value.

We have now followed the bullion from the time of its reception in the Weigh-Room until it has been converted into "fine bars." Next month we propose to follow some of these bars to the Mint in Philadelphia, and see them converted into coin of the United States.

The Women of Weinsberg.

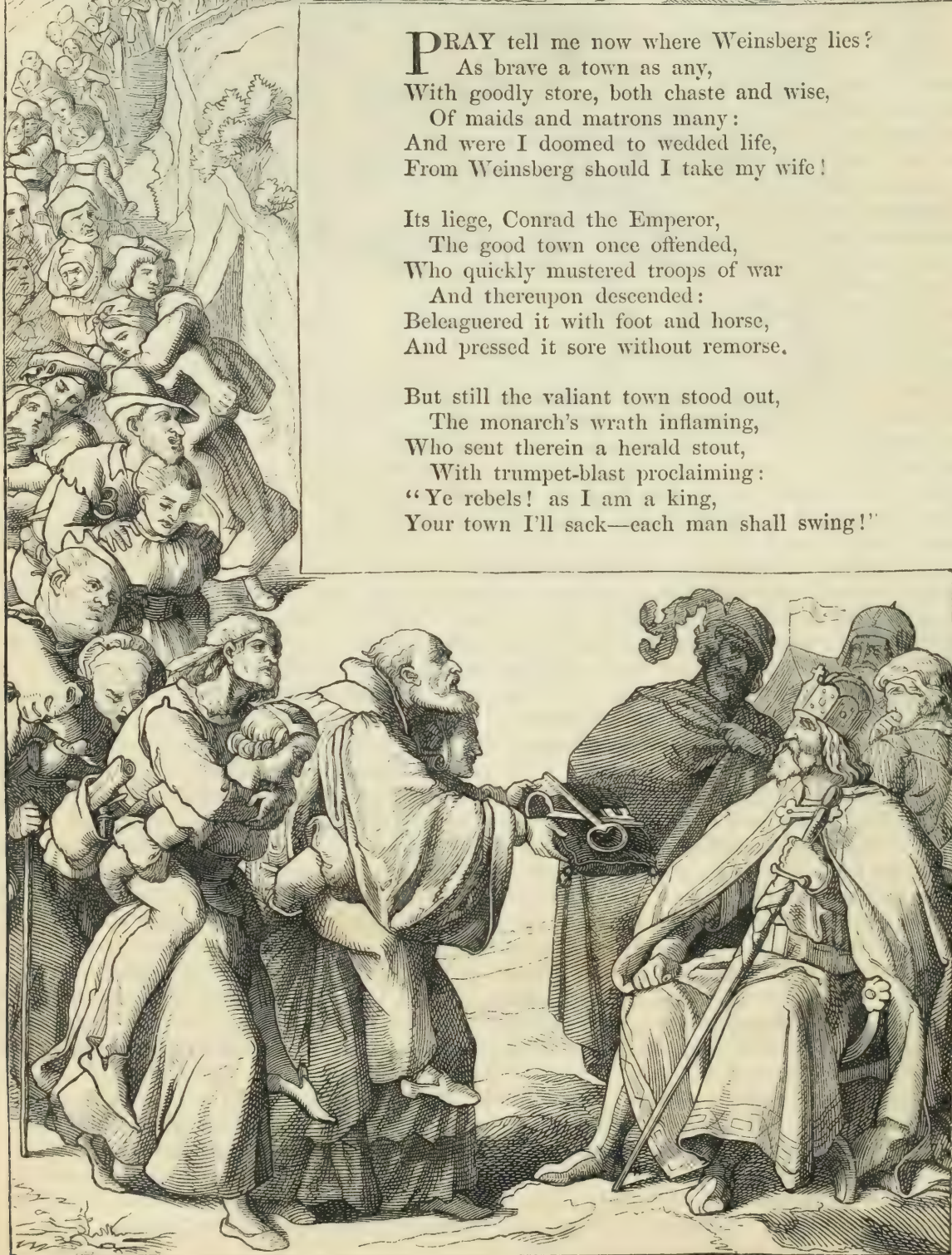
(FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.)



PRAY tell me now where Weinsberg lies?
 As brave a town as any,
 With goodly store, both chaste and wise,
 Of maids and matrons many:
 And were I doomed to wedded life,
 From Weinsberg should I take my wife!

Its liege, Conrad the Emperor,
 The good town once offended,
 Who quickly mustered troops of war
 And thereupon descended:
 Beleaguering it with foot and horse,
 And pressed it sore without remorse.

But still the valiant town stood out,
 The monarch's wrath inflaming,
 Who sent therein a herald stout,
 With trumpet-blast proclaiming:
 "Ye rebels! as I am a king,
 Your town I'll sack—each man shall swing!"



As thus proclaimed the herald loud
In market and in by-way,
A doleful clamor raised the crowd
By hearth-stone and on highway.
Dear in the leaguered town was food,
But dearer yet was counsel good.

"Oh, woe is me!" the townsfolk call,
"Oh, woe!" responds each pastor:
"Good Lord, have mercy on us all!
Death comes, and sure disaster:
Alack! alack! there is no hope!"—
Already each man feels the rope.

But when the case small hope admits,
In spite of each endeavor,
It often happens woman's wits
The subtlest toils will sever:
For woman's wiles and priestcraft stout
O'er all prevail, as none can doubt.

A wife in wit and virtue rich,
A matron newly mated,
Hit on a brilliant fancy, which
The townsfolk much elated:
And whether you approve or no,
You must applaud her plan also.

At midnight a fair embassy
Forth issued from the city;
And in his camp they bent the knee
To move the monarch's pity:
They pleaded long, nor plead amiss,
But gained no better terms than this:

The women should be free to go,
Their choicest treasures bearing;
But what remained—ay, blood should flow,
Nor youth nor old man sparing:
Their supplications all in vain,
Homeward returned the weeping train.

But lo! when bright the morning beamed,
What think you happened straightway?
A train of noble women streamed
Forth from the nearest gate-way,
Her lord each bearing in a sack,
True as I'm living—pickapack!

Then many a sycophant averred
Their trick should naught avail them;
Quoth Conrad then, "Our royal word
Is pledged, and shall not fail them.
Ho, bravo!" cried he; "bravo, ho!
Would that our spouse were minded so!"

He pardoned all, both great and small,
High revel held at pleasure,
With viol gay, and trumpet bray,
And trod a stately measure:
With maid and matron danced the same,
With peasant wench and noble dame.

Pray tell me now where Weinsberg lies?
In sooth a gallant city,
With store of maids and matrons wise,
And pious, leal, and witty:
And if I'm doomed to nuptial vows,
Faith, I'll from Weinsberg choose my spouse!

ABOUT THE FOX AND FOX-HUNTERS.



"**A**S cunning as a fox," is one of the oldest and most familiar of all sayings. It is said that there are over one thousand classic fables in which the fox is the prominent character. It is therefore evident that the creature must possess some superior qualifications to thus impress himself upon the popular mind, not as

an animal of great merit only, but indeed as a representative of intellectual character. It is but just to say, however, that the fox is but a fair representative of the superior abilities of all animals in their spheres. We know Reynard better than the others, simply because circumstances have brought him more frequently in contact with the human species; for by the chase he has for generations brought his "natural smartness" to bear against the united resources of the dog, of the horse, of man; and in the contest the fox has always displayed abilities that have made it difficult to decide unqualifiedly that he is not entitled to an equal share of honors, in what at first sight would appear to be a most unequal contest.

He is the inhabitant of all the northern and temperate regions of the globe, and though varying in color and size, every where maintains his marked peculiarities of character. His forehead is high and broad; his eyes are so set that he has a wide range of vision; his snout is sharp; his ears erect and pointed; his body is liberally supplied with fur; his tail straight and remarkable for its brush-like appearance. His natural age is twelve years, but as foxes are Ishmaelites by nature and practice, they seldom reach their allotted span of life.

Reynard comes not only from an intelligent



PORTRAIT OF REYNARD.

family, but also of a race blessed with tough muscles, an exquisite scent, and a heroic spirit under misfortunes. He is unlike the dog in being full of dissimulation and treachery, and has no courage to compare with the wolf. The dog and wolf will associate as friends, but the wolf and dog are sworn enemies of the fox. The gait of the fox is treacherous, and his glance is always sinister, glaring, or stealthy. By deception patiently practiced, he accomplishes his greatest triumphs. He will willingly lie all day concealed among the grass in the vicinity of a pond, waving for long hours the bushy end of his tail, thereby enticing geese and ducks, the over-curious inhabitants of its surface, within his reach. He will seize a bunch of moss between his teeth, launch himself into the stream, and, unsuspected, float among his feathered victims, thus securing his prey. If the ruse is necessary for success, he will affect to be dead, and the hound's sharp teeth, or powder flashed under his sensitive nose, have failed to call forth any evidences of life.

As a general rule the fox commits his depredations in the night; and if he is fortunate in killing more food than he immediately requires, he hides the surplus in the ground for future use. He is the enemy of the poultry-yard, and all favorite game. He preys voraciously upon all animals weaker than himself, and has been known to tear down young calves and lambs. When hard pressed he will subsist on serpents, toads, moles, and rats, playing with them before killing as would a cat. If living on the sea-coast, he becomes very fond of oysters, crabs, and other shell-fish. Though not a great consumer of grapes, he seems to delight to destroy them, seemingly from wanton mischief. Solomon alludes to "the little foxes that destroy the vines." He is a great observer of localities, and soon becomes familiar with every pathway,

rock, tree, or fence, and with the inhabitants of his vicinity. Foxes are exceedingly tender of their young, both parents laboring industriously for their support. If suddenly surprised by dogs, the old ones will conceal their cubs, and by boldly breaking cover, lead their enemies away from their den. The anxious mother has often been seen running before the hounds with a cub in her mouth. As the young increase in size they are taken by the old ones out on predatory excursions; taught to leap, to "double," and to practice the approved methods of stealing. The young fox is not, however, always grateful; for when foxes' holes have been stopped, the parents have been known to fall victims to the appetites of the ravenous brood.

The burrow of the fox is not only remarkable for its happily selected location but also for the great skill shown in its construction. Buffon was so struck by this fact, that he proposed to place the fox among the higher order of quadrupeds. The remarkable saying, "The foxes have holes and the birds have nests," would seem to be an inspired recognition of the comfort and security of the fox's den.

From the natural sagacity of the fox, the strong scent it leaves when hunted, its speed and apparently natural association with the precincts of the farm-yard, its capture by the aid of horses and dogs affords one of the most exciting sports indulged in by man. There seems to be no element of healthful recreation wanting. The time, if favorable, is in the pleasantest season of the year; the scene over hill and dale, and your companions dashing gentlemen. We have been no idle participants in the wild sports of the woods and fields. We have rightfully claimed a share of spoils of all sorts of legitimate game, great and small, and we remember vividly all the pleasant incidents connected therewith; but

as time softens yet embellishes the review, it seems to us that the morning meeting of the jolly fox-hunters of all others was the most thoroughly hearty, and the sport that followed the most manly and exciting.

Fox-hunting in America, though less pretentious in details, and less technical than in England, is as enthusiastically pursued in our Middle and Southern States. Certainly we do not pay enormous prices for hounds, nor keep up studs of hunters at prodigious cost, yet our people, when the country permits it, are hunters after a rude but thorough manner; and although we do not ride in white top boots and corduroys, yet we ride to the purpose, and through the hills, rough rocks, broken precipices, quaggy swamps, and fatal quick-sands, we are still eager and stanch hunters. Our horses are doubly trained in the deer and fox hunt, and though they may not be as speedy in passing over an open field, or so well trained in leaping hedges and ditches, still they are more wiry and active than their English rivals. From Maryland to Florida, and further west through Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, fox-hunting contends with deer-hunting as the favorite amusement. In fact, the chase of the fox may be properly regarded as a Southern sport in the United States, as it is never followed on horseback in the North,

owing to the rocky and precipitous character of the country, and the unyielding opposition of our sturdy farmers in favorable locations, who would never permit a dozen horses leaping their fences and galloping over their wheat fields. Besides, the red fox, which is more generally found in the North, runs so far before the dogs that he would be seldom seen, and could at his pleasure, under any circumstances, escape in some rocky fissure or impenetrable burrow. In the Southern States, on the contrary, the ground is generally favorable to the amusement, and the planter sustains but little injury from the passing hunt, which, from the instinctive leading of the fox, is confined to the ridges and high dry grounds, and not to the cultivated fields.

The modes of hunting the fox are much alike in all the Southern States. To the sound of the winding horn the neighboring gentry collect at an appointed place, each accompanied by his favorite dogs, and usually by a negro who acts as "whipper in." Mounted on fine horses accustomed to the sport, they send in their hounds to hunt over the selected ground, and wait the start. Thickets on the edges of long cultivated plantations, brier patches, deserted fields covered with bloom-grass, are places where the fox is most likely to have his bed. The trail he has left behind him during his nocturnal rambles



THE MEETING.

being struck, the hounds are encouraged by the voices of their drivers to as great a speed as the devious course it leads them will permit. Once scenting the trail, they follow it along where the fox the previous night has been in search of partridges, meadow-larks, rabbits, and field-mice; presently they trace his footsteps to a log, from which he has jumped upon the neighboring fence, which following a short distance, then leaped a ditch and struck into the borders of a marsh. Through all his crooked and cautious ways the sagacious hounds follow until he is suddenly roused, perchance from a vision of successful barn-yard robberies, by the clamorous cry of the pack. At first the fox makes two or three rapid doublings, and then suddenly flies to cover, perhaps a quarter of a mile off. This possibly for a few moments throws the dogs out, but the moment the chase has continued long enough to get the fox warm, the trail is then followed by the dogs with precision and unerring certainty, and the struggle now becomes exciting. Now the hunters, who have been impatiently waiting, dash in after the "ringing pack." When the woods are open, which is often the case where the custom of annually firing the undergrowth prevails, the horsemen keep up with the hounds, and the fox is frequently in sight. In his efforts to escape, Reynard, after he despairs of his heels, commences his manœuvres to elude his pursuers; he plunges into thickets, doubles on his track, runs into the water, follows a fence top for a hundred yards or more, and then makes a desperate bound to earth so that he may break his trail. At last, fatigued and stiffened by exertion, his enemies seize him, and he dies bravely, defiantly fighting and snapping with his teeth to the last.

General Washington, with regard to fox-hunting, was a representative man in his day, and was probably one of the best riders of his time—an accomplishment that gave him dignity and efficiency when he became the commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary army. His favorite horse, after he took up his residence at Mount Vernon, was a splendid iron-gray, approaching to blue, rejoicing in the name of Blenheim. His house, at the time referred to, was the central point, not only from the vicinity, but from Maryland, for gentlemen who were fond of the chase; these friendly visits frequently extending for weeks, and each day made memorable by unbounded hospitality. Washington dressed for a fox-hunt must have been a most splendid specimen of a man, his fine person set off by the true sporting costume of blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, boots with yellow tops, silver spurs, velvet cap, and a showy whip handle supporting a long, tapering, but heavy lash. Thus adorned, and accompanied by Hill Lee, his huntsman, at the head of his friends and retainers, at early dawn he took the field, and in the excitement of the chase none rode more gallantly, and no voice more cheerily made the woodlands ring than his. The foxes hunted at this time were the gray species; but there was an exception, a

black fox, that Washington frequently hunted, but without success. This animal, the history of which would, no doubt, be curious, would bid defiance to all pursuers, running from ten to twenty miles, distancing both dogs and horses. It was a boast of Washington that his pack, numerous as it was, ran so close that they could be covered with a blanket—an expression that is as suggestive as a volume could be of the nice sense he had of the proprieties of the sport, and what a critical eye and judgment he brought to bear in its enjoyment. Washington's hunting establishment, though not entirely destroyed, was comparatively neglected while he was absent at the head of the army; but on his return home, Lafayette, with a thoughtful appreciation of his old commander's fondness for field-sports, sent him a pack of French hounds of unusual size and speed, which Washington received with the liveliest expressions of delight, and which he used in favorable weather as often as every other day in the week, generally starting before sunrise, and returning home to breakfast, made doubly appreciated by the exercise and excitement in the bracing morning air.

Occasionally the lady visitors of Mount Vernon, mounted on their palfreys, would go out as charming witnesses of the sport; and that they might gratify their wishes without endangering life or limb, Washington caused roads to be cut through various places in the woods, so that by "short cuts" the most eligible places to see the chase could be reached. On these occasions Washington was especially conspicuous; taller and finer mounted than any of his companions, he neither spared himself nor his generous steed, maintaining what seemed to be his inherited place, the lead, and at the death yielding to no man the honor of the brush.

An invitation to a fox-hunt, now, alas! some twenty years ago, was one of the first marked adventures of our Southern life. Our host was a most substantial planter and an accomplished gentleman. Besides possessing the best stud in all the country round, he had a pack of hounds that was unsurpassed in all the valuable qualities of nose and speed. Roused from our bed before the day had fairly dawned, we reached the breakfast room to find it full of guests invited from the neighborhood, and all busily engaged in the agreeable task of discussing a warm and most substantial breakfast, over which the perfume of rich coffee, such as we only meet with in semi-tropical climes, predominated. It took but little observation to foresee that our new associates were all remarkable in their way, some for fine personal appearance, some for their classical and literary attainments, and all for their rough hunting experiences and fine social qualities. The meal dispatched, we proceeded to the lawn in front of the house, where we found a crowd of horses, and what a new-made acquaintance termed a "raft of dogs," the canines at our presence setting up the most unearthly yells, the older members extending their notes until they reached a cadence peculiar to "old



RIDING TO COVER.

salts" who have broken down their voices outbawling "norwesters." The volubility of the dogs soon inflamed the imaginations of the horses, and they bowed their necks, flashed their eyes, and in one or two instances extemporized a dance that would have been applauded in a country circus. The equestrians, meantime, were not silent or idle. Girths, bridle-bits, and saddles were carefully examined; the hunters then one after another mounted, and soon formed in the road a splendid cavalcade.

Unaccustomed at that time to much saddle exercise, it was with some feelings of anxiety that we, by the polite attentions of a negro boy who held our stirrup, mounted a tall lithe steed, whose form was only familiar to us among the engravings of the "Derby winners"—which steed, by-the-way, it was claimed had a well-authenticated pedigree, reaching back to the Godolphin Arabian, and who was of course from family pride bound to be in the thickest of the fray, and up to all and singular break-neck performances. Our "seat," however, at the moment was most agreeable, and with proper philosophy we determined to wait the events of the future. As we passed out of the inclosure a daughter of our host—a gay, lively lady, scarcely sixteen—suddenly made her appearance splendidly mounted on a white horse, and kindly announced that we were destined for her escort—a fact that filled us with an immense amount of pleasure, first,

that we should have such unexceptionable company, and, last, that it was possible our steed (which by this time had commenced dancing with impatience, and seemed at times on the point of leaving the earth altogether) would not be called upon by rough riding to do any especial credit to his distinguished progenitors.

The morning was fresh and bracing, and once fairly under way the sun broke cheerily through the light floating mists, assuring us of a goodly day. At every advancing step hounds, horses, and riders became more and more animated: the first named were continually reproved by their keepers for undue levity; the impatience of the steeds was restrained by gently bearing on the rein; while the bipeds engaged in animated conversation, which occasionally awakened echoes by creating hearty and oft-repeated laughter.

Our course soon took us from the well-beaten road into the dense forest, which being threaded a while, we finally reached an "old field" full of admirable "brier patches," fallen timber, ravines, and other favorite resorts of game. The dogs now commenced earnestly their work; they wormed themselves into the tangled vegetation: invaded the holes and hollows, and every few moments uttering cries which indicated the nearness to game, the hunters either looking on as quiet spectators, or dashing in among the dogs, giving those idly disposed a touch of the whip

and encouraging the industrious with animated cheers.

Our fair companion, who had by this time become intensely interested in the proceedings, finally turned and remarked, "I am sure there has been a fox started;" and the next instant several of the hounds opened in a united exultation. "That's Pet; that's Rashly," said the young lady, clearly noticing distinctions of voice in the general clamor, and whirling her delicate riding-whip in the air as a sign of acknowledgment. The less enthusiastic dogs soon feeling that it was safe to join in, took up the cry. The scent evidently was warm, for the fox was soon run from his lair, and started off, the result of which was that, in a few moments, the surrounding woods, so recently in a humming repose, now rang and vibrated with soul-stirring notes. Our horses, some of whom had become covered with foam from impatience, encouraged by the involuntary whoop of their riders, now dashed in, their splendidly groomed sides flashing in the sun, as if their coats were composed of bronze and satin. The undergrowth was still wet with dew, and Reynard, delicate about wetting his brush, flew first to the open grounds, presenting the hunt to view streaming over the landscape. The dogs, now fairly engaged, attuned their notes with the skill of nature's orchestral arrangements, pouring them out with a rich effulgence that harmonized with and vibrated in

the forest depths, and rolled back in rich cadences from the broken lands, they dying away in the distance as softened and dreamy as the notes of the *Æolian* harp.

Reynard, hard pressed, now buried himself in the dense forest; and hard riders, with strange impunity, flew through the tangled openings between the trees, safely leaped yawning ravines, and dashed on. Others stationed themselves in favorable places, and watched the chase as it passed from time to time in review, and if opportunity occurred gave the pack a cheer of encouragement as they now, like maddened fiends, sweep on their way. The country, fortunately, was not only favorable for the hunt but for the view; the broken ground ran out into the swamp, in a long spur, which we the spectators occupied, the hunt sometimes being on the edge, and sometimes passing in review almost at our feet. Reynard, who seemed all the while to be under the impression that nothing serious was intended, for some half hour amused himself with coursing hither and thither among the switch cane and briers, crossing and recrossing his track, climbing from one sheltering ravine to another, apparently determined not to leave the comfortable quarters he had selected for his retreat. It now became evident that the dogs every moment were closing in on their victim; in fact, the fox must often have been visible to their eyes; but it was not these organs, but the keen scent on the trail.



THE CHASE.



THE DEATH.

which led them so unerringly to the completion of their work. The fox at last felt the necessity of a run for his life, for he mounted the bluff, stopped a moment to breathe the fresh air, and chose his course across the country. The dogs had now gathered in a solid group, and were running with the precision of machinery. In a few moments they crossed the old field, and lost themselves in the blue distance. One or two hunters now came to where we were stationed, and suggested that we should cross the course taken by the fox; and with this idea we started off, a fine horseman in the lead. On we dashed, on pleasantly and swiftly, our fair lady companion gracefully flying over the obstructions in the way of her horse's feet, her face flushed with the excitement of health, and her eyes glowing with unusual beauty and intelligence. It was no trifling matter for me, unaccustomed to such associations and pursuits, to be assured, as we sped along, that we were not to meet with a fox-hunter's death; for at times we fairly flew through the air; but ahead, calm and joyous, rode our fair companion.

We soon came in hearing distance of the dogs, and reining up, the pack, in full cry, passed a little to the left of our course, and in a moment more they dashed by with lightning speed. As they descended from the high ground to where we had stationed ourselves to see them pass, we looked

at them in full front, and their wide-extended mouths, their long pendent tongues, misty breath, and strangely-flashing eyes, suggested that they had, by the magic of the chase, been changed from their natural character into flaming fiends. Fearful and courageous as they looked, poor Reynard, whose brush was somewhat lowered, seemed more distressed than he really was by contrast. My fair companion now gave me many hints which were valuable to my inexperience, and with particular animation informed me that "Fanny" and "Rashly" were still in the van, and that she knew they would be first to seize the fox. The struggle that followed was short. The fox once more left the open ground, but the dense forest only served to impede his progress, not to protect him. Our party of observation now galloped toward the point which was destined to witness the termination of the hunt, and ere we reached it Reynard had yielded up his life. The dogs and horses, a few moments before so active, were now standing with nostrils widely opened for breath, their sides heaving, and their bodies covered with foam. The hunters, however, were, if possible, gayer than ever, all talking together, and all relating some extraordinary incident connected with the chase. Our fair Diana was gallantly awarded the brush, the end of which she playfully rubbed across the eyes of her favorite steed, and then handed it to

a young gallant who had distinguished himself by his fearless riding. A few words of acknowledgment passed, and the two, accompanied by an old servant, bade us adieu and started homeward, leaving the hunters to the enjoyment of the more boisterous humors of the day.

Our noble host, accomplished in every thing pertaining to his office, had judiciously followed our party with a carefully selected commissariat, which was now located under the wide-spreading branches of a magnificent water-oak, the generous arms of which would have afforded shelter to a regiment of men. Near by gurgled a cool spring, which was considered, we are compelled to say, more useful to cool the wine in than any other purpose; and thus situated we prepared for a forest meal, our appetites and our wits sharpened by exercise and the open air.

To say that we enjoyed the prevailing excitement would be an inexpressive term. There was something positively exhilarating in the sensations constantly created by the novelty of our position. As the dinner was in course of preparation, among other things the hounds, now comparatively quiescent, attracted not only from us, but older and more familiar admirers, a due share of praise and critical observation. Among them we noticed every possible variety of attitude, and a rich fund of speculation was suggested in the exhibition of the various characteristics—for dogs differ in tastes and dispositions as much as the same number of human beings. Pythagoras might possibly have conceived his romantic philosophy of the transmigration of souls by observing the conduct of a pack of hounds. With this idea it did not take us long to decide that an old gray-nosed, scalp-furrowed dog sitting moodily by himself possessed the departed spirit of an old Indian warrior. He certainly possessed the dignity of a sachem, and the furrows about his eyes and mouth gave evidence of a world of hard thinking. In vain impertinent mosquitoes and evil-minded yellow jackets insulted his nostrils: a scarcely perceptible flap of his ear is all the notice he deigns to take, considering the many troubles he has passed through, of such petty annoyances. Look at his benevolent eye as he watches the wantonness of some young hound that is wasting his strength in endeavoring to make up an exciting race with "Frisolous Feather," or provoke a wrestle with another puppy about his own age. In the shade of the old magnolia yonder, in an uneasy attitude, is "Triton." He was thus named, I was told by a classical friend at my elbow, on account of his musical note. He is a fine animal, but unintellectual and ill-natured; foremost in the van his trumpet tongue rings merrily; but he seems to pursue the game with malicious intent, and as the alarmed foe flies before him, he rejoices over the warm scent that promises a death-gripe on the victim's throat. "Triton," in fact, never is other than vicious; but when his work is done, unexcited and cool as a butcher, he surveys his work with eyes as expressionless as lead, though the foreshadowed snarl about

his lip illy conceals his teeth. His ancestors, we were informed, came from Cuba. Approach him with kind words and he sneaks away: having performed his duty he prefers to be alone. How unlike is that beautiful creature "Fanny," already alluded to in the notice of the chase. She is all life and animation, kind and companionable with all. In the sociality of her disposition she thrusts herself delicately upon your notice, and a kind word seems absolutely to inspire her with gratitude. Her mischief, too, was paramount; for while we watched her she roused the soul of "Triton" to anger by her pranks, and when he dashed at her she would leap for safety among the group of hunters. Among the outer circle of dogs we observed one rejoicing under the name of "Terror." Indian fashion, he was christened after he had showed his character. He was the bully and rowdy among his kind. He only keeps well up in running; but when the game is to be seized then he puts forth all his strength, gets the first bite, and at the conclusion, if not immediately interfered with, will whip off the surrounding dogs, and alone take charge of the game.

Dinner was finally announced, and reposing Oriental fashion on the soft carpet of grass, or by arranging a first-rate seat with a propped-up saddle, we partook of the various viands, prominent among which were cold chicken and dainty ham sandwiches, most artistically tempered by exquisite claret and sparkling Champagne. Commend us, indeed, to a rural feast with the fox-hunters, particularly if we desire a reminiscence from which to date common events of passing life. The substantial part of the meal discussed, there followed a lively and characteristic gossip, that was as sparkling as the wine. Among the many good things we heard that day, most of which were greatly dependent upon the manner of their relation for half their merit, we presume to give the

STORY OF THE IMPERTURBABLE WITNESS.

"Some years ago," said our narrator, who had a very twinkling eye, and durable red color on the end of his nose, "some legal business caused me to sojourn for a few days in a little neighboring town, which, though now boasting of a numerous population, was at the time of which I speak possessed of but little more than a rude court-house, a tavern, and blacksmith shop. The only active life the place ever witnessed was at 'court term,' and our reminiscences even at this moment are vivid that we found our time any thing but heavy on our hands. The judge who presided upon the bench was a man of superior character; familiar with the world and with the members of the bar; altogether superior to the rude surroundings with which they were associated: the contrast, therefore, between the members of the profession and the permanent residents in the vicinity was necessarily very striking.

"At the time of which I speak, a man by the name of Parker, one of the local dignitaries,

had been sued upon an open account which he denied owing, and it rested upon the plaintiff, Glass, to prove the indebtedness.

"A queer sort of genius named Brimlon, who made a precarious living by hunting and doing odd jobs as occasion required, was subpoenaed by Glass as his witness.

"The proceedings of the Court were conducted, as might be supposed, in rather a familiar way; the judge, though a man of great natural firmness, was very little disposed to be very exacting in his demands upon the enforcement of mere forms, and so long as no legal principle was invaded and his dinner hour not interfered with by business, every thing was as cozy and comfortable as possible.

"After a day of more than usual excitement, when there had really been something before the Court which called forth legal acumen in the pleadings, having put the judge up to his metal; in other words, after a hard day's work had been performed, and judge, lawyers, attending jurymen, and witnesses had really become fatigued and hungry, as the judge was on the point of ordering an adjournment of the Court, the landlord of the tavern having openly announced in court that a dinner of fat venison was on the table, at the particular moment Mr. Sharp, Glass's lawyer, rose and said:

"May it please your Honor, my client, Mr. Glass, wishes to prove an account. The only witness in the case is present, if the Court please to hear the testimony, which will but consume a moment.'

"The judge, impatient as he was for the dinner, hesitated for a moment, and consented. The case was called, 'Glass vs. Parker;' the witness Brimlon was put on the stand, the lawyers and spectators stood around hats in hand; the judge in the act of leaving the Court had actually put on his hat, and removed it to hear the testimony which would only 'take a moment.'

"Brimlon, meantime, was duly sworn, and asked in a familiar way what he knew about the disputed account; but instead of promptly answering he stood still, looked severely and reprovingly at the spectators who were bustling about, and finally, by staring all present into silence, the judge absolutely settling back in his chair as if suddenly impressed with the idea that he too must be profoundly attentive. This having been accomplished, Brimlon commenced as follows:

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort o' coming down to a little eend—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening—'

"When the witness had proceeded thus far, the counsel for the defense, much to the gratification of all present, pettishly exclaimed,

"Mr. Brimlon, we do not wish to know any thing about the "beautiful evening" or any thing of the sort; please tell us what you know about this account—at the same time rudely shoving Parker's bill into the witness's face. At

this gross breach of decorum on the part of the lawyer Brimlon showed no resentment, but after remaining silent a minute or more, with increased impressiveness he began:

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort o' coming down to a little eend—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I mought as well go a huntin', so says I, "Boss"—you know Boss: he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar'l), and thought I'd ile the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I iled the locks and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—'

"By this time the symptoms of impatience on the part of the by-standers were openly expressed, and Glass's lawyer, no longer able to restrain himself at the prolixity of his own witness, jumped on his feet and begged the judge to order Brimlon to give a more direct answer to a simple question. The judge thereupon nodded his head to the imperturbable Brimlon, who, having stopped the moment he was interrupted until perfect silence was obtained, began:

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort o' coming down to a little eend—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I mought as well go a huntin', so says I, "Boss"—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar'l), and thought I'd ile the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I iled the locks and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss jest a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin hopple—but 'twas no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I seed ahead a partridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat says I—'

"At this moment the landlord rushed into the court-room and announced that the venison was getting cold (it was a December day), and wanted to know, 'if the Court wouldn't adjourn soon, if he hadn't better put the saddle down by the fire.' At this interruption Brimlon again stopped, rolled his large vacant eyes over on the landlord, and after the restoration of a fearful silence proceeded:

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort o' coming down to a little eend—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I mought as well go a huntin', so says I, "Boss"—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar'l), and thought I'd ile the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I iled the lock and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss jest a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin

hopple—but 'twas no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I seed ahead a partridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat says I, Boss, says I, do you see that bird? and I'll be hanged if the dog didn't come to a pint. At this I lied down, and cropt along, sometimes flat and sometimes on my knees, but along I crept, Boss all the while lying low; by-and-by I cum up to the partridge, and if it wasn't after all a piece of red bark I'm blowed! Whereupon I brushed the smashed grass and mud off my knees and elbers, and says I, Boss—'

"The pressure had now become fearful, and there was a spontaneous movement among the crowd, some members of it going so far as to cough and scrape their feet, when the judge, evidently desirous to facilitate proceedings, very courteously leaned forward and begged that the witness would be allowed to tell his story in his own way. Brimlon hereat quietly turned toward the bench, and clearing his voice said:

"'It was a beautiful evening—'

"At the repetition of this statement the judge fell back exhausted, and putting on a severe expression, delivered himself thus:

"'Gentlemen, I beg that you will not interrupt the witness; I ask this as a personal favor. The witness will please go on.' At this hint Brimlon smiled benignly, as if he were conferring a great favor on the bench, the lawyers, and the spectators, and then with a voice sweeter and slower than ever, and amidst a stillness that was to the last degree painful, he proceeded:

"'It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort o' coming down to a little eend—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I mought as well go a huntin', so says I, "Boss"—you know Boss; he is a short-tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the bar'l), and thought I'd ile the locks, though they work like hair-tiggers; so I iled the locks and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss jest a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin hopple—but 'twas no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I seed ahead a partridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat says I, Boss, says I, do you see that bird? and I'll be hanged if the dog didn't come to a pint. At this I lied down, and cropt along, sometimes flat and sometimes on my knees, but along I crept, Boss all the while lying low; by-and-by I cum up to the partridge, and if it wasn't after all a piece of red bark I'm blowed! Whereupon I brushed the smashed grass and mud off my knees and elbers, and says I, Boss, if we ain't a passel of darned fools, then your tail's a yard long, if it ain't longer; whereat, I got out of the field in double quick time, and clomb over into the road, and met Parker (turning toward the defendant), who said to me, says he, "What, Brimlon, you out hunting?" And I said, "Not much"—so Parker and I walked up the road, and he said he jest seen Glass, who threatened to sue him for his bill of twenty dollars; that while he didn't deny owing the bill, he didn't like to be sued.'

"The truth was out at last, and the painfully excited crowd fairly shouted with delight—the lawyers at the same time rubbed their hands, and the judge heaved a deep sigh, as if he were suddenly relieved of a fearful responsibility. In the general confusion that followed Brimlon was

energetically invited down from the stand by a dozen voices; and to this day it is a marvel among all who heard his testimony how he necessarily connected the beautiful evening, the partridge hunt, and the fact that he heard Parker acknowledge that he owed Glass money on an open account."

The end of the "testimony" having been finally reached, the listeners felt the same relief that was enjoyed by the original hearers; for there was at the conclusion of it a simultaneous movement toward the horses, and a few moments only were now required to turn our faces homeward. After but little riding we came suddenly upon the highway, which pursuing, one volunteer hunter after another left, until our party was narrowed down to our host and his especial guests. Winding pleasantly along, we were joined by a young lady companion who had spent the afternoon at a neighboring plantation, and there awaited her escort. For her sake a brisk gait was adopted, and to reach the end of our journey in the least possible time we took a cut across the fields, a negro riding ahead to "let down the fences or bars," as our route required. Coming to a gate, our host opened and held it to let the party through, the rolling ride of the fox-hunt being now dispensed with. Advantage was taken of this circumstance by the gentlemen, but our fair lady companion gallantly leaped the fence, and landing among the astonished crowd, with a ringing laugh started off at a brisk gallop, at which pace we soon reached our place of destination.

The red fox is supposed to have been imported from England to the eastern shore of Maryland, and to have emigrated across the ice to Virginia in the severe winter of 1779-80, at which time the Chesapeake was frozen over. In 1789 the first red fox we have any record of in the locality was killed in Pennsylvania. A few years previous to this, one of the colonial governors of New York had imported some red foxes from England, which were turned loose on Long Island: it is supposed that the same cold weather that froze over the Chesapeake united Long Island to the main land, and thus enabled the red fox to escape its original locality. The fact, however, is that the fox is a very good swimmer, at least along the shores, as is shown in their "duck hunts," and it is possible that they do not need a bridge of ice to make way from one distant place to another, even if rivers intervene. Very good observers believe that the red fox is a native of the soil; but this does not seem justifiable from the fact that he is only found in districts of country long settled by man. As he works his way southward, driving before him the gray fox, he is never found in the pine-barrens or the solitary wilderness; but in the settled portions of the country, where thickets, brier patches, and old sedge fields are common, which are only to be found where the farmer pursues his calling, the red fox is comparatively abundant.

In reviewing the history of the red and gray fox throughout the entire country, it would seem:



OVER THE FENCE.

that they vary in strength and sagacity in different sections. In Florida the gray fox is thought to be almost worthless for the chase; farther north the same species are very game, and afford most excellent amusement. It is also evident that the red fox of Georgia is a superior animal to his representatives in the Northern States. It is very evident from these facts that the creature is somewhat dependent upon localities for his true development.

How long a fox will run, or the exact speed he will attain to, are questions not easily answered. A red fox in Virginia was started, and by putting fresh packs of hounds on his track, was run over fifty miles, and is then supposed to have escaped. At Muirsham, England, a fox was unkenneled at half past eight o'clock in the morning, and was hard pressed until three o'clock in the afternoon, in which time he ran over sixty miles. The horses in the run finally gave out, and the hunters followed to the death on foot. In February, 1849, a very old fox ran from Stovill's Hill, England, to Dorking Glory, a measured distance of forty-five miles, in less than five hours. It has been asserted, and is believed by experienced hunters, that a pack of superior hounds, led by a fox, have, in the excitement, at times run a mile in sixty seconds, surpassing the best speed of the horse.

A volume might be filled with anecdotes and

incidents illustrative of the sagacity of Reynard; a few, taken indiscriminately from the mass, must suffice. A famous fox-hunting region was once thrown into a great state of excitement from the following cause: There was a certain old field of great extent, near the middle of which one could almost any morning start a gray fox. After a chase of an hour or so, just enough to "blow" well the dogs and horses, they would invariably lose the fox at a given spot, near the fence corner of a large plantation, which opened into the heavy forest which partially surrounded this old field. The frequency and certainty of this event happening became well known in the vicinity. Finally, fox-hunters from distant neighborhoods would bring their well-trained packs to have a run after this mysterious animal, in the hope of finding an explanation to the mystery. But, strange as it appeared, all were baffled alike. The interest now became intense, and numbers of experienced hunters made personal and critical examination of the vicinity, but found nothing to justify, or in any way suggest, an explanation. That the fox always escaped at a well-known place, where every thing was in open view, was certain; and that it must have been in some way along the fence, seemed the only possible solution. To test the theory, a large pack was made to follow round the entire inclosure of the fence, but without striking the trail.

The affair now reached a climax of excitement. The reputation of the hunters began to suffer, and the hounds themselves finally showed that their confidence was giving way, for they would not run with the stanch eagerness that formerly characterized them. The fact of their being so often baffled had created the idea that they would never shake poor Reynard again; while many persons grew superstitious that he was a wizard, who could become invisible when he pleased.

At last an enthusiastic hunter, who had great faith in the tangibility of the fox, and was also a believer in natural laws, determined that he would anticipate the arrival of the fox at the fence corner, and see how he managed to escape. Accordingly, when, on the next hunt, he was satisfied the animal was heading for the indicated spot, the hunter reached it by a short cut and posted himself a sentinel. Presently the fox came leisurely along a little in advance of the pack. When he reached the corner the hunter, in almost breathless excitement, noticed the creature deliberately make his way to the top of the fence, and then, as if confident of his safety, walk along, daintily balancing himself with the airs of a tight-rope dancer. On he went until he reached the forest trees in which the hunter was concealed. The fox now became cautious, cast a look behind, and saw that the pack was almost within death-dealing distance. No time was to be lost. Running forward so as to obtain momentum, he came opposite a dead and leaning tree, which stood isolated and inside of the field, within sixteen feet of the fence. This unguarded and prominent object he reached by a bound, confirming his hold by striking his fore-paws beyond a protruding knot; the next instant he ascended to the top, some thirty feet from the ground, and disappeared. The hunter's admiration for the intelligence of the animal made him keep the secret, and for a long time he enjoyed his neighbors' speculations and theories, until another hunter suspected the real cause, found out the secret, and avenged his frequent disappointments by cutting down the tree and capturing the smart fox. The hiding-place had often been noticed, but to leap the distance it stood from the fence was never thought to be possible; but practice, the favorable angle of the trunk, the position of the knot to assist the foothold, formed a combination of favorable circumstances that enabled the cunning creature to overcome what appeared at first sight to be a physical impossibility.

A number of half-grown boys, assisted by a dog, unearthed a fox and apparently killed it. The body was carried home, and thrown carelessly in a corner of the room while the party partook of supper. Reynard, seeing his enemies busily engaged, ventured to reconnoitre, and for this purpose cautiously raised himself on his fore-legs; but deeming it unsafe to do more, resumed his quiescent state. One of the party, who witnessed the movement, but unwilling, under the circumstances, to believe his own eyes, very

deliberately passed a piece of lighted paper under the fox's nose; but the animal remained as insensible as a log, and was by universal consent pronounced very dead, much to the mystification of the person who could not resist the idea that he had seen the fox rise on his fore-legs and look about the room. The next morning, however, the animal, bating a slight wound and a soiled coat, was found in good health—his power of deception proving powerful enough to suppress the pain of twenty ordinary deaths.

On one occasion a fox, surprised in a hen-house, simulated death with such exactness that the owner of the slaughtered poultry thought the thief had died from a surfeit, and after kicking the stiffened body rudely about the floor, picked it up by the tail and threw it on the dunghill: a moment afterward master fox gathered up his legs and made good his escape.

A fox had been pursued near Edgefield, South Carolina, but the hounds lost all trace of him invariably upon the side of a hill. A gentleman, determined to solve the mystery, found that the fox after starting would lead the pack a pretty smart race in the neighborhood, get them warm and excited, and would then run to the top of the hill; descending slowly until he reached midway, when he would lie down; meantime the dogs, flushed and eager, would have their natural speed accelerated by the descending grade, and they would almost literally run over as well as past the object of their pursuit, never perceiving that they had lost the trail until they precipitated themselves into the valley below. As soon as this happened the fox would rouse himself, cast a furtive glance behind, to be sure of the position of his enemies, and run away in an opposite direction with the greatest speed.

Just after daylight a gentleman once observed a fox walking very stealthily along the borders of a farm; he looked very anxiously over the wall into the field, and seemed to long very much to get hold of one of the hares feeding in it, which he knew he could not catch by running. After reflecting a short time he seemed to form his plans. He first examined the different gaps in the wall, fixed upon one that seemed to be the most frequented, and then laid down as a cat would at a mouse-hole. He then, with great care and silence, scraped a small hollow in the ground, throwing up a barricade as a kind of screen, meantime, however, keeping up a most cautious examination of the adjoining field. When all this was accomplished he laid himself down in a convenient posture for springing on his prey. When the sun was fairly up the hares began to pass out of the field, but not within reach from his ambush. Presently two came directly toward him; he did not look up; the involuntary motion of his ears showed, however, that he knew of their approach. The hares came through the gap together; with the quickness of lightning he caught one and killed it; but unhappily for his length of days, the observant hunter now fired his gun, and fox and hare lay dead beside each other.

OLLY DOLLY.

I.

A HOT, starry night, whose light is a crescent moon, whose voice is low lapping of surfless waves upon a sandy shore. A long flat line of beach, lost at either end in gloom, the unknown past and future. A little black cabin crouching among sea-worn boulders, its front hoar with the spray-salt, its roof thatched with sea-weed, its frame back-borne by the untiring ocean breeze.

Such is the scene. Here are the actors.

An old man, bowed and warped with years and toil. His lint-white hair falling thin and spiritless upon his shoulders; his horny hands, with fingers crooked and stunted through life-long hardship, pressed upon his face; his attitude one of deep thought, uneasiness, doubt.

A young man, tall, straight, and lithe. His arms lightly folded across his chest; his handsome head, covered only with close-curling chestnut hair, proudly uplifted to the starry sky; his eyes, bright and keen, fixed upon the sleeping sea; one foot advanced toward the shallow sliding waves, as if he said, "Thus far!"

They are Peter Rynders, commonly called "Fishing Pete," and his son Saul. They are fishermen and boatmen, and in summer live principally by the custom of the fashionable hotel and boarding-houses three miles farther down the beach (for this is the coast of New Jersey, and a great resort for pleasure seekers).

In winter the young man has for several years taken service as a sailor in the coasting craft of the region, has tried the revenue service, and is prominent among the crew of a subscription life-boat, who have done more good on that stormy coast than many more famous societies of philanthropists.

While he is gone the old man hibernates; subsists by means of salted fish and drift-wood, and spends the time between dozing, smoking, and studying the almanac. His one other book, a Bible, lies untouched upon the shelf since "Mother Rynders" died, and is regarded by "Fishing Pete" as a sort of fetich, with unbounded and mysterious powers for good or evil, and like gunpowder and edge-tools, best let alone by those unskilled in its use.

And now let us listen to their talk beneath the starlight.

"Fishing Pete" is the first to speak, and his manner is hesitating and ill-assured, like one who feels his ground with trivial remarks before expressing the chief subject of his thoughts.

"Did you have a good sail to-day, Saul?"

"Good enough. I went outside the point, round Duck Ledge, and so back to the landing."

"Them Silsbys are very clever folks, ain't they?"

"I don't know," replied Saul, curtly.

"Why, I mean they're civil spoken to them as works for 'em, and free with their money inter the bargain."

"They're civil to me, so am I to them. They

pay me for the use of my boat and my time, and I earn all they give me," returned Saul, in a tone of annoyance.

"Sartain, sartain, that's what I was a saying," rejoined the father, in a soothing tone, for his son's moods were nothing strange to him. "The gal—Vi'let they call her—is a pooty piece, ain't she?" resumed Pete, absently, after a short pause.

"Good Heavens, father!" exclaimed Saul, angrily striding up and down the beach in front of the low rock where the old man crouched. "What are the Silsbys—what is Miss Silsby—to you or to me, and why should we spend our breath in talking about her or them? Let's talk about the stars, or the sea, or that speck of white sail on the sky-line. There's as much chance, and more, of their caring for us, and talking about us back, as there is of those people doing it. Do you suppose they ever spoke or thought of us in all these two summers as any thing more than part of the rigging of the boat—something without which it wouldn't go, and so they must try to keep it in running order with a pleasant word now and then, or a little extra money? Not that ever I took any thing more than my pay—but it's been offered."

"Well, well, boy, I didn't mean no harm. I didn't know you was so sot against 'em. 'Fact, I thought you kind o' liked 'em, you've ben out with 'em so much. But sure 'nough I don't know as we've any call in pertikeler to talk about 'em. There's 'nough else we ken talk about. We might talk 'bout ourselves. There's a lot a man ken say 'bout himself ef so be he's a mind to. Eh, Saul?"

"You ain't lucky to-night, father," returned the son, still gloomily, although he spoke more kindly. "There's nothing but the Silsbys I hadn't rather talk about than about myself. There's nothing in my life, outside or in, that I want either to speak or think of more than I can help."

"Sho! you hadn't oughter say so, boy," replied the father, shuffling his bare feet uneasily in the sand. "What's amiss 'tween you and life?"

"Every thing."

"Every thin'! Well, now, Saul, I think we're pooty tol'ably comf'able. We get good hire fer the boat, and I ken sell all the fish I ketch."

"We earn enough to buy food and clothes from year to year, and we spend it. Where are we better at the year's end than at its beginning? What are we working for, and what's going to be the end of our work?" asked the young man, impatiently.

"Why, I do suppose, Saul," returned Pete, slowly and meditatively, "if so be as folks—that's poor folks like us—can manage to live, that's as much as they ken expect."

"Live! And what's the good of living, if living is the end of life?" queried Saul, bitterly; and without waiting for a reply, strode moodily down the beach.

When he returned he seemed in a calmer mood, and said, pleasantly,

"Well, father, 'most time to turn in if you're going out on the morning tide, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, I know, Saul; but there's some-
thin' I want to talk about while I ken. Some-
hows I feel a kind o' down-hearted to-night, like
as I wasn't a goin' to live long."

"What is it, father; what ails you? You
hadn't ought to work so hard. Stay at home
to-morrow, and let me go out for the fish. I
shall be back time enough to take the party out
sailing."

"No, no, boy, it ain't that. I'm hearty
enough, as fur as that goes, an' able to do my
day's work with any man, leastways of my age.
But somehow I feel by turns as if sunthin' was a
goin' to happen."

"Something's always happening, father," said
Saul, cheerily. "But I don't believe any thing
bad's going to happen to you. Why should you
think so?"

"Well, I can't rightly say, Saul, my boy,
but I do think so; and—there ain't no use o'
beatin' up to wind'ard any longer—I'll just 'bout
ship and run afore the wind. I've got sunthin'
on my mind as I wants to git off."

"Something on your mind, father?"

"Yes, boy. Sunthin' about you, too."

"About me! What can there be to say of
me that should lie heavy on your mind?"

"Well, boy, I donno whether it'll be good
news or bad to you—sometimes I reckon one,
sometimes t'other; but the fact is, you ain't my
son nowadays."

"What! you mean that my mother was
false?"

"I donno nothin' 'bout your mother, nor your
father nuther. Leastways I'll tell you all I do
know. But the fust thing is, you ain't no child
of mine nor my woman's."

"Whose then?" asked Saul, breathlessly.

"Hold on, lad, and I'll tell 'ee all I know. It
were—lemme see, it were three-an'-twenty year
ago come next March, and I were faring home
afoot from York, where I'd landed after a v'y'ge
I'd made down South in a lumber craft. It was
'bout thirty mile above this that I foun' myself
obleeged to lay by a day 'count of the most tre-
menjous gale of wind and rain that had been
seed in them parts fer many a day. It lasted
three days, and the fust two I did manage to
beat up somehow; but the third was the beat
of all the wind that ever I see, and I wa'n't
ashamed to lay to under it in a little fishing
hamlet—Clam Cove I b'lieve they called it—
over one day and night. That night there was
two wracks, one a little above, an' one a little
below the town, an' every thin' that had legs in
them dozen houses was out looking at one or
t'other of 'em."

"As fer the one to the nor'ard I donno no-
thing 'bout it, what sort of craft she were, nor
where she hailed from, nor whether any one was
saved; but the one to the s'uth'ard was a mid-
dlin'-sized brig, hailin' from the West Injies,

and bound for York. She struck on a reef some
ways out from shore, and in half an hour she
went all to pieces, and arter that most every
wave washed up a spar or a timber, or a box
or a cask, or the drowned corpse of a feller-
creeter.

"There wa'n't but little that could 'a ben
done to help 'em, and that little wa'n't done.
What few folks was round seemed to think more
o' helpin' theirselves to what was washed ashore
than helpin' them poor sailors to get back the
breath o' life, s'posin' it could 'a ben done."

"Well, I staid round on the shore all night,
an' when it come mornin' I felt so kind o' sick
and put out with what I'd seed, that I jest
shouldered my bundle an' sot off on my tramp.
I couldn't somehow stomach to eat another meal
o' vittles in the place. I felt as if the cuss o'
God would light on it right away, an' I'd best
be out of it. So I went my ways, and hed got
mayhap a mile out'n the place, when, as I was
coastin' along the land side of a big black rock,
I heerd sunthin' like a groan, an' then the v'ice
of a leetle child a cryin'."

"Well, at that I hove to, an' begun to recon-
n'itre a bit. 'Twa'n't long 'fore I diskivered a
poor creeter stowed away under the lee of the
rocks, where he'd crawled out'n the surf, though
he couldn't get no further."

"He was a dark-complected, middle-aged
man, and I know'd by his white hands, and his
ring, and his fine clothes, that he was a gen'-
leman, though I couldn't make out a word he said,
nor he didn't seem to make no hand o' my jaw.
He had a babby—leastways you was about two
year old, I should say—"

"Then it was me!" exclaimed Saul.

"Yes, it wor you, and the gen'leman wor
your daddy, as I've alluz consaited, fer he seem-
ed mortal fond of you, an' kep' a hugging an' a
kissing of you over and over agin; an' then
he'd jabber away in his furrin way, an' look at
me, an' hold you up toward me well's he could,
fer the poor creeter 'd got a mortal hurt on them
rocks, an' was a dyin' by inches, as it wor, all
the time he talked."

"Oh—father!" groaned Saul.

"An' then he'd h'ist up well's he could, an'
look up an' down an' fur an' near, an' then he'd
hail some one by the name of Oliver agin an'
agin, till he'd lop back agin the rocks with the
blood a runnin' out'n his mouth, an' his face all
kivered with sweat, though the wind was pipin'
up from the nor'ard as cold as Greenland."

"But Oliver didn't answer to the hail. I
expect the poor feller 'd gone to Davy Jones
afore; an' who he wor, and what the furriner
wanted on him, I couldn't make out then nor
now. On'y, arter he'd sung out the last time,
an' 'fore his stren'th was a leavin' of him, he
looked up to me so earnest like, it seemed 's if
there wa'n't no need o' words to say what he
meant, an' he pintoed to you, an' then he pintoed
up an' down the beach, an' says, very solemn,

"'Oliver, Oliver!' An' by that I know'd he
meant that ef so be as I could overhaul this

Oliver I was to give you up to him, so I wags my head, and I says in my turn,

"‘Yes, Oliver, Oliver!’ and I pints all abroad, and then I pints to you, an’ he wagged his head, an’ seemed to feel easier.

"‘But arter layin’ back a while an’ restin’, he seemed to git oneasy agin, an’ arter a deal o’ tryin’ he got his han’ inter one of his pockets an’ lugs out a money puss. He tried agin an’ agin to open it, but he couldn’, an’ finally I up an’ did it fer him; but I didn’ look inside, on’y ondid it, an’ give it back.

"‘He jabbered sunthin’ that I s’pose was the same as thank’ee, an’ then he poured out what money there was inter my han’, and made signs I was to pocket it. I tuck it, but on’y hild it, and says ‘Oliver’ agin, an’ pints to you, meanin’ I should give it up to that ere shipmate ‘long o’ you. But the furriner shook his head kind o’ impatient, an’ made signs that give me to understand that Oliver had a deal o’ money with him wheresomever he mout be, and that all he’d got was yourn by rights. An’ then he pinto to his rings an’ to his watch with a goold chain, and signed that I was to take them fer you. So I tuck ‘em all, an’ put ‘em in the puss, an’ pinto to you, and gives him to know I consaited them things as yourn.

"‘He looked satisfied then, an’ tuck to his prayers, an’ ‘fore he’d done o’ them, his head fell back, an’ he was gone.”

"‘Dead!’

"‘Yes, lad, dead.”

"‘Well—go on.”

"‘Ay, ay, lad, though there ain’t much more to tell. The poor gen’leman was dead, and that pesky Oliver wa’n’t now’eres to be seen; so I scooped a hole in the sand under the lee o’ that big rock, an’ kivered up your daddy in it. Then I tuck you, all wrapped up as you wor in a shawl, and got under way agin fer home. I know’d Sally ‘u’d be glad to see you, fer we’d never had a young one, an’ it’s woman’s nater to hanker arter ‘em; so I pushed along, on’y stoppin’ onst to feed you with some biscuit an’ grog, that sent you fast asleep, till just at nightfall I sighted the cabin. As I’d reckoned, the old ‘oman was tickled to death with sech a harnsome babby to keep her company whiles I was away, an’ ‘twas she give you the name o’ Saul.”

"‘Didn’t my father give me any name—or himself?”

"‘He mout ‘a told it all twicest over in his lingo, and I not ‘a ben a word the wiser. I didn’ hear no name but Oliver amongst it, an’ I wanted to call you that, but the ‘ooman wouldn’ hear to it. I consaited she was afeard it mout be the means of your being claimed away from her.”

"‘She was the kindest of women; no mother could have been more tender,” said Saul, musingly. “But your idea was the best, old man. You too—you have been a father to me; you have stood in his place who lies below that lonely rock. How can I show my gratitude, old friend? Forgive my peevish temper, my dis-

content; you see now how it was. This life is not the one I ought to lead, and I could not content myself. But how is it to be changed to the right one? Did you never hear of the person, my father called Oliver?”

"‘No, I never did, lad. To be sure I never tried. Sally was glad to keep you, and so was I; and nothin’ never took me to that place agin, an’ so I never went.”

"‘But I will—to-morrow.”

"‘I sha’n’t gainsay that. You’re yer own master now, my boy; but you an’ me alluz be good friends—eh, Saul?”

"‘More—more than friends. You shall be my father still, and I will be a better son than ever I was yet!” exclaimed the younger man, wringing the hand of his elder with affectionate cordiality; but still there was a something come between them—a new relation felt by each, though not confessed by either even to himself. The reputed son had suddenly become elevated above the reputed father by the consciousness on either side that Saul was fitted both by nature and birth for a position very different from any to which “Fishing Pete” could possibly aspire.

There was thus a sort of deference on the part of the elder man, a slight shade of condescension on that of the younger, mingled with the sincere affection existing between them in all their future intercourse.

After a while Pete silently rose and went into the cabin, where, having struck a light, he rummaged for some time in an old sea-chest, containing the wardrobe of the deceased Mrs. Rynders. From this he at last produced, and silently placed in the hands of Saul, who had followed him, a small mahogany box, with the key attached.

The young man hastily opened it. Within lay various little trinkets and bits of finery, the former property of Rynders’s wife. But under these Saul soon perceived a small parcel, done up in white paper and rudely sealed. Without was scrawled in an illiterate hand the one word, “Saul.”

A look at the old man sufficed to confirm the brief assurance thus given, and Saul hastily tore open the packet.

Within lay a faded purse of crimson velvet, clasped with gold, and showing, in embroidery of gold thread upon its sides, a heraldic device.

Merely glancing at this, which the young man, in his ignorance of such matters, supposed to be a mere ornament, he hastily opened the purse, and poured out its contents upon his hand. These were an infant’s necklace, curiously combined of coral and gold beads, fastened by a gold clasp, showing the same arms as the purse; and two rings, one a large and magnificent diamond, the other a seal ring of agate, beautifully engraved with the familiar device.

"‘Them was on his hand, and the beads was round your neck,” said Pete, quietly.

"‘On his hand!” repeated Saul, softly, as he looked at the rings with eyes full of tears.

"‘Yes. Then there was the watch and chain.

I kep' them fer years, Saul, boy, an' should 'a kep' 'em till now; but you know the hard winter, when you was ten year old, an' I wor laid up three months with the rheumatiz fever? Then it wor sold."

"Right, father. You could do no less. I am glad, though, you kept the rings he wore, and this necklace. What does this thing mean on the catch? It's just like the picture on the ring; and here again it's worked on the purse."

"That's wot they call a frock—no, a coat-o'-arms. All the big bugs over in England have 'em pictered out on their kerridges and on their silver-ware. I seed lots on 'em when I went to Liverpool in the *Sairy Ann*, fifteen year ago come next July."

"That proves again that he was a gentleman," said Saul to himself, while his face flushed with gratification.

"In course he was, an' so be you, Saul—a gentleman born, leastways—if only we could prove it out."

"With God's help I will prove it, old man—prove it by behaving like a gentleman, at least," said Saul, proudly, as, gathering up his treasures, he carried them away with him to the little loft where he had always slept.

The next morning "Fishing Pete," rising before the dawn, that he might take advantage of the morning tide for his fishing, left the cabin some hours before Saul appeared. Nor was the young man sorry to be thus prevented from meeting his reputed father.

The more he became accustomed to his new ideas of birth and parentage, the more distasteful grew his former life and all connected with it. Between him and Pete there had always been much kindness and indulgence on the one side, filial respect and obedience on the other; but as for great affection, sympathy, or community of feeling, these were rendered impossible by the very opposite natures of the two men; and already Saul had determined that, although Pete's welfare should always be his first care, it would be best for both that in future they should live apart.

Still the young man could not but feel that this determination, however wise, savored of ingratitude to the kind old friend who had protected his infancy, and through whom, indeed, had arisen all his new hopes and schemes; and he was well pleased with an opportunity of arranging his thoughts in solitude before encountering the unconscious object of them.

At twelve Pete had not returned; and Saul, after placing his new treasures in safety, left the cabin and set out for the little wharf near the hotel, where lay his boat, and where he expected to meet Mr. Silsby, his wife, and daughter—a family from New York, who had now for two years summered in this place, and being very fond of the water, had employed Saul as a boatman many scores of times. Wealthy, well-born, and aristocratic, it was true enough, as the young man had bitterly assured his father, that they had never in their thoughts sep-

arated the handsome young man from the boat whose perfect management they had so often admired; or if Violet Silsby had noticed that his dark eyes were wonderfully soft, when at times they met her blue ones, and that his dark hair curled most becomingly around a smooth, white forehead, or that his proud lips and scornful brows seemed ill-suited to his rank, she kept these thoughts most strictly within her own breast, and would probably, had they been brought out and exhibited to her, have most strenuously denied ever having met them before.

It so chanced, however, that when Saul appeared at the wharf the young lady was sauntering on the sands near by, and presently came toward him to inquire the nature of a rare shell she had just picked up.

Saul told her all about it, and then suggested that, as the sun was so hot, she had better sit down in the shade of the sail he had just hoisted, while waiting for her parents.

Miss Silsby complied with the advice, smiling a little haughtily at its freedom. Still, it is very pleasant to the proudest woman to feel herself "taken care of" by an individual of the other sex, who is not at all disagreeable to her, and Violet sat down meekly in the designated spot, and watched Saul as he completed some little arrangements in the forward part of the boat.

"We sha'n't have much more boating this season, I am afraid," said she, at length; "papa's business takes him home very early this year."

"I was going to tell Mr. Silsby when he came down," said Saul, pausing and looking at the young lady, "that I shall not be able to take him out again—perhaps never."

"Why shall you not?" asked Violet, in surprise.

"I am going away from here. I shall start to-morrow, or to-night," said Saul, abruptly.

"But you will be here again next summer?" inquired Miss Silsby; "my father thinks there is no one can manage a boat like you."

"Yes, I can do that well enough; perhaps, though, I can learn to do something else. I am going to try, at all events."

"What, for instance?"

"I don't know. I suppose, Miss Silsby, you can't imagine me away from my boat; I'm to you like the crabs, and the mussels, and the pebbles—part of the sea-shore," returned Saul, with an attempt at a smile.

"I have never seen you away from the sea-shore, to be sure, Mr. Rynders," said Miss Silsby, a little coldly.

"If you ever should see me in another place, and hear me called by another name than Rynders," began Saul, in an agitated voice—but just then Miss Silsby's handkerchief quietly dropped over the stern, and she exclaimed,

"Oh, my handkerchief! See, Mr. Rynders, can't you reach it with an oar? Thank you! Dear, how wet it is! I must go to the house and get another, and see where papa and mamma are that they don't come."

"Stop, Miss Silsby, if you please," said the young boatman, in a manner colder and prouder than any that Violet had ever encountered—"I am going to the house to tell Mr. Silsby that I am ready for his orders, and if you choose to send for a handkerchief, I think you may trust me to deliver the message correctly and bring the property honestly."

"Honestly!" exclaimed Violet, with a laugh; but the young boatman was already gone.

"Hurt in his sensibilities, eh?" soliloquized she, looking after him. "I'm sorry, but really he looked so very much embarrassed I didn't know what might come next. What a figure, and how finely he walks! Oh, if Van Courtlandt only had his face and form, and I might as well add, courage, and coolness, and spirit, and manliness; or if this poor Rynders had Van Courtlandt's rank, and birth, and fortune—"

Violet didn't finish her sentence, but fell into a fit of bitter musing upon the one subject where she and her indulgent parents disagreed—her acceptance of the wealthy Mr. Van Courtlandt.

In about ten minutes Mr. and Mrs. Silsby appeared, preceded by Saul, who, as he stood aside to allow them to enter the boat, said, briefly,

"I delivered your message, Miss Silsby."

"Thank you, Mr. Rynders," said Violet, kindly; but although Saul was obliged to sit close beside her in order to steer the boat, he neither looked at her nor vouchsafed more than the briefest answers to her various flattering references to his skill and experience in maritime matters: and even when she wanted to steer, and so prettily appealed to the young boatman for instruction, it was given, and the rudder placed in her hand, or from time to time resumed, as the exigencies of the boat required, all with the same formal respect and cold civility characterizing his conduct to her haughty mother.

Only as they disembarked, and Saul handed Violet from the boat after her father and mother, his fingers slightly closed around hers, his dark eyes met her blue ones as he said, in a low tone,

"Good-by, then, Miss Silsby, forever."

"Good-by, till we meet again, Mr. Rynders," said Violet, as she hastily withdrew her hand and followed her father and mother to the house, vexed to feel the blood burning in her cheeks, vexed to think she had spoken even that word of encouragement, most vexed of all to think that she should see Saul Rynders no more.

II.

On returning to the cabin Saul was somewhat surprised to find that Pete had not reached home. But as it was no very unusual thing for the old fisherman to stay out all day, and even into the night, the young man was not at all alarmed, and, after writing on a slip of paper that he should not be back for some days, he put it in a conspicuous situation, took a hasty lunch of such food as the house afforded, and set out upon his contemplated journey.

Four-and-twenty hours after find Saul seated in the porch of the little public house of Clam

Cove, busily engaged in talk with a white-headed gossiping old patriarch, who was glad to exchange whatever information he might possess interesting to the young traveler for a mug of the landlord's honest old cider.

"Yes, yes," said he, "I mind that wrack well enow. It were a powerful hard blow, sure that night, and ourn wern't the on'y place 'longshore w're the folks was the richer fer that night's work. Times ain't as they used to was. That's—w'y, that's a'most five-an'-twenty year ago, that are."

"But the people—wasn't *one* saved out of the brig?" asked Saul, almost pleadingly.

"Nary one, young man, 'less it wor—fac' I donno but it wor out'n that wrack ole Dolly come here."

"Dolly? That's a woman's name," said Saul, with an accent of disappointment.

"Yes, Dolly's a woman's name sure enough, but this air Dolly wa'n't a woman for all that," retorted the old fellow with a wheezing chuckle. "It wor a nigger man."

"Named Dolly?"

"Yes, leastways that's wot he got to be called. He wor a furriner you see, come from the West Injies, and couldn' talk no English, an' w'en we tried to git at his name he called it Olly Dolly as near's we could make out. So Olly Dolly it wor, till in the course o' time it got cut down to Dolly, an' then Dolly it wor till the day of his death."

"Dead! Is he dead?"

"In course he is, young man. He worn't no chicken w'en he come here, an' that's five-an'-twenty year ago I tell you. He died much as ten year ago, Dolly did."

"Where did he live?"

"Off there in the pine barrens, 'bout a mild. There was a hut then sot up by the tar-makers, an' he lived in that, an' worked by spells fer them. Arter they left these parts he used to scratch along how he could, come down here an' do little jobs o' work onst in a while, but mostly he'd go hazin' up an' down shore, a talkin' to hisself an' peekin' roun' into all the holes an' corners among the rocks. He alluz acted like a man that's lost summat as was better nor gold to him, that poor nig did."

"And didn't he ever tell what?"

"How do you suppose he wor a goin' fer to tell, w'en he couldn' talk no English, young man?" asked the patriarch, indignantly.

"But didn't he learn English?" asked Saul.

"Nothin' to signify. He wor a queer chap—didn't seem to care nothin' fer nobody—didn't come amongst folks enough to larn if he'd ever so good a mind to, an' I alluz mistrusted he didn't want to larn. He couldn't abear to be talked to much even by signals, an' ef so be any one sot out to converse wi' him, he'd scuttle off to the beach, faster'n ever you see a turkle make tracks w'en the tide wor goin' out. Another curus thin' about him wor this: the tide, yer know, will by times bring up the bones of drowned men, an' lay 'em on the beach, jest as

a dog brings up a stick out'n the water an' puts it at his master's feet. Well, from the fust day I riccolect Dolly till the day he died, he wor alluz on the look-out for them bones, an' w'en he foun' 'em, he'd wrap 'em up in cloth or in paper or in sea-weed, jest as he could get it, an' kirry 'em to a hole he'd dug in the grave-yard up yonder. Fust an' last, he must 'a buried bushels on 'em, an' wot he did it for, is more nor he ever told to livin' man. We sot it down fin'ly that he wor crazed."

"Most likely he had friends in the brig that brought him here, and thinking they were drowned, he gathered all the bones he found, hoping theirs were among them. Good old man!" said Saul, softly, for the devotion of the faithful creature, whom he had already decided to have been his father's servant, touched the heart of the young man.

"Mabbe so, mabbe so; but I rather consait he was cracked, an' couldn't a told wot he did it for ef he'd a ben asked," rejoined the obstinate narrator.

"Can you tell me the bearings of the hut where he lived? I should like to see it. I had friends myself in that brig, and if Dolly had lived he could most likely have told me about them. At any rate, I should like to see where he lived."

"Well, young man, that's wot I call romantic, I mus say," replied the patriarch, with a contemptuous smile. "But ef you've a mind to walk a good mild fer the sake o' looking at the four walls and a ruff of an old nigger cabin, w'y it's easy enuf findin' the way. You've on'y to keep that 'ere road till you come to a ole cart track leadin' off to the right inter the woods, an' arter you've kep that a w'ile you'll come to a clearin' of an acre or so an' the cabin sot right in the middle on't."

"Thank you, grandsire. I believe I'll goright along. There's time enough before sunset."

"Much as ever, an' you'd better see that you don't git caught there arter sundown," called the old man earnestly, as the traveler stepped off the porch, and began to move toward the woods.

"Why so?" asked he, turning and looking back with some curiosity.

"Well, there's curus things ben seen by times in them woods; and there's them as says old Dolly comes back reg'lar every night, an' sets on his door-stone, from dusk till daylight, a waitin' an' a watchin', jest as he use to wait an' watch when he was alive."

"I only wish he'd come while I am there. I believe I'll stop all night and see if he won't," returned Saul, half in jest and half in earnest, as he walked briskly away.

The day was a hot one, the pine-woods close and sultry; but Saul, his mind preoccupied with the maze of new ideas, hopes, and aspirations that had so suddenly enveloped him, hurried along, paying only so much heed to the outer world as enabled him to find the way, and arrived at the lonely clearing while the sun was yet an hour high.

The little cabin looked indeed desolate enough. The door hanging by the upper hinge stood half open, the window shutters had been torn from their hinges by some mischievous marauder, leaving the apertures they had closed staring blankly, like the empty eye-sockets of a blind man. Such humble furniture as had served old Dolly's need still remained, it is true, but in such a state of decay and confusion as made the place more desolate than empty space.

Saul stood for a while leaning his arms upon the edge of a window space, examining the interior. Then pushing open the gaping door, he entered and seated himself on the rude bench beside the hearth, where probably the old negro had sat and watched away many a lonely winter hour during his weary waiting years.

A lizard glided from the hearth, where he had basked in the sun shining through the roof all day, and disappeared in the chinks of the chimney.

Saul watched him, half wondering if so was not embodied old Dolly's spirit still watching over the trust committed to him by his dead master—still waiting for that master or his child to relieve him of it; for Saul had, after much reflection, concluded that the African, being either a slave or free servant of his father, had accompanied him from one of the West Indian Islands—perhaps Hayti—during the revolution by which the blacks of that island freed themselves, and slaughtered the white inhabitants. That for secrecy or safety the funds which were to support them in exile were confided to the charge of a negro, and that he would probably, in prospect of shipwreck, have secured his charge about his person, and thus bring it safely ashore. In the garrulous old fisherman's account of Dolly's subsequent life the young man thought to perceive not only the uneasy longing of an attached dependent, separated from the master whom he loved, but an earnest desire to restore to its rightful owner the wealth of which he was custodian. His obstinate choice of a lonely and companionless life, too, so peculiar in a negro, was attributed by Saul to the possession of an important secret, of which he was determined neither to be beguiled nor surprised.

The question of identity alone remained, and this to the young boatman's mind was sufficiently proved by the time, the coincidence of the old man's story with that of "Fishing Pete," and the extreme probability that the whimsical title of Olly Dolly was a corruption of Oliver—the name on which his father had in his dying hour so earnestly and repeatedly called.

It was therefore not merely a sentimental journey of Saul's into the sultry pine-woods that August afternoon; he had strong hopes of finding in or about the deserted cabin some hidden deposit left by the old servant, which should not only give him proof as to his name and parentage, but supply him with means of resuming the position whence he did not doubt accident had depressed him.

Sanguine as his hopes had been, Saul's first

sensation on examining the interior of the cabin was one of bitter disappointment. Certainly nothing could look less like a treasure-house.

The walls, made of pine slabs nailed upon a frame of small timbers, were unfinished within, as was the low roof—evidently no hiding-place could be found there. The floor was a few boards loosely laid upon the sandy earth.

The chimney, naked and unplastered, was but of the thickness of a single brick; the hearth, that was of brick also (probably brought from a distance by the tar-makers): it was possible that something might be hidden beneath it.

A few moments sufficed for the active young man to remove the bricks, and, seizing an old shovel standing in the corner of the hut, he commenced digging.

The sun went down, and thick, sultry gloom gathered in the murky woods, and crowded into the lonely cabin. Still Saul dug on, until he had excavated nearly the whole interior of the place, and could no longer pile at the sides the sand he dug out of the middle. Still, with obstinate zeal he wrought until the dusk had become dark, and he could no longer have seen the treasure had he chanced upon it. Then reluctantly he rested, and scrambled out of the pit, now nearly as deep as he was tall.

As he did so, the shifting sand slid out from beneath the chimney, and after a momentary pause the unsupported structure gave way, and came rattling down, a confused mass of bricks, mortar, and rubbish, filling the air with dust, and nearly overwhelming Saul.

Almost before it had fallen, however, he was back among the ruins, groping in the rubbish, vainly hoping to discover what he sought in the confusion. Nothing rewarded his search, and the darkness deepened into night. With a weary sigh Saul left the hut, and stretching himself upon the warm sand without the door, laid his head upon his arm, and, soothed by the murmurs of the night-breeze in the pines, fell immediately to sleep.

Exhausted by the heat and his active exertions through the day, his rest for several hours was profound and dreamless. But after midnight the active mind of the young man resumed its supremacy, and the stars, watching him, might read in the changing hues and shadows of his upturned face, that though the body slept, the soul had waked its handmaidens Memory and Fancy, who at her bidding rehearsed, in living pictures, what had been, and what yet might be.

The dreamer saw his father stretched upon the cold sea-sand, bruised and dying. He saw himself an infant, and yet intelligently conscious of what passed. Suddenly, peering about among the rocks, appeared the stooping figure of an aged negro, whom he, the infant, recognized as Oliver, but who remained apparently invisible to his father and to Pete. Neither did Oliver appear to see the group beneath the rock, though he passed close beside and before them, and so out of sight, sighing wearily as still he searched among the rocks.

Then the scene suddenly changed, and he found himself approaching the lonely cabin in the pine-woods.

The intense light of a full moon rendered every object visible in its minutest detail, and by it he perceived the same old negro, sitting cross-legged upon his own door-stone, hugging close to his breast a packet of uncertain shape and size, whose safety he seemed to guard with jealous care.

As Saul in his dream advanced into the clearing, he was perceived by the negro, who starting to his feet with frantic demonstrations of delight, held out his packet at arm's-length toward the young man, speaking rapidly the while in an unknown tongue.

Springing forward to receive it, Saul awoke, and started to his feet.

The young moon had set, but the stars were bright and thick in the clear heaven. The low night-wind sobbed and moaned among the pines, bearing in its voice the lament of each imprisoned Dryad. Around the little clearing stood the forest and the shadows, a dense wall of darkness. In its midst the lonely and deserted hut, inhabited but by the memory of that faithful servant whose life of self-abnegation and watchful fidelity carried him above his kind, and placed him on a level with those generous brutes to whom man in his arrogance denies a soul, though he owes to them, again and again, the preservation of his own life.

Saul looked anxiously about him. More than we have told he could not see, and lying again upon the sand, now damp with night-dews, he composed himself to sleep.

Again he dreamed. Again he saw the hut in the woods beneath a brilliant moon; and as he looked old Oliver, tottering, feeble, dying, crawled from the house, and looking once wildly around at sky and woods and earth, as if with his latest powers summoning the master who had given him a trust to again receive it, he sank upon the sand, and with his head and arms reclined upon the door-stone, slept or died. Irresistibly Saul found himself drawn toward the prostrate body, until, standing close beside it, he saw that, clasped in the dead arms, and pillowing the dead face, lay the mysterious packet. He tried gently to withdraw it; but the dead man waked, and with a hollow cry snatched at it, and Saul awoke.

Trembling, and bathed in sweat, he sat upright, and looked toward the house, fancying, so strong was the illusion, that he should indeed perceive the corpse of Oliver.

By the starlight he could plainly distinguish the vacant door-stone, and a new thought suddenly shot athwart his mind.

"The door-stone!" said Saul, rising and going toward it. By the faint light, and by the touch, he found it a large irregular block of granite, such as he had noticed upon the shore about the little hamlet, and indeed it had probably been brought from thence by the builders of the cabin. It was not set in masonry, simply

laid before the door; it could easily be removed and replaced by the exertions of a powerful man. Altogether it was a very probable hiding-place for the treasure of which Oliver had charge; and till the first dawn should give him light for his search, Saul paced impatiently up and down the little area, the blood tingling in his strong arms, his eyes fixed now on the dim outline of the rock, now on the eastern sky.

One hour passed, then another, and then a low bird-chirp heralded the dawn; the stars grew pale and faint, trembled, and disappeared; a gray light began to chase the shadows from beneath the pines, and Saul eagerly commenced his labor.

The first point was to remove the door-stone, and this the young man found a far more formidable labor than he had anticipated. In fact, it was only by the resolute exertion of all his young lion-strength that he could raise the stone even a few inches; and when he had it securely propped in that position, and paused for breath, he was half-inclined to abandon the attempt as useless, for if he found the task thus arduous, what must it have been to the aged and infirm negro?

"Possible or impossible, I'll look at least," muttered Saul, doggedly, as he wiped his brow and recommenced his labor; but the sun had risen before, aided by lever and props, the young man had raised the rock to a perpendicular position, and then with a vigorous shove laid it reversed upon the earth.

To extricate the shovel from the *débris* of the chimney was another half hour's work, and then Saul commenced digging the little spot of earth uncovered by the stone.

With rapid motion one shovelful of earth after another was thrown out until the little area had been excavated to a depth of several feet. Still no discovery, and with a bitter malediction Saul threw down his shovel, and struck his clenched hand upon his brow.

Even in that, his first moment of despair, the eyes of the young man fell upon a small corner of sail-cloth projecting from the *side* of the pit he had formed, about half-way between its top and bottom.

Drawing a quick, sobbing breath, he fell upon it, and with his bare hands scraped and dug away the sand around it, muttering as he did so,

"Fool! I might have known he couldn't move that great rock. He dug down close beside it, as I might have done an hour ago. Now!"

The package—a square parcel neatly enveloped in sail-cloth, tied securely with many feet of small rope—was in his grasp; and climbing out of the pit, Saul sat down upon the sand, turning his prize over and over in his hands with that dim sense of disappointment, the ever-constant companion of fruition.

"Perhaps it's nothing valuable after all," thought he, and laid it aside upon the grass while he filled up the hole he had just digged, unwilling that his researches should be surmised by the inhabitants of the village.

With the door-stone he did not attempt to meddle, nor with the ruins within; and after replacing the earth last thrown out, and smoothing its surface, he resumed the coat he had laid aside, and was ready to depart.

"Now we will see," said Saul, lifting the neglected packet from the earth and carrying it with him to a seat within the edge of the wood, the work probably of Oliver's hands.

Deliberately untying every one of the many knots, Saul slowly unwound the cord, and carefully coiled it upon the ground beside him, then as slowly lifted fold after fold of the sail-cloth. The last was raised, and showed, first, an inner envelope of oiled silk closely tied, which, being unfolded, disclosed a large bag of crimson velvet, the sides embroidered with the same device already seen upon the purse, the clasp, and the ring, the top closely gathered and sealed with wax, bearing the same impression. Thoroughly roused from his apathy, Saul cut and tore away the wax, severed the string, and with cold and trembling hands poured the contents of the bag upon the sand beside him.

Saul had never read about Aladdin's cave; had never vexed his fancy with impossible visions of wealth; had, in fact, never educated himself to that point of expectation beneath which all reality must fail; so that the treasure-heap from whose surfaces the rays of sunlight now flashed back into his eyes overwhelmed him as a glittering impossibility.

It was not till he had timidly raised the costly gems, the diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, and examined the varied forms of their setting; had recognized these as bracelets, those as pins or rings or necklaces, such in form as he had seen worn by the ladies at the hotel; till he had filled his hands with unset gems, even more radiant than those clasped in gold; till he had heaped up in a separate mass more golden doubloons than he had ever possessed pennies, that the young fisherman began to realize his wealth.

Then indeed joy mounted to his brain, and he grew delirious with delight. Throwing himself upon the sand, he laughed, he cried, he gathered his treasure in one sparkling heap, and laid his cheek lovingly upon it; then flinging handfuls of rarest gems into the clear air, he laughed aloud to see them drop around him, making the morning brighter with their flashing radiance.

Then, prompted by a new fear, he gathered them again, looking greedily far and wide, lest one should have strayed from its fellows.

Yet do not think this was a sordid love of wealth—a vulgar desire for riches and self-aggrandizement, on the part of our poor Saul! Listen to him:

"Here is station, here is happiness, here is Violet!" whispers he, as he hoards his gems with anxious care.

About to replace the treasure in the velvet bag, Saul discovered a folded parchment adhering to its inner surface. Withdrawing it, he

hastily opened, and with some difficulty read its contents after this wise :

"I, Count Diego d'Olivarez, hidalgo and noble of Spain, lately emigrated to the island of San Domingo, having been warned by my attached and faithful slave, Oliver, that an extensive insurrection was contemplated by the blacks in every portion of the island, have resolved to fly to the States of America, carrying with me my only child, Enrico, an infant of two years ; Oliver, my body servant ; and that large part of my wealth brought by me from Spain in gold and gems, and not yet converted into real estate.

"I transcribe this paper into the English, French, and Spanish tongues, that if Fate or Disease should prevent my establishing my child securely in a new home, whatever Christian who may find this may be enabled to fulfill my most solemn bequests.

"I give to my son Enrico (who, besides pronouncing his name in an intelligible manner, wears ever upon his neck a curious chain bearing upon its clasp the arms of Olivarez), firstly, the property inclosed with this paper ; secondly, my estates and hereditary castle in Spain, left by me in charge of my good cousin, Don Carlos d'Olivarez, of Salamanca, who I doubt not will prove a true and faithful steward of my son's interest, should I be unable to return with him to Spain.

"I also charge my son—and, through him, whatever stranger may assume his guardianship—to see that the slave Oliver receives his immediate freedom, and through life so much of my property as shall be needed to maintain him in comfort ; and I recommend his happiness to my son's consideration.

"Warned by Oliver that the hour of flight is at hand, I end this memorandum by signing myself, by the grace of God,
DIEGO, COUNT D'OLIVAREZ."

"Count d'Olivarez !" murmured Saul, as he carefully refolded the paper. "Yes, the old slave no doubt called himself Oliver d'Olivarez, and from that they made the absurd name of Olly Dolly, borne by him to his death. Poor slave ! unhappy father !"

A few hours after Saul left the pine-woods, bearing with him the parcel carefully enveloped as he had found it in sail-cloth ; and avoiding the hamlet of Clam Cove, commenced his long walk homeward.

He had determined to see Pete again, and without confiding wholly in his discretion, to tell him some portion of his discovery, placing in his hands so much of his gold as should make the old man comfortable for life.

It was after midnight when Saul approached his former home, and he was considerably surprised at seeing the windows of the lower room dimly lighted, as he knew that old Pete was in the habit of sleeping and waking with the sun.

Raising the latch he stepped quietly in, and then staggered back against the wall, shocked to his inmost soul.

Stretched in his rude coffin, upon a table in the centre of the room, lay the kind old man who had fathered the orphan Count of Olivarez with rude but watchful care. Dead ; and Saul had not been there to give him one poor good-bye ! Dead ; and the many impatient words, the many rebellious and contemptuous thoughts that had of latter years crept out from the young man's heart, and built a wall of separation between them, came crowding back, bringing their labor in their hands, until that heart was fit to burst ; and Saul, leaning his stately head upon the poor pine-coffin, wept as those weep who learn for the first time the bitterness of "Nevermore."

III.

"Not go ! Certainly you must go, my dear. It will be by far the finest party of the season, I have no doubt. Mrs. Dubuque makes a point of outdoing every one else in her entertainments, and always contrives to find a lion or two for attractions. To-night it's this fascinating Spanish Count ; Mrs. Herkimer was here yesterday morning, and told me all about him. He was brought up in this country—at school, I believe ; or his father was an *émigré* ; at any rate, he talks English as well as you do, and isn't a bit queer and foreign in his ways—only with that somewhat stately and ceremonious politeness one looks for in a Spaniard. And so he's been for the last two years in Spain, looking after his estates. There's been some trouble about them—a lawsuit, I believe, or something. However, it's all right now ; and he's got a castle and a splendid estate there in Spain, and no one knows how much money besides ; but he's left all and come back here, people *do* say, to find a wife."

"Why didn't he go to Constantinople ? 'Tisn't quite so much trouble to buy them there," murmured Violet Silsby.

"Pshaw ! my dear, you're absolutely getting misanthropic—no surer sign of old maidism than that ! And now you're absolutely off with Van Courtlandt, you may be sure Mary Seaver won't give him up if you cry your eyes out."

"She's entirely welcome ; and my eyes are very safe," interposed Violet, a little peevishly.

"I dare say, my dear ; but people *will* talk. It was only yesterday that Mrs. Herkimer hinted to me that people thought you were considerably disappointed about him after all."

"Insolence !"

"The way of the world, Violet ! A girl can't be the belle you have been—and may still be, if you choose—without making enemies. But it really is getting time to look about one a little. You are three-and-twenty on your next birthday, Violet."

"I know it, Ma'am."

"Well, at five-and-twenty a girl is at the first corner toward old maidenhood."

"You frighten me, mamma ! What's to be done ?" cried Violet, arching her dark eyebrows and drawing down the corners of her pretty mouth.

"I'm glad you begin to see the matter properly, my dear," said Mrs. Silsby, who never took a joke. The first thing to be done is to go to Mrs. Dubuque's to-night. There you'll see this Count d'Olivarez, and—"

"I must go and talk to Fanny about my dress this very moment !" cried Violet, escaping from the room.

So skillfully did Mrs. Silsby manage her little scheme that before she, her husband, and daughter had been half an hour in Mrs. Dubuque's crowded drawing-rooms, Mr. Silsby had been introduced to the Spanish Count, and had, in turn, presented him to his wife and Violet.

The young nobleman bowed profoundly, spoke

a few polite sentences to Mrs. Silsby, and then, offering his hand to the younger lady, requested her to join him in the waltz just commenced. In speaking her acceptance Violet raised her eyes—they met those of the stranger. Trembling slightly and turning a shade paler than her wont, she stepped forward and laid her hand in his.

Time is not hours or minutes. A life was lived before Enrico D'Olivarez and Violet Silsby paused at the open doors of the conservatory.

"Will you look at the flowers?" asked the Count, quietly.

Violet could not answer, but she laid her hand upon his proffered arm.

They walked slowly down the fragrant alley, and paused before a marble Psyche, shading the light from the face of sleeping Love.

"I was going to ask," commenced the Count, abruptly, "if, should you meet me in another scene, and wearing another name than that of Rynders, you would deign to remember me. I see that you do."

"I remember—I have been expecting you. You know I bid you only an *au revoir* when we parted last," murmured the self-possessed Miss Silsby, vainly struggling for composure.

"Those few words changed my destiny," said the Count, still stately and composed, though the fervor of his mood began to kindle his dark eyes, and glow beneath the olive of his cheek. "Had they remained unspoken I had not been here."

He paused, but Violet was mute.

"It was not needed then—your abrupt repulse," began the Count again, his voice deepening as he spoke; "I, the poor boatman, was too proud to tell my master's daughter that I loved her. It was not needed."

"Forgive the mistake; I did not know you then," murmured Violet. Don Enrico bowed profoundly, but continued, without direct reply:

"But now, lady, now that I am in very truth a noble of Spain, with an unblemished name and a sufficient fortune in my hand—now that my castle beside the Guadalquivir waits for its mistress as my heart has waited through these many years—now, Violet, I may say what no power could then have made me say—I love you."

Violet's lips moved, but no words came; she raised her eyes to those of her lover and placed her hand in his.

"Why, Violet, child, what's this?" cried Mrs. Silsby, bustling into her daughter's boudoir late in the ensuing day.

"What, mamma?" asked Violet, tremulously.

"Why, your father tells me that Count D'Olivarez has been with him half the morning, and that he has absolutely offered for you, and says that he has hopes of your consent. What does it all mean?"

"Why, mamma," returned the daughter, meekly, "I was so terrified by what you was saying yesterday about five-and-twenty, you know, that I thought it best to be married out of hand; and

as Count D'Olivarez seemed quite ready to accept me—"

"Don't tell me, Violet Silsby, that you asked the man to marry you!" exclaimed the indignant matron.

"No, mamma; but he asked me, and I said yes," replied her daughter.

And Mrs. Silsby never knew that she had frequently met the Count D'Olivarez as Saul Rynders the boatman; for Mr. Silsby had learned that it was not always best to tell his wife every thing, and Violet could not bear to diminish, in ever so slight a degree, her mother's satisfaction in her daughter's splendid marriage.

"Shall not you miss Violet terribly?" asked Mrs. Herkimer, at the wedding breakfast.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Silsby, straightening herself up; "but the Count and Countess D'Olivarez are unable longer to be absent from their estates in Spain."

NIGHT REVELERS.

"Joyful be those
Who breathe in the rosy light."

SCHILLER.

HOW few behold or estimate the beauties of the night! Day, with its multitudinous sounds and enlivening rays of lightsome beauty, seems all-sufficient for the joys of man in his existence. The astronomer, indeed, in his aerial tower, looks abroad upon an infinity which lifts him far above our common mundane sphere; and gazing on the wonders of heaven, earth looks insignificant—a world of reflected light too low for him to ponder over.

Others, weary with the toils of the day, find Night a loving mother, soothing and comforting them to rest, spreading her arms around them to give them strength for the toils of the morrow. But others again look upon night as a time when Nature displays her greatest wonders; that time which the Maker of all things has adorned with His most marvelous works. Day has nothing comparable with the loveliness, the inexhaustible beauty which the stars and the moon look down upon. The sweetest, brightest, most charming flowers unfold themselves in darkness, throwing out their exquisite perfumes upon the night, lading it so heavily that it falls in sweet vapor to the earth. The birds that sing the sweetest are all night-watchers, telling their tales of love or joy to the stars and the flowers. The rarest and most beautiful animals of the forest and the desert are roamers and revelers under the dark curtain of night. In the insect world the intimation is borne out in all its fullness and beauty. The night insects far surpass those of the day in every concomitant of beauty, and many of them are never seen until the earth is shrouded in her dark mantle. How beneficent in the All-seeing Creator to make the night equal in the light of beauty with the day! That which might chill and frighten man from its sombreness and density is found, when his eyes become accustomed to the gloom, as radiant in its own light and beauty as the garish day he loves so well. That

"Which from beauty takes its dress,
And serene through time and season,
Stands for aye in loveliness,"

must to the observant eye and reflecting mind
bring visions of ecstatic delight.

Then, again, there is a feeling of mystery, of awe, which, argue as we may, will cling to this beauty of night. We can not refrain from asking ourselves if it is not alone for the solace and admiration of the host of invisible beings that so much loveliness is on the wing, is blooming around.

Man—too weary to see, to feel, to enjoy—seeks his repose; and none but the sad and lonely, those watchers whose destiny it is to find day and night the same, who ask

"With such emotion
How the night so lonesome is,"

have it given to them to behold all that walketh and flieth abroad in the beauty of the night. And from them oftentimes the comfort and the repose which sorrow or sickness forbid are evolved to render the anguish of existence at least more tolerable. The happy can always sleep, but wakefulness is the companion of sorrow; and what utter darkness it would be to those if night had no light of beauty, no tale of wonder and loveliness to unfold!

"Thus it fell upon a night
When there was naught but starry light,"

I looked out through the darkness down upon the glancing waters; over the hills whose brows were drawn sharp against the starry sky; where rocks piled upon each other looked like masses of density which no light of moss or lichen could irradiate. The dark hemlocks hung upon their sides, unrelieved by gayer trees; the grass itself gave forth no shimmer of blade or spear as it waved with the soft night air, and darkness seemed almost sensible to the touch.

But I looked nearer, and there was light and sound. The insect world was all alive. Musical voices were full of love or joy or greeting. The buzz or drone of the beetle was in the air; the long swell and flap of the night-moth was heavy as it passed by; the brisk flight and dash of the dragon-fly glanced over the shimmering of the swiftly-running river. But, above all,

"Like wingèd stars the fire-flies flash and dance
Pale in the open moonshine, but each one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun—
A meteor tamed—a fix'd star gone astray
From the silver regions of the Milky-way."

Night's mantle was radiant with these glowing gems. I tried to count them, but a blaze here hid another there, and they appeared to multiply as the hours grew older. How wonderful it all was! how marvelously mysterious this beauty of the solemn night! Man and his various voices and noises were stilled, and yet such a world of sounds breaking in waves upon the golden shore of Silence! I gazed and listened, and wandered away in thought to that land beyond the stars; and then the sight dwelling upon those glancing lights brought me to earth again, and the works of His hands were

more marvelous in their reality than all that imagination had been conjuring up during these lonely hours.

Let me now, for your amusement, recall the results of a night's meditation, enhanced by many others of study and watchfulness; and if in after-times it should be your lot to be a watcher of the night, these few facts may show you the beauty and the mystery which will be your silent companions; that you may welcome them and know them, and feel that the hours of darkness, if used aright, will bear fruit of an abundant harvest, which will add more light to the light of the day, illuminating life itself with visions of truth and wisdom.

There probably has been no insect which has "exercised" the minds of entomologists and others so much as the fire-fly, or lightning-bug, as it is called. But we must understand which we are discussing in the outset. There are many insects that have luminous properties at different stages of their existence; but I do not propose to describe any of them except the beetle—the lightning-bug of our familiar intercourse during the pleasant summer months. The far-famed European *Lampyrus noctilucus*—"Glow-worm"—whose light has illuminated the pages of so many of the poets in metaphor and strophe, we do not possess; but we have varieties among the mountainous parts of the Middle States quite as bright and radiant.

We have before us now the "Fire-fly"—the *Elater communis noctilucus*—"Universal Fire-Beetle." This is no fly but a beetle, belonging to the order *Coleoptera*, the family *Elateridae*, the genus *Pyrophorus*. It differs from many luminous insects, the light being constant in both sexes. This beetle belongs entirely to all plants of the melon, gourd, cucumber, and squash family; in a word, the whole class of *Cucurbitacæ* have them in attendance in every stage. You must not conclude that you see the same "fire-fly" every season. I have satisfied myself that they remain different periods—some two, three, and four years—in the larva state. The *Elater communis* is so called by me, not that it is common, but because it is universal, appearing at times, alternately, at the extreme east, west, and south, two years intervening in its appearing. It is in dry seasons a tolerably sized, plain, brilliantly-lighted beetle. The foundation color is a tawny yellow, but so dotted and lined with a greenish black that it is eventually a dark beetle. The thorax is a piece of horn yellow; and doubled around the edges, between the two pieces of horn on the under side, is a singular vine-like pattern resembling leaves, tendrils, and branches, which is very pretty under the magnifier, but too minute to be represented. I have never seen this peculiarity in any other. The two white spots are firm, strong, opaque, pinkish shaded horn; the whole of the thorax is a mass of tile-like projections, from each of which springs a long transparent yellow hair. The part of this thorax under the shield is a horny substance with black tubercles. This is the result dissection proves

when freshly performed. The opinion entertained that light is thrown *through* these is, in all I have dissected, simply impossible; but light thrown *from* them by reflection is the truth of the matter. I can not answer for the *cucujo* of Cuba. I have never taken the time to dissect this variety; as it is so similar to the *Communis*, I feel assured I should find no difference.

But the *cause* of the light: It is thought to be a most mysterious existence. Some have supposed it to be phosphorus; others "a chemical electricity;" some that it is really fire-heat. But these are all conjectures. I have devoted much time to the plants on which they feed, which, upon analysis, produce much sulphur in root, leaf, flower, and fruit. This family of plants draws from the earth this chemical affinity so powerfully that, unless renewed by manure, two years exhaust the soil where any of them are grown. We may conclude that the food these insects exist upon, through the chemical preparation of the digestion, yields a mucus which is sulphuric in all its properties. The light in the abdomen commences where the second stomach ends, having four or six long tubes running from the gullet to the extremity of the body. They have at the sockets of the wing-covers two holes, each covered with a small horny plate, which lift up when the wings are expanded, and the air by their motion passes into the body through these tubes, and the oxygen of the air coming in contact with this sulphuric gas causes the illumination which is so vivid to the eye.

Let us bear in mind that all bodies become visible only by *reflecting* the rays of light. Therefore to comprehend this phenomenon we must conceive that the rays of light proceed in all directions from every visible point of its body: thus we have the illumination of the whole light of the abdomen reflected from every part of its body; the yellow horny edge round the thorax, the pinkish elevated spots on the same, the hundreds of yellow transparent hairs, the opaque yellow elytra or wing-covers, all reflecting the vivid light thrown off by the expansion of the wings from the last segments of the body. Then again the under-wings are large and expansive, resembling a thin piece of black silk, so very unreflecting that to represent one on paper you would simply see a large blot. Near the sockets the nervures and several cells become somewhat lighter. These dense wings, being extended on either side of the abdomen, prevent the rays of light from escaping, and cause the brilliant starry scintillations which reach our eyes. Of course there must be many internal arrangements of the insect during life helping to increase or diminish this light, which cease to exist the instant the activity of life, is gone. You can convince yourself of all which is here stated by obtaining the beetles and feeding them. In seven days the light can not be illuminated if fed on apple, pear, cake, or other food; then again give them the cucumber, squash, or melon, and it returns, but never so bright as in the open

air—that under the glass being soon exhausted of its illuminating properties. If you cut the under-wings close, you will have no illumination, but the sulphuric light of the mucus remains even until they have been dead some time.

When arranging this paper I reduced a specimen seven years dead to ashes; the mucus, now dried to solid particles, was as bright as when in life, and the ashes yielded not only sulphur in residuum, but an exhalation, as if it had been alive a second before.

To keep them in health it is not sufficient for you to feed them on their natural food—they must have a constant supply of fresh air; their digestion can not go on without it—they soon exhaust all under a glass and die of surfeit. You can remedy this in a great measure by rinsing a glass jar with water four or five times a day and turning it over them wet. They will require much less food and will live longer.

The female beetle has an ovipositor of three pieces—the tube in the centre, and a bristle on either side to protect it. With this ovipositor, if she comes out late in the season, she deposits her eggs in the earth; if sufficiently early, in the cups of the flowers, where the larvæ are hatched early, and descend to the earth during the day, coming out at night to feed. They are, when in motion, a slender tawny worm, with a dark head and tail—strong powerful jaws, six legs, and a pro-leg under the last segment. When at rest, they are short, thick, and cylindrical. They devour the roots, leaves, and flowers. Toward winter they descend into the earth quite deep, and repose coiled up until their food is ready in the spring. When about to transform, it descends two or three inches, and by the action of its body it forms a small cell, very smooth interiorly and exteriorly, where it turns into a light-brown chrysalis, covered on some of its parts with a very thin transparent skin, which is thrown off when the beetle ascends to the surface. The *imago*, as I have said, is a dark beetle, but it becomes very sombre as it grows old. The jaws are very strong, and appear to work cross-wise as with the cross bills (*Loxia*) of birds. The ridges made in the edge of the food prove this, as they never eat from the centre of a thing like other beetles.

The *Elater rosata*—"Rosy Lightning Beetle"—is the fire-beetle of 1857 throughout the States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and in some parts of Upper Georgia. It might have been found in the other States, but I did not ascertain it as a fact. I have not seen it since. The thorax is very transparent at the edges, with lines running down to the centre—the two spots are large, very pink, opaque horn, offering the same results under dissection as the *Communis*. The outside wings are very dark, the terminal edges yellow, legs and antennæ yellowish. They were not so brilliant as the former, and became very scarce in September.

The *Elater minimus*—"the Smallest Lightning Beetle"—belongs to the subgenus *Phausis*, having twelve joints in the antennæ. They were

very numerous in 1854 in Massachusetts, particularly around Mount Holyoke. It was found under the leaves of the melon beds in my garden. The light it threw out was but a spark, very brilliant and rapid—then a pause, sometimes of ten minutes, and it would be seen many yards from its original location. Placed under a glass, it would not scintillate more than once or twice in an hour. The beetle was very dark, and the spots on the thorax were of black horn, which show, in this instance, that they are not placed there for *transmitting* light any more than those on the others. This beetle disappeared entirely by the end of August. The larvæ lived in the buds of the vines—their habits and transformation were similar in every respect to the first.

The famous *Cucujo* of Cuba is inferior to our beetles in beauty and light. After a storm coming from that quarter they are seen in numbers in Florida and Georgia. They are said to feed in the larva state upon the sugar-cane. In the imago state, so far as I have tried them, they prefer the melon and squash. They would not live for me over two days if fed on sugar-cane, whereas they existed for weeks on the other food. There are a number of very pretty stories in print, both in prose and poetry, about the wonderful uses to which the light of these beetles has been applied. Southey says:

“By that light did Madoc first
Behold the features of his lovely bride;”

which could not have been flattered, and must have been of a bright greenish hue, that on the Mexican complexion must have been positively demoniac. Then, again, the natives go to the tops of the hills and call out “*Cucujo, cucujo!*” beating a pan, which brings them, when they are secured and taken to their huts, where they devour mosquitoes, gnats, etc.—a herbivorous beetle becoming carnivorous for the occasion. Again, they frightened Sir Thomas Cavendish and Sir Robert Dudley, on attempting to land somewhere in the West Indies, to that degree they took to their ships, supposing the Spaniards, bearing torches, were coming through the woods upon them. They must have thought, upon reflection, that the torch-bearers were very low of stature, as these beetles seldom fly in a *direct line* more than three feet above the ground. It is said that they have saved many lives, lighting wanderers through the forests. Experience has taught me that it is a very hazardous experiment to follow fire-beetles. They would soon precipitate a person into a river, a marsh, or a swamp. At early dawn they wing their way to the uplands, where they hide in warm, dry places during the day, and make, almost in a direct low line, for damp or marshy places, rivers, or wells, as soon as evening closes in. As for reading by their light, it can be done, but it is a most dangerous experiment, and would eventually end in ruining the eyesight of the individual. This is all on these beetles which my space will allow. It is a pity to attempt to do away with such pretty fables, which have been repeated by every author writing on this subject for the last century; but it

would be a great error on my part, thinking and knowing them to be unsubstantiated by facts, not to state that which I consider strictly and honestly true. There are more than seventy varieties known on this continent, and they certainly add much to the beauty and mystery of our exquisite starry summer evenings.

The *Scarabæus tityus* of Linnæus has half a dozen synonyms. I think it desirable to sustain the name given by the first describer of an insect, as it saves the student a vast deal of research. This is decidedly our largest and handsomest beetle. Many in South America, such as the *Hercules* and others, excel it in size, but not in the delicacy of its shades. It is two inches long exclusive of the horns, and in some specimens these want very little of being an inch long. They are more than an inch wide across the centre of the abdomen. It is of a beautiful bluish-green color, with brown spots over the wing-cases. The abdomen and eyes are of a light brown; the legs and the tips of the horns are a blue-black; the feet of some of them are green. This occurs when they are newly winged. They lose their finest shades after death. Nothing can equal in splendor these creatures scrambling over the trunk of an old fig-tree, toward evening, with the last glow of day glancing along their brilliant wings. The female is smaller than the male, unarmed, but equally gay and beautiful.

Their habitat is the interior of decayed old fruit trees, particularly the fig. The female deposits her eggs in the rich mould of the decayed wood, and on this the larva feeds two years before it comes to maturity. When ready to transform it makes a cell in the mould, gathering on the outside sticks, stems, and shreds of withered leaves. It changes into a very light brown chrysalis. They are found north as far as Philadelphia. Some varieties are said to be brown, with the spots green; but the beetle of this description which I saw was not the *Tityus*. Having the horns ringed at their sockets, and several other scientific differences, induced me to think they were not the same, but circumstances prevented me at the time from ascertaining this as a certainty. It is very harmless and docile, and can be made a very pleasant pet in a room, with a silken thread tied around its jaws to prevent it from hiding away in dark corners. Give it a fresh bouquet to travel over for food every night, and it will live a year or more.

The *Scarabæus maritimus*—“Beetle of the Sea-shore”—is as dark and sombre as its confrère is brilliant and gay. It is very black all over—no shading except where the light falls upon the punctured ridges of the wing-covers. It is two inches long and more than an inch wide. It is found on the lonely sea-coast of the long reach of this continent, as far north as Nantucket, and as far south as the reefs of Florida, wherever the sea casts up the wreck of timber. There it is their mission to be eating, drilling with holes, and reducing to dust the hulls of ships and boats which the mighty

sea has rejected. The keel of an old boat was torn up in one of the coves near Newport, Rhode Island, a few years ago; it was the home of hundreds of the larvæ of this beetle. It was so reduced in solidity by these little creatures that the once heavy wood felt like cork to the touch, and crumbled in the fingers. The larva feeds on the wood, and forms out of its mould and particles of its texture a pupa-case, in which it turns into a black, elaborately-marked chrysalis. The larvæ of this family are very soft whitish grubs, with a dark horny head and tail. The three or four last segments are large and heavy, which causes them to repose with their heads and tails nearly meeting; and in moving the six feet have to drag these last heavy segments, as it grows old reclining on the side. This beetle travels very fast over the sand of the sea-side; and where the line of the highest waves come they can be seen delving with their strong claws until they are entirely covered up. Here they remain until the sea has gone down, and up they scramble and rush away to the fresh sea-weed thrown up by the ocean. Probably some eggs or gelatinous qualities of the sea-weed may constitute their food.

The *Lucanus capreolus*—the "Roe-buck Beetle" of Linnæus—has also a host of synonyms; but we will content ourselves with this cognomen. The horns, or jaws, are not notched or "antlered," as those of the stag-beetle of Europe; nevertheless it is a very fine, active, interesting creature, with its immense jaws, denominated horns, tossing up as it runs nimbly over the trunks of old trees. It measures an inch and a half, exclusive of the jaws. The specimens of the North are not as large as those of the Middle and Southern States. It is of a dark mahogany brown color, allowing the light to pass through, which takes away its sombreness. The legs and jaws are darker in color. The male is smooth, but the female has her head and thorax rough with punctures; her jaws are much smaller and more toothed than those of the male; she is likewise much less in size. She deposits her eggs on the bark of trees—oak, apple, willow, or poplar, she is indifferent which—very near the roots. When hatched, the larva works in beneath the bark into the solid wood of the tree, not eating in runs, but reducing all around it into saw-dust. This work continues six years. You may conjecture what mischief several of them can do to a fine tree in this space of time. The grub resembles that of the *Scarabæus* very closely. It is, however, of a lighter color, and does not appear so shriveled and crinkled into wrinkles as that of the former. When ready to transform it gathers up shreds of wood and saw-dust, rolling and gluing the whole together into an oval pupa, when it changes into a yellowish-white chrysalis; the whole insect being inclosed in a kind of shroud of a filmy texture, as if spun by a spider for the occasion. It is a mystery how it is manufactured, but it is evidently a skin under the covering of the grub which is only exhibited when this is cast off. When ready to

come forth it bursts this covering, then the pupa-case, and forces its way through the passage which it had made in the larva state, and emerges to the warm July sun, for the first and the last time, to dry and expand all its parts. After this "first appearance on the boards" in daylight, it never comes forth until after nightfall during the remainder of its existence. You would conclude that the food consumed must be immense which those huge jaws require; but here you would be in error. These jaws do not eat. Like the antlers of the stag they are simply ornamental and graceful, adding to the charming variety the woods exhibit, enhancing them to those who love them and their many denizens. They are very delicate eaters, and are graciously provided with small brushes attached to their mouths, with which they gather up the pollen of buds and flowers for their delicate repasts.

The *Omaloplia roscidus*—the "Dewy Omaloplia"—is a pretty little beetle belonging to Fabricius's genus *Melolantha*; sub-genus *Phyllophaga*—"leaf-eater." It is quite a rare beetle, feeding upon any of the *rosaceæ* family of plants, but principally on the apple and wild-cherry tree. It is of a light-brown color; when seen in different lights it changes to a rose, pale green, or purplish hue. It has a quantity of silky hairs on the thorax, abdomen, and legs. It feeds only on the leaves. The mother beetle deposits her eggs at the roots of the tree or sapling; when hatched they work down, devouring the young roots and fibres, keeping the tree in that sickly, decaying state which you may have observed in newly-planted orchards. The grub is white, with a dark-brown head and black dots down the back. It is at least three years in the larva state, doing a great deal of injury to the tree it is near and the turf around it. When full grown it is the thickness of a quill. When ready to transform it descends into the earth nearly a foot deep, then rolls itself until a smooth, neat cell is made, which on the exterior is covered with clods and lumps of earth. It is then changed into a pale yellowish chrysalis, its wings, antennæ, and legs wrapped each separately in a thin filmy substance. It bursts this skin a week or more before it works its way to the surface in a perfect state. They are rarely found as far North as New Jersey, but can be seen almost every season in the Middle and Southern States. It is called the "Dewy Beetle," from its always having the silky texture of its body wet, or moist, as if with dew. It is strictly a night rover.

The *Crioceris solanum*—"Potato Beetle"—belongs to any of the *Solanaceæ* family of plants; but is more constantly found on the sweet potato vine, in the Middle and Southern States. They are allied very closely to the family of the Capricorn Beetles, the genus *Criocerididæ*. The principal distinctive mark it has is the *pinched* look of the thorax. This beetle does not appear regularly every year, which is a singularity unaccounted for, unless the larvæ remain in the

ground over two seasons. The head, thorax, antennæ, legs, and abdomen are of a bright metallic green; the wing-cases of a dark dull green deeply punctured. It devours the leaves and buds of the potato vine. The larva is very singular in some of its arrangements. The mother beetle glues her eggs in patches to the leaves; in two or three weeks they are hatched. The grub is yellowish, with a dark head and spots down the segments. It is short, cylindrical, and very thick in the centre. It eats traveling backward, never advancing; every movement is retrograding. It has the vent on the top of the last segment, through which it throws up its excrement, which by the aid of the segments of its body it moves forward to the head. As it increases, when it becomes dry or too heavy, it shakes itself violently, tumbling the load off only to be renewed. The skin of this grub is peculiarly thin, and feeding so exposed to the rays of the moon or stars and the heavy dews, it would soon be chilled and unable to perform its task, besides the danger of exposure to night-birds and other prowlers, which its covering, odd as it is, remedies in a measure. They are sometimes seen eating by daylight, if the vines are thick and the weather cloudy. Its mission seems to be to reduce the over-luxuriance of this prolific family of plants; and here again we see, even in the loathsome act of this little creature, how beautifully it is adapted by the Divine Architect to the situation and duties it has to fill and perform. When ready to transform it descends into the earth, rolling a nice smooth cell, like a pod of some kind of seed, lying very near the surface if not on it. Here it remains the winter months, coming forth as early in spring as its food is ready. It is said to be very injurious to the tobacco plant; but those sent to me as committing so much mischief belonged to the *Halticæ*, or "Flea Beetle," as they are familiarly called.

The *Anobium lignosus*—"Wood Beetle." If to have the power of creating a sensation of any kind in a world like ours be desirable, no one, or any thing, has enjoyed it to its absolute fullness as this same small beetle and its confrères have done. Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," considers it of "great importance;" and adds, "that a man who could eradicate this error from the minds of the people would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous hands of nurses and grandmothers"—and he might have added, of fathers and grandfathers; for superstition belongs alike to both sexes. There are few people above the feeling of being annoyed (to use the mildest term) when they hear, even if they do not believe—

"The solemn death-watch clicks the hour of death."

Dean Swift tried what ridicule would do on the subject. He concludes:

"A kettle of scalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over,
The maggot will die and the sick will recover."

But it will take a force unknown at the present time to physiological science to eradicate the

feeling of terror and apprehension felt by almost every one on hearing this small insect. I confess myself to have been very much annoyed at times by coming in contact with this strange nuisance; but I was cured by an over-application. I went to pay a visit to a friend in the country. The first night I fancied I should have gone mad before morning. The walls of the bedroom were papered, and from them beat, as it were, a thousand watches—tick, tick, tick! Turn which way I would, cover my head under the bed-clothes to suffocation, every pulse in my body had an answering tick, tick, tick. But at last the welcome morning dawned, and early I was down in the library—even here every book, on shelf above shelf, was riotous with tick, tick, tick! At the breakfast table, beneath the plates, cups, and dishes beat the hateful sound. In the parlor, the withdrawing-room, the kitchen, nothing but tick, tick. The house was a huge clock, with thousands of pendulums ticking from morning until night. I was careful not to allow my great discomfort to annoy others. I argued, what they could tolerate surely I could; and in a few days habit had rendered the fearful, dreaded ticking a positive necessity. I make the remedy known for the benefit of others. You must understand I am describing the beetle, not the "wood louse," the *Atropos pulsatorius*. This is a member of a different family—the *Neuroptera*. This beetle belongs to Linnæus's genus *Ptinus*—subgenus *Anobium*. There are many varieties of this beetle possessing the faculty of making this click, but none so continuous as this. It is found all over the country, and is the loudest, although the beetle is very small. It is always found in the larva state in the wood-work of houses, particularly if old or decayed. Old tables, chairs, shelves, every thing will in time become possessed by them. They are likewise ruinous to books, collections of plants, and insects; pictures, and framed engravings—drilling holes and runs through them with their strong jaws. The mother beetle deposits her eggs in a decayed spot, and when hatched they eat in runs through every part where they are located. In the perfect state they are very fond of eating the paste with which paper is put on. When ready to go into a chrysalis state, a pupa-case is made in one of the runs composed of debris and silk, in which it changes to a pale-brown chrysalis, coming out in a few weeks as a brownish-black beetle, deeply punctured on its wing-cases. Many opinions have been given by authors about the manner in which the tick, or click, is made. Some say they strike their heads violently, others their jaws, against the wood. Then again it is done by the segments of the body; and again by their wing-covers. Examine it, and you notice that the head is small, and concealed very nearly by the thorax. There are two small elevations on the back part of the head, and several horny ridges on the under part of the thorax. The head is kept leisurely and regularly moving under the thorax, from right to left, and back. "Tick!" the projections scrape coming forward;

"tick!" returning. So the head moves to and fro like a pendulum, thus—tick, tick—tick, tick—tick, tick—fifteen, sixteen, sometimes twenty strokes; then it pauses for an answer. It is simply a love call. If the companion is near by, it is answered immediately. Then the first renews his tick; and so it progresses. If there are many around, and they have obtained a universal footing in a house, you may hear what I did that terrible night. This is all that can truly be said about the tick of the beetle. It is caused by the *projections of the head drawn against the ridges of the thorax*. But the superstition attending it is universal. Every nation entertains it, as some of the family of beetles who possess this propensity are found in every part of the world. There are ten varieties known in England, and as many more in this country; and if any one took time and patience they might soon be doubled, as this family has met hitherto with very little attention.

I can not refrain—as I have shown you some of the giants of this order—from placing before you two microscopic members. They belong to the club moss, which covers the rocks by the banks of rivers and in damp places, throwing off such superb rays of green to commingle with the browns and the grays of their locality.

The *Sphærosoma splendidus*—"Splendid Spherical Beetle"—is most gorgeous, being of a rich rosy hue, scintillating over a ground color of pearly green.

The *Melasoma ruber*—"Red Melasoma"—is of a most exquisite ruby red, with dark feet, legs, and antennæ. Their food must be the small fronds and rootlets of this pretty moss. In September, if you will carefully take up a patch and examine it with a magnifying glass, you will be amazed to see the variety of charming, exquisitely bright inhabitants it has. These two are very beautiful, but I can tell you no more, for I could with difficulty find either unaided by the glass; so the larvæ and their habits must be inscrutable except from analogy, as there are varieties of the same quite large, and whose economy has been well investigated.

MODERN AUSTRIA.

ON the 1st of March, 1792, Leopold of Austria, a shameless libertine, died, hurried to his grave by profligacy. His son, Francis II., twenty-two years of age, ascended the throne. The French Revolution was then in the dawn of its earlier successes. The Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, was aunt to the young emperor. One of the first acts of the Austrian monarch was to demand of France that the old Bourbon régime should be restored, with all its antiquated usages of despotism. To enforce this demand a large army was marshaled. France indignantly rejected the insolent message, and prepared for defense.

Austria, in alliance with Prussia and England, sent an army of 150,000 men in its march upon Paris. The Duke of Brunswick

was placed in command. He issued a manifesto ordering the French immediately to restore Louis XVI. to his throne, and to punish all those who had advocated constitutional liberty. He also threatened to hang every Frenchman who should lift an arm against him, and to sack and destroy every city where he should encounter any opposition.

France was roused to frenzy. The King, who was conspiring with the allies, was dethroned, imprisoned, and finally executed. The aristocrats, who were prepared with concealed weapons to join the invaders, were massacred. The people having thus protected themselves from an assault in the rear, rushed *en masse* upon the foe, and drove them, broken, bleeding, and breathless, from the kingdom.

Still Austria, dominant in Italy, continued the assault along the Alps. A young and almost unknown general, Napoleon Bonaparte, was intrusted with the command of the French troops on the Italian frontier. His movement was like the sweep of the whirlwind. The Austrians, driven from Piedmont, Sardinia, Lombardy, fled from Italy. The French pursued them over rivers, plains, mountain ranges, pelting them with artillery, and charging them with cavalry, until the pursuers arrived within sight of the steeples of Vienna.

The Austrian capital was now in consternation. The King and his court fled like deer to the wilds of Hungary, at the same time dispatching emissaries to Napoleon imploring peace. It was all France wanted. The treaty of Campo-Formio was the result—a treaty which strengthened France against aggression, by extending her boundaries to the Rhine, and which wrested several provinces in Italy from Austrian despotism, and combined them in the Cisalpine Republic.

Scarcely a year passed away ere Austria entered into another coalition against France. Napoleon was in Egypt. Austria poured her troops into Italy, crushed the infant Republic, and, with immense armies upon the Alps and the Rhine, commenced anew—in coalition with Russia, Turkey, and England—her march upon France. Napoleon suddenly returned. Secretly collecting an army at Dijon, he crossed the Alps, and fell, like the lightning's bolt, upon the Austrians at Marengo, and drove them, utterly routed, from Italy.

Soon after, in a stormy night of December, 1800, General Moreau, with 60,000 Frenchmen, met 70,000 Austrians in the forest of Hohenlinden. A terrible battle ensued. The Austrians, having lost 25,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and 100 pieces of artillery, commenced a precipitate retreat. Moreau pursued them, with incessant assaults upon their rear-guard, until his solid columns were within thirty miles of Vienna. In dismay the Emperor Francis again implored peace. "It is for that alone that we are fighting," Moreau replied. The treaty of Luneville was the result. Again Austria recognized the Rhine as the boundary of France,

and acknowledged the independence of the infant Republics in Italy, consenting that they should adopt such form of government as they preferred.

Four years passed away, when again, in 1805, Austria entered into another coalition against the republican empire of France. In secret treaty with England, Russia, and Sweden, and without any declaration of war, Austria, in combined force with the allies, 500,000 strong, was again on the march for Paris. Napoleon was at that time at Boulogne preparing to assail his implacable British foes on their own island.

Twenty thousand carriages were immediately called into requisition, and with almost the speed of the wind his grand army of 200,000 men was transported from the Channel to the Rhine. In twenty days an Austrian army of 80,000 men was annihilated at Ulm. Without allowing his foes an hour to recover, Napoleon pressed on to Vienna, sweeping the valley of the Danube like a torrent; and in forty days from the time he left Boulogne his army was encamped in the squares of the Austrian capital, and Napoleon was occupying the palaces of the Emperor.

In fourteen days more Napoleon encountered the Austrians and Russians, more than one hundred miles north of Vienna, on the field of Austerlitz. The Emperors Alexander and Francis were at the head of their respective troops. It was the first of December, 1805. In one brief, terrific tempest of war the allied army was destroyed. Alexander, with his shattered bands, retreated toward Russia. The Emperor Francis, having nowhere to retreat to, was hopelessly ruined. Thus humiliated, he sought an interview with his conqueror. The two Emperors met at a camp-fire on the side of a bleak hill, where they were slightly sheltered by a wind-mill.

"I receive you," said Napoleon, "in the only palace I have inhabited for the last two months."

"You have made such good use of that habitation," Francis happily replied, "that it should be agreeable to you."

England wishing to strike Napoleon in the back, had beguiled Austria into this coalition. Francis, exasperated by disaster, opened the interview by saying,

"The English are a nation of shop-keepers. To secure for themselves the commerce of the world they are willing to set the Continent in flames. I hate them."

While in this frame of mind a treaty of peace was easily formed, known in history as the Treaty of Presburg.

Scarcely had the French army, by easy marches, returned to Paris, when the British Government formed a new coalition, in the autumn of 1806, with Russia and Prussia, against France. This led to the world-renowned campaigns of Jena, Auerstadt, and Eylau. Austria had been recently so severely humiliated that she did not venture to join the coalition. But when the French army was in winter-quarters, far away on the banks of the Vistula, Austria thought it

a favorable opportunity to rise, unite with the allies, and assail the French in their rear. Napoleon was prepared for this treachery, and had an army of 100,000 men all marshaled to meet the danger. Through Talleyrand, he said, with wonderful frankness, to the Austrian Emperor:

"France understands perfectly the intentions of Austria. To save Austria from calamity, I express myself with frankness. France is abundantly prepared to meet any force Austria can raise against her. If the Emperor wishes to send officers to ascertain our strength, we engage to show them the dépôts, the camps of reserve, and the divisions on the march. They shall see that, independently of the 100,000 French already in Germany, a second army of 100,000 men is preparing to cross the Rhine, to check any hostile movement on the part of Vienna.

Austria, intimidated, took counsel of discretion, and sullenly marched back into her barracks. Two years passed away, when again, in 1807, this great despotism thought that another favorable opportunity was presented to strike French republicanism. Napoleon was involved in the Spanish war, and the strength of his army was on the other side of the Pyrenees. As of old, secretly the Austrian Court formed a treaty with England, and, without any declaration of war, put her immense army upon the move for Paris. As Napoleon received the dispatches containing this information he said,

"It seems that the waters of oblivion flow past Vienna. They have forgotten the lessons of experience. They want new ones. They shall have them. And this time they shall be terrible. I do not desire war. I have no interest in it."

"Napoleon," says Thiers, "was sincere, and spake the truth in asserting that he did not desire war, but that he would wage it tremendously if forced into the conflict."

Two hundred thousand troops crossed the Inn and entered Bavaria, the ally of France. Three hundred thousand were in the rear, soon to follow. Napoleon plunged upon the foe at Eckmühl, and scattered them, torn, bleeding, and in the wildest rout. Again he overtook them at Ratisbon, and chastised them with a dripping sword. The whole disordered host fled tumultuously in fugitive bands down the Danube to Vienna. The French impetuously pursued, and seized the capital, after throwing into it three thousand shells. Then, driving the humiliated foe over the fields of Essling and Aspern, Austria was again humiliated, chastised, and brought upon her knees imploring peace upon the bloody field of Wagram. The French marshals were assembled in the camp of the Emperor to consider the proposals for an armistice. There was division in council.

"Austria," said the one party, "is the irreconcilable enemy of the popular government in France. Unless deprived of the power of again injuring us, she will never cease to violate the most solemn treaties whenever there is a

prospect of advantage. It is indispensable to put an end to these coalitions by dividing Austria, which is the centre of them all."

"Should Prince Charles," the other party replied, "retreat to the Bohemian mountains, Russia and Prussia will send their troops to join the alliance. A great and final conflict is evidently approaching between the despotisms of the North and the free institutions of the South. It is of the utmost importance to conciliate Austria, that she may be detached from the coalition."

Napoleon listened thoughtfully, and then said, "Gentlemen, enough blood has been shed, I accept the armistice."

The Emperor Francis resorted to every species of trickery to prolong negotiations, hoping for efficient aid from the English, who had landed in great strength at the mouth of the Scheldt, and were marching to his rescue. At length the treaty was signed, on the 14th of October, 1809. It was the fourth treaty Austria had made with France within sixteen years. In this treaty, which Napoleon negotiated while occupying the palaces of Vienna, the frontiers of Bavaria were strengthened and extended, so that this ally of France might not again be defenselessly exposed to Austrian invasion. Saxony, another of the allies of France, was also strengthened by an accession of a million and a half to her population. The republican kingdom of Italy also received important additions of territory, that it might present a more impregnable front to its despotic and gigantic neighbor. France increased the power of her allies, but added not a rood to her own domain.

"When compared," says Lockhart, "with the signal triumphs of the campaign of Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation."

Soon after this Austria became allied to France by the marriage of Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor Francis, to Napoleon. It was supposed that this measure of state policy would secure the peace of Europe by preventing any further acts of hostility on the part of Austria. The divorce of Josephine was the great mistake, and, in the sight of God, the great sin of Napoleon's life. Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, who was a confidential agent in the transaction, says:

"Nothing could be more true than that the sacrifice of the object of his affections was the most painful that Napoleon experienced throughout his life. A feeling of personal ambition was supposed to be the mainspring of all his actions. This was a very mistaken impression. The Emperor had no children. He dismissed the idea of appointing Eugene his heir, because he had nearer relations, and it would have given rise to dissensions, which it was his principal object to avoid. He also considered the necessity in which he was placed of forming an alliance sufficiently powerful, in order that, in the event of his system being at any time threatened, that alliance might be a resting point, and save it from total ruin. He likewise hoped that it would

be the means of putting an end to that series of wars, of which he was desirous, above all things, of avoiding a recurrence. These were the motives which determined him to break a union so long contracted. He wished it less for himself than for the purpose of interesting a powerful state in the maintenance of the order of things established in France."

On the 11th of May, 1810, this marriage was solemnized in Vienna, the Archduke Charles, brother of the Emperor Francis, standing as proxy for Napoleon. But for the support which this alliance seemed to give the disastrous campaign of Russia would not have been undertaken. But little more than two years elapsed after the marriage ere a French army of nearly half a million was buried beneath the snows of the North. Despotic Europe again sprang to arms to crush free institutions in France, and to re-instate the dynasty of the Bourbons. Austria, regardless of the matrimonial alliance, eagerly raised an army of 200,000 men, and, with the ringing of bells, the explosion of artillery, the flight of rockets, and all other demonstrations of public rejoicing, on the 12th of August, 1813, united with the allies. Napoleon, with 260,000 men, on the banks of the Elbe, was surrounded by 500,000 of his foes, and on the fatal fields of Dresden and Leipsic, overwhelmed with numbers, fell.

The victors cautiously pursued their still formidable foe, leading the Bourbons behind their guns, and finally took possession of Paris, and reared again the old feudal kingdom of France. Napoleon was sent to Elba. Maria Louisa, with her son, taken captive by her father, was conducted by a guard of soldiers to Vienna. The sublime drama of the "Hundred Days" soon ensued, followed by the disaster of Waterloo. Napoleon was entombed in the glooms of St. Helena, and despotism was re-established all over Europe.

The victorious despots met in Congress at Vienna, in September, 1814, to divide the spoil. There were present at this Congress the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the Kings of Prussia, Denmark, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, and also a large number of princes and dukes. The Pope was represented by Cardinal Consalvi. England sent as her representatives Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, Lords Cathcart, Clancarty, and Stuart. The Bourbons of France were represented by Prince Talleyrand, and several others of the most illustrious of the *ancienne noblesse*. Embassadors from Spain, Portugal, and Sweden were also admitted to the deliberations. Prince Metternich, who has justly been styled "the incarnation of Austrian despotism," presided.

The result of the long deliberations was summed up in one hundred and twenty-one articles, which were signed on the 9th of June, 1815. Austria received vast accessions of strength. The constitutional kingdoms of Italy were annihilated, and the woe-stricken Italians, bound hand and foot, were surrendered again to their

former masters. Austria received again under her despotic sway Venetia, Lombardy, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and various other minor States. Naples, with her constitutional monarchy trampled in the dust, was restored, re-enslaved, to the infamous Ferdinand, who had married an Austrian princess, and was but a vassal of the Austrian Emperor. Austria constructed Venetia and Lombardy into a kingdom, over which she placed one of her archdukes as viceroy. The remaining States which fell to her lot she parceled out among her dukes and princes. Thus the repose of the slave plantation was again spread over Europe. In reference to the acts of this Congress of the Allies the *British Quarterly* says:

"The treaties of Vienna, though the most desperate efforts have been made by the English diplomatists to embalm them as monuments of political wisdom, are fast becoming as dead as those of Westphalia. In fact, they should be got under ground with all possible dispatch; for no compacts so worthless, so wicked, so utterly subversive of the rights of humanity, are to be found in the annals of nations."

The affairs of Europe being thus settled, Austria remained comparatively quiet, with occasional outbreaks but no memorable change, until the year 1836. On the 8th of March of this year the Emperor Francis died. Regarding his throne as the great bulwark of absolutism, he ever manifested the most relentless hostility to constitutional freedom. It is reported that when his physician, Baron Stifft, in a congratulatory address upon his health, remarked, "There is nothing, Sire, like a good physical constitution," the Emperor nervously interrupted him, exclaiming, "What do you say? Let me never hear that word again. Say my *robust health—strong bodily system*. I have no *constitution*, and I never will have one."

The death of Francis produced no change in the national policy. Ferdinand I. succeeded him, and with an unrelenting hand governed his vast and discordant realms.

In 1820 there was a brief but desperate attempt by the Italians to throw off the yoke of Austrian servitude. We have not space to enlarge upon this undertaking, memorable as it was in scenes of heroic and tragic interest. Aristocratic Europe, enthroned in absolute power by the Congress of Vienna, looked approvingly on while Austria with trampling squadrons rode down all opposition and reinstated her iron sway. To secure this result the "Holy Allies," Austria, Russia, and Prussia, met at Laybach. The British *people* were in such strong sympathy with the enslaved Italians that the *Government* did not dare to join the "Holy Allies." But still Lord Castlereagh, in the name of the British Cabinet, sent a dispatch to the Congress, expressive of sympathy, and stating that though England wished to remain neutral, she admitted that this rising of the people justified the interposition of the northern monarchs.

An army of 150,000 allied troops was imme-

diately upon the march. Ferdinand of Naples, who had fled his throne, returned to his kingdom in the rear of the invading army. The patriots were shot, or hanged, or sent to the galleys. A few bloody and despairing conflicts ended the strife. The same armies which six years before had crushed popular liberty in France, replacing the old Bourbons upon the throne, now again trailed the banners of freedom in the dust, and re-established another branch of the Bourbons upon the throne of Naples.

On the 12th of May, 1820, Ferdinand, the execrable tyrant, re-entered his kingdom. Several months were vigorously devoted to confiscations, executions, and banishments. The Neapolitans were disarmed, and their fortresses garrisoned by Austrian troops. An army of sixty thousand Austrians, including seven thousand cavalry, supported by a tax upon the Neapolitans, remained in occupation of the kingdom. Austria then turned to Piedmont, and with a merciless hand perpetrated the same atrocity there. For the ten succeeding years the silence and repose of the dungeon brooded over Italy.

In the revolution of 1830 in France, the despotism of the throne was merely modified by the expulsion of the elder and effete branch of the Bourbons, and the adoption of the younger and more vigorous, in the person of Louis Philippe. This slight movement in behalf of freedom, agitated enslaved Italy from the Alps to Calabria. But Austrian armies were encamped upon her plains and intrenched in her fortresses, and they crushed the movement with an iron hand.

Eighteen years then passed away, during which Italy was held by Austrian despotism, manacled hand and foot.

"Austria," says Count Cavour, "is an Old Man of the Mountain seated upon the shoulders of Italy day and night—an incubus—a terror—an intolerable burden. Italy, gagged and blinded, totters along with this horrible old man astride her neck, goading her to desolation and yet guiding all her movements."

In the year 1848 there was another revolution in Paris, which overthrew Louis Philippe and introduced to France, first the Republic, and then the Empire under Louis Napoleon. This memorable revolution, overthrowing a despotism wielded for the benefit of the aristocracy, and introducing in its stead a government almost equally absolute, but which consecrated its absolutism to the maintenance of the cause of the people, shook Austria like an earthquake through all her conglomerated and diversified realms. The significance of this revolution in France has not been popularly understood in the United States. It has been regarded as merely a change of masters, France exchanging the despotism of the Bourbons for a despotism, equally relentless, of Louis Napoleon.

Instead of this it was a radical change of administration, overthrowing the reign of aristocratic privilege and introducing the reign of republican equality. The people, conscious that nothing less than dictatorial power could main-

tain their cause against the nobles, aided as they were by the sympathies of all aristocratic Europe, wisely and willingly placed that power in the hands of their illustrious champion, Louis Napoleon. In the present state of France, it is probable that no government can stand which is not upheld by the energies of essentially a dictatorship. The people have only to choose between a despotism upholding the assumptions of the aristocracy and a despotism maintaining popular rights. Of course they choose the latter.

Thus the Empire, in France, was re-established by the masses of the people. They drove aristocratic absolutism from the throne, and placed Louis Napoleon, the representative of democracy, upon it. With sagacity seldom if ever surpassed, Louis Napoleon has proved himself equal to the trust. Had his government been less decisive, long ago popular rights would have been trampled in the mire. Under his sway France has taken her position at the head of all the European monarchies.

A revolution of so marked a character of course agitated Europe to its centre. The Austrian provinces in Italy struck for freedom. Austria had spread the net-work of her diplomacy over the whole of Italy, occupying the territory, garrisoning the fortresses, overawing the councils, and dictating the policy. The net revenue forwarded from Italy to her Austrian master at Vienna, in the year 1847, was twenty millions of dollars. And this was in addition to the enormous expense of her troops quartered upon the Italians to hold them in subjection, and all the voluptuous extravagance of the vice-regal courts. The land-tax amounted to twenty-five per cent. on the gross receipts.

The late Count Cavour speaks in the following terms of the character of the occupation of Italy by the Austrians: "The Austrians are not established, but merely encamped, in these provinces. All houses, from the humblest cottage to the most sumptuous palace, are closed against the agents of that government. In the public places, the theatres, the cafés, and in the streets, there is a complete line of separation between them and the native inhabitants, and any one would say that it is a country invaded by an enemy's army, rendered the more odious by its insolence and its arrogance."

It is true that there were some Italians satisfied with this degrading servitude. "I don't care an orange peel," said a fat Neapolitan to Mr. About, "for politics. I take for granted we have got a villainous government, for all the world says so. But my grandfather made twenty thousand ducats by a shop. My father doubled this capital, and I have bought an estate which brings me in six per cent. for my money. I feed well four times a day. I have a good digestion, and I weigh over two hundred pounds, and at supper, over my third glass of Capri, who can blame me if I hiccup out, *Vive le Roi?*"

"A hog," continues his commentator, "that was passing under the window, gave a grunt of approbation."

By the treaty of Vienna Sardinia had been constituted nominally an independent kingdom, embracing the Island of Sardinia and the continental provinces of Piedmont, Savoy, and Nice. This feeble kingdom, overshadowed by Austria, was not permitted to retain the free institutions it had enjoyed as a part of the kingdom of Italy, but was forced to adopt the despotic rule which the Court of Vienna and the re-established Bourbons had imposed upon it. The revolution in France roused the enthusiasm of the friends of freedom all over Europe. Venice and Lombardy rose *en masse* to drive out their detested Austrian masters. Sardinia, hoping that her hour had come to escape from thrall-dom, marched to the aid of her Italian brethren.

The Austrians were soon driven out of Lombardy and across the Mincio. Hungary then sprung to arms against the tyrant. The doom of the hoary despotism seemed to be sealed. But the sympathies of all the courts of Europe, excepting the newly-established empire in France, were hostile to these *peoples* struggling for constitutional rights. Even the British Government was, as ever, with the dynasties, and not with the people. In reference to this struggle the *Edinburgh Review* says:

"It is utterly repugnant to the first principles of our own policy, and to every page in our own history, to lend encouragement to the separation of nationalities from other empires, which we fiercely resist when it threatens to dismember our own."

Thus frowned upon by England and all despotic Europe, and invaded anew by the disciplined armies which Austria poured down into the plains of Lombardy through all the passes of the Tyrolean Alps, Italy was again subdued. Radetsky, in command of the imperial forces, with tiger-like ferocity desolated the land with fire and sword. Sardinia was compelled to make a humiliating peace, and Venice and Lombardy, bound hand and foot, were punished as slaves are punished who are baffled in an attempt at insurrection.

It was in this conflict that the city of Brescia was stormed by the infamous Haynau. The following is a literal translation of his summons to the city, issued March 1, 1849:

"I am here, at the head of my troops, to summon the town to surrender immediately and without conditions. If this is not done by mid-day, and if all the barricades are not entirely removed, the town will be taken by assault, and delivered up to all the horrors of devastation. All the issues of the town will be occupied by my soldiers, and longer resistance will entail certain destruction. Breschians, you know me. I will keep my word."

The doomed city defended itself with the heroism of despair. There were 30,000 inhabitants within the walls. Gray-headed men, and even women and children, united in the common defense. A merciless bombardment continued for ten days, till the streets were clogged with the dead, and the whole city seemed crum-

bled into ruins. Haynau was half delirious with rage. In his report, he says :

"When I saw that a great number of our men had already fallen, and that neither the ceaseless rain of bombs nor the general assault abated the fury of the inhabitants, who obstinately defended themselves, I had recourse to the last resources of war, ordering that no prisoners should be made, that all should be butchered, and that the houses which resisted should be given to the flames and leveled to the ground."

The town was sacked, in the most terrible sense of the term. The ferocious Austrian troops rushed into every house which was left standing. Flames and blood reigned every where. Women, and even young girls in the schools, were violated and then murdered. After all resistance had ceased one-fourth of the population were massacred. The most illustrious citizens, men and women, were put to death with cruel tortures, and their bodies were thrown into heaps outside of the walls, until fear of pestilence compelled the Austrians to bury them. Many young girls were reserved as a part of the plunder, and were sold to the brutal soldiery. During three days this traffic went on, and Austrian officers were seen countenancing these proceedings. Men were shot dozens at a time, and noble women were stripped and whipped to death.

Such was the tragedy of Breschia. Haynau was assigned to the Governorship of Hungary as his reward for this fiend-like energy.

The conflict in Hungary, and around the very throne of the Austrian Emperor, demands more particular notice. The intelligence of the revolution in Paris reached Vienna on the 1st of March, 1848. The city was thrown into intense excitement. The professors of the university, followed by two thousand students and an immense concourse of citizens, crowded the palace with a petition praying for "reform tempered by wisdom." The measures they urged were religious liberty, freedom of the press, and a Legislature which should represent the people.

Metternich, terrified by the uprising, fled in disguise to London. Ferdinand, equally terrified, promised all the patriots asked. The ministry was changed, a national guard organized, and Austria seemed on the eve of regeneration. The patriots did not desire a republic, but merely a constitutional monarchy. Gratified with the seeming compliance of the Emperor, the people rallied around him with enthusiasm.

Intelligence of these events reached Presburg, the capital of Hungary, when the Diet of that kingdom was in session. The Diet sent Kossuth, accompanied by one hundred and fifty Hungarian gentlemen, to Vienna, imploring for Hungary a Legislature of their own, with freedom of religion and of the press. Immense crowds in the streets of Vienna greeted this delegation with shouts of "Long live Kossuth!" The panic-stricken Emperor yielded to their demands. All aristocratic privileges were abolished in Hungary; and the peasants, who for ages had been held in feudal servitude, were set

free by an act of universal emancipation. This sudden transition of many millions of the Slavonic races from slavery to freedom was not accompanied by any lawless violence.

While Ferdinand was, with an assumed air of content, making these forced concessions, he was treacherously preparing to strike the patriots a fatal blow. An Austrian army was dispatched to Prague, which army for forty-eight hours bombarded the wretched city, leaving it a gory pile of smouldering ruins. The cry of agony which rose from Prague thrilled upon the ear of Germany, and roused such a burst of indignation that Ferdinand fled in disguise to Innspruck, a strong fortress in the Tyrol, three hundred miles southeast from Vienna.

The flight of the Emperor created fearful excitement, for it was a proclamation of war against the people. The Imperial army, under aristocratic leaders, commenced the work of vengeance in Hungary. The sky was illumined at night by the flames of burning villages, and obscured by day by the smoke of the vast conflagrations. The Emperor, supported by a powerful army, returned to Vienna. The Hungarians rallied around Kossuth as their leader. In September, 1848, an Austrian army of 30,000 men entered Hungary. Kossuth raised 100,000 to repel them. After many bloody battles the tide of victory turned so decidedly in favor of the Hungarians that the patriots in Vienna were encouraged again to rise; and this they did with a spirit so fearless and determined that the monarchy was again laid prostrate at the feet of the people.

The Emperor, as cowardly as he was treacherous, dismissed his aristocratic ministry and appointed a popular one in its stead, recalled his proclamations against Hungary, withdrew his army, and issued a decree of amnesty for all political offenses. Thus disarming suspicion, again he fled. Gathering his army around him, again he commenced his march upon Vienna.

From the steeples of the city the terrified inhabitants soon beheld sixty thousand troops—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—approaching to wreak merciless vengeance. In despair the whole population sprung to arms. On the morning of the 20th of October the bombardment commenced. All the day and all the night the terrific storm continued. The city was now on fire in twenty places. The streets were clogged with the mangled bodies of the dead. The exhausted survivors were compelled to capitulate. The Emperor with his mercenary troops took military possession of the city, and the old despotism, cemented in the blood of the people, was reconstructed.

Ferdinand was now weary of his thorny crown, and having no son of his own, abdicated, December 2, 1848, in favor of his nephew Francis-Joseph, a young man eighteen years of age. The youthful Emperor, to conciliate his people, promised them a liberal constitution—a promise which he had no intention of fulfilling. Hungary was willing to acknowledge the Emperor as

its sovereign, but demanded a Legislature of its own. This kingdom, larger in territory than England and Ireland united, contained a population of 13,000,000. Francis-Joseph threw the Hungarian commissioners into prison, abolished their constitution, and dissolved their Legislature. The proud army, which had so terribly chastised Vienna, was sent to inflict the same doom upon Pesth, then the capital of Hungary.

One of the most awful of civil wars now desolated this unhappy kingdom. Month after month the battle raged. The heroic Hungarians were gradually gaining ground and driving back their invaders when Francis-Joseph appealed to Russia for help. An army of 162,000 men was immediately dispatched by Nicholas to crush the patriots of Hungary. Even the British Government, through Lord Palmerston, sanctioned this intervention of Russia, assuming that the Hungarians were subjects in revolt against their lawful sovereign. The two most powerful despotisms on the globe were now combined against Hungary. The clarion voice of Kossuth rang throughout the land. An army of 140,000 men was speedily in the field, and on the 14th of April, 1849, Hungary issued her declaration of independence. The allied army, 240,000 strong, commenced its ravages of the doomed land.

A series of bloody and disastrous battles ensued, in which the Hungarians, though they fought with courage never surpassed, were overpowered by numbers. Treason also was enlisted in aid of the despots. Georgey, one of the Hungarian generals, animated by the spirit of Benedict Arnold, surrendered, unconditionally, his whole army of 30,000 men, with one hundred and forty pieces of artillery, to the Russians. Hungary was again a shackled slave at the feet of her conquerors. Confiscations, imprisonments, and executions ensued, which extorted a wail of anguish which thrilled upon the ears of Christendom.

Kossuth, accompanied by about five thousand Hungarians, escaped into Turkey. After a brief residence there, being nobly protected by the Sultan from their foes, many of them secured a passage to England, and thence to America; and now they are scattered widely over the world, the martyrs of liberty. Kossuth, after pleading in America the cause of his country in strains of eloquence never surpassed, returned to England, where he remains the idol of every generous heart, awaiting the dawn of a brighter day.

Nicholas having thus aided Austria, was indignant that the Emperor refused to come to his aid when he was struggling against England, France, and Turkey at Sebastopol. The young Emperor Alexander is at the present moment on far more friendly terms with Louis Napoleon than with Francis-Joseph.

For some years the kingdom of Sardinia has been making gradual but decisive advances in the path of constitutional liberty. It was the only State in Italy which maintained even the semblance of independence. This kingdom en-

joyed a representative Legislature, with freedom of conscience and comparative liberty of the press. Anxiously Austria watched the influence of constitutional liberty in Sardinia, fully conscious that free institutions there incessantly approached his despotism, and would finally lead his enthralled subjects to revolt. Cautiously he prepared for war with Sardinia, that that kingdom might be brought under despotic sway.

The Emperor commenced his menace by multiplying his military resources, strengthening his fortifications, and assembling large masses of troops on the Sardinian frontier. Victor Emanuel took the alarm, and began also to arm. Francis-Joseph, wishing to "pick a quarrel," sent an insolent demand to Ferdinand to disband the corps he was raising and place his army on a peace footing. Sardinia, though conscious that in a struggle with Austria she was but a babe in the grasp of a giant, refused, with dignity replying,

"Austria, which increases its army on our frontiers, and threatens to invade our territory, because liberty here reigns with order, because the cries of suffering of oppressed Italy here find a hearing—Austria dares to intimate to us, armed only in self-defense, that we are to lay down our arms and put ourselves in her power."

In this hour of peril Sardinia applied to Louis Napoleon for help. The republican Emperor of France, conscious that Sardinia was the only kingdom in Europe to whom France could look for alliance should the despots of Europe again combine against the rights of the French people to choose their own form of government, informed Austria, through his ambassador at Vienna, in diplomatic phrase, that he could not look with indifference upon the invasion of Sardinia by Austrian troops. Regardless of this announcement, Austria crossed the Ticino with an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men, and commenced her march for Turin.

Louis Napoleon, with the energy of his illustrious uncle, almost in an hour had two hundred thousand men on the march to help the Sardinians. On the 10th of May, 1859, he, in person, left Paris, and embarking at Marseilles, landed at Genoa on the 12th.

"Austria," said Louis Napoleon in the manifesto which he issued on this occasion, "in invading the territory of the King of Sardinia, our ally, declares war against us. She thus violates treaties and justice, and violates our frontiers. Sardinia having accepted the condition which ought to have insured peace, one asks what can be the reason of this sudden invasion? Is it that Austria has brought matters to this extremity that she must either rule up to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic? for in this country every corner of territory which remains independent endangers her power.

"France has shown her hatred of anarchy. She has been pleased to give me a power strong enough to reduce into nonentity the abettors of disorder, and the incorrigible members of those old factions whom one incessantly sees confeder-

ating with our enemies; but she has not, for all that, abdicated her task of civilization. Her natural allies have always been those who desire the improvement of the human race, and when she draws the sword it is not to dominate, but to liberate. The object of this war, then, is to restore Italy to herself, not to impose upon her a change of masters; and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people who will owe to us their independence."

No language can describe the enthusiasm with which Louis Napoleon was received at Genoa. He, without an hour's delay, placed himself at the head of the army and took the conduct of the campaign. On the 20th of May, eight days after his landing, the advance corps of the French and Sardinian army, by rapid marches, was brought to face the foe. It was veteran against veteran, and the battle was fiercely fought; but the eagles of France triumphed, and the Austrians were driven back with great slaughter.

Again, on the 30th, large divisions of the two armies encountered each other at Palestro, and the Austrians again met with a bloody repulse. The Austrians made another stand, with all their concentrated force, upon the field of Magenta, their line of battle extending for nearly thirty miles. The French and Sardinians, led by the Emperor of France, assailed them with skill and courage which nothing could resist. It was the 4th of June. In that battle forty thousand were left upon the field dead or wounded. The broken battalions of the Austrians fled, mangled, bleeding, and despairing, to their renowned quadrilateral of fortresses in Venetia. The French overtook them in their flight and again chastised them severely at Solferino. The remnant escaped to the fortresses, where they were received by powerful reserves, and where they were abundantly provided with all the materials for the most desperate defense. Louis Napoleon, to the surprise of all Europe, proposed peace, and the war was closed by the treaty of Villafranca, which recognized the entire independence of Sardinia.

Why did not Louis Napoleon, flushed with victory, drive the Austrians out of Italy? For the following reasons: 1. His engineers assured him that, though the fortresses of the quadrilateral could be taken, it would require the sacrifice of the lives of at least fifty thousand French soldiers, and more than that number of Austrians must also perish. As Louis Napoleon rode over the gory fields of Magenta and Solferino, he was overwhelmed in view of the misery which met his eye. His heart recoiled from the purchase of the fortresses at so fearful a price. 2. All despotic Europe, including the British *Government*, was in sympathy with the Austrians, and both Prussia and England threatened to send their armies against France, should Louis Napoleon push his victory any further. Thus Louis Napoleon was compelled to stop, or embroil all Europe in a war, the result of which might be

to crush every vestige of constitutional liberty from the Continent.

The peril of despotic Europe was indeed great. The people of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany had driven out their Austrian rulers, and thrown themselves under the protection of Victor Emanuel. From all the States of Italy young men were rushing to the Sardinian standards. The Hungarians were again grasping their arms, elated with hope, and even the Poles were dreaming that the hour for their deliverance had at length arrived.

Had England co-operated with France, or even withheld her menace, Austria might have been driven out of Italy, and Hungary might again have been free. There is something heart-rending in Kossuth's imploring cry that England would not interfere in behalf of Austria.

"I love," exclaims the noble Hungarian, "my fatherland more than myself—more than any thing on earth! And, inspired by this love, I ask one boon—only one boon from England—and that is, that she should not support Austria. England has not interfered for liberty; let her not interfere for the worst of despotisms—that of Austria!"

The Cabinet of St. James to this appeal turned a deaf ear, and Venetia and Hungary were left to gnaw their chains. The treaty of Villafranca was, however, a magnificent achievement for Italy, and paved the way for its subsequent strides of grandeur. Austria was compelled to consent that Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena should attach themselves to the Sardinian kingdom: thus adding immensely to its population, wealth, and power, and making it the efficient nucleus for regenerated and united Italy.

These events have greatly alarmed despotic Europe, and the despots are combining to arrest the spread of light and liberty. The wonderful success of Garibaldi, in emancipating Sicily and Naples, and thus forming, by their annexation to Sardinia, a united Italy containing 20,000,000 of people, is the great political marvel of the age.

Austria is now driven from all the States of Italy excepting Venetia. There can be no question that the Venetians will soon strike for freedom and annexation to their Italian brethren. The Austrian troops will be poured into the territory. Italy will rush to the rescue. Hungary, now waiting for this movement, will again rise and demand independence. Russia and Prussia will join Austria. France will march to the help of the Italians. Such doubtless will be the next move in this great game of the nations. What will the British *Government* do? If we can judge from the past, it is certain that it will have no word of sympathy to utter for those who are struggling through blood and woe for constitutional liberty. But it is to be hoped that the warm hearts of the British *people* will restrain the *Government* from joining the ranks of the despots.

WHEN THOU SLEEPEST.

WHEN thou sleepest, lulled in night,
 Art thou lost in vacancy?
 Does no silent inward light,
 Softly breaking, fall on thee?
 Does no dream on quiet wing
 Float a moment mid that ray,
 Touch some answering mental string,
 Wake a note and pass away?

When thou watchest, as the hours
 Mute and blind are speeding on,
 O'er that rayless path, where lowers
 Muffled midnight, black and lone;
 Comes there nothing hovering near,
 Thought or half reality,
 Whispering marvels in thine ear,
 Every word a mystery,

Chanting low an ancient lay,
 Every plaintive note a spell,
 Clearing memory's clouds away,
 Showing scenes thy heart loves well?
 Songs forgot, in childhood sung,
 Airs in youth beloved and known,
 Whispered by that airy tongue,
 Once again are made thine own.

Be it dream in haunted sleep,
 Be it thought in vigil lone,
 Drink'st thou not a rapture deep
 From the feeling, 'tis thine own?
 All thine own; thou need'st not tell
 What bright form thy slumber blest;
 All thine own; remember well
 Night and shade were round thy rest.

Nothing looked upon thy bed
 Save the lonely watch-light's gleam;
 Not a whisper, not a tread
 Scared thy spirit's glorious dream.
 Sometimes, when the midnight gale
 Breathed a moan and then was still,
 Seemed the spell of thought to fail,
 Checked by one ecstatic thrill;

Felt as all external things,
 Robed in moonlight, smote thine eye;
 Then thy spirit's waiting wings
 Quivered, trembled, spread to fly;
 Then th' aspirer wildly swelling
 Looked, where mid transcendancy
 Star to star was mutely telling
 Heaven's resolve and fate's decree.

Oh! it longed for holier fire
 Than this spark in earthly shrine;
 Oh! it soared, and higher, higher,
 Sought to reach a home divine.
 Hopeless quest! soon weak and weary
 Flagged the pinion, drooped the plume,
 And again in sadness dreary
 Came the baffled wanderer home.

And again it turned for soothing
 To th' unfinished, broken dream;
 While, the ruffled current smoothing,
 Thought rolled on her startled stream.
 I have felt this cherished feeling,
 Sweet and known to none but me;
 Still I felt it nightly healing
 Each dark day's despondency.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

“DEAR me! There is Janie crying again. What in the world is the matter now?”

And Mrs. Russell laid aside her work, with a look and gesture of extreme irritation, and went out into the hall to see what had happened. A child's loud crying rang up from below stairs, mingled with the harsh tones of an unmitigated Irish voice, scolding and soothing by turns.

“Sure an' it serves ye jist right, an' why don't ye mind me when I spake to ye? Ain't I jist after tellin' ye to kape away from the lobster? Come along in till I wrap up your finger now, an' stop cryin' that way, I tell ye. It's no good to raise the land about it.”

“Rosy!” Mrs. Russell put her lips to the speaking-tube in the hall, and called sharply. “Tell Janie to come up to me directly. What in the world is all this noise about?”

“It's jist the lobster's snapped at her finger, ma'am,” Rosy shouted back in answer. “I told her not to middle with it, but she wouldn't pay no attintion to me.”

“Troublesome, disobedient child!” Mrs. Russell exclaimed under her breath, her lips tightening and her brow darkening with vexation, as she leaned over the baluster waiting for the lagging steps of the little culprit. “What does all this mean?” she said, sternly, as the child, still sobbing and wringing her wounded finger, came wearily up the stairs. “Why don't you mind when you are spoken to, and what are you doing in the kitchen at all? I am not sorry for you in the least; I am glad you are hurt, and I hope you always will be whenever you are doing what you ought not to do.”

“You're *never* sorry—you *never* care what happens to me!” sobbed the child, bitterly. “You pity Fred when *he* cries, but you only scold me, and you don't love me a bit, that you don't.”

“Because you are such a naughty little girl,” said the mother, angrily. “So disobedient, and so fretful. How can I love you when you are always crying and cross, or else doing some disobedient thing?”

“Freddy cries too,” persisted the child; “but you love *him*.”

“Don't speak to me in that way again; I will not allow it,” said Mrs. Russell, sternly. “Freddy is a baby; it's a very different thing *his* crying. As for you, you will be loved when you deserve it by trying to be good. Now you only deserve punishment; so go into that little room and stay there until I give you leave to come out.”

A burst of heart-broken sobs, and “Oh, mamma! please don't shut me up—I *will* be good!” followed the harsh command; but the mother was too irritated to have any pity for the poor little pleader, and without a single comforting word or promise, to help her bear her punishment, she was put into the little room and there left alone to sob and cry herself to sleep if she pleased.

Mrs. Russell went back into her own room, seated herself in her sewing-chair by the open window, and took up again the work which she had laid down. It was a pretty little muslin frock, evidently intended for Janie, by the size, and, judging from what was already done, evidently going to be an elaborate affair. The skirt was covered with flounces, or rather ruffles, of a pretty robe-pattern; the waist and sleeves were a combination of puffs and frills; all extremely pretty and graceful, but involving a wonderful outlay of time and trouble, as any experienced eye could see at a glance. Mrs. Russell was hardly in the humor to go on with work requiring so much care. Her hands trembled, her head throbbed, her whole frame quivered with suppressed excitement; so that she put the flounced skirt out of her nervous fingers presently, and took up a little linen chemise-yoke, which lay, ready stamped and traced for embroidery, in the work-basket beside her.

This proved hardly more quieting, however: still the tremulous hands refused to guide the needle with their usual swift skill; still the brow darkened at some inward recollection, and half-uttered sentences, broken off before they passed her lips, attested her mental restlessness. Every thing was quiet about her now; little Freddy was taking his morning nap in the crib not far from her chair; and Janie's smothered sobs had sunk into silence by this time. But some way they seemed to smite still upon the mother's heart, although her ear could no longer distinguish them.

It was a relief when a ring at the door-bell announced a visitor, and she listened eagerly for the sound of the voice, hoping it might be some favorite among her acquaintance, whose lively conversation would put her into a better humor with herself. Nor was she disappointed: the sweet, clear voice asking "Is Mrs. Russell at home?" was one dear and familiar, although a year had passed since she had heard it; and Mrs. Russell sprang to the stairs and ran down to greet the new-comer with an eager,

"Why, Emily! Emily Somers! is it really you? How glad I am to see you!"

"But not half so glad as I am to see you," was the warm response. "If you had lived among strangers a whole year, Louise, as I have, you would know how to be glad at the sight of an old friend. But where are the children?—Freddy, who was nothing but a kitten when I went away—I suppose he can almost walk by this time! and Janie, my special little darling—I want to see them both. Mayn't I come up stairs? I'm going to stay all the morning with you, and I like the nursery a great deal better than the parlor."

"You always did," Mrs. Russell answered, laughing, as she led the way up stairs again. "Freddy's asleep, though, so we'll have to talk softly if we sit here."

"What a picture he is!" Mrs. Somers exclaimed, as she bent over the crib and watched the rosy boy in his deep slumber. "But after

all, Louise, he is not so pretty as Janie was. Where is she now? I am impatient to see her again."

"Janie is asleep, too, I believe," Mrs. Russell answered, and the worried look, dispelled for a while, came back to her face. "If you must know, Emily, Janie is not so good a child as she was a year ago, and I am obliged to punish her very often of late. She is in the little back-room now—I had to put her there for disobedience, and I suppose she has cried herself to sleep."

"Poor little Janie!" said Mrs. Somers, pityingly. "That's too bad, when I thought I should make her so happy to-day. I have got a basketful of presents for her here, and I told every child that I knew in Chicago what a good little darling Janie Russell was. Louise, I won't believe she is so naughty as you say—she can't have changed so much in a year!"

"I wish I couldn't believe it, myself," Mrs. Russell sighed. "If there is one thing above another that I like, it is to see a child cheerful and childlike. But Janie has a fretful, whining way with her that puts me out of all patience. Every little disappointment, every little accident, every little contradiction—things that a good-tempered child would hardly notice—she either cries over, or else puts on such a sullen, scowling, unlovely face that I almost hate her, for the minute. I declare, Emily, I have been tempted sometimes to wish that I had never brought her into the world, for I am afraid that she will never be any thing but a misery to herself and to every one around her."

Mrs. Russell's cheeks were glowing and her eyes luminous with the excitement suppressed all the morning, but finding vent in words at last. Her friend looked into the flushed face, and listened to the passionate language with a very grave and pained expression.

"How sorry I am to hear all this!" she exclaimed, with genuine sympathy. "But dear Louise, is it quite impossible to make a change? Janie is such a mere child—only six years old! The fault can not be very deeply rooted yet."

"It is the habit of her life at any rate," was the answer. "So much so that I believe it is her natural disposition. Before Freddy was born she was the only child, you know, and naturally was more indulged than she can be now. That prevented our noticing her unlovely disposition: when she had her own way in every thing, and some one always at hand to amuse her, there was no opportunity to display her temper. But now, of course, neither I nor the nurse can devote so much time and attention to her as before; and the consequence is that she has developed the most fretful, complaining, *jealous* disposition! Oh, you can't think, Emily, what a trial she has grown to be to me."

"Have you ever sent her to school?" asked Mrs. Somers.

"Yes. Early in the spring I sent her to a little day-school in the neighborhood; but I took

her out after the first month. There were some very ill-bred children in the school, and Janie was quick to learn all the evil they were so ready to teach her."

"Then you give her lessons at home, I suppose?" pursued Mrs. Somers.

"No, indeed; I can't spare the time."

"How does she occupy herself all day, then?"

"Fretting and teasing me; those are her main occupations, I believe."

Mrs. Somers smiled: "I don't wonder!" she exclaimed.

"Louise, I beg your pardon; but really, if the child has nothing to do—no lessons, no companions, no occupation of any kind—how can she help fretting? I am sure, if I were in her place, I should fret myself to death!"

"It's absurd to put yourself in comparison with her," said Mrs. Russell, with some irritation. "Of course a woman needs employment; but how do other children occupy themselves? Why, they *play*, and amuse themselves with a thousand trifles, nobody knows what. But Janie has no play in her. She clings to some one else always, and wants every amusement prepared especially for her, without an idea of seeking it for herself."

"There is a reason for that, Louise. Up to the time of Freddy's birth she had a nurse, whose chief business was to provide entertainment for her: and you yourself found time to spend a great many hours in reading to her, telling her stories, and otherwise interesting her. Now she is suddenly thrown upon her own resources, without ever having had them cultivated; told that she is old enough now to amuse herself, and yet has never been taught how. I think it is hardly reasonable to expect a cheerful and self-dependent child from such a training."

Mrs. Russell colored and was silent, for she could not deny the truth of her friend's reasoning. Emily Somers went on kindly but fearlessly. She was one of those rare people who can speak a truth hard for other people to hear, in a way so honest, frank, and kind, that no offense can be taken; and Mrs. Russell listened to her with no vexation in her heart, only a wish that she herself were as clear-headed, sweet-tempered, and pure-hearted as her friend.

"I used to think before I went away that you were spoiling Janie," said Mrs. Somers. "You gave yourself up to her so much, and indulged her to her own hurt sometimes—in the one point of reading to her, especially. It was pretty to see her precocious interest and her wonderful memory; to have her listen by the hour to books that older children could not understand a word of, and to hear her repeat *Casabianca*, and *The Caldon Low*, and *The Battle of Blenheim*, and dear knows how many more of the same sort, Louise!—before her baby lips could fairly shape the syllables. But I could not help thinking many a time that all that was doing her harm, exciting her brain unnaturally, and unfitting her for healthy childish enjoyments. I was glad when I knew that another child was coming, so

that there would be less time to spend on Janie in this way."

"And yet you were just now blaming me for not giving her lessons at home," interposed Mrs. Russell.

"Oh, but that is quite different. There is no unwholesome excitement about the slow, uphill work of learning to read and spell—not the slightest danger that she will be so absorbed in it as to grow nervous and morbid, as she did under the influence of all those stories and poems. No! what Janie needs—what every child needs, and especially those who have been tampered with (pardon the expression, Louise!) until they have grown morbid—is a regular and judicious alternation of exercise, amusement, and something like work. Janie is old enough now to have her little thimble and sit beside you with a basket of scraps to sew: she is old enough to have a slate and pencil, and draw little pictures, and do little sums: she is old enough to learn to read, and to find rivers and towns on a map, and to make pot-hooks and hangers with a lead-pencil. But of course she can do none of these things unless some one kindly, patiently, perseveringly teaches her; and the question is, Louise, whether a mother's time would not be better spent in doing this than in making pretty flounced frocks, and embroidering dear little chemisettes to decorate the little body, while the soul goes undressed."

Mrs. Russell looked up without a word, but her lips quivered, and her eyes were full of tears. Emily Somers met them with her own bright, steady gaze.

"Dear Louise, am I very unkind?" she asked. "You know I don't mean to be; but do please tell me, for curiosity's sake, how long you have been at work upon this little furbelow. It would take me a week to make such a thing!"

"It has kept me busy for two days," Mrs. Russell answered, smiling through her tears; "and it will hardly get finished short of another day. But, Emily, the frock is a piece of economy, after all. I bought for myself a fine organ-dy, which was offered me for half its value, because the robe-pattern was old-fashioned. The muslin was extremely pretty, and there was plenty to make a full dress without using the flounces at all. So I bought it and made it up; but it seemed a pity to waste all those yards of flouncing and trimming, really—now wasn't it? So I thought I could contrive a dress for Janie. And you must allow that nothing could be prettier, Emily. This delicate green is just the color for her 'amber-blond' complexion, and she will look like a picture in it."

"Very like a *fashion-plate*," said Emily, with a smile; "but that isn't the kind of picture I fancy most, Louise, specially for children."

"Now don't be provoking," Mrs. Russell exclaimed, half playfully, half in earnest. "I insist that the frock is an economy, for I could not have made any other use of the flounces, and it would have been a shame to waste them."

"Did Janie really need another dress?" asked

Mrs. Somers quietly, glancing at a basket of freshly-ironed clothes which Rosy had just brought up, and on top of which lay several tucked and embroidered, and otherwise ornamented white dresses.

"No;" Mrs. Russell answered, hesitating a little: "she did not exactly need it, to be sure. She has plenty of *white* frocks; but then she had nothing very nice in colors, and one gets tired of white, worn so constantly."

"Hardly, when they are so daintily made as Janie's tucked cambrics," Mrs. Somers said, pleasantly. "I never like any thing in colors half so well for children, and never feel so much like a lady myself as when I have on a white wrapper. But I was thinking chiefly of the time and patience it must have cost, and wondering whether Janie was not more than usually aggravating during the time you were at work upon this."

"That she has been!" was the emphatic response. "She was punished three times yesterday; and to-day—poor little thing! I was so vexed with her that I never even looked at her finger to see if it was really hurt."

"What was the trouble to-day? Tell me about it," Mrs. Somers said; and Mrs. Russell proceeded to give her the history of the morning's performance.

She was surprised, and ashamed too, it must be confessed, when she related it, to see how slight a ground she had for so much vexation, and how unnecessarily harsh she had been with the child.

"Oh, Louise, how could you!" Emily Somers exclaimed, at more than one point of the narrative; and at last, when it was finished, she said, energetically,

"Louise, upon my word, if I had known you were treating my godchild in this fashion, I should have made a special journey from Chicago on purpose to give you a scolding. I declare you are perfectly cruel with her!"

"For the elegant Mrs. Somers that speech has a redundancy of expletives," said Mrs. Russell, laughing.

"Don't make a jest of it, Louise; I do not feel like laughing:" and Emily Somers's face and tone were very earnest indeed. "Do you know you are taking just the course to alienate your child's affection and confidence entirely? And some day you may repent of it as bitterly as I once had to repent for unnecessary harshness to a child."

"You?" Mrs. Russell looked incredulous. "I don't believe you were ever harsh with any body, Emily—at least without the best of reasons."

Any one would have thought her words justified who looked into Mrs. Somers's fair, thoughtful face. The clear, truth-telling eyes whose first glance startled you with their loveliness, whose next compelled you to a perfect faith in their owner, the delicate mouth with its almost childlike sweetness of expression, the whole contour and impression of her countenance, gave

one the consciousness of a thoroughly well-balanced mind, a truly loving and unselfish spirit. There was a certain patient quietness, a certain subdued resignation visible at times when her face was in repose, which might have told a story of past struggle and conquest to a close observer. But Mrs. Russell had never seen her in any other circumstances, and knew but little of her earlier history.

"I have never told you much about myself, Louise, have I?" Emily said, after a little silence. "I have a great mind to give you a leaf out of my book of experience now."

"I wish you would—though I suppose it will be by way of warning for myself."

"Yes. I should not give myself the pain of putting the story into words for the first time in my life otherwise. It is because I do think you are growing too severe with Janie that I am willing to tell you what an awful lesson I once had for the same error. You know I am older than you, Louise."

"Indeed! no one would think so," Mrs. Russell exclaimed, quickly.

"It is true, though, and I have had at least five years more experience as a wife and mother. I was married too young entirely, and ought to have been under a mother's care myself, at the time when I was nursing my own baby. But I did not know that. I was full of self-confidence and innumerable theories, and my poor little Marian's brief life was robbed of half its brightness on account of them. One of them was that a child should be taught self-dependence and self-control from its earliest consciousness. So I used to make her lie in her cradle awake for an hour or two every day; and the consequence was, that she got a cast in her eyes before she was three months old, from lifting her little hands and looking at them so long in one position."

"Freddy used to do so," interposed Mrs. Russell. "But the doctor warned me of the danger in time to save his eyes."

"I was too self-willed to take advice or warning in those days," Mrs. Somers continued; "and resented the least interference with any of my rules. My husband's mother was one of our family; and though we were heartily fond of each other, and the best of friends in every thing else, there was a continual disagreement between us about the management of the child. It grew more decided as Marian grew older, and I had more room for the exercise of my theories. She thought me cruelly strict—I thought her unwisely, ruinously indulgent; and there were constantly recurring disputes whenever Marian was reproofed, or punished, or restrained in any way that her grandmother did not approve for her darling. She told me more than once *that I should kill her by my cruelty to my own child—that her life was made wretched by the sight of it!* I resented such speeches bitterly then, and thought myself shamefully insulted; but there came a time when I was forced to remember them—God knows with what anguish of self-reproach!

"One day, when Marian was about four years old, I sent her out to play on the sidewalk before the house. She did not want to go, for, thanks to my training, she had very little play in her, as you say about Janie. But according to my maxim of *instant obedience*, I would not listen to a word of objection from her, and the little thing went out in silence to do as I told her. Not many minutes after I heard a sudden scream from the street, then a succession of loud, sobbing cries. I leaned out of the window to see what was the matter, but Marian was out of sight. Her grandmother hurried in from her room, hearing the cries, and was about to rush out into the street to find the child. But I stopped her peremptorily:

"It is not your place, mother, to do any such thing. Anne, do *you* go and bring Miss Marian in directly, and tell her to stop that crying instantly, or I will punish her when she comes in."

"The servant hurried off to do my bidding, and mother turned to me with a face full of passionate reproach.

"How *can* the child stop crying at your word?" she exclaimed. "How do you know that she is not dreadfully hurt some way? It is a cruel shame, Emily, the way you treat her. You have no feeling for your own child."

"It is extremely kind and becoming in you to tell me so," I answered, scornfully.

"I can't help it. It is true. You have no feeling for her or for me, or you wouldn't act as you do. It will put me in my grave yet, I know." And the poor old lady fairly sobbed in her excitement and sense of injury. But I was perfectly indifferent to her distress; such scenes had grown common, and I only answered, coldly,

"It is absurd to talk in that way, mother. You know very well—Marian knows it, too—that I never allow her to scream so, especially in the street. I shall certainly punish her for it when she comes in."

"I looked out of the window as I spoke, and saw Anne coming toward the house with Marian in her arms, still crying in that loud, bitter way. The sight irritated me excessively, I can hardly tell why. I cried out, angrily, 'Get down at once, Marian; put her down, Anne, and let her walk.' And the girl, afraid to disobey, set her down upon the pavement, causing a louder burst of sobs from the child.

"This was more than her grandmother could bear. She rushed out of the room, down stairs, and into the street; caught Marian in her arms, old, and feeble as she was, and brought her so all the way up to the nursery. I came toward her and took her away, saying, sternly,

"Stop this crying directly, Marian, and tell me what is the matter. Do you hear me?"

"Her mouth is full of blood; she can't tell you," said her grandmother, excitedly. "You'd better do something for her instead of scolding her. She may be almost killed for all you know or care, either, I do believe!"

"She had a stick in her mouth, and fell

down," said Anne. "It's stuck somewhere, and made her bleed."

"Foolish child!" I exclaimed, angrily. "How often have I told you never to run with any thing in your mouth? And how often have I told you, too, that you shall not scream so, no matter how you are hurt? I don't pity you the least in the world. You are only punished rightly for your disobedience."

"Scolding her all the time, saying such harsh things to her as should not be said to any one in pain—least of all to a poor little frightened, nervous child—I washed her face, sponged the blood out of her mouth, and changed her soiled slip for a clean one. Then I took her, still without a soothing word, and laid her into her crib.

"This is to punish you for being so naughty," I said. "You shall lie here all the morning now, and if you cry I shall come and whip you."

"Her grandmother knew too well that it would be useless to remonstrate; she only said, reproachfully, 'You'll be sorry for all this some day, Emily; and when you've buried as many children as I have, maybe you'll learn to have a little pity for them.' And so she went to her room, and cried—with the pitiful tears of old age—all the rest of the day. Poor little Marian soon sobbed herself to sleep, and I was left alone in outward quiet, but with a sea of stormy passion swelling and rising within me.

"It is too much," I said to myself. "I can not bear any longer this perpetual interference with my authority, these insulting speeches about my *cruelty* to my own child! How dare she say such things to me? Any other woman would have told her husband long ago, and had a stop put to it in the beginning."

"You can imagine, Louise, what a happy household we were that day. Mother did not come out of her room again, and Marian slept heavily till late in the afternoon. When she waked up at last her eyes were dull and swollen, her face flushed darkly, and her skin dry and hot with fever. I saw that she was ill, and I longed to take her on my knees and kiss and comfort her when she turned her heavy eyes so wistfully toward me. But I was possessed by a bitter and perverse spirit which would not let me yield to any tender impulse, and I would not say a single loving word to my little sick child. She slipped down from her crib presently, and asked me if she might go to her grandmother, but I answered, coldly,

"No. Go down stairs to Anne, and tell her to give you some luncheon."

"I don't want any luncheon, mamma. Can't I stay with you?"

"No. Do as I tell you." And I hardened my heart against her little pleading voice, and sent her away from me. Anne, the nurse, was far more tender to her. She held her on her lap, and rocked and soothed her until her father came home. Then she took her to him, for by this time her fever had increased so that the girl was frightened. Her father was alarmed at once: he was always quick to apprehend dan-

ger on very slight grounds where Marian was concerned; so that his anxiety did not make much impression upon me. However, I took the child into my own care at last, and applied such simple remedies as I thought she needed. But nothing cooled the burning fever, or soothed the soreness in her throat of which she complained; and he insisted finally upon going for the doctor. The doctor was out when he got there, and for some reason or other, he either did not get my husband's message, or was not able to attend to it, until the next morning. Marian lay in a sort of stupor all night. I did not sleep at all myself, or leave her for a moment; for I had grown anxious at last, and, as you may imagine, was not wholly free from self-reproach with regard to her. I would willingly have lavished caresses upon her then, or done any thing to give her pleasure; but she never spoke to me, or looked at me, or seemed to know me all night long. And, oh! Louisa—I can not go on with this story—she never did know me again! My child died the next day without a word for me, without a kiss—”

Emily Somers covered her face with her hands, and the sobs which had choked her utterance so long found vent at last in a passion of tears. Louise clung to her, weeping as bitterly; for every word of the simple, pitiful tale had gone home to her heart, recalling so many similar scenes, and her soul was humbled to the dust in contrite thankfulness for her own escape from a punishment at least equally well deserved. But there was nothing said between them; no words were needed where heart spoke to heart in such fullness of sympathy.

Mrs. Somers looked up again presently; the brief agony was mastered, in its outward expression at least, and her face was sweet in the faint smile that shone through her tears.

“The doctor did not come till morning, I told you before,” she went on, “and then it was too late to help her. Indeed it was doubtful, he said, whether he could have done any good if he had been called in the beginning. It was a case of suppressed scarlatina, for which there is seldom any remedy. I told him about her fall, and the hurt in her mouth: they might have aggravated her disease somewhat, he said, but could not have caused it. Her languor and unwillingness to go out to play were indications that it had already begun before she left the house. It was small comfort to know that, and to remember that I had forced her to go out, against her will, just when she was hovering on the brink of a fatal malady.

“Well, you will think my punishment was bitter enough, Louise, but the cup was not filled up yet. My child was buried on Tuesday, and her grandmother came from her grave and went straight to bed. She was old and feeble, and the grief and excitement which she had undergone proved too much for her wasted strength. When the next Tuesday came there was another grave beside Marian's, and the child and her grandmother lay at rest together, never more to

suffer pain or sorrow through my unkindness. She said every tender and pitying thing that could be thought of before she died; but the fullness of her forgiveness only added to the burden of my self-reproach.

“Picture it, Louise, and wonder if you can that I spoke so earnestly about Janie. I could not withhold my warning while I saw you in danger of even the possibility of a retribution like mine.”

“Mamma! mamma!” A little pleading voice stole out from the back room, and Mrs. Russell sprang to answer it with an eagerness that made her friend smile.

“Have you had a nap, Janie? Let me see your finger now,” she said, cheerfully, sitting down on the bed where the little girl still lay.

“It doesn't hurt. Mamma, do you love me now?” and Janie, with a sudden spring, had thrown her arms round her mother's neck, and hidden her little tear-stained face upon her shoulder. The mother clasped her close:

“To be sure I love you, my darling; I always love you. It is only because I love you so dearly, and want you always to be good, that I punish you when you are naughty.”

“I won't be naughty any more, mamma. Indeed I will try to be good.”

“Then there will be two people happy all day and all the time. Guess who?”

“I know—both of us!” and the child began to smile.

“Yes, and now guess something else. Who has come to see you that you used to know, and love dearly, a year ago?”

Emily Somers had no reason to pity the bright-faced, eager child who came out of the back-room a few minutes after. She did not always see the fruit of the good seed which she strove so earnestly to “sow by all waters;” but in this case it sprang up and ripened before her eyes.

Mrs. Russell did nothing by halves, and from that very day a new system of training was begun with her little daughter. Janie had fewer embroidered skirts and chemisettes, fewer tucked white cambrics, and braided aprons, and flounced dresses; indeed I am afraid the muslin robe never did get finished, after all, in spite of its economy!

One thing is certain, though; Mrs. Russell found time enough to teach Janie regularly every day, and to reward her for good lessons with the story or poem which was not now an excitement but a relaxation for her mind. She showed her how to manage a needle and thimble, and interested herself largely in the manufacture of doll's clothes. She bought her a little rake and trowel, and gave her a corner of the yard to dig up and plant seeds in. She hunted up an old scrap-book, and a lot of illustrated newspapers; and Janie soon had a picture-gallery of her own. In short, she discovered that occupation is as necessary for a child as a woman; and supplying it judiciously, she found that Janie's fretful-

ness, and her own temptations to anger and undue severity, were alike dispelled in a marvelous way.

If it is needful to make an apology for wearying the reader with so insignificant a story, let its justification be found in the fact, trite it may be but awfully important, that a mother's mis-

takes in the early training of her children involve consequences of evil which no human mind can estimate. And if the simple sketch should suggest even to one mother the true cause for ill effects that she mourns over in her children, it will have fulfilled its mission, and stand in need of no further excuses.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

WELL, you are happy. I have found content.
I will not think of all she might have lent
By her kind love and presence to my life.
The time is past for that—she is your wife.
My dream is over now, so wild and sweet—
It was at best a dear, delicious cheat.

I can sit calmly by and see her look,
As we two play, steal slyly from her book,
And rest with deep devotion on your face.
And I with cold indifference can trace
Your likeness in her child, and even take
The darling up and kiss him for her sake.

The Past with me is dead. No vain regret
Remains to make me wish I could forget.
I wonder much if she has told you all!
Ah, let me think: 'twas in the early Fall.
I fancy, woman-wise, she deems it best,
For you and me, to let the matter rest.

The leaves were gold and russet, and the skies
As tender as the softened light in eyes
Where Love holds court. We wandered down the lane,
Your wife and I—she then was Florence Vane—
To where a stile abruptly stops the way:
We had been there before that very day.

The sun was sloping westward, and his beams
Broke through the trees in orange-colored gleams;
Flecking the path, and painting, as with fire,
The village roofs and slender, tapering spire;
And fringed with gold her Quaker hat, that made
Across her brow a line of pearly shade.

She stood and looked upon the scene; and I
Stood with her. Field and woods and sky
Were all aglow—the clouds burned crimson fires—
The scented winds woke love-impassioned lyres
Within the groves—meanwhile the drowsy herd
Went slowly home, yet spoke we not a word.

The weary robin with his bleeding breast
Flew by to nestle in his downy nest;
And all the landscape faded to the sight,
Leaving the creek a winding streak of light;
And, glimmering through the pallid mists afar,
Serene and splendid rose the Evening Star.

Something—perhaps the spirit of the hour—
Made me a little bold, and gave me power
Unusual over language; then I took
The hand you hold, and sought her downcast look.
I could not tell if most she frowned or blushed,
But when she spoke all other sounds were hushed.

Why tell her answer? Let it all suffice
 To learn the sequel in her married life.
 You have my queen! That comes of careless play,
 And idle thought of that Autumnal day.
 "An evil wind"—I prove the proverb true—
 In losing her I've fairly mated you.

The game is mine. The game of Life as well.
 I would not change my lot now since the spell
 That held me fast is broken. You may see
 A bliss in wedlock all unknown to me.
 And yet that well-remembered smile makes vain
 This boasted coldness, and recalls my pain.

THE ANGEL-SISTER.

"ALMOST a woman!" says Mrs. Wayland glancing after her daughter, who was leaving the room. And then she sighed; and her eyes looked dreamily inward; and she sat very still, like one asleep.

Almost a woman! Yes; Lucy's slender form had sprung up rapidly in the past year, and her limbs and bust had rounded into beautiful symmetry.

What was in the mother's thoughts that she sighed? Did she fear for the woman's life of her darling? Had her own experiences been so sad that she could not look with sunny hope into the future of her child? Not that. The sigh had another meaning. Always she saw, moving beside Lucy, another form, growing as she grew, and reaching with her toward the sweet ripeness of womanhood; and the sigh was for that form, because to all but herself it was invisible. Just five years before that form of a twin-sister vanished from her home and was seen not there again.

"If Mary had not died!" Ah, did she ever look at Lucy that these words came not to shadow her feelings? "If Mary had not died," followed like a spectre, the sentence: "Almost a woman!"

"What a loss to poor Lucy!" So ran her thoughts, as she sat very still, like one asleep under the pressure of feeling. "Mary would have been every thing to her. Sister, companion, friend, counselor, comforter. Now she must go forth in life alone. No sister to stand by her side and make her strength double in trial; for that she will have in full measure. It comes to all."

"How differently she would have developed," went on the mother, in her thoughts, "if Mary had not died! There was just enough of dissimilarity in their characters to give life, action, and harmony to both. Mary was quieter and graver; she would have matured faster; all the better for Lucy. Ah, it was a loss that must ever be felt as irreparable. Why do such things happen? It is of Providence, they say, and for the best. I can not see it." And Mrs. Wayland sighed heavily.

"Dear, angel Mary!" she went on. "How the light faded when your life went out! How

the music ceased when your voice grew silent! I can never see it to be right; never, never. Poor Lucy! I wonder sometimes that she can be so gay of heart. If she comprehended her loss as I comprehend it, she would hardly smile again. The time will come when her heart will cry out in its loneliness, pain, or sorrow—"Oh my sister! Why were you taken from me?"

As she thus mused and murmured, the Angel of Sleep laid her soft touch on the mother's heavy eyelids, and her spirit went away into the land of dreams. It was with her now as of old. Side by side walked her twin children through the sunny chambers of her home, and their blending voices made music for her heart all the day long. Swiftly the years went by. Up from blossomy girlhood they passed to ripe young womanhood; and then came wooers to win them away from her, and bear them off to other homes. Mary went first, and to a far distance. A thousand miles were stretched between them. Then Lucy laid her hand, lovingly and trustingly, into the hand of one who promised to make all her life rich with blessing. She did not, like Mary, go afar off, but kept near her old home.

The years came and went, bringing their burdens of care and their lessons of disappointment. Lucy had a large share of these, and under the burdens she bent wearily and often in pain.

"If Mary were only here! If I could listen to her voice! If I could lean my head upon her as of old!"

How often she said this sadly and tearfully. But Mary was far away sighing over her own depressing cares, or fainting amidst her trials. Nor, if distance had been removed, would the presence of Mary have given either strength or comfort, for she stood in need of both for herself. They might have wept together, and there would have been a sad pleasure in this; but in suffering both had grown selfish, and asked, but had nothing to give.

Then a deeper trouble came to Lucy. Death stole silently into her home at evening after the sun went down, and when the morning broke one whose life-pulses had taken their beat from her own was not. Bowing down her head, she refused to be comforted.

"Oh, if Mary were only here!" said the mo-

ther, as she went, almost in despair, from the chamber where Lucy sat in marble-like stillness. "If Mary were only here! Her voice would find its way to her heart; her words would come to her in consolation."

A letter was placed in her hands. It was from Mary. She opened it and read:

"DEAR MOTHER,—Baby is dead, and my heart is broken! Will you not come to me?"

"Only a dream!" said a soft, low voice, musically.

The mother looked up and saw before her a woman, whose calm face and loving eyes made her think of the eyes and face of an angel. A deep peace fell upon her spirit.

"Only a dream of what might have been, if Mary were not in heaven!"

A thrill of pleasure ran through the heart of Mrs. Wayland, and she lifted her soul in thankfulness. "Baby is dead, and my heart is broken!" No, no. That piercing cry would never come from her lips.

And now the old life goes on, but with a change that, while it is wonderful, excites no feeling of wonder in the mind of Mrs. Wayland. In thought she had always seen the dead twin-sister moving beside the living twin-sister, like a shadowy phantom. Now she was near her like a living presence, full of life and tender love, yet visible to no mortal eyes but the mother's. Sleeping or waking, she was always near to Lucy, but nearest in sleep, and most watchful. Her influence over her was almost imperceptible, but certain as the influence of dew and sunshine upon the earth. Mrs. Wayland noted it from day to day in pious thankfulness.

"God has not separated them," she said, "but made of one a guardian angel to the other. How passion and selfishness, after darkening the fair horizon of her mind for a little season, pass away like threatening clouds under the influence of right thoughts and gentle affections, which glide into her mind and heart from the soul of her angel-sister! Dear Mary! Oh, if I could take you into my arms! If I could hold you to my bosom, what infinite joy would be mine! When Lucy weeps, what loving sympathy softens all your heavenly countenance, and how closely you draw near to her! When she is tempted, your lips approach her ears with words of strength and assurance. I see daily the wonder-working power of your presence over her. Not dead and absent! Oh no. But living and present; present in greater power, and for higher good, than is possible in any mortal nearness."

And so life went on from day to day, and from year to year, the angel-sister always intimately present, and visible only to the mother's eyes. Then Lucy went out from her home a bride, and in the years that followed came trials and sorrows such as had never shadowed her heart even dimly in imagination; such trials and sorrows as come to all in some degree. Yet never, in all these years, was Mary afar off, but always intimately near; with aid in trial,

strength in weakness, and comfort when the heart was bowed down, and the eyes wet with tears. It was wonderful to see how, like the influence of some magic spell, the presence of Mary, unseen and unknown, would change the thoughts and feelings of Lucy, and bring her mind from darkness into light. Often at these times Lucy would lift her eyes upward, and murmur some words from the Book of books, the memory of which her angel-sister had uncovered.

Once, overcome with weariness, Lucy had fallen asleep with her baby in her arms. Mary was always most watchful over her, as we have said, in sleep. So now she drew closer, and her eyes did not wander a moment from the faces of the babe and its mother. Soon there came a shade of concern in the calm face of the angel-watcher, as if danger were approaching; but she did not look up nor around. Now, with a feeling of terror, Mrs. Wayland saw a hideous serpent come stealing in through the open door. She could not move nor cry out, but sat powerless, as in a frightful nightmare. Gradually it approached the unconscious sleepers, its head erect and its venomous eyes glaring in fiery eagerness. Then the guardian's lips bent down to the ears of Lucy and awakened her with a dream. She sprang up with a cry, clasping, as she did so, her baby to her bosom. The danger was past. She did not even know that there had been danger, for the serpent, the instant she moved, glanced from the room like lightning.

At another time Lucy was riding with her husband along a road that lay upon the brink of a precipice. The slightest forgetfulness or want of care in driving might prove fatal. Just as they were approaching a narrow point where the wheels must come within a few inches of the unguarded edge, Mrs. Wayland noticed a dark, shadowy form close to Lucy's husband, whispering in his ear, and gaining his attention. His hand, in forgetfulness, let the reins fall loose, and the carriage wavered from the arrowy line in which it had been moving. But the angel saw the fiend, who fled at a glance from her glittering eyes, and, on his guard again in an instant, the driver passed the dangerous place in safety.

"Thank God for such wonderful care!" said Mrs. Wayland, in her heart. Thus Lucy was protected through the mediation of her sister, as well as strengthened and comforted.

At last the trouble of all troubles for a mother's heart came. A little one, that had become as a part of her life, came down with its tender feet to the brink of Death's river. Was there no eye to pity, and no hand to save? Lucy was wild with fear and anguish, and in the bitterness of her suffering prayed for the life of her child. In all these hours of pain the angel-sister stood bending over her—now with a hand on her throbbing temples, now with her head drawn lovingly against her bosom, and now breathing into her ears precious truths for consolation.

That all this was not in vain the mother saw; for calmer states would supervene, and periods of deep tranquillity follow upon wild excitement.

At last the shadowy curtain fell on the brief drama of that young child's life, and for a time Lucy refused to be comforted, shutting her ears to all the words of healing that friends, seen and unseen, could offer. She called God cruel for taking her babe.

The day which dawned on that night of sorrow, when the baby went up to heaven, passed heavily away, and still the stricken mother turned herself from all who tried to lift her thoughts toward the eternal mansions. Darkness fell upon nature again, and in the stillness that followed Lucy slept. Mrs. Wayland, to whose eyes the form of Mary was always visible, now saw her weaving a dream for the inner eyes of the sleeper. It was to her as a representation. First appeared to the sorrowing mother a green bank, dotted over with flowers. Around the foot a pleasant stream twined its clear waters like a silver cord. Next appeared children on the bank with garlands of flowers, sporting with each other. They were the happiest children she had ever looked upon. As she gazed she heard music, and the words of singers:

"He leadeth them beside still waters."

"And this is heaven!" said the mother, in her dream.

"Yes," said a beautiful maiden, in shining white garments, coming to her side. "This is heaven; and these are the little ones whom the loving Father of us all has translated from a world of sorrow and pain to this world of blessedness."

"I have lost a child!" The sorrowing mother spoke eagerly. "A little while ago I looked my last look on his dying face. Oh, is my child here? My precious child!"

"Come," said the maiden. The scene changed. They were in a beautiful apartment,

the walls of which were of gold and all precious stones, that shone resplendently. Soft, silvery curtains, floating in the perfumed air, hung over and around a bed of downy softness. Sitting by this bed, and bending over it in an attitude of loving care, bent another maiden of wondrous beauty. The mother drew near. A babe was lying on the bed; her own lost darling; she knew him at a glance!

"You have come for him?" said the maiden, looking up into the mother's face.

"Yes," she answered. "I can not part with my baby. I must have him back again."

An expression of regret dimmed the angel brightness of the maiden's countenance. But she bent over the child, and lifting him gently, laid her lips upon his forehead with a kiss of the tenderest love. Then placing him in the mother's arms, she said,

"Take him back to sorrow, to suffering, and to pain. But oh, guard him from the evil that will gather around his way in life, and see that through no fault of yours he miss the way to these heavenly mansions."

The mother clasped her baby to her heart in a wild pressure of joy, and then handing him back, said,

"No—no—no! That is too fearful to think of! Thanks to God he is safe—safe!"

And Lucy awoke.

"Yes, thank God he is safe!" trembled on her lips as consciousness grew clear.

"Mother, dear!" It was the soft, girlish voice of Lucy. Mrs. Wayland started from her dream, and looked at her in bewilderment for some moments.

"You have been asleep," said Lucy.

"Yes, love; but I am awake now."

She meant more than her words conveyed to Lucy, as the reader may believe. "If Mary had not died!" never again parted her lips in murmuring rebellion against that wise and good Providence without which not a sparrow falls.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. FURNIVAL AGAIN AT HIS CHAMBERS.

THE Christmas doings at the Cleeve were not very gay. There was no visitor there, except Lady Mason, and it was known that she was in trouble. It must not, however, be supposed that she constantly bewailed herself while there, or made her friends miserable by a succession of hysterical tears. By no means. She made an effort to be serene, and the effort was successful—as such efforts usually are. On the morning of Christmas-day they duly attended church, and Lady Mason was seen by all Hamworth sitting in the Cleeve pew. In no way could the baronet's friendship have been shown more plainly than in this, nor could a more

significant mark of intimacy have been given; all which Sir Peregrine well understood. The people of Hamworth had chosen to talk scandal about Lady Mason, but he, at any rate, would show how little attention he paid to the falsehoods that there were circulated. So he stood by her at the pew door as she entered, with as much deference as though she had been a duchess; and the people of Hamworth, looking on, wondered which would be right, Mr. Dockwrath or Sir Peregrine.

After dinner Sir Peregrine gave a toast. "Lady Mason, we will drink the health of the absent boys. God bless them! I hope they are enjoying themselves."

"God bless them!" said Mrs. Orme, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"God bless them both!" said Lady Mason, also putting her handkerchief to her eyes. Then the ladies left the room, and that was the extent of their special festivity. "Robert," said Sir Peregrine immediately afterward to his butler, "let them have what port-wine they want in the servants' hall—within measure."

"Yes, Sir Peregrine."

"And, Robert, I shall not want you again."

"Thank you, Sir Peregrine."

From all which it may be imagined that the Christmas doings at the Cleeve were chiefly maintained below stairs.

"I do hope they are happy," said Mrs. Orme, when the two ladies were together in the drawing-room. "They have a very nice party at Noningsby."

"Your boy will be happy, I'm sure," said Lady Mason.

"And why not Lucius also?"

It was sweet in Lady Mason's ear to hear her son called by his Christian name. All these increasing signs of interest and intimacy were sweet, but especially any which signified some favor shown to her son. "This trouble weighs heavy on him," she replied. "It is only natural that he should feel it."

"Papa does not seem to think much of it," said Mrs. Orme. "If I were you, I would strive to forget it."

"I do strive," said the other; and then she took the hand which Mrs. Orme had stretched out to her, and that lady got up and kissed her.

"Dearest friend," said Mrs. Orme, "if we can comfort you we will." And then they sobbed in each other's arms.

In the mean time Sir Peregrine was sitting alone, thinking. He sat thinking, with his glass of claret untouched by his side, and with the biscuit which he had taken lying untouched upon the table. As he sat he had raised one leg upon the other, placing his foot on his knee, and he held it there with his hand upon his instep. And so he sat without moving for some quarter of an hour, trying to use all his mind on the subject which occupied it. At last he roused himself, almost with a start, and leaving his chair, walked three or four times the length of the room. "Why should I not?" at last he said to himself, stopping suddenly and placing his hand upon the table. "Why should I not, if it pleases me? It shall not injure him—nor her." And then he walked again. "But I will ask Edith," he said, still speaking to himself. "If she says that she disapproves of it, I will not do it." And then he left the room, while the wine still remained untasted on the table.

On the day following Christmas Mr. Furnival went up to town, and Mr. Round, junior—Mat Round, as he was called in the profession—came to him at his chambers. A promise had been made to the barrister by Round and Crook that no active steps should be taken against Lady Mason on the part of Joseph Mason of Groby, without notice being given to Mr. Furnival. And

this visit by appointment was made in consequence of that promise.

"You see," says Matthew Round, when that visit was nearly brought to a close, "that we are pressed very hard to go on with this, and if we do not, somebody else will."

"Nevertheless, if I were you, I should decline," said Mr. Furnival.

"You're looking to your client, not to ours, Sir," said the attorney. "The fact is that the whole case is very queer. It was proved on the last trial that Bolster and Kenneby were witnesses to a deed on the 14th of July, and that was all that was proved. Now we can prove that they were on that day witnesses to another deed. Were they witnesses to two?"

"Why should they not be?"

"That is for us to see. We have written to them both to come up to us, and in order that we might be quite on the square I thought it right to tell you."

"Thank you; yes; I can not complain of you. And what form do you think that your proceedings will take?"

"Joseph Mason talks of indicting her for—forgery," said the attorney, pausing a moment before he dared to pronounce the dread word.

"Indict her for forgery!" said Furnival, with a start. And yet the idea was one which had been for some days present to his mind's eye.

"I do not say so," said Round. "I have as yet seen none of the witnesses myself. If they are prepared to prove that they did sign two separate documents on that day, the thing must pass off." It was clear to Mr. Furnival that even Mr. Round, junior, would be glad that it should pass off. And then he also sat thinking. Might it not be probable that, with a little judicious exercise of their memory, those two witnesses would remember that they had signed two documents; or, at any rate, looking to the lapse of the time, that they might be induced to forget altogether whether they had signed one, two, or three? Or even if they could be mystified so that nothing could be proved, it would still be well with his client. Indeed, no magistrate would commit such a person as Lady Mason, especially after so long an interval, and no grand jury would find a bill against her, except upon evidence that was clear, well-defined, and almost indubitable. If any point of doubt could be shown, she might be brought off without a trial, if only she would be true to herself. At the former trial there was the existing codicil, and the fact also that the two surviving reputed witnesses would not deny their signatures. These signatures—if they were genuine signatures—had been attached with all proper formality, and the form used went to state that the testator had signed the instrument in the presence of them all, they all being present together at the same time. The survivors had both asserted that when they did affix their names the three were then present, as was also Sir Joseph; but there had been a terrible doubt even then as to the identity of the document; and a doubt also as to there

having been any signature made by one of the reputed witnesses—by that one, namely, who at the time of that trial was dead. Now another document was forthcoming, purporting to have been witnessed, on the same day, by these two surviving witnesses! If that document were genuine, and if these two survivors should be clear that they had written their names but once on that 14th of July, in such case could it be possible to quash further public inquiry? The criminal prosecution might not be possible as a first proceeding, but if the estate were recovered at common law, would not the criminal prosecution follow as a matter of course? And then Mr. Furnival thought it all over again and again.

If this document were genuine—this new document which the man Dockwrath stated that he had found—this deed of separation of partnership which purported to have been executed on that 14th of July! That was now the one important question. If it were genuine! And why should there not be as strong a question of the honesty of that document as of the other? Mr. Furnival well knew that no fraudulent deed would be forged and produced without a motive; and that if he impugned this deed he must show the motive. Motive enough there was, no doubt. Mason might have had it forged in order to get the property, or Dockwrath to gratify his revenge. But in such case it would be a forgery of the present day. There could have been no motive for such a forgery twenty years ago. The paper, the writing, the attested signature of Martock, the other party to it, would prove that it had not been got up and manufactured now. Dockwrath would not dare to bring forward such a forgery as that. There was no hope of any such result.

But might not he, Furnival, if the matter were pushed before a jury, make them think that the two documents stood balanced against each other? and that Lady Mason's respectability, her long possession, together with the vile malignity of her antagonists, gave the greater probability of honesty to the disputed codicil? Mr. Furnival did think that he might induce a jury to acquit her; but he terribly feared that he might not be able to induce the world to acquit her also. As he thought of all the case, he seemed to put himself apart from the world at large. He did not question himself as to his own belief, but seemed to feel that it would suffice for him if he could so bring it about that her other friends should think her innocent. It would by no means suffice for him to secure for her son the property, and for her a simple acquittal. It was not that he dreaded the idea of thinking her guilty himself; perhaps he did so think her now—he half thought her so, at any rate; but he greatly dreaded the idea of others thinking so. It might be well to buy up Dockwrath, if it were possible. If it were possible! But then it was not possible that he himself could have a hand in such a matter. Could Crabwitz do it? No; he thought not. And

then, at this moment, he was not certain that he could depend on Crabwitz.

And why should he trouble himself in this way? Mr. Furnival was a man loyal to his friends at heart. Had Lady Mason been a man, and had he pulled that man through great difficulties in early life, he would have been loyally desirous of carrying him through the same or similar difficulties at any after period. In that cause which he had once battled he was always ready to do battle, without reference to any professional consideration of triumph or profit. It was to this feeling of loyalty that he had owed much of his success in life. And in such a case as this it may be supposed that that feeling would be strong. But then such a feeling presumed a case in which he could sympathize—in which he could believe. Would it be well that he should allow himself to feel the same interest in this case, to maintain respecting it the same personal anxiety, if he ceased to believe in it? He did ask himself the question, and he finally answered it in the affirmative. He had beaten Joseph Mason once in a good stand-up fight; and having done so, having thus made the matter his own, it was necessary to his comfort that he should beat him again, if another fight were to be fought. Lady Mason was his client, and all the associations of his life taught him to be true to her as such.

And as we are thus searching into his innermost heart we must say more than this. Mrs. Furnival perhaps had no sufficient grounds for those terrible fears of hers; but nevertheless the mistress of Orley Farm was very comely in the eyes of the lawyer. Her eyes, when full of tears, were very bright; and her hand, as it lay in his, was very soft. He laid out for himself no scheme of wickedness with reference to her; he purposely entertained no thoughts which he knew to be wrong; but, nevertheless, he did feel that he liked to have her by him, that he liked to be her adviser and friend, that he liked to wipe the tears from those eyes—not by a material handkerchief from his pocket, but by immaterial manly sympathy from his bosom; and that he liked also to feel the pressure of that hand. Mrs. Furnival had become solid, and heavy, and red; and though he himself was solid, and heavy, and red also—more so, indeed, in proportion, than his poor wife; for his redness, as I have said before, had almost reached a purple hue; nevertheless his eye loved to look upon the beauty of a lovely woman, his ear loved to hear the tone of her voice, and his hand loved to meet the soft ripeness of her touch. It was very wrong that it should have been so, but the case is not without a parallel.

And therefore he made up his mind that he would not desert Lady Mason. He would not desert her; but how would he set about the fighting that would be necessary in her behalf? He was well aware of this, that if he fought at all he must fight now. It would not do to let the matter go on till she should be summoned

to defend herself. Steps which might now be available would be altogether unavailable in two or three months' time—would be so, perhaps, if he allowed two or three weeks to pass idly by him. Mr. Round, luckily, was not disposed to hurry his proceedings; nor, as far as he was concerned, was there any bitterness of antagonism. But with both Mason and Dockwraith there would be hot haste, and hotter malice. From those who were really her enemies she could expect no quarter.

He was to return on that evening to Noningsby, and on the following day he would go over to The Cleeve. He knew that Lady Mason was staying there; but his object in making that visit would not be merely that he might see her, but also that he might speak to Sir Peregrine, and learn how far the baronet was inclined to support his neighbor in her coming tribulation. He would soon be able to ascertain what Sir Peregrine really thought—whether he suspected the possibility of any guilt—and he would ascertain also what was the general feeling in the neighborhood of Hamworth. It would be a great thing if he could spread abroad a conviction that she was an injured woman. It would be a great thing even if he could make it known that the great people of the neighborhood so thought. The jurymen of Alston would be mortal men; and it might be possible that they should be imbued with a favorable bias on the subject before they assembled in their box for its consideration.

He wished that he knew the truth in the matter; or rather, he wished he could know whether or no she were innocent, without knowing whether or no she were guilty. The fight in his hands would be conducted on terms so much more glorious if he could feel sure of her innocence. But then if he attempted that, and she were not innocent, all might be sacrificed by the audacity of his proceedings. He could not venture that, unless he was sure of his ground. For a moment or two he thought that he would ask her the question. He said to himself that he could forgive the fault. That it had been repented ere this he did not doubt, and it would be sweet to say to her that it was very grievous, but that yet it might be forgiven. It would be sweet to feel that she was in his hands, and that he would treat her with mercy and kindness. But then a hundred other thoughts forbade him to think more of this. If she had been guilty—if she declared her guilt to him—would not restitution be necessary? In that case her son must know it, and all the world must know it. Such a confession would be incompatible with that innocence before the world which it was necessary that she should maintain. Moreover, he must be able to proclaim aloud his belief in her innocence; and how could he do that, knowing her to be guilty—knowing that she also knew that he had such knowledge? It was impossible that he should ask any such question, or admit of any such confidence.

It would be necessary, if the case did come to a trial, that she should employ some attorney. The matter must come into the barrister's hands in the usual way, through a solicitor's house, and it would be well that the person employed should have a firm faith in his client. What could he say—he, as a barrister—if the attorney suggested to him that the lady might possibly be guilty? As he thought of all these things he almost dreaded the difficulties before him.

He rang the bell for Crabwitz—the peculiar bell which Crabwitz was bound to answer—having first of all gone through a little ceremony with his check-book. Crabwitz entered, still sulky in his demeanor, for as yet the old anger had not been appeased, and it was still a doubtful matter in the clerk's mind whether or no it might not be better for him to seek a master who would better appreciate his services. A more lucrative position it might be difficult for him to find; but money is not every thing, as Crabwitz said to himself more than once.

"Crabwitz," said Mr. Furnival, looking with a pleasant face at his clerk, "I am leaving town this evening, and I shall be absent for the next ten days. If you like you can go away for a holiday."

"It's rather late in the season now, Sir," said Crabwitz, gloomily, as though he were determined not to be pleased.

"It is a little late, as you say; but I really could not manage it earlier. Come, Crabwitz, you and I should not quarrel. Your work has been a little hard, but then so has mine also."

"I fancy you like it, Sir."

"Ha! ha! Like it, indeed! But so do you like it—in its way. Come, Crabwitz, you have been an excellent servant to me; and I don't think that, on the whole, I have been a bad master to you."

"I am making no complaint, Sir."

"But you're cross because I've kept you in town a little too long. Come, Crabwitz, you must forget all that. You have worked very hard this year past. Here is a check for fifty pounds. Get out of town for a fortnight or so, and amuse yourself."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged, Sir," said Crabwitz, putting out his hand and taking the check. He felt that his master had got the better of him, and he was still a little melancholy on that account. He would have valued his grievance at that moment almost more than the fifty pounds, especially as by the acceptance of it he surrendered all right to complain for some considerable time to come.

"By-the-by, Crabwitz," said Mr. Furnival, as the clerk was about to leave the room.

"Yes, Sir," said Crabwitz.

"You have never chanced to hear of an attorney named Dockwraith, I suppose?"

"What! in London, Mr. Furnival?"

"No; I fancy he has no place of business in town. He lives I know at Hamworth."

"It's he you mean, Sir, that is meddling in this affair of Lady Mason's."

"What! you have heard of that; have you?"

"Oh! yes, Sir. It's being a good deal talked about in the profession. Messrs. Round and Crook's leading young man was up here with me the other day, and he did say a good deal about it. He's a very decent young man, considering his position, is Smart."

"And he knows Dockwrath, does he?"

"Well, Sir, I can't say that he knows much of the man; but Dockwrath has been at their place of business pretty constant of late, and he and Mr. Matthew seem thick enough together."

"Oh! they do, do they?"

"So Smart tells me. I don't know how it is myself, Sir. I don't suppose this Dockwrath is a very—"

"No, no; exactly. I dare say not. You've never seen him yourself, Crabwitz?"

"Who, Sir? I, Sir? No, Sir, I've never set eyes on the man, Sir. From all I hear it's not very likely he should come here; and I'm sure it is not at all likely that I should go to him."

Mr. Furnival sat thinking a while, and the clerk stood waiting opposite to him, leaning with both his hands upon the table. "You don't know any one in the neighborhood of Hamworth, I suppose?" Mr. Furnival said at last.

"Who, Sir? I, Sir? Not a soul, Sir. I never was there in my life."

"I'll tell you why I ask. I strongly suspect that that man Dockwrath is at some very foul play." And then he told to his clerk so much of the whole story of Lady Mason and her affairs as he chose that he should know. "It is plain enough that he may give Lady Mason a great deal of annoyance," he ended by saying.

"There's no doubting that, Sir," said Crabwitz. "And, to tell the truth, I believe his mind is made up to do it."

"You don't think that any thing could be done by seeing him? Of course Lady Mason has got nothing to compromise. Her son's estate is as safe as my hat; but—"

"The people at Round's think it isn't quite so safe, Sir."

"Then the people at Round's know nothing about it. But Lady Mason is so averse to legal proceedings that it would be worth her while to have matters settled. You understand?"

"Yes, Sir; I understand. Would not an attorney be the best person, Sir?"

"Not just at present, Crabwitz. Lady Mason is a very dear friend of mine—"

"Yes, Sir; we know that," said Crabwitz.

"If you could make any pretense for running down to Hamworth—change of air, you know, for a week or so. It's a beautiful country; just the place you like. And you might find out whether any thing could be done, eh?"

Mr. Crabwitz was well aware, from the first, that he did not get fifty pounds for nothing.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"WHY SHOULD I NOT?"

A DAY or two after his conversation with Crabwitz, as described in the last chapter, Mr. Furnival was driven up to the door of Sir Peregrine Orme's house in a Hamworth fly. He had come over by train from Alston on purpose to see the baronet, whom he found seated in his library. At that very moment he was again asking himself those questions which he had before asked as he was walking up and down his own dining-room. "Why should I not?" he said to himself—"unless, indeed, it will make her unhappy." And then the barrister was shown into his room, muffled up to his eyes in his winter clothing.

Sir Peregrine and Mr. Furnival were well known to each other, and had always met as friends. They had been interested on the same side in the first Orley Farm Case, and possessed a topic of sympathy in their mutual dislike to Joseph Mason of Groby Park. Sir Peregrine therefore was courteous, and when he learned the subject on which he was to be consulted he became almost more than courteous.

"Oh! yes; she's staying here, Mr. Furnival. Would you like to see her?"

"Before I leave I shall be glad to see her, Sir Peregrine; but if I am justified in regarding you as specially her friend, it may perhaps be well that I should first have some conversation with you." Sir Peregrine in answer to this declared that Mr. Furnival certainly would be so justified; that he did regard himself as Lady Mason's special friend, and that he was ready to hear any thing that the barrister might have to say to him.

Many of the points of this case have already been named so often, and will, I fear, be necessarily named so often again, that I will spare the repetition when it is possible. Mr. Furnival on this occasion told Sir Peregrine—not all that he had heard, but all that he thought it necessary to tell, and soon became fully aware that in the baronet's mind there was not the slightest shadow of suspicion that Lady Mason could have been in any way to blame. He, the baronet, was thoroughly convinced that Mr. Mason was the great sinner in this matter, and that he was prepared to harass an innocent and excellent lady from motives of disappointed cupidity and long-sustained malice, which made him seem in Sir Peregrine's eyes a being almost too vile for humanity. And of Dockwrath he thought almost as badly—only that Dockwrath was below the level of his thinking. Of Lady Mason he spoke as an excellent and beautiful woman driven to misery by unworthy persecution; and so spoke with an enthusiasm that was surprising to Mr. Furnival. It was very manifest that she would not want for friendly countenance, if friendly countenance could carry her through her difficulties.

There was no suspicion against Lady Mason in the mind of Sir Peregrine, and Mr. Furnival



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was careful not to arouse any such feeling. When he found that the baronet spoke of her as being altogether pure and good, he also spoke of her in the same tone; but in doing so his game was very difficult. "Let him do his worst, Mr. Furnival," said Sir Peregrine; "and let her remain tranquil; that is my advice to

Lady Mason. It is not possible that he can really injure her."

"It is possible that he can do nothing—very probable that he can do nothing; but nevertheless, Sir Peregrine—"

"I would have no dealing with him or his. I would utterly disregard them. If he, or they,

or any of them choose to take steps to annoy her, let her attorney manage that in the usual way. I am no lawyer myself, Mr. Furnival, but that I think is the manner in which things of this kind should be arranged. I do not know whether they have still the power of disputing the will, but if so, let them do it."

Gradually, by very slow degrees, Mr. Furnival made Sir Peregrine understand that the legal doings now threatened were not of that nature; that Mr. Mason did not now talk of proceeding at law for the recovery of the property, but for the punishment of his father's widow as a criminal; and at last the dreadful word "forgery" dropped from his lips.

"Who dares to make such a charge as that?" demanded the baronet, while fire literally flashed from his eyes in his anger. And when he was told that Mr. Mason did make such a charge he called him "a mean, unmanly dastard." "I do not believe that he would dare to make it against a man," said Sir Peregrine.

But there was the fact of the charge—the fact that it had been placed in the hands of respectable attorneys, with instructions to them to press it on—and the fact also that the evidence by which that charge was to be supported possessed at any rate a *primâ facie* appearance of strength. All this it was necessary to explain to Sir Peregrine, as it would also be necessary to explain it to Lady Mason.

"Am I to understand, then, that you also think—?" began Sir Peregrine.

"You are not to understand that I think any thing injurious to the lady; but I do fear that she is in a position of much jeopardy, and that great care will be necessary."

"Good Heavens! Do you mean to say that an innocent person can under such circumstances be in danger in this country?"

"An innocent person, Sir Peregrine, may be in danger of very great annoyance, and also of very great delay in proving that innocence. Innocent people have died under the weight of such charges. We must remember that she is a woman, and therefore weaker than you or I."

"Yes, yes; but still—. You do not say that you think she can be in any real danger?" It seemed, from the tone of the old man's voice, as though he were almost angry with Mr. Furnival for supposing that such could be the case. "And you intend to tell her all this?" he asked.

"I fear that, as her friend, neither you nor I will be warranted in keeping her altogether in the dark. Think what her feelings would be if she were summoned before a magistrate without any preparation!"

"No magistrate would listen to such a charge," said Sir Peregrine.

"In that he must be guided by the evidence."

"I would sooner throw up my commission than lend myself in any way to a proceeding so iniquitous."

This was all very well, and the existence of such a feeling showed great generosity, and perhaps also poetic chivalry on the part of Sir

Peregrine Orme; but it was not the way of the world, and so Mr. Furnival was obliged to explain. Magistrates would listen to the charge—would be forced to listen to the charge—if the evidence were apparently sound. A refusal on the part of a magistrate to do so would not be an act of friendship to Lady Mason, as Mr. Furnival endeavored to explain. "And you wish to see her?" Sir Peregrine asked at last.

"I think she should be told; but as she is in your house, I will, of course, do nothing in which you do not concur." Upon which Sir Peregrine rang the bell and desired the servant to take his compliments to Lady Mason and beg her attendance in the library if it were quite convenient. "Tell her," said Sir Peregrine, "that Mr. Furnival is here."

When the message was given to her she was seated with Mrs. Orme, and at the moment she summoned strength to say that she would obey the invitation, without displaying any special emotion while the servant was in the room; but when the door was shut, her friend looked at her and saw that she was as pale as death. She was pale and her limbs quivered, and that look of agony, which now so often marked her face, was settled on her brow. Mrs. Orme had never yet seen her with such manifest signs of suffering as she wore at this instant.

"I suppose I must go to them," she said, slowly rising from her seat; and it seemed to Mrs. Orme that she was forced to hold by the table to support herself.

"Mr. Furnival is a friend, is he not?"

"Oh yes! a kind friend, but—"

"They shall come in here if you like it better, dear."

"Oh no! I will go to them. It would not do that I should seem so weak. What must you think of me to see me so?"

"I do not wonder at it, dear," said Mrs. Orme, coming round to her; "such cruelty would kill me. I wonder at your strength rather than your weakness." And then she kissed her. What was there about the woman that had made all those fond of her that came near her?

Mrs. Orme walked with her across the hall, and left her only at the library door. There she pressed her hand and again kissed her, and then Lady Mason turned the handle of the door and entered the room. Mr. Furnival, when he looked at her, was startled by the pallor of her face, but nevertheless he thought that she had never looked so beautiful. "Dear Lady Mason," said he, "I hope you are well."

Sir Peregrine advanced to her and handed her over to his own arm-chair. Had she been a queen in distress she could not have been treated with more gentle deference. But she never seemed to count upon this, or in any way to assume it as her right. I should accuse her of what I regard as a sin against all good taste were I to say that she was humble in her demeanor; but there was a soft meekness about her, an air of feminine dependence, a proneness

to lean and almost to cling as she leaned, which might have been felt as irresistible by any man. She was a woman to know in her deep sorrow rather than in her joy and happiness; one with whom one would love to weep rather than to rejoice. And, indeed, the present was a time with her for weeping, not for rejoicing.

Sir Peregrine looked as though he were her father as he took her hand, and the barrister immediately comforted himself with the remembrance of the baronet's great age. It was natural, too, that Lady Mason should hang on him in his own house. So Mr. Furnival contented himself at the first moment with touching her hand and hoping that she was well. She answered hardly a word to either of them, but she attempted to smile as she sat down, and murmured something about the trouble she was giving them.

"Mr. Furnival thinks it best that you should be made aware of the steps which are being taken by Mr. Mason of Groby Park," began Sir Peregrine. "I am no lawyer myself, and therefore of course I can not put my advice against his."

"I am sure that both of you will tell me for the best," she said.

"In such a matter as this it is right that you should be guided by him. That he is as firmly your friend as I am there can be no doubt."

"I believe Lady Mason trusts me in that," said the lawyer.

"Indeed I do; I would trust you both in any thing," she said.

"And there can be no doubt that he must be able to direct you for the best. I say so much at the first, because I myself so thoroughly despise that man in Yorkshire—I am so convinced that any thing which his malice may prompt him to do must be futile, that I could not myself have thought it needful to pain you by what must now be said."

This was a dreadful commencement, but she bore it, and even was relieved by it. Indeed, no tale that Mr. Furnival could have to tell after such an exordium would be so bad as that which she had feared as the possible result of his visit. He might have come there to let her know that she was at once to be carried away—immediately to be taken to her trial—perhaps to be locked up in jail. In her ignorance of the law she could only imagine what might or might not happen to her at any moment, and therefore the words which Sir Peregrine had spoken relieved her rather than added to her fears.

And then Mr. Furnival began his tale, and gradually put before her the facts of the matter. This he did with a choice of language and a delicacy of phraseology which were admirable, for he made her clearly understand the nature of the accusation which was brought against her without using any word which was in itself harsh in its bearing. He said nothing about fraud, or forgery, or false evidence, but he made it manifest to her that Joseph Mason had now

instructed his lawyer to institute a criminal proceeding against her for having forged a codicil to her husband's will.

"I must bear it as best I may," she said. "May the Lord give me strength to bear it!"

"It is terrible to think of," said Sir Peregrine; "but nobody can doubt how it will end. You are not to suppose that Mr. Furnival intends to express any doubt as to your ultimate triumph. What we fear for you is the pain you must endure before this triumph comes."

Ah, if that were all! As the baronet finished speaking she looked furtively into the lawyer's face to see how far the meaning of these smooth words would be supported by what she might read there. Would he also think that a final triumph did certainly await her? Sir Peregrine's real opinion was easily to be learned, either from his countenance or from his words; but it was not so with Mr. Furnival. In Mr. Furnival's face, and from Mr. Furnival's words, could be learned only that which Mr. Furnival wished to declare. He saw that glance, and fully understood it; and he knew instinctively, on the spur of the moment, that he must now either assure her by a lie, or break down all her hopes by the truth. That final triumph was not certain to her—was very far from certain! Should he now be honest to his friend, or dishonest? One great object with him was to secure the support which Sir Peregrine could give by his weight in the county; and therefore, as Sir Peregrine was present, it was needful that he should be dishonest. Arguing thus he looked the lie, and Lady Mason derived more comfort from that look than from all Sir Peregrine's words.

And then those various details were explained to her which Mr. Furnival understood that Mr. Dockwrath had picked up. They went into that matter of the partnership deed, and questions were asked as to the man Kenneby and the woman Bolster. They might both, Lady Mason said, have been witnesses to half a dozen deeds on that same day, for aught she knew to the contrary. She had been present with Sir Joseph, as far as she could now remember, during the whole of that morning, "in and out, Sir Peregrine, as you can understand." Sir Peregrine said that he did understand perfectly. She did know that Mr. Usbech had been there for many hours that day, probably from ten to two or three, and no doubt therefore much business was transacted. She herself remembered nothing but the affair of the will; but then that was natural, seeing that there was no other affair in which she had specially interested herself.

"No doubt these people did witness both the deeds," said Sir Peregrine. "For myself, I can not conceive how that wretched man can be so silly as to spend his money on such a case as this."

"He would do any thing for revenge," said Mr. Furnival.

And then Lady Mason was allowed to go

back to the drawing-room, and what remained to be said was said between the two gentlemen alone. Sir Peregrine was very anxious that his own attorneys should be employed, and he named Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile, than whom there were no more respectable men in the whole profession. But then Mr. Furnival feared that they were too respectable. They might look at the matter in so straightforward a light as to fancy their client really guilty; and what might happen then? Old Slow would not conceal the truth for all the baronets in England—no, nor for all the pretty women. The touch of Lady Mason's hand and the tear in her eye would be nothing to old Slow. Mr. Furnival, therefore, was obliged to explain that Slow and Bideawhile did not undertake that sort of business.

"But I should wish it to be taken up through them. There must be some expenditure, Mr. Furnival, and I should prefer that they should arrange about that."

Mr. Furnival made no further immediate objection, and consented at last to have an interview with one of the firm on the subject, provided, of course, that that member of the firm came to him at his chambers. And then he took his leave. Nothing positive had been done, or even settled to be done, on this morning; but the persons most interested in the matter had been made to understand that the affair was taking an absolute palpable substance, and that steps must be taken—indeed, would be taken almost immediately. Mr. Furnival, as he left the house, resolved to employ the attorneys whom he might think best adapted for the purpose. He would settle that matter with Slow and Bideawhile afterward.

And then, as he returned to Noningsby, he wondered at his persistence in the matter. He believed that his client had been guilty; he believed that this codicil was no real instrument made by Sir Joseph Mason. And so believing, would it not be better for him to wash his hands of the whole affair? Others did not think so, and would it not be better that such others should be her advisers? Was he not taking up for himself endless trouble and annoyance that could have no useful purpose? So he argued with himself, and yet by the time that he had reached Noningsby he had determined that he would stand by Lady Mason to the last. He hated that man Mason, as he declared to himself when providing himself with reasons for his resolve, and regarded his bitter, malicious justice as more criminal than any crime of which Lady Mason might have been guilty. And then as he leaned back in the railway carriage he still saw her pale face before him, still heard the soft tone of her voice, and was still melted by the tear in her eye. Young man, young friend of mine, who art now filled to the overflowing of thy brain with poetry, with chivalry, and love, thou seest seated opposite to thee there that grim old man, with long snuffy nose, with sharp piercing eyes, with scanty frizzled hairs. He is

rich and cross, has been three times married, and has often quarreled with his children. He is fond of his wine, and snores dreadfully after dinner. To thy seeming he is a dry, withered stick, from which all the sap of sentiment has been squeezed by the rubbing and friction of years. Poetry, the feeling if not the words of poetry—is he not dead to it, even as the pavement is dead over which his wheels trundle? Oh, my young friend! thou art ignorant in this—as in most other things. He may not twitter of sentiment, as thou doest; nor may I trundle my hoop along the high road, as do the little boys. The fitness of things forbids it. But that old man's heart is as soft as thine, if thou couldst but read it. The body dries up and withers away, and the bones grow old; the brain, too, becomes decrepit, as do the sight, the hearing, and the soul. But the heart that is tender once remains tender to the last.

Lady Mason, when she left the library, walked across the hall toward the drawing-room, and then she paused. She would fain remain alone for a while if it were possible, and therefore she turned aside into a small breakfast parlor, which was used every morning, but which was rarely visited afterward during the day. Here she sat, leaving the door slightly open, so that she might know when Mr. Furnival left the baronet. Here she sat for a full hour, waiting—waiting—waiting. There was no sofa or lounging-chair in the room, reclining in which she could remain there half sleeping, sitting comfortably at her ease; but she placed herself near the table, and leaning there with her face upon her hand, she waited patiently till Mr. Furnival had gone. That her mind was full of thoughts I need hardly say, but yet the hour seemed very long to her. At last she heard the library door open, she heard Sir Peregrine's voice as he stood in the hall and shook hands with his departing visitor, she heard the sound of the wheels as the fly moved upon the gravel, and then she heard Sir Peregrine again shut the library door behind him.

She did not immediately get up from her chair; she still waited a while, perhaps for another period of ten minutes, and then she noiselessly left the room, and moving quickly and silently across the hall she knocked at Sir Peregrine's door. This she did so gently that at first no answer was made to her. Then she knocked again, hardly louder but with a repeated rap, and Sir Peregrine summoned her to come in. "May I trouble you once more—for one moment?" she said.

"Certainly, certainly; it is no trouble. I am glad that you are here in the house at this time, that you may see me at any moment that you may wish."

"I do not know why you should be so good to me."

"Because you are in great grief, in undeserved grief, because— Lady Mason, my services are at your command. I will act for you as I would for a—daughter."

"You hear now of what it is that they accuse me."

"Yes," he said; "I do hear:" and as he spoke he came round so that he was standing near to her, but with his back to the fire-place. "I do hear, and I blush to think that there is a man in England, holding the position of a county magistrate, who can so forget all that is due to honesty, to humanity, and to self-respect."

"You do not then think that I have been guilty of this thing?"

"Guilty—I think you guilty! No, nor does he think so. It is impossible that he should think so. I am no more sure of my own innocence than of yours;" and as he spoke he took both her hands and looked into her face, and his eyes also were full of tears. "You may be sure of this, that neither I nor Edith will ever think you guilty."

"Dearest Edith!" she said; she had never before called Sir Peregrine's daughter-in-law by her Christian name, and as she now did so she almost felt that she had sinned. But Sir Peregrine took it in good part. "She is dearest," he said; "and be sure of this, that she will be true to you through it all."

And so they stood for a while without further speech. He still held both her hands, and the tears still stood in his eyes. Her eyes were turned to the ground, and from them the tears were running fast. At first they ran silently, without audible sobbing, and Sir Peregrine, with his own old eyes full of salt water, hardly knew that she was weeping. But gradually the drops fell upon his hand, one by one at first, and then faster and faster; and soon there came a low sob, a sob all but suppressed, but which at last forced itself forth, and then her head fell upon his shoulder. "My dear," he said, himself hardly able to speak; "my poor dear, my ill-used dear!" and as she withdrew one hand from his that she might press a handkerchief to her face, his vacant arm passed itself round her waist. "My poor, ill-used dear!" he said again, as he pressed her to his old heart, and leaning over her he kissed her lips.

So she stood for some few seconds, feeling that she was pressed close by the feeble pressure of his arm, and then she gradually sank through from his embrace, and fell upon her knees at his feet. She knelt at his feet, supporting herself with one arm upon the table, and with the other hand she still held his hand over which her head was bowed. "My friend," she said, still sobbing, and sobbing loudly now; "my friend, that God has sent me in my trouble." And then, with words that were wholly inaudible, she murmured some prayer on his behalf.

"I am better now," she said, raising herself quickly to her feet when a few seconds had passed. "I am better now," and she stood erect before him. "By God's mercy I will endure it; I think I can endure it now."

"If I can lighten the load—"

"You have lightened it—of half its weight; but, Sir Peregrine, I will leave this—"

"Leave this! go away from The Cleeve!"

"Yes; I will not destroy the comfort of your home by the wretchedness of my position. I will not—"

"Lady Mason, my house is altogether at your service. If you will be led by me in this matter, you will not leave it till this cloud shall have passed by you. You will be better to be alone now;" and then, before she could answer him further, he led her to the door. She felt that it was better for her to be alone, and she hastened up the stairs to her own chamber.

"And why should I not?" said Sir Peregrine to himself, as he again walked the length of the library.

CHAPTER XXVII.

COMMERCE.

LUCIUS MASON was still staying at Noningsby when Mr. Furnival made his visit to Sir Peregrine, and on that afternoon he received a note from his mother. Indeed, there were three notes passed between them on that afternoon, for he wrote an answer to his mother, and then received a reply to that answer. Lady Mason told him that she did not intend to return home to the Farm quite immediately, and explained that her reason for not doing so was the necessity that she should have assistance and advice at this period of her trouble. She did not say that she misdoubted the wisdom of her son's counsels; but it appeared to him that she intended to signify to him that she did so, and he answered her in words that were sore and almost bitter. "I am sorry," he said, "that you and I can not agree about a matter that is of such vital concern to both of us; but as it is so, we can only act as each thinks best, you for yourself, and I for myself. I am sure, however, that you will believe that my only object is your happiness and your fair name, which is dearer to me than any thing else in the world." In answer to this, she had written again immediately, filling her letter with sweet words of motherly love, telling him that she was sure, quite sure, of his affection and kind spirit, and excusing herself for not putting the matter altogether in his hands by saying that she was forced to lean on those who had supported her from the beginning—through that former trial which had taken place when he, Lucius, was yet a baby. "And, dearest Lucius, you must not be angry with me," she went on to say; "I am suffering much under this cruel persecution, but my sufferings would be more than doubled if my own boy quarreled with me." Lucius, when he received this, flung up his head. "Quarrel with her!" he said to himself; "nothing on earth would make me quarrel with her; but I can not say that that is right which I think to be wrong." His feelings were good and honest, and kindly, too, in their way; but tenderness of heart was not his weakness. I should wrong him if I were

to say that he was hard-hearted, but he flattered himself that he was just-hearted, which sometimes is nearly the same—as had been the case with his father before him, and was now the case with his half-brother Joseph.

The day after this was his last at Noningsby. He had told Lady Staveley that he intended to go, and though she had pressed his further stay, remarking that none of the young people intended to move till after twelfth-night, nevertheless he persisted. With the young people of the house themselves he had not much advanced himself; and altogether he did not find himself thoroughly happy in the judge's house. They were more thoughtless than he—as he thought; they did not understand him, and therefore he would leave them. Besides, there was a great day of hunting coming on, at which every body was to take a part, and as he did not hunt that gave him another reason for going. "They have nothing to do but amuse themselves," he said to himself; "but I have a man's work before me, and a man's misfortunes. I will go home and face both."

In all this there was much of conceit, much of pride, much of deficient education—deficiency in that special branch of education which England has imparted to the best of her sons, but which is now becoming out of fashion. He had never learned to measure himself against others—I do not mean his knowledge or his book-acquirements, but the everyday conduct of his life—and to perceive that that which is insignificant in others must be insignificant in himself also. To those around him at Noningsby his extensive reading respecting the *Iapetidæ* recommended him not at all, nor did his agricultural ambitions; not even to Felix Graham, as a companion, though Felix Graham could see further into his character than did the others. He was not such as they were. He had not the unpretentious, self-controlling humor, perfectly free from all conceit, which was common to them. Life did not come easy to him, and the effort which he was ever making was always visible. All men should ever be making efforts, no doubt; but those efforts should not be conspicuous. But yet Lucius Mason was not a bad fellow, and young Staveley showed much want of discernment when he called him empty-headed and selfish. Those epithets were by no means applicable to him. That he was not empty-headed is certain; and he was moreover capable of a great self-sacrifice.

That his talents and good qualities were appreciated by one person in the house, seemed evident to Lady Staveley and the other married ladies of the party. Miss Furnival, as they all thought, had not found him empty-headed. And, indeed, it may be doubted whether Lady Staveley would have pressed his stay at Noningsby had Miss Furnival been less gracious. Dear Lady Staveley was always living in a fever lest her only son, the light of her eyes, should fall irrevocably in love with some lady that was by no means good enough for him. Revocably in

love he was daily falling; but some day he would go too deep, and the waters would close over his well-loved head. Now in her dear old favoring eyes Sophia Furnival was by no means good enough, and it had been quite clear that Augustus had become thoroughly lost in his attempts to bring about a match between Felix Graham and the barrister's daughter. In preparing the bath for his friend he had himself fallen bodily into the water. He was always at Miss Furnival's side as long as Miss Furnival would permit it. But it seemed to Lady Staveley that Miss Furnival, luckily, was quite as fond of having Lucius Mason at her side; that of the two she perhaps preferred Lucius Mason. That her taste and judgment should be so bad was wonderful to Lady Staveley; but this depravity, though wonderful, was useful, and therefore Lucius Mason might have been welcome to remain at Noningsby.

It may, however, be possible that Miss Furnival knew what she was doing quite as well as Lady Staveley could know for her. In the first place, she may possibly have thought it indiscreet to admit Mr. Staveley's attentions with too much freedom. She may have doubted their sincerity, or feared to give offense to the family, or Mr. Mason may in her sight have been the preferable suitor. That his gifts of intellect were at any rate equal to those of the other there can be no doubt. Then his gifts of fortune were already his own, and, for aught that Miss Furnival knew, might be equal to any that would ever appertain to the other gentleman. That Lady Staveley should think her swan better looking than Lady Mason's goose was very natural; but then Lady Mason would no doubt have regarded the two birds in an exactly opposite light. It is only fair to conceive that Miss Furnival was a better judge than either of them.

On the evening before his departure the whole party had been playing commerce; for the rule of the house during these holidays was this, that all the amusements brought into vogue were to be adapted to the children. If the grown-up people could adapt themselves to them, so much the better for them; if not, so much the worse; they must in such case provide for themselves. On the whole, the grown-up people seemed to live nearly as jovial a life as did the children. Whether the judge himself was specially fond of commerce I can not say; but he persisted in putting in the whole pool, and played through the entire game, rigidly fighting for the same pool on behalf of a very small grandchild, who sat during the whole time on his knee. There are those who call cards the devil's books, but we will presume that the judge was of a different way of thinking.

On this special evening Sophia had been sitting next to Augustus—a young man can always arrange these matters in his own house—but had nevertheless lost all her lives early in the game. "I will not have any cheating to-night," she had said to her neighbor; "I will take my chance, and if I die, I die. One can die but once."

And so she had died, three times indeed instead of once only, and had left the table. Lucius Mason also had died. He generally did die the first, having no aptitude for a collection of kings or aces, and so they two came together over the fire in the second drawing-room, far away from the card-players. There was nothing at all remarkable in this, as Mr. Furnival and one or two others who did not play commerce were also there; but nevertheless they were separated from those of the party who were most inclined to criticise their conduct.

"So you are leaving to-morrow, Mr. Mason," said Sophia.

"Yes. I go home to-morrow after breakfast; to my own house, where for some weeks to come I shall be absolutely alone."

"Your mother is staying at The Cleeve, I think."

"Yes—and intends remaining there as she tells me. I wish with all my heart she were at Orley Farm."

"Papa saw her yesterday. He went over to The Cleeve on purpose to see her; and this morning he has been talking to me about her. I can not tell you how I grieve for her."

"It is very sad; very sad. But I wish she were in her own house. Under the circumstances as they now are, I think it would be better for her to be there than elsewhere. Her name has been disgraced—"

"No, Mr. Mason; not disgraced."

"Yes; disgraced. Mark you, I do not say that she has been disgraced; and pray do not suppose it possible that I should think so. But a great opprobrium has been thrown on her name, and it would be better, I think, that she should remain at home till she has cast it off from her. Even for myself, I feel it almost wrong to be here; nor would I have come had I known when I did come as much as I do know now."

"But no one can for a moment think that your mother has done any thing that she should not have done."

"Then why do so many people talk of her as though she had committed a great crime? Miss Furnival, I know that she is innocent. I know it as surely as I know the fact of my own existence—"

"And we all feel the same thing."

"But if you were in my place—if it were your father whose name was so bandied about in people's mouths, you would think that it behooved him to do nothing, to go nowhere, till he had forced the world to confess his innocence. And this is ten times stronger with regard to a woman. I have given my mother my counsel, and I regret to say that she differs from me."

"Why do you not speak to papa?"

"I did once. I went to him at his chambers, and he rebuked me."

"Rebuked you, Mr. Mason! He did not do that intentionally I am sure. I have heard him say that you are an excellent son."

"But nevertheless he did rebuke me. He

considered that I was traveling beyond my own concerns in wishing to interfere for the protection of my mother's name. He said that I should leave it to such people as the Staveleys and the Ormes to guard her from ignominy and disgrace."

"Oh, he did not mean that!"

"But to me it seems that it should be a son's first duty. They are talking of trouble and of cost. I would give every hour I have in the day, and every shilling I own in the world to save her from one week of such suffering as she now endures; but it cuts me to the heart when she tells me that because she is suffering, therefore she must separate herself from me. I think it would be better for her, Miss Furnival, to be staying at home with me than to be at The Cleeve."

"The kindness of Mrs. Orme must be a great support to her."

"And why should not my kindness be a support to her—or rather my affection? We know from whom all these scandals come. My desire is to meet that man in a court of law and thrust these falsehoods down his throat."

"Ah! but you are a man."

"And therefore I would take the burden from her shoulders. But no; she will not trust to me. The truth, Miss Furnival, is this, that she has not yet learned to think of me as a man. To her I am still the boy for whom she is bound to provide, not the son who should bear for her all her cares. As it is I feel that I do not dare again to trouble her with my advice."

"Grandmamma is dead," shouted out a shrill small voice from the card-table. "Oh, grandmamma, do have one of my lives. Look! I've got three," said another.

"Thank you, my dears; but the natural term of my existence has come, and I will not rebel against fate."

"Oh, grandmamma—we'll let you have another grace."

"By no means, Charley. Indeed I am not clear that I am entitled to Christian burial as it is."

"A case of *felo de se*, I rather think," said her son. "About this time of the night suicide does become common among the elders. Unfortunately for me, the pistol that I have been snapping at my own head for the last half hour always hangs fire."

There was not much of love-making in the conversation which had taken place between young Mason and Sophia; not much at least up to this point; but a confidence had been established, and before he left her he did say a word or two that was more tender in its nature. "You must not be in dudgeon with me," he said, "for speaking to you of all this. Hitherto I have kept it all to myself, and perhaps I should still have done so."

"Oh no; do not say that."

"I am in great grief. It is dreadful to me to hear these things said, and as yet I have found no sympathy."

"I can assure you, Mr. Mason, that I do sympathize with you most sincerely. I only wish my sympathy could be of more value."

"It will be invaluable," he said, not looking at her, but fixing his eyes upon the fire, "if it be given with constancy from the first to the last of this sad affair."

"It shall be so given," said Miss Furnival, also looking at the fire.

"It will be tolerably long, and men will say cruel things of us. I can foresee this, that it will be very hard to prove to the world with certainty that there is no foundation whatever for these charges. If those who are now most friendly to us turn away from us—"

"I will never turn away from you, Mr. Mason."

"Then give me your hand on that, and remember that such a promise in my ears means much." He in his excitement had forgotten that there were others in the room who might be looking at them, and that there was a long vista open upon them direct from all the eyes at the card-table; but she did not forget it. Miss Furnival could be very enthusiastic, but she was one of those who in her enthusiasm rarely forgot any thing. Nevertheless, after a moment's pause, she gave him her hand. "There it is," she said; "and you may be sure of this, that with me also such a promise does mean something. And now I will say good-night." And so, having received the pressure of her hand, she left him.

"I will get you your candle," he said, and so he did.

"Good-night, papa," she said, kissing her father. And then, with a slight muttered word to Lady Staveley, she withdrew, having sacrificed the remainder of that evening for the sake of acceding to Mr. Mason's request respecting her pledge. It could not be accounted strange that she should give her hand to the gentleman with whom she was immediately talking as she bade him good-night.

"And now grandpapa is dead too," said Marian, "and there's nobody left but us three."

"And we'll divide," said Fanny Sebright; and so the game of commerce was brought to an end.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MONKTON GRANGE.

DURING these days Peregrine Orme—though he was in love up to his very chin, seriously in love, acknowledging this matter to himself openly, pulling his hair in the retirement of his bedroom, and resolving that he would do that which he had hitherto in life always been successful in doing—ask, namely, boldly for that he wanted sorely—Peregrine Orme, I say, though he was in this condition, did not in these days neglect his hunting. A proper attendance upon the proceedings of the H. H. was the only duty which he had hitherto undertaken in return for

all that his grandfather had done for him, and I have no doubt that he conceived that he was doing a duty in going hither and thither about the county to their most distant meets. At this period of the present season it happened that Noningsby was more central to the proceedings of the hunt than The Cleeve, and therefore he was enabled to think that he was remaining away from home chiefly on business. On one point, however, he had stoutly come to a resolution. That question should be asked of Madeline Staveley before he returned to his grandfather's house.

And now had arrived a special hunting morning—special, because the meet was in some degree a show meet, appropriate for ladies, at a comfortable distance from Noningsby, and affording a chance of amusement to those who sat in carriages as well as to those on horseback. Monkton Grange was the well-known name of the place—a name perhaps dearer to the ladies than to the gentlemen of the country, seeing that show meets do not always give the best sport. Monkton Grange is an old farm-house, now hardly used as such, having been left, as regards the habitation, in the hands of a head laborer; but it still possesses the marks of ancient respectability and even of grandeur. It is approached from the high road by a long double avenue of elms, which still stand in all their glory. The road itself has become narrow, and the space between the side row of trees is covered by soft turf, up which those coming to the meet love to gallop, trying the fresh metal of their horses. And the old house itself is surrounded by a moat, dry indeed now for the most part, but nevertheless an evident moat, deep and well preserved, with a bridge over it which Fancy tells us must once have been a draw-bridge. It is here, in front of the bridge, that the old hounds sit upon their haunches, resting quietly round the horses of the huntsmen, while the young dogs move about, and would wander if the whips allowed them—one of the fairest sights to my eyes that this fair country of ours can show. And here the sportsmen and ladies congregate by degrees, men from a distance in dog-carts generally arriving first, as being less able to calculate the time with accuracy. There is room here too in the open space for carriages, and there is one spot on which always stands old Lord Alston's chariot with the four posters; an ancient sportsman he, who still comes to some few favorite meets; and though Alston Court is but eight miles from the Grange, the post-horses always look as though they had been made to do their best, for his lordship likes to move fast even in his old age. He is a tall thin man, bent much with age, and apparently too weak for much walking; he is dressed from head to foot in a sportsman's garb, with a broad, stiffly-starched colored handkerchief tied rigidly round his neck. One would say that old as he is he has sacrificed in no way to comfort. It is with difficulty that he gets into his saddle, his servant holding his rein and stirrup, and giving him



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perhaps some other slight assistance; but when he is there, there he will remain all day, and when his old blood warms he will gallop along the road with as much hot fervor as his grandson. An old friend he of Sir Peregrine's. "And why is not your grandfather here to-day?" he

said on this occasion to young Orme. "Tell him from me that if he fails us in this way, I shall think he is getting old." Lord Alston was in truth five years older than Sir Peregrine, but Sir Peregrine at this time was thinking of other things.

And then a very tidy little modern carriage bustled up the road, a brougham made for a pair of horses, which was well known to all hunting men in these parts. It was very unpretending in its color and harness; but no vehicle more appropriate to its purpose ever carried two thorough-going sportsmen day after day about the country. In this as it pulled up under the head tree of the avenue were seated the two Miss Tristrams. The two Miss Tristrams were well known to the Hamworth Hunt—I will not merely say as fearless riders—of most girls who hunt as much can be said as that; but they were judicious horsewomen; they knew when to ride hard, and when hard riding, as regarded any necessary for the hunt, would be absolutely thrown away. They might be seen for half the day moving about the roads as leisurely, or standing as quietly at the covert's side as might the seniors of the field. But when the time for riding did come, when the hounds were really running—when other young ladies had begun to go home—then the Miss Tristrams were always there; there or thereabouts, as their admirers would warmly boast.

Nor did they commence their day's work as did other girls who came out on hunting mornings. With most such it is clear to see that the object is pretty much the same here as in the ball-room. "*Spectatum veniunt; veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ*," as it is proper, natural, and desirable that they should do. By that word "*spectatum*" I would wish to signify something more than the mere use of the eyes. Perhaps an occasional word dropped here and there into the ears of a cavalier may be included in it; and the "*spectentur*" also may include a word so received. But the Miss Tristrams came for hunting. Perhaps there might be a slight shade of affectation in the manner by which they would appear to come for that and that only. They would talk of nothing else, at any rate, during the earlier portion of the day, when many listeners were by. They were also well instructed as to the country to be drawn, and usually had a word of import to say to the huntsman. They were good-looking, fair-haired girls, short in size, with bright gray eyes, and a short decisive mode of speaking. It must not be imagined that they were altogether indifferent to such matters as are dear to the hearts of other girls. They were not careless as to admiration, and if report spoke truth of them were willing enough to establish themselves in the world; but all their doings of that kind had a reference to their favorite amusement, and they would as soon have thought of flirting with men who did not hunt as some other girls would with men who did not dance.

I do not know that this kind of life had been altogether successful with them, or that their father had been right to permit it. He himself had formerly been a hunting man, but he had become fat and lazy, and the thing had dropped away from him. Occasionally he did come out with them, and when he did not do so some oth-

er senior of the field would have them nominally under charge; but practically they were as independent when going across the country as the young men who accompanied them. I have expressed a doubt whether this life was successful with them, and indeed such doubt was expressed by many of their neighbors. It had been said of each of them for the last three years that she was engaged, now to this man, and then to that other; but neither this man nor that other had yet made good the assertion, and now people were beginning to say that no man was engaged to either of them. Hunting young ladies are very popular in the hunting-field; I know no place in which girls receive more worship and attention; but I am not sure but they may carry their enthusiasm too far for their own interests, let their horsemanship be as perfect as it may be.

The two girls on this occasion sat in their carriage till the groom brought up their horses, and then it was wonderful to see with what ease they placed themselves in their saddles. On such occasions they admitted no aid from the gentlemen around them, but each stepping for an instant on a servant's hand, settled herself in a moment on horseback. Nothing could be more perfect than the whole thing, but the wonder was that Mr. Tristram should have allowed it.

The party from Noningsby consisted of six or seven on horseback, besides those in the carriage. Among the former there were the two young ladies, Miss Furnival and Miss Staveley, and our friends Felix Graham, Augustus Staveley, and Peregrine Orme. Felix Graham was not by custom a hunting man, as he possessed neither time nor money for such a pursuit; but to-day he was mounted on his friend Staveley's second horse, having expressed his determination to ride him as long as they two, the man and the horse, could remain together.

"I give you fair warning," Felix had said, "if I do not spare my own neck, you can not expect me to spare your horse's legs."

"You may do your worst," Staveley had answered. "If you give him his head, and let him have his own way, he won't come to grief, whatever you may do."

On their road to Monkton Grange, which was but three miles from Noningsby, Peregrine Orme had ridden by the side of Miss Staveley, thinking more of her than of the affairs of the hunt, prominent as they were generally in his thoughts. How should he do it, and when, and in what way should he commence the deed? He had an idea that it might be better for him if he could engender some closer intimacy between himself and Madeline before he absolutely asked the fatal question; but the closer intimacy did not seem to produce itself readily. He had, in truth, known Madeline Staveley for many years, almost since they were children together; but lately, during these Christmas holidays especially, there had not been between them that close conversational alliance which so often facilitates

such an overture as that which Peregrine was now desirous of making. And, worse again, he had seen that there was such close conversational alliance between Madeline and Felix Graham. He did not on that account dislike the young barrister, or call him, even within his own breast, a snob or an ass. He knew well that he was neither the one nor the other; but he knew as well that he could be no fit match for Miss Staveley, and, to tell the truth, he did not suspect that either Graham or Miss Staveley would think of such a thing. It was not jealousy that tormented him, so much as a diffidence in his own resources. He made small attempts which did not succeed, and therefore he determined that he would at once make a grand attempt. He would create himself an opportunity before he left Noningsby, and would do it even to-day on horseback, if he could find sufficient opportunity. In taking a determined step like that, he knew that he would not lack the courage.

"Do you mean to ride to-day?" he said to Madeline, as they were approaching the bottom of the Grange avenue. For the last half mile he had been thinking what he would say to her, and thinking in vain; and now, at the last moment, he could summon no words to his assistance more potent for his purpose than these.

"If you mean by riding, Mr. Orme, going across the fields with you and the Miss Tristrams, certainly not. I should come to grief, as you call it, at the first ditch."

"And that is just what I shall do," said Felix Graham, who was at her other side.

"Then, if you take my advice, you'll remain with us in the wood, and act as squire of dames. What on earth would Marian do if aught but good was to befall you?"

"Dear Marian! She gave me a special commission to bring her the fox's tail. Foxes' tails are just like ladies."

"Thank you, Mr. Graham. I've heard you make some pretty compliments, and that is about the prettiest."

"A faint heart will never win either the one or the other, Miss Staveley."

"Oh, ah, yes. That will do very well. Under these circumstances I will accept the comparison."

All of which very innocent conversation was overheard by Peregrine Orme, riding on the other side of Miss Staveley's horse. And why not? Neither Graham nor Miss Staveley had any objection. But how was it that he could not join in and take his share in it? He had made one little attempt at conversation, and that having failed, he remained perfectly silent till they reached the large circle at the head of the avenue. "It's no use, this sort of thing," he said to himself. "I must do it at a blow if I do it at all;" and then he rode away to the master of the hounds.

As our party arrived at the open space the Miss Tristrams were stepping out of their carriage, and they came up to shake hands with Miss Staveley.

"I am so glad to see you," said the eldest; "it is so nice to have some ladies out besides ourselves."

"Do keep up with us," said the second. "It's a very open country about here, and any body can ride it." And then Miss Furnival was introduced to them. "Does your horse jump, Miss Furnival?"

"I really do not know," said Sophia; "but I sincerely trust that if he does, he will refrain to-day."

"Don't say so," said the eldest sportswoman. "If you'll only begin it will come as easy to you as going along the road;" and then, not being able to spare more of these idle moments, they both went off to their horses, walking as though their habits were no impediments to them, and in half a minute they were seated.

"What is Harriet on to-day?" asked Staveley of a constant member of the hunt. Now Harriet was the eldest Miss Tristram.

"A little brown mare she got last week. That was a terrible brush we had on Friday. You weren't out, I think. We killed in the open, just at the edge of Rotherham Common. Harriet was one of the few that was up, and I don't think the chestnut horse will be the better of it this season."

"That was the horse she got from Griggs?"

"Yes; she gave a hundred and fifty for him; and I'm told he was as nearly done on Friday as any animal you ever put your eyes on. They say Harriet cried when she got home." Now the gentleman who was talking about Harriet on this occasion was one with whom she would no more have sat down to table than with her own groom.

But though Harriet may have cried when she got home on that fatal Friday evening, she was full of the triumph of the hunt on this morning. It is not often that the hounds run into a fox and absolutely surround and kill him on the open ground, and when this is done after a severe run there are seldom many there to see it. If a man can fairly take a fox's brush on such an occasion as that, let him do it; otherwise let him leave it to the huntsman. On the occasion in question it seems that Harriet Tristram might have done so, and some one coming second to her had been gallant enough to do it for her.

"Oh, my lord, you should have been out on Friday," she said to Lord Alston. "We had the prettiest thing I ever saw."

"A great deal too pretty for me, my dear."

"Oh, you who know the roads so well would certainly have been up. I suppose it was thirteen miles from Cobbleton's Bushes to Rotherham Common."

"Not much less, indeed," said his lordship, unwilling to diminish the lady's triumph. Had a gentleman made the boast his lordship would have demonstrated that it was hardly more than eleven.

"I timed it accurately from the moment he went away," said the lady, "and it was exactly fifty-seven minutes. The first part of it was aw-

fully fast. Then we had a little check at Moseley Bottom. But for that, nobody could have lived through it. I never shall forget how deep it was coming up from there to Cringleton. I saw two men get off to ease their horses up the deep bit of plow; and I would have done so too, only my horse would not have stood for me to get up."

"I hope he was none the worse for it," said the sporting character who had been telling Staveley just now how she had cried when she got home that night.

"To tell the truth, I fear it has done him no good. He would not feed, you know, that night at all."

"And broke out into cold sweats," said the gentleman.

"Exactly," said the lady, not quite liking it, but still enduring with patience.

"Rather groggy on his pins the next morning?" suggested her friend.

"Very groggy," said Harriet, regarding the word as one belonging to fair sporting phraseology.

"And inclined to go very much on the points of his toes. I know all about it, Miss Tristram, as well as though I'd seen him."

"There's nothing but rest for it, I suppose."

"Rest and regular exercise—that's the chief thing; and I should give him a mash as often as three times a week. He'll be all right again in three or four weeks—that is if he's sound, you know."

"Oh, as sound as a bell," said Miss Tristram.

"He'll never be the same horse on a road though," said the sporting gentleman, shaking his head and whispering to Staveley.

And now the time had come at which they were to move. They always met at eleven; and at ten minutes past, to the moment, Jacob the huntsman would summons the old hounds from off their haunches. "I believe we may be moving, Jacob," said Mr. Williams, the master.

"The time be up," said Jacob, looking at a ponderous time-keeper that might with truth be called a hunting-watch; and then they all moved slowly away back from the Grange, down a farm-road which led to Monkton Wood, distant from the old house perhaps a quarter of a mile.

"May we go as far as the wood?" said Miss Furnival to Augustus. "Without being made to ride over hedges, I mean."

"Oh, dear, yes; and ride about the wood half the day. It will be an hour and a half before a fox will break—even if he ever breaks."

"Dear me! how tired you will be of us. Now do say something pretty, Mr. Staveley."

"It's not my *métier*. We shall be tired, not of you, but of the thing. Galloping up and down the same cuts in the wood for an hour and a half is not exciting; nor does it improve the matter much if we stand still, as one should do by rights."

"That would be very slow."

"You need not be afraid. They never do here. Every body will be rushing about as

though the very world depended on their galloping."

"I'm so glad; that's just what I like."

"Every body except Lord Alston, Miss Tristram, and the other old stagers. They will husband their horses, and come out as fresh at two o'clock as though they were only just out. There is nothing so valuable as experience in hunting."

"Do you think it nice seeing a young lady with so much hunting knowledge?"

"Now you want me to talk slander, but I won't do it. I admire the Miss Tristrams exceedingly, and especially Julia."

"And which is Julia?"

"The youngest; that one riding by herself."

"And why don't you go and express your admiration?"

"Ah me! why don't we all express the admiration that we feel, and pour sweet praises into the ears of the lady that excites it? Because we are cowards, Miss Furnival, and are afraid even of such a weak thing as a woman."

"Dear me! I should hardly have thought that you would suffer from such terror as that."

"Because you don't quite know me, Miss Furnival."

"And Miss Julia Tristram is the lady that has excited it?"

"If it be not she, it is some other fair votary of Diana at present riding into Monkton Wood."

"Ah, now you are giving me a riddle to guess, and I never guess riddles. I won't even try at it. But they all seem to be stopping."

"Yes, they are putting the hounds into covert. Now if you want to show yourself a good sportsman, look at your watch. You see that Julia Tristram has got hers in her hand."

"What's that for?"

"To time the hounds; to see how long they'll be before they find. It's very pretty work in a small gorse, but in a great wood like this I don't care much for being so accurate. But for Heaven's sake don't tell Julia Tristram; I should not have a chance if she thought I was so slack."

And now the hounds were scattering themselves in the wood, and the party rode up the centre roadway toward a great circular opening in the middle of it. Here it was the recognized practice of the horsemen to stand, and those who properly did their duty would stand there; but very many lingered at the gate, knowing that there was but one other exit from the wood, without overcoming the difficulty of a very intricate and dangerous fence.

"There be a gap, baint there?" said one farmer to another, as they were entering.

"Yes, there be a gap, and young Grubbles broke his 'orse's back a getting over of it last year," said the second farmer.

"Did he though?" said the first; and so they both remained at the gate.

And others, a numerous body, including most of the ladies, galloped up and down the crossways, because the master of the hounds and the huntsman did so. "D—— those fellows

riding up and down after me wherever I go," said the master. "I believe they think I'm to be hunted." This seemed to be said more especially to Miss Tristram, who was always in the master's confidence; and I fear that the fellows alluded to included Miss Furnival and Miss Staveley.

And then there came the sharp, eager sound of a hound's voice; a single, sharp, happy opening bark, and Harriet Tristram was the first to declare that the game was found. "Just five minutes and twenty seconds, my lord," said Julia Tristram to Lord Alston. "That's not bad in a large wood like this."

"Uncommonly good," said his lordship. "And when are we to get out of it?"

"They'll be here for the next hour, I'm afraid," said the lady, not moving her horse from the place where she stood, though many of the more impetuous of the men were already rushing away to the gates. "I have seen a fox go away from here without resting a minute; but that was later in the season, at the end of February. Foxes are away from home then." All which observations showed a wonderfully acute sporting observation on the part of Miss Tristram.

And then the music of the dogs became fast and frequent, as they drove the brute across and along from one part of the large wood to another. Sure there is no sound like it for filling a man's heart with an eager desire to be at work. What may be the trumpet in battle I do not know, but I can imagine that it has the same effect. And now a few of them were standing on that wide circular piece of grass, when a sound the most exciting of them all reached their ears. "He's away!" shouted a whip from a corner of the wood. The good-natured beast, though as yet it was hardly past Christmas-time, had consented to bless at once so many anxious sportsmen, and had left the back of the covert with the full pack at his heels.

"There is no gate that way, Miss Tristram," said a gentleman.

"There's a double ditch and bank that will do as well," said she, and away she went directly after the hounds, regardless altogether of the gates. Peregrine Orme and Felix Graham, who were with her, followed close upon her track.

ERNST II. OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

NOW that the smoke of the 35,000 shots has cleared away, the guests have departed, the oak-wreath withered, the banners rolled up for the next time, and the first National Convention of German Riflemen declared to be a great success, we may already begin to calculate its direct results. In the popular estimation it stands for more than it really is, and, therefore, is more than it seems.

Mere expertness with the rifle is a simple art, and the various corps of shooters might develop

their skill to an equal extent without leaving home. But the *éclat* given to that skill by a public trial at which all Germany looks on—the wide renown, the rich rewards which await the victors—tend directly to make these volunteer associations popular, and to greatly increase their number and efficiency. Again, behind this consideration lies the idea of making the German people strong for their own defense, of bringing them together from the remotest states, and promoting a spirit of unity, a harmony of interests and of aims, in spite of political divisions. Not in vain has the lesson of Italy been studied here. The people at last understand that they must be a PEOPLE, divided by no provincial jealousies, animated by no narrow aims, before Germany can be the one powerful consolidated Empire, which is their political dream.

In the Convention at Gotha, as well as in the Singers' Festival, to be held in Nuremberg (and at which 5000 participants are already announced), this is the deep, underlying idea. The *National-Verein* (National-Association), which was established in 1859, and already numbers between twenty and thirty thousand members, has for its object the union of all the scattered elements of Progress in an organized body, which shall work for the same end. After long wanderings hither and thither; after many a chase of ignes fatui through the swamps of Red Republicanism, Communism, and Socialism, the Liberal Party in Germany has at last found its rational and proper path. There is no longer a Republican, but a wise, enlightened National Party, against whose growing strength the Reaction is beaten back on every side.

We left our summer quarters in the neighboring Thuringian Forest, and hastened to Gotha on the day previous to the festival, for the purpose of witnessing the arrival of rifle-corps from abroad. The little city had been excited for weeks in advance with the fear that she would not be able to hold all her guests. She resolved, at least, that they should be worthily entertained, and her citizens (with the exception of the nobility, who, for the most part, stood sullenly aloof) spared neither pains nor expense. Hundreds of houses were opened for the strangers, flags were made, wreaths woven, triumphal arches built, and prizes, by scores, contributed for the victors. Silver goblets came from Duke Ernst II., and the Duchess, Prince Albert, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, and the Free Cities; rifles and revolvers, sets of silver spoons, cases of wine, gold watches, embroidered gun-belts and game-bags, meerschaum pipes, cigars, port-folios, cushions, books, and statuettes; and even the children's schools in the neighborhood brought together their *pfennings* to buy some trifle which should represent their interest in the festival.

From afar, over the trees, the old banner of the German Empire—black, red, and gold, in horizontal bars—waved a welcome as we approached. It is not ten years since these colors were prohibited in almost every part of Ger-

many. As we entered the suburbs the colors of Saxony (green and white) and Thuringia (red and white) floated from every house, subordinate, however, to the all-embracing national flag. The streets leading to the railroad station, whence came the sound of music, were crowded with riflemen, hurrying down to receive the expected deputations. Presently we hear the yelling of two locomotives, which come slowly up the grade from the direction of Weimar, drawing twelve cars. We make for an arbor overlooking the main avenue, through which the strangers must march. Trumpets blow, the people rush past, the thunders rattle—out goes the sunshine, and down comes the rain! We huddle together in the leafy house, which affords but slight protection against the driving sheets. But in half an hour the sun follows, and a double rainbow, complete and magnificent, arches above the Seeberg. The trumpets blow again; the target-men, in scarlet caps and shirts, tramp by with the luggage; the *fiacres*, garlanded with flowers, succeed, and then the riflemen with their escort, cheerfully keeping step on the muddy road. The banners and the crowds of spectators are their only welcome. There is no shouting, no waving of hats. The Germans have not yet learned that. They have been kept silent so long that they have not recovered the full use of their voices.

In the morning we set out betimes for the market-square in the centre of the city, where the procession was to form. We had the honor of escorting Fräulein Hildegarde, in her oak wreath and scarf of red, black, and gold. From under the linden boughs of the park two similarly attired maidens sprang out to meet us, and the three formed a vanguard, before which the crowd fell back and made us a passage. The market-square lies on the northern side of the steep hill crowned by the castle of Friedenstein. Approaching it from the top, we looked down as into an arena, filled with waving flags and moving masses of men, and sprinkled all over with glittering points of color. The gray old council-hall, in the centre, thrust a flag from every window, and shook its pendent wreaths of oak-leaves in the wind. The fountain was hidden in a pyramid of birchen boughs, and daring young peasants clung to every coign of vantage offered by its layers of basins. In the middle of an open space, kept clear by gens d'armes, the chief marshal was riding to and fro, while his aids stationed the various deputations of riflemen at their posts, ready to fall in at the proper time. The crowd, thousands in number, looked on in silence.

We descended into the square, broke through the guarded space, and took leave of our maidens at the door of the council-hall, where ninety-seven others were waiting for them. On all sides waved the flags of the various German States: the black and white of Prussia; the blue and silver of Bavaria; the red and yellow of Baden; the fortress, in a red field, of Hamburg; the Saxon and Thuringian colors; the tri-

color of Schleswig-Holstein; the cross of Switzerland; and, over all—the symbol of strength and unity—the red, black, and gold. Every house was hung with garlands, principally of the German oak, looped up with knots of roses, and disposed in a great variety of forms, but in every instance with excellent taste. The general effect was exceedingly beautiful. The streets through which the procession was to pass were decorated in the same manner. Occasionally the wreaths were of fir, with gilded cones as pendants, or with rosettes of forget-me-nots and harebells. Even in these details there was a national significance. You may be sure, whenever a German is sufficiently advanced to express himself by means of outward symbols, he always puts an idea behind them.

We followed the path of the procession to the outskirts of the city, where hospitable windows had been offered to us. A short distance beyond were the shooting-hall and target-stands, around which a court of show-booths had already sprung up. The square gate-way was composed of the shields of German States, set in feathery frames of fir, while on either side two lofty masts, spirally wreathed to the summit, lifted high in air their crowns of banners. From the centre of the arch floated the colors of the German empire.

'Boom! went the cannon from the castle, announcing that the procession had started. All the church bells began to chime—a circumstance whereat the few reactionists in Gotha were deeply shocked. The road was already lined with expectant crowds, who filled the banks on either side, while the central space was kept clear by mounted gens d'armes. Somewhat in advance of the procession came Duke Ernst, driving a span of black-maned duns, and with such a skillful hand that we doubt not but many of the strangers supposed he was the coachman.

A blast of trumpets, a stretching of the necks of the crowd, an increasing murmur, and the procession comes! It is a double display, for the Turners of Thuringia hold their convention in Gotha at the same time, and have joined their forces to those of the riflemen. The former first appear, preceded by music, and graced by the presence of a second hundred of maidens in white, with wreath of white flowers and rose-colored scarfs. Then comes the corps of Turners. Ah! here is some sign of life, but not from the spectators: *they* are simply silent and curious. The various deputations greet the ladies of our party with genuine cheers—mild, indeed, but well-meant. Handkerchiefs flourish acknowledgment. Students in velvet caps wave their swords, banners dip, and the trumpets blow a fanfaron, as they pass. Young, gallant fellows in gray linen, they can do something else besides spring bars and climb ladders hand over hand.

We count the maidens, who seem to be portioned off as angelic escorts to the standard-bearers until the hundredth is reached. Now the riflemen! The band plays "Schleswig-Holstein, sea-surrounded," as they pass the tri-colored flag. Company after company of rifle-

men appear, in plain gray or blue fatigue uniform, but preceded by officers in astonishing costume. Who are these in green and gold, with such plumed chapeaux, such excessive epaulets, such length of sword? Generals? field-m Marshals? you ask. By no means, my friend: they are not even soldiers. It is pleasant to know that the vanity of seeing one's self "in full regimentals" is not confined to militia officers. Some of the banners, however, tattered and riddled in former wars, told a different story. Decidedly the best-looking corps in the entire procession were the Coburg Turners, in their blue flannel shirts and linen trousers. They were armed with rifle, sword-bayonet, and revolver, and commanded by an ex-captain of Garibaldi's Sicilian army, whom the Duke had summoned from Switzerland for the purpose of giving them a military organization and discipline.

The presence of the two hundred maidens was the most pleasing feature of the display—to the eye, at least. The flowing lines of the white robes, the soft gleam of the colored scarfs, and the bright flush of the girlish faces, wound like a thread of grace and beauty through the long files of the men. Here, again, we recognized the artistic sense, if not the direct arrangement of an artist. Another lesson of the festival was afforded by the perfect order preserved by the spectators, thousands of whom were peasants from the surrounding country. The very freedom which was allowed was in itself a guarantee of order—a fact which some continental governments are slow to learn.

After the procession had passed we descended from our windows and followed in the rear, designing to enter the inclosure in season to hear the Duke's address of welcome, and the song "The German Tricolor," to which he had composed the music. The standard-bearers formed a double line from the triumphal gate-way to the portico of the hall, upon which the Duke stood, surrounded by the officers of the Convention. His speech occupied about five minutes in delivery. After referring to that new direction of the popular ideas which had called forth the festival, he said, in a firm, decided tone, "Strength and skill shall to-day unite in emulation for prizes, in order that the individual, elevated by the consciousness of his own value, may become more valuable to the entire people. The chief aim of these mutual endeavors should be the protection of the great German Fatherland, and the preservation of its honor. With such feelings let us reach to one another the fraternal hand!" Many of the riflemen from abroad, who were accustomed to see their own rulers surrounded by the rigid ceremonials of the German courts, were astonished at the manly simplicity for which Ernst II. is distinguished. "Why," said one of them, "it's really comical to see your Duke!" "Why so?" we asked—not knowing that "comical," in his dialect, expressed the highest measure of admiration. "You see," he said, "I once had the honor of standing before our king.

Ah, ha! bow down and be silent: don't you recognize the divinity? But here—he's a man, like ourselves: yes, actually a human being! He walks, and talks, and lets the sun shine without his permission!"

The shooting, which was to continue four days, immediately commenced. There were, in all, thirteen hundred riflemen present, representing every German State, with the exception of Austria. At the commencement there were twenty targets, but the pressure for a chance to shoot was so great that ten more were subsequently added. The shooting-stand was a spacious pavilion, erected for the purpose, on the western side of which were twenty stalls, numbered to correspond with the targets. The latter were also named in the order of rank: the first, to which the highest prizes were attached, being "Germany;" the second, "Duke Ernst;" the third, "Thüringia;" and the fourth, "Schleswig-Holstein." Afterward came the German rivers, and then the representative men; among whom Humboldt, Fichte, and Arndt had a place. The distance was four hundred feet for ten of the targets, and two hundred and fifty feet for the remainder. The manner of shooting was divided into three classes, so arranged that each class should apply to both distances: 1st, shooting "with free hand," without rest or aid of any kind; 2d, with the use of the diopter, or sight-gauge; and 3d, with rests, and all other appliances, at will. Thus, the rifleman who combined the first-class with the greatest distance, and hit the centre oftenest in proportion to the number of shots, would be entitled to the highest prizes. These technical arrangements were a great worry to the committee, who were obliged to take into consideration the diversity of habits and preferences among the riflemen.

The cracking of rifles became more and more frequent, and soon rattled, in scattering volleys, from one end of the pavilion to the other. We were interested in noticing the arrangement of the targets. Each was double, turning upon a pivot midway between the two, so that when one was up the other was down, and concealed from sight in a pit, in which the attendant sat. His duty was, whenever a shot was fired, to turn the axle, bringing the target down to note the shot with the same movement which elevated the other for a fresh one. The shots were carefully registered, and the record sent back to the pavilion from time to time, in a bag attached to a traveling rope. It is a lucky circumstance that none of the attendants were wounded during the festival. Once, indeed, there was a slight alarm. One of the targets having failed to revolve, the firing was suspended and the pit examined, when the man was found lying sound asleep at the bottom, with an empty beer-mug beside him! It is no less an illustration of the care and method native to the German character, that, although 35,000 shots in all were fired, no accident of any kind occurred.

The ambition of the riflemen was stimulated by the silver gleam of the prizes, arranged for

show in a little temple adjoining the main hall. The front pediment of this temple, painted by Professor Schneider, illustrated the (just now more than ever) popular legend of the slumbering Barbarossa. The old emperor sits in the vaults of the Kyffhäuser, with his red beard grown to his feet, while the ravens fly around his head. So long as they continue to fly the enchantment binds him; the hour of his awakening has not yet come. But on either side, in the lower caverns, the mountain-gnomes are busy, forging swords, casting bullets, and hammering the locks of guns. Barbarossa symbolizes the German unity. We should have represented him, however, if not in the act of awakening, as at least starting in his sleep. To complete the allegory, one of the ravens should be double-headed, with yellow wings; the second wearing the papal tiara, and with the keys of St. Peter in his claws; and the third with a spiked helmet, representing, not Prussia, but that combination of pride and stubbornness which distinguishes the military caste in Germany.

The Turners had a grand performance in the afternoon, a ball at the theatre in the evening, and an excursion to the mountains on the following day. The riflemen also had their ball, but on both occasions there was a departure from the usual order. The theatre was open on all sides, to every one who chose to enter. There were no door-keepers, no managers; and from the back of the stage to the top of the gallery the space was crowded to suffocation with a mixed multitude, varying in costume from the most elegant ball-toilet to the shabby dress of the street-loafer. To be sure this feature made it a *Volksfest* in the true sense of the word, but at the expense of the guests for whose pleasure the ball was given.

Thus, from morning till night, for four days, the rifles cracked, the old lindens shook in blasts of music, the noisy booths proclaimed their attractions, and the beer-barrels were emptied. At the close of the festival, De Leuw, of Düsseldorf, was declared to be the first shot, and Dörner, of Nuremberg, the second. Besides the contributed prizes, four hundred in number, there were additional prizes in money, and the lucky first dozen of sharp-shooters received several hundred thalers apiece, together with their silver goblets and spoons.

Not the least circumstance which has contributed to the success of the shooting-match is the fact that the party possesses a leader who not only enjoys an unbounded popularity among the masses, but, being himself a reigning Prince, is at once a guarantee of its character for his fellow-rulers, and a shield for itself against their forcible opposition. This leader is Ernst II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whom we best know in America as the elder brother of Prince Albert of England, while in Germany the latter is best known as the younger brother of the Duke. The Reactionists—especially the *Junkerthum*, or Squirearchy, as the reactionary nobility are call-

ed—charge Ernst II. with being a demagogue; with heading the popular movement merely for the sake of gratifying a hollow ambition: but they can not deny that his course has been thoroughly consistent from the beginning, and that he remained true to the cause, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of his royal relatives, at a time when it seemed to be utterly crushed. If he is simply cunning, and not sincere, as they affirm, it is that nobler cunning which foresees the inevitable course of events, and rides on the top wave of the flood which it can not stay.

Certainly since the Schleswig-Holstein war, in which he commanded the battery at Eckernfiord, whereby the Danish frigate *Christian VIII.* was destroyed, no German Prince has been so popular with the people as Ernst II. During the last two years this popularity has taken a much wider and deeper significance. In 1859 he not only welcomed the establishment of the National-Verein, but when the *Free City* of Frankfort refused to allow its members to meet in convention there, invited them at once to Coburg. A month ago the Legislative Assembly of the Duchy, at his recommendation, concluded a military convention with Prussia, whereby the useless little army of the State is consolidated into that of the greater power—a practical step toward unity. And now, by his indefatigable labors as President of the Convention of Riflemen, by his plain, cordial bearing, his conciliatory patience and kindness in adjusting disputes and jealousies among the guests, and, more than all, by his earnest, patriotic utterances, he has sprung to a height of popularity which might make giddy a head less clear and cool than his.

On the last day of the Convention, when the members assembled in the hall, the Duke made a short address, recommending the formation of a permanent union of volunteer rifle-corps throughout all Germany, not only for the purpose of uniting upon normal regulations in regard to the exercises, but also to arm and discipline the young men, so that they may finally constitute a reserve for the regular army. "The time to create a sensation by words alone," said he, "is past. The people demand action, for the sake of their strength and unity. I hear of dangers which threaten our Fatherland; but a people is beyond danger as soon as it is truly united, truly strong." The proposal was unanimously adopted. A plain-spoken doubter, however, during the day, ventured to approach the Duke and to say: "Your Highness, your words were noble and patriotic; but will you stand by them?" The Duke answered, good-humoredly clapping the speaker on the shoulder, "My friend, all that I have heretofore promised I have performed: I think you may safely confide in me this time."

I had recently the honor of a long personal interview with Ernst II., from which I came away with a most agreeable impression of his character and talents. I had previously been presented to him during the visit of Prince Al-

bert to Gotha, three years ago, and was then struck by his free, off-hand, animated demeanor, which offered a marked contrast to the somewhat reserved and haughty bearing of his younger brother. On my way through Coburg to the Franconian Switzerland a month ago, I expressed a wish, through a friend in the Ministry, to wait upon him at the castle of Callenberg, near that city—his residence in the early summer. The permission was at once given, and with a cordiality which relieved me from any fear of intrusion.

On alighting from the train at the Coburg station, I was accosted by a personage in a white cravat, who, after satisfying himself as to my identity, announced, "His Highness expects you to dinner, at the Callenberg, at seven o'clock this evening." Then, probably suspecting that an American might be unfamiliar with the requirements of costume, he added, in a whisper, "You only need a black cravat and a dress-coat." I satisfied his mind on that score, and we proceeded together to the hotel. He took the further precaution of ordering the carriage, in order that I might be punctual; but I was already aware that punctuality is a necessary virtue of princes.

The evening was delicious, and the drive of three miles was a cheerful ante-chamber, through which to enter pleasant society. (There are few European courts which can be thus designated.) The old fortress of Coburg, where Luther wrote, "*Our Lord, He is a Tower of Strength*," stood golden in the sun, and long shadows lay across the meadows of Rosenau. A mild breeze, hay-scented, blew over the hills, and frosted the poplars with the silver of their upturned leaves.

The Duke's valet, a stout African, met me at the entrance, and conducted me to an upper terrace—a lovely, shaded spot, planted with flowers in rococo patterns, with a fountain in the centre. The castle completely covers the sharp summit of the mountain, and is visible far and wide. I was about entering, when I was confronted by a tall, stately gentleman, who bowed with appropriate gravity. One of the lackeys, seeing that I did not recognize him, introduced him, with ready tact, as "The *Oberhofmarschall* (Chamberlain) von —." This personage courteously conducted me around the terrace and pointed out the beauties of the landscape. I had been upon the Callenberg years before, but had never seen it in the splendor of summer.

There is scarcely a more exquisite situation in Germany. It differs from Reinhardtsbrunn as a mountain differs from a valley, depending more on the natural characteristics of the view than on the artistic development of Nature. It is high enough to command a wide and grand panorama, yet not so high as to lose the sentiment and expression of the different features. Each angle of the parapet gives you a new landscape. There is, first, the valley of Coburg, crowned by its hill and fortress; then a broad mountain of dark firs, all else shut out from view; then a vision of England—hedge-row trees, green lawns,

clumps of oak, and water; and, finally, a rich plain, stretching away to the west, where the volcanic peaks of the Gleichberge rise against the sky. The trees on the hill itself are superb, and the castle on the summit so thoroughly harmonizes with the scenery that it seems the natural crowning expression of the whole.

Presently the Duke's Adjutant, Herr von Reuter, arrived, in company with his wife and sister, to all of whom I was presented in due form. The Adjutant was a slight, gentlemanly person, with an air of refinement and intelligence; the ladies handsome and graceful, and simply, but very elegantly, dressed. Scarcely had we exchanged a few commonplaces, when the Duke and Duchess came out upon the terrace. The Chamberlain immediately presented me to the latter. She was the Princess Alexandrina, of Baden, a sister of the reigning Grand-Duke. Of medium height, a full rather than plump figure, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a quiet, almost retiring, simplicity of manner. I could readily understand the affectionate regard in which she is held by the people. Her kindness of heart is evident to any one who looks on her face.

The Duke then advanced and addressed me very cordially. He has but a slight family resemblance to Prince Albert, than whom he appears younger, although two years older. His features are not so regularly chiseled as those of his brother, who is certainly one of the handsomest men in Europe, but far more animated and expressive. He is about five feet ten inches in height, slender, but perfectly symmetrical, and quick and elastic in his movements. His face is a fine oval, the forehead expansive at the temples, and the eyes a clear, splendid hazel. His nose is rather long, but not prominent, the lips firm and sharply cut, while a mustache and short, pointed beard increase their character of decision. It is a medieval rather than a modern head—such as might have belonged to that Ernst who was carried off by the robber-knight, Kunz von Kaufungen, and who was his own ancestor in a direct line. He is passionately fond of hunting, riding, driving, and all other out-door diversions, of which taste his tanned face and hands gave evidence.

He took me off to the parapet and began to comment on the landscape; but in a few minutes dinner was announced, and we rejoined the company. The etiquette observed was very simple. The Duke and Duchess took the lead, I, as a stranger, following—in advance of the ladies, to my surprise—and the Chamberlain brought up the rear. The princely pair were first served, of course, but this was the only formality observed. There was a free, unrestrained flow of conversation, in which all took part, and the subject was naturally varied, without waiting for the Ruler to give the cue. The Duke, it is true, was the leader, not from his position, but from natural right. I can not judge of the depth, but I can testify to the great extent of his acquirements. He has, at least,

the mental qualities of *attraction* and *assimilation*, which are not the least important concomitants of genius. With an admirable memory and a vital interest in every field of knowledge, there are few subjects upon which he can not converse brilliantly. Quick, animated, sparkling, he provokes the electricity of those with whom he comes in contact. His greatest aversion, I should think, would be a dull person. Perhaps this is the reason why there is so little love lost between him and the nobility. He would rather talk with an intelligent burgher than a stupid baron.

The Duke has talents which, if he were not a duke, might have made him eminent in various ways. He is the author of a work on the Schleswig-Holstein war, and the composer of five operas, two of which—"Santa Chiara" and "Diane de Solanges"—have attained a certain popularity. I have never had an opportunity of hearing either. As an amateur player he is said to be admirable. Yet, with all these brilliant qualities, he is steady, prudent, and clear-headed—ambitious, no doubt, but *intelligently* so. It is no damage to his future that his enemies are nobles and princes, and his friends the people.

After dinner, which lasted about an hour, we went upon the terrace for coffee and cigars. The Duke called my attention to a small but thrifty specimen of the *Sequoia*, or California tree, and inquired particularly about the soil in which it grew, the temperature it could endure, etc., as he was anxious to acclimate it completely. He then invited me to a corner of the parapet, looking down on the loveliest woods, where our conversation soon became entirely frank and unreserved. He expressed his political views without the least reticence, and thereby instituted—what he probably desired—a similar frankness on my part. In fact, I ceased to remember that I was addressing a reigning Prince, and he had the full advantage of such forgetfulness. I have not the right to repeat this conversation, but I will venture to give one remark in evidence. In speaking of a certain crowned head, the Duke said: "He has one rare quality. He hears, patiently, views which are directly opposed to his own, turns them over in his mind, and, if he finds them good, adopts them, frankly acknowledging that he was wrong." "An admirable quality!" said I: "it would be a blessing to Europe if all her rulers possessed it." To which he assented most heartily.

In regard to our American difficulties, he expressed himself as earnestly as I could have desired. He doubted, however, whether the Confederates would hold the field, after ascertaining the immense force which the Federal Government could bring against them. I explained that resistance, even against such odds, was but a part of that enormous Southern vanity which did not seem to be appreciated by European spectators of the struggle; but the Duke evidently disbelieved in a vanity so at variance with common sense. Whether his views are right will soon be tested.

At ten o'clock there was a movement of departure. The Duke shook hands with a friendly "*au revoir!*" and I followed the Chamberlain, Adjutant, and ladies to the carriages. Independently of the interest connected with the principal personage, I had passed, socially, a most delightful evening, and returned to Coburg with the agreeable conviction that some Princes can be men as well. It is possible that in the future developments of German history Ernst II. of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha will occupy an important place, and my readers will then thank me for having made them, to this extent, acquainted with him.

MRS. STIRLING'S RECEPTION.

"When thou makest a dinner, or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors."

"AND so we are really settled in our own house! It seems too good to be true, doesn't it?"

As John Stirling's pretty wife was speaking, she let down the soft, heavy-falling brocatelle curtains of the handsome room, half parlor, half library, where she sat with her husband; turned on a little more gas, so that the Italian peasant girl and the dark, bright Spanish woman, on the alabaster shade of the drop-light, might display their beauties yet more glowingly; and then seated herself in a cozy little easy-chair, beside the lounge, where her husband lay stretched out in the enjoyment of the masculine comforts of evening ease and household sovereignty. Taking up a dainty bit of bright-colored knitting, she went on:

"It was very nice, to be sure, boarding at mother's, but it was a sort of vacant life after all. This is so much better. I have something to do now."

John Stirling smiled.

"And something to govern. After all, I believe it is the love of power that makes you women so delight in homes of your own. I don't doubt, gentle as you seem, that your servants find you as austere as the Great Mogul."

"I declare, John, you are too bad. I never scold, and I'm sure every thing has gone on so nicely since we have been here—"

"A whole week, Nellie, and all the brooms new. But don't look sober. I have every confidence in your ability to keep the wheels moving."

She sat silent a while, until her husband began to want to hear her voice again, and rallied her for her abstraction.

"What is it, little one? You seem in a brown study about something. Remember I'm your prime minister, and must know all the state secrets and cares of government."

"I was only wondering, John, whether you would see a certain matter as I do. Do you realize how many parties we went to while we were at mother's? There were the Hurlbuts asked us three times, and the Graysons twice, and you know we went every where."

John Stirling knew that very well. Somewhat reserved of nature save to those of his own household, and not fond of general society, going to a continual round of parties had been one of the sacrifices he had made, during the first winter of his marriage, to please his gay little wife. The idea crossed his mind, as she spoke, that she too had wearied of so much excitement, and was going to propose, for the future, a quieter life.

"Yes," he answered, "I know we went out a great deal, but I thought you liked it."

"Yes, I liked it," she said, with a little embarrassment, for her woman's intuition divined the course his thoughts had taken. "I was only thinking, John, that, having accepted so many invitations, every one would say we were very mean if we did not give at least one large party in return. It would be just the best time now, don't you see? Every thing we have is so fresh and new—our drawing-rooms are really elegant! I should so like to gather our friends round us, and give a sort of house-warming!"

"That's a primitive, comfortable-sounding term, Nellie. How much would this friendly little affair cost us?"

"Oh, I've thought that all over. We should have to ask every one we knew. It wouldn't do to slight any. Besides, the more the merrier, you know. We could have Smith get up the supper and furnish the decorations. His bill would be about three hundred and fifty—say fifty more for music; and a new dress for me."

"Five hundred dollars, eh, Nellie?"

"Yes, I am sure I could make five hundred do it handsomely. I could send out the invitations for week after next."

"Well, dear, you must let me dream over it. I really didn't know receptions were such expensive affairs. Five hundred dollars for one evening's entertainment; and the prospect of a hard winter, and so much suffering among the poor! Well, I'll tell you in the morning. If I can make up my mind that it is right, you shall have the party."

The rest of the evening was a little constrained. The young wife, seeing that her husband did not care to talk about the reception any more just then, struggled bravely to avoid the subject, and inasmuch as it held possession of all her thoughts, was rather an absent-minded companion.

That night, after his wife was quietly asleep beside him, John Stirling spent an hour of not untroubled thought. Unlike Nellie, he had been brought up in a quiet country home, where five hundred dollars would have been thought a by no means inadequate provision for the support of the whole family during an entire year. *Was it right, could it be right, to spend it all upon one evening's entertainment?*—for the sake, too, of people who would be in nowise benefited thereby—whose choicest pleasures were so common that they had already palled upon their senses? But then, as his wife had suggested, they had been out so much—would not this

drawing back from a return of civilities look very *mean*?—and John Stirling shrank, with all the pride of a sensitive man, from the least imputation of meanness. They were not rich. True, his capital was his own, and his business was good, but he had not felt that he could afford to spend more than three thousand a year on home expenses, and here was five hundred extra, upon which he had not counted, coming at once. Surely he could not dare, for such a cause, to stint his contributions for the relief of the suffering? Could he afford it without? Nellie, the indulged child of wealthy parents, knew nothing of such anxious thoughts; she only heard their result in the morning. Before he gave her his good-by kiss, he said, in a tone a little more sober than he meant it should be,

"Well, dear, you shall have your party. You can begin making your arrangements at once. Here is a hundred dollars for the feminine adornments; I will pay Smith and the music afterward."

That was all. John Stirling had a sunny, unselfish temper, and when he had made up his mind to grant his wife the indulgence she craved, it would not have been like him to spoil her pleasure by any indications of dissatisfaction.

Still, as I have hinted, her intuitions were strong, and her nature sensitive and impressible, and she had a certain sense of having persuaded her husband somewhat against his own wishes that rather disinclined her to commence her preparations. It was nearly eleven o'clock before she dressed herself for her shopping expedition. She was just tying the strings of her elegant fall hat when she heard a ring at the door, and presently a servant came in with the information that a little child, who had brought home some sewing, wanted to see her.

Mrs. Stirling was motherly by instinct, and her heart warmed at once to the shy little creature who came timidly in. It was a girl not more than seven years old—quite too young, Mrs. Stirling thought, to be trusted alone in the streets; but then she herself had been brought up under the successive rule of nursery-maid and governess.

She took the bundle from the child's hand, and said, with the same bright, kind smile which had wiled John Stirling's bachelor heart away,

"Where did you come from, and how did you find the way here alone, you poor little thing?"

"Sister Anne sent me, ma'am. She had done your embroidery, and she thought if she could get the money for it, to pay Mr. Jenkins, maybe he would let us stay in the room till she got a little better."

"She is sick, then?"

"Yes'm. She didn't feel well enough to come. It has been hard getting along all summer, for the ladies she works for were most all out of town, and some of them owing her; and I s'pose the worry and the not having much to eat did it, ma'am."

Mrs. Stirling leaned toward the little creature

and looked at her more closely. Could it be hunger, she thought, that made those blue eyes look so large, and the skin so transparent? Was this little thing actually suffering for *bread*, and she going to spend five hundred dollars in one evening, feasting those who never felt a want even of dainties? She knew now what thoughts had been in her husband's mind when he spoke of the suffering among the poor. She said, pleasantly,

"Well, child, you must have some luncheon, and then I will go with you to see your sister. I had better speak to her about the work."

"Isn't it right? Can't you pay her?" The child gave a start of alarm, and spoke with the premature womanliness and the natural apprehension of misfortune which are among the saddest fruits of poverty.

Mrs. Stirling relieved her with ready sympathy.

"Yes indeed, the work is all right. It's done beautifully; but I want to see your sister about some more, and perhaps I can do her good."

It would have made the kind lady's heart ache could she have seen the eagerness with which the half-famished child devoured the lunch which was set before her in the kitchen.

In a few moments they were ready to start. Mrs. Stirling had replaced her velvet mantle by a Scotch shawl, her French hat by a simple straw; and with a basket in her hand, containing a few dainties with which she hoped to tempt the sick girl's palate, she followed the child across the city toward C—— Street—a locality hitherto *terra incognita* to her.

In a half-dilapidated wooden house, in a narrow court, she found the object of her search. She went up two flights of stairs, and entered a back room lighted by one window. The atmosphere struck her, in spite of her warm attire, with a sudden chill. Evidently the sun never came there. The dampness on the walls, the general aspect of gloom and cheerlessness, was only relieved by an air of scrupulous neatness, which pervaded every thing. Mrs. Stirling had already noticed this quality in the attire of the child, which, though cheap and poor and patched, was as immaculate in its cleanliness as her own.

At the window, attempting to sew, the older sister sat, but she was evidently very ill. Every now and then a spasm of coughing seized her, which compelled her to lay down her work, and clasp both hands on her side, while the paleness of her thin cheek flushed into hectic. Mrs. Stirling had not seen her before since spring—the work returned that morning having been sent to her by a servant. She went up to her and sat down in a chair which stood near.

"Your sister said you were sick, and so I came to see if I could be of use to you," she said, in gentle tones, which of themselves carried a certain comfort with them. "You have changed terribly since spring. I must hear all about it; but I want you should eat what I have brought you—here are some wine-jelly, and a bit of cold chicken—they will do you good."

The poor girl looked at the viands with the involuntary greediness of hunger. Then she blushed deeply, and said in a low voice,

"I am very grateful, Madame, but if you please, I will wait until you leave me. Allow me at present to attend to you."

"No indeed!" Mrs. Stirling spoke in her pretty, absolute fashion. "I am not going yet. I want to talk with you a while, and I shall not do so until you have taken something to strengthen you. Little Jane has lunched already."

So the gay, bright lady sat and waited, feeling, in the new prospect of being actively useful, a genuine glow of delight. When the girl had finished her generous meal, and taken up her work again, Mrs. Stirling began to talk to her.

"Is this consumption, Anne?" she asked, gently. "Your cough alarms me."

"No, ma'am, I am very sure it is nothing of the kind yet. There is no consumption in our family. My father was a country minister, and had a strong and healthy constitution. He died young, but it was from a violent fever, caught in attendance on a sick stranger. I think it was grief which made my mother follow him in three months. She had always been delicate though not sickly, and she lacked the strength it requires to live and suffer. It is seven years since she died, on the very day little Jane was born."

"How old were you then?"

"Fifteen, and there were no living children between us two."

"And have you supported yourself and her ever since?"

"Oh no! My father's books and furniture sold for enough to keep us some time; and my aunt, who lived here, brought us to Boston. We both lived with her. She took care of Jane, and I worked in a shop, and earned enough to buy our clothes and help Aunt Martha with the living. It is only since she died, three years ago, that I have been all alone with Jenny."

"You came out of the shop, then?"

"Yes, because I could not have Jenny there with me, and she had no one else to see to her; and indeed I have made more money since, I have embroidered so much."

"But surely you have suffered more than usual this summer?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. The ladies I work for are mostly out of town in the summer always, and so winters I try to save something to help us through. But last winter was so hard that I had not as much work as usual, and this summer we have not been very well off. I had to give up the comfortable room I used to have, because I could not earn enough to pay for it, and I suppose the dampness here has not just agreed with me."

She tried to smile, but the tears came instead. Mrs. Stirling took her hand with a comforting pressure.

"Don't cry. Better times are coming to you now. I am sure I can influence you a good

deal more work. You shall have enough to do, and we must see that you move out of this damp, unhealthy place."

Sister Anne smiled sadly.

"The landlord has seen to that, Madame. I can only stay here three days longer. He wants to let the room to a tenant who will pay more; and I have been troubled for fear I should not be able to go out and find another place."

"Well, you must not feel anxious. Just leave that till to-morrow. Then, if you are not able to go, I will find a place for you. It can not be a difficult matter to find one as good as this. At any rate, to-morrow you shall see me again; and in the mean time the pay for the work little Jane brought home will make you comfortable."

So saying, she put into the girl's hand twice the customary price for the embroidery she had done, and without waiting for the thanks which trembled on Anne Hadly's pale lips, she went out of the room, down the stairs, and returned home after this her first charity visit.

On the way she stopped but once, and that was not to look into any of the windows gay with autumn goods, or to exchange her hundred-dollar note on the Suffolk Bank for silks or satins. She only went in for a moment to a neat, respectable-looking house on Myrtle Street, and then hurried home.

She met her husband, when he came to his five o'clock dinner, with a beaming smile. The meal was well cooked and neatly served; the wife opposite him was young and fair; and when John Stirling rose from the table and went with her into their cozy evening-room, it is no wonder he said to himself that this being in one's own home wasn't so bad a thing after all.

"What is it, Nellie?" he asked, after a while, in answer to a questioning, hesitating look in his wife's eyes. She drew nearer to him.

"You are sure, John, you can spare me that five hundred dollars without doing any injustice to yourself or your business—without putting aside any rightful claims?"

"I hope, Nellie, if I had not thought so, I should not have given it to you, much as I love to please you."

"Then what," she spoke hesitatingly, "what if I wanted very much indeed to use it for something else?"

"I don't understand what you can possibly mean."

For answer she detailed to him the events of the day. When she was through, she said:

"It seems so hard, John, for that poor girl, a minister's daughter too, to be suffering for food; and living, or rather dying by inches, in that miserable, damp, unhealthy place. I can see how, with a hundred dollars, I could make her so comfortable. I stopped in at Nurse Smead's, on my way home to-day, and I found that she had a nice, bright, good-sized room, where the sun lies half the day, which she would let for seventy dollars a year. There is a stove in it already, and a carpet on the floor, and thirty

dollars more would supply it with every thing needed for comfort. Now if I could pay the rent of that room a year in advance for Anne Hadly, and fit it up neatly, what a fine start it would be for her! It would give her such a rest—such freedom from care! She would have time to get well. She is very skillful with her needle, and with the work she could easily do she could live so nicely, and Jenny could go to school. I have it all planned; and there, with your permission, goes the hundred dollars in my pocket."

John Stirling looked at his wife, and it seemed to him, with the generous, unselfish light illumining it, her face was as the face of an angel. But he did not say so then. He answered, in the tone of one raising an objection,

"But what would you wear to the party, Nellie? I should not like you to look shabby."

"Trust me for that. I can wear my wedding dress. It is such a rich, heavy white silk, and it is not soiled at all. With a little different arrangement of the trimmings it will be as handsome as any thing I should get. But are you quite set upon giving the party, John?"

"Are not you, dear?"

"I was."

There was a pause of a few moments, in which Nellie tied and untied the tassels of her little silk apron several times. Then she looked up, an eager light shining through the mist which had somehow gathered before her eyes.

"I suppose there are many people in the city, John, just as worthy as Anne Hadly, and needing help just as much?"

"Without doubt, Nellie; plenty of worse cases, especially now that winter is coming on."

"Could you help me to find them?"

"I think I could. Some case of destitution, which he can not afford to relieve, makes a business man's heart ache almost every day."

"Then four hundred dollars extra, which you would not have given otherwise will do a good deal, won't it?"

"Yes, a great deal. It is a large sum."

"Yes, it is a large sum, as you said last night, John, to be spent on a single evening's entertainment for those who do not need it, but not large when we compare it with the wants of those who suffer. John, I have no wish to give that party. Will you take the money for doing good?"

"But those who have invited us, Nellie? The Hurlbuts, the Graysons—all your many friends? One wouldn't like to be thought mean."

"We can ask them all, a few at a time—all those we care for. Your ordinary housekeeping allowance is liberal enough for that. If that does not please them, after all, John"—and the little woman hid her face on her husband's shoulder, for she was one who seldom uttered her deepest thoughts, or mentioned, even to him, the emotions which she held most sacred—"if they should not approve it, it matters so much more what He thinks who told us to invite to

our feasts the poor, the maimed, the blind. *I* have been blind till to-day, John. I don't care for large parties any more."

"You shall do as your own heart has counseled you, Nellie. The money shall be at your disposal to-morrow. We will give our reception to the guests whom God himself chose for us."

He said no more just then, but Nellie Stirling had unconsciously gained in that hour a new and holier hold on the heart of her husband. He had loved the gay, half-spoiled girl—what word expresses what he felt for the noble, self-sacrificing woman whom that day had revealed to him?

Anne Hadly's heart was lightened next day of a weary burden, and she was as grateful for Mrs. Stirling's delicacy as for her aid.

"It is not a gift to *you*," the lady said, as she explained the arrangements she had made. "You are to help yourself the same as before. I only want to offer my tribute to your father's memory—your father who lost his life in ministering to an unknown penitent. For the sake of that Christian man, who, like his Master, counted not his life dear unto him, if thereby he might save some, you must accept it."

Need I say how many sad hearts came to John and Ellen Stirling's feast that winter and were comforted—how many hungry mouths were filled—how many fires were kindled in cheerless rooms? Was the sacrifice of giving up one evening, brilliant with lights, odorous with flowers, jocund with music, gay with dance and song, too great? Let the day of everlasting reckoning declare!

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXI.

TREATS OF DANCING, DINING, DYING.

OLD school-boys remember how, when pious Æneas was compelled by painful circumstances to quit his country, he and his select band of Trojans founded a new Troy, where they landed; raising temples to the Trojan gods; building streets with Trojan names; and endeavoring, to the utmost of their power, to recall their beloved native place. In like manner, British Trojans and French Trojans take their Troy every where. Algiers I have only seen from the sea; but New Orleans and Leicester Square I have visited; and have seen a quaint old France still lingering on the banks of the Mississippi; a dingy modern France round that great Globe of Mr. Wyld's, which they say is coming to an end. There are French cafés, billiards, estaminets, waiters, markers, poor Frenchmen, and rich Frenchmen, in a new Paris—shabby and dirty, it is true, but offer-

ing the emigrant the dominoes, the chopine, the petite-verre of the patrie. And do not British Trojans, who emigrate to the continent of Europe, take their Troy with them? You all know the quarters of Paris which swarm with us Trojans. From Peace Street to the Arch of the Star are collected thousands of refugees from our Ilium. Under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli you meet, at certain hours, as many of our Trojans as of the natives. In the Trojan inns of Meurice, the Louvre, etc., we swarm. We have numerous Anglo-Trojan doctors and apothecaries, who give us the dear pills and doses of Pergamus. We go to Mrs. Guerre or kind Mrs. Colombin, and can purchase the sandwiches of Troy, the pale ale and sherry of Troy, and the dear, dear muffins of home. We live for years, never speaking any language but our native Trojan; except to our servants, whom we instruct in the Trojan way of preparing toast for breakfast; Trojan bread-sauce for fowls and partridges; Trojan corned beef, etc. We have temples where we worship according to the Trojan rites. A kindly sight is that which one beholds of a Sunday in the Elysian fields and the St. Honoré quarter, of processions of English grown people and children, stalwart, red-cheeked, marching to their churches, their gilded prayer-books in hand, to sing in a stranger's land the sacred songs of their Zion. I am sure there are many English in Paris who never speak to any native above the rank of a waiter or shopman. Not long since I was listening to a Frenchman at Folkestone, speaking English to the waiters and acting as interpreter for his party. He spoke pretty well and very quickly. He was irresistibly comical. I wonder how we maintained our gravity. And you and I, my dear friend, when *we* speak French? I dare say we are just as absurd. As absurd? And why not? Don't you be discouraged, young fellow. *Courage, mon jeune ami!* Remember,

Trojans have a conquering way with them. When Æneas landed at Carthage, I dare say he spoke Carthaginian with a ridiculous Trojan accent; but for all that poor Dido fell desperately in love with him. Take example by the son of Anchises, my boy. Never mind the grammar or the pronunciation, but tackle the lady and speak your mind to her as best you can.

This is the plan which the Vicomte de Loisy used to adopt. He was following a *cours* of English according to the celebrated *méthode Jobson*. The *cours* assembled twice a week; and the vicomte, with laudable assiduity, went to all English parties to which he could gain an introduction, for the purpose of acquiring the English language, and marrying *une Anglaise*. This industrious young man even went *au Temple* on Sundays for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the English language; and as he sat under Doctor Murrough Macmanus of T. C. D., a very eloquent preacher at Paris in those days, the vicomte acquired a very fine pronunciation. Attached to the cause of unfortunate monarchy all over the world, the vicomte had fought in the Spanish earliest armies. He waltzed well; and madame thought his cross looked nice at her parties. Will it be believed that Mrs. General Baynes took this gentleman into special favor; talked with him at *soirée* after *soirée*; never laughed at his English; encouraged her girl to waltz with him (which he did to perfection, whereas poor Clive was but a hulking and clumsy performer); and showed him the greatest favor, until one day, on going into Mrs. Bonus's, the house agent (who lets lodgings, and sells British pickles, tea, sherry, and the like), she found the vicomte occupying a stool as clerk in Mr. Bonus's establishment, where for twelve hundred francs a year he gave his invaluable services during the day! Mrs. Baynes took poor madame severely to task for admitting such a man to her assemblies. Madame was astonished. Monsieur was a gentleman of ancient family who had met with misfortunes. He was earning his maintenance. To sit in a bureau was not a dishonor. Knowing that *boutique* meant shop and *garçon* meant boy, Mrs. Baynes made use of the words *boutique garçon* the next time she saw the vicomte. The little man wept tears of rage and mortification. There was a very painful scene, at which, thank Mercy, poor Charlotte thought, Philip was not present. Were it not for the general's *cheveux blancs* (by which phrase the vicomte very kindly designated General Baynes's chestnut top-knot) the vicomte would have had reason from him. "Charming miss," he said to Charlotte, "your respectable papa is safe from my sword! Madame, your mamma has addressed me words which I qualify not. But you—you are too 'andsome, too good, to despise a poor soldier, a poor gentleman!" I have heard the vicomte still dances at boarding-houses, and is still in pursuit of an *Anglaise*. He must be a wooer now almost as elderly as the good general whose scalp he respected.

Mrs. Baynes was, to be sure, a heavy weight to bear for poor madame, but her lean shoulders were accustomed to many a burden; and if the general's wife was quarrelsome and odious, he, as madame said, was as soft as a mutton; and Charlotte's pretty face and manners were the admiration of all. The yellow Miss Bolderos, those hapless elderly orphans left in pawn, might bite their lips with envy, but they never could make them as red as Miss Charlotte's smiling mouth. To the honor of Madame Smolensk be it said that never by word or hint did she cause those unhappy young ladies any needless pain. She never stinted them of any meal. No full-priced pensioner of madame's could have breakfast, luncheon, dinners served more regularly. The day after their mother's flight that good Madame Smolensk took early cups of tea to the girls' rooms with her own hands, and I believe helped to do the hair of one of them, and otherwise to soothe them in their misfortune. They could not keep their secret. It must be owned that Mrs. Baynes never lost an opportunity of deploring their situation and acquainting all new-comers with their mother's flight and transgression. But she was good-natured to the captives in her grim way, and admired madame's forbearance regarding them. The two old officers were now especially polite to the poor things, and the general rapped one of his boys over the knuckles for saying to Miss Brenda, "If your uncle is a lord, why doesn't he give you any money?" "And these girls used to hold their heads above mine, and their mother used to give herself such airs!" cried Mrs. Baynes. "And Eliza Baynes used to flatter those poor girls and their mother, and fancy they were going to make a woman of fashion of her!" said Mrs. Bunch. "We all have our weaknesses. Lords are not yours, my dear. Faith, I don't think you know one," says stout little Colonel Bunch. "I wouldn't pay a duchess such court as Eliza paid that woman!" cried Emma; and she made sarcastic inquiries of the general, whether Eliza had heard from her friend the Honorable Mrs. Boldero? But for all this Mrs. Bunch pitied the young ladies, and I believe gave them a little supply of coin from her private purse. A word as to their private history. Their mamma became the terror of boarding-housekeepers: and the poor girls practiced their duets all over Europe. Mrs. Boldero's noble nephew, the present Strongitharm (as a friend who knows the fashionable world informs me), was victimized by his own uncle, and a most painful affair occurred between them at a game at "blind hookey." The Honorable Mrs. Boldero is living in the precincts of Holyrood; one of her daughters is happily married to a minister, and the other to an apothecary who was called in to attend her in quinsy. So I am inclined to think that phrase about "select" boarding-houses is a mere complimentary term, and as for the strictest references being given and required, I certainly should not lay out extra money for printing *that* expression in my

advertisement were I going to set up an establishment myself.

Old college friends of Philip's visited Paris from time to time, and rejoiced in carrying him off to Borel's or the Trois Frères, and hospitably treating him who had been so hospitable in his time. Yes, thanks be to Heaven, there are good Samaritans in pretty large numbers in this world, and hands ready enough to succor a man in misfortune. I could name two or three gentlemen who drive about in chariots and look at people's tongues and write queer figures and queer Latin on note-paper, who occultly made a purse containing some seven or ten score fees, and sent them out to Dr. Firmin in his banishment. The poor wretch had behaved as ill as might be, but he was without a penny or a friend. I dare say Dr. Goodenough, among other philanthropists, put his hands into his pocket. Having heartily disliked and mistrusted Firmin in prosperity, in adversity he melted toward the poor fugitive wretch: he even could believe that Firmin had some skill in his profession, and in his practice was not quite a quack.

Philip's old college and school cronies laughed at hearing that, now his ruin was complete, he was thinking about marriage. Such a plan was of a piece with Mr. Firmin's known prudence and foresight. But they made an objection to his proposed union which had struck us at home previously. Papa-in-law was well enough, or at least inoffensive: but ah, ye powers! what a mother-in-law was poor Phil laying up for his future days! Two or three of our mutual companions made this remark on returning to work and chambers after their autumn holiday. We never had too much charity for Mrs. Baynes; and what Philip told us about her did not serve to increase our regard.

About Christmas Mr. Firmin's own affairs brought him on a brief visit to London. We were not jealous that he took up his quarters with his little friend of Thornhaugh Street, who was contented that he should dine with us, provided she could have the pleasure of housing him under her kind shelter. High and mighty people as we were—for under what humble roofs does not Vanity hold her sway?—we, who knew Mrs. Brandon's virtues, and were aware of her early story, would have condescended to receive her into our society; but it was the little lady herself who had her pride, and held aloof. "My parents did not give me the education you have had, ma'am," Caroline said to my wife. "My place is not here, I know very well; unless you should be took ill, and *then*, ma'am, you'll see that I will be glad enough to come. Philip can come and see *me*; and a blessing it is to me to set eyes on him. But I shouldn't be happy in your drawing-room, nor you in having me. The dear children look surprised at my way of talking; and no wonder: and they laugh sometimes to one another, God bless 'em! I don't mind. My education was not cared for. I scarce had any schooling but what I taught myself. My pa hadn't the means of learning me much: and it

is too late to go to school at forty odd. I've got all his stockings and things darned; and his linen, poor fellow! beautiful: I wish they kep it as nice in France, where he is! You'll give my love to the young lady, won't you, ma'am? and, oh! it's a blessing to me to hear how good and gentle she is! He has a high temper, Philip have; but them he likes can easy manage him. You have been his best kind friends; and so will she be, I trust; and they may be happy, though they're poor. But they've time to get rich, haven't they? And it's not the richest that's the happiest, that I can see in many a fine house where Nurse Brandon goes and has her eyes open, though she don't say much, you know." In this way Nurse Brandon would prattle on to us when she came to see us. She would share our meal, always thanking by name the servant who helped her. She insisted on calling our children "Miss" and "Master," and I think those young satirists did not laugh often or unkindly at her peculiarities. I know they were told that Nurse Brandon was very good; and that she took care of her father in his old age; and that she had passed through very great griefs and trials; and that she had nursed Uncle Philip when he had been very ill indeed, and when many people would have been afraid to come near him; and that her life was spent in tending the sick, and in doing good to her neighbor.

One day during Philip's stay with us we happen to read in the paper Lord Ringwood's arrival in London. My lord had a grand town-house of his own which he did not always inhabit. He liked the cheerfulness of a hotel better. Ringwood House was too large and too dismal. He did not care to eat a solitary mutton-chop in a great dining-room surrounded by ghostly images of dead Ringwoods—his dead son, a boy who had died in his boyhood; his dead brother attired in the uniform of his day (in which picture there was no little resemblance to Philip Firmin, the colonel's grandson); Lord Ringwood's dead self, finally, as he appeared still a young man, when Lawrence painted him, and when he was the companion of the Regent and his friends. "Ah! that's the fellow I least like to look at," the old man would say, scowling at the picture, and breaking out into the old-fashioned oaths which garnished many conversations in his young days. "That fellow could ride all day; and sleep all night, or go without sleep as he chose; and drink his four bottles, and never have a headache; and break his collar-bone, and see the fox killed three hours after. That was once a man, as old Marlborough said, looking at his own picture. Now my doctor's my master; my doctor and the infernal gout over him. I live upon pap and puddens, like a baby; only I've shed all my teeth, hang 'em! If I drink three glasses of sherry, my butler threatens me. You young fellow, who haven't two-pence in your pocket, by George, I would like to change with you! Only you wouldn't, hang you, you wouldn't! Why, I

don't believe Todhunter would change with me: would you, Todhunter?—and you're about as fond of a great man as any fellow I ever knew. Don't tell me. You *are*, Sir! Why, when I walked with you on Ryde sands one day, I said to that fellow, 'Todhunter, don't you think I could order the sea to stand still?' I did. And you had never heard of King Canute, hanged if you had—and never read any book except the Stud-book and Mrs. Glass's Cookery, hanged if you did." Such remarks and conversations of his relative has Philip reported to me. Two or three men about town had very good imitations of this toothless, growling, blasphemous old cynic. He was splendid and penurious; violent and easily led; surrounded by flatterers and utterly lonely. He had old-world notions, which I believe have passed out of the manners of great folks now. He thought it beneath him to travel by railway, and his post-chaise was one of the last on the road. The tide rolled on in spite of this old Canute, and has long since rolled over him and his post-chaise. Why, almost all his imitators are actually dead; and only this year, when old Jack Mummery gave an imitation of him at Bays's (where Jack's mimicry used to be received with shouts of laughter but a few years since), there was a dismal silence in the coffee-room, except from two or three young men at a near table, who said, "What is the old fool mumbling and swearing at now? An imitation of Lord Ringwood, and who was he?" So our names pass away, and are forgotten: and the tallest statues, do not the sands of time accumulate and overwhelm them? I have not forgotten my lord, any more than I have forgotten the cock of my school, about whom, perhaps, you don't care to hear. I see my lord's bald head, and hooked beak, and bushy eyebrows, and tall velvet collar, and brass buttons, and great black mouth, and trembling hand, and trembling parasites round him, and I can hear his voice, and great oaths, and laughter. You parasites of to-day are bowing to other great people; and this great one, who was alive only yesterday, is as dead as George IV. or Nebuchadnezzar.

Well, we happen to read that Philip's noble relative, Lord Ringwood, has arrived at — hotel, while Philip is staying with us: and I own that I counsel my friend to go and wait upon his lordship. He had been very kind at Paris: he had evidently taken a liking to Philip. Firmin ought to go and see him. Who knows? Lord Ringwood might be inclined to do something for his brother's grandson.

This was just the point, which any one who knew Philip should have hesitated to urge upon him. To try and make him bow and smile on a great man with a view to future favors, was to demand the impossible from Firmin. The king's men may lead the king's horses to the water, but the king himself can't make them drink. I own that I came back to the subject, and urged it repeatedly on my friend. "I have been," said Philip, sulkily. "I have left a

card upon him. If he wants me, he can send to No. 120 Queen Square, Westminster, my present hotel. But if you think he will give me any thing beyond a dinner, I tell you you are mistaken."

We dined that day with Philip's employer, worthy Mr. Mugford, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who was profuse in his hospitalities, and especially gracious to Philip. Mugford was pleased with Firmin's letters; and you may be sure that severer critics did not contradict their friend's good-natured patron. We drove to the suburban villa at Hampstead, and steaming odors of soup, mutton, onions, rushed out into the hall to give us welcome, and to warn us of the good cheer in store for the party. This was not one of Mugford's days for countermanding side-dishes, I promise you. Men in black with noble white cotton gloves were in waiting to receive us, and Mrs. Mugford, in a rich blue satin and feathers, a profusion of flounces, laces, marabouts, jewels, and eau-de-Cologne, rose to welcome us from a stately sofa, where she sat surrounded by her children. These, too, were in brilliant dresses, with shining new-combed hair. The ladies, of course, instantly began to talk about their children, and my wife's unfeigned admiration for Mrs. Mugford's last baby I think won that worthy lady's good-will at once. I made some remark regarding one of the boys as being the picture of his father, which was not lucky. I don't know why, but I have it from her husband's own admission, that Mrs. Mugford always thinks I am "chaffing" her. One of the boys frankly informed me there was goose for dinner; and when a cheerful cloop was heard from a neighboring room, told me that was pa drawing the corks. Why should Mrs. Mugford reprove the outspoken child, and say, "James, hold your tongue; do now?" Better wine than was poured forth when those corks were drawn, never flowed from bottle.—I say, I never saw better wine nor more bottles. If ever a table may be said to have groaned, that expression might with justice be applied to Mugford's mahogany. Talbot Twysden would have feasted forty people with the meal here provided for eight by our most hospitable entertainer. Though Mugford's editor was present, who thinks himself a very fine fellow, I assure you, but whose name I am not at liberty to divulge, all the honors of the entertainment were for the *Paris Correspondent*, who was specially requested to take Mrs. M. to dinner. As an earl's grand-nephew, and a lord's great-grandson, of course we felt that this place of honor was Firmin's right. How Mrs. Mugford pressed him to eat! She carved—I am very glad she would not let Philip carve for her, for he might have sent the goose into her lap—she carved, I say, and I really think she gave him more stuffing than to any of us, but that may have been mere envy on my part. Allusions to Lord Ringwood were repeatedly made during dinner. "Lord R. has come to town, Mr. F., I perceive," says Mugford, winking. "You've been to see him,

of course?" Mr. Firmin glared at me very fiercely; he had to own he *had* been to call on Lord Ringwood. Mugford led the conversation to the noble lord so frequently that Philip madly kicked my shins under the table. I don't know how many times I had to suffer from that foot which in its time had trampled on so many persons: a kick for each time Lord Ringwood's name, houses, parks, properties, were mentioned, was a frightful allowance. Mrs. Mugford would say, "May I assist you to a little pheasant, Mr. Firmin? I dare say they are not as good as Lord Ringwood's" (a kick from Philip), or Mugford would exclaim, "Mr. F., try that 'ock! Lord Ringwood hasn't better wine than that." (Dreadful punishment upon my tibia under the table.) "John! Two 'ocks, me and Mr. Firmin. Join us, Mr. P.," and so forth. And after dinner to the ladies—as my wife, who betrayed their mysteries, informed me—Mrs. Mugford's conversation was incessant regarding the Ringwood family and Firmin's relationship to that noble house. The meeting of the old lord and Firmin in Paris was discussed with immense interest. His lordship called him Philip most affable! he was very fond of Mr. Firmin. A little bird had told Mrs. Mugford that somebody else was very fond of Mr. Firmin. She hoped it would be a match, and that his lordship would do the handsome thing by his *nephew*. What? My wife wondered that Mrs. Mugford should know about Philip's affairs? (and wonder indeed she did.) A little bird had told Mrs. M.—a friend of both ladies, that dear, good little nurse Brandon, who was engaged—and here the conversation went off into mysteries which I certainly shall not reveal. Suffice it that Mrs. Mugford was one of Mrs. Brandon's best, kindest, and most constant patrons—or might I be permitted to say matrons?—and had received a most favorable report of us from the little nurse. And here Mrs. Pendennis gave a verbatim report not only of our hostess's speech, but of her manner and accent. "Yes, ma'am," says Mrs. Mugford to Mrs. Pendennis, "our friend Mrs. B. has told me of a *certain gentleman* whose name shall be nameless. His manner is cold, not to say 'aughty. He seems to be laughing at people sometimes—don't say No; I saw him once or twice at dinner, both him and Mr. Firmin. But he is a true friend, Mrs. Brandon says he is. And when you know him, his heart is good." Is it? Amen. A distinguished writer has composed, in not very late days, a comedy of which the cheerful moral is, that we are "not so bad as we seem." Aren't we? Amen, again. Give us thy hearty hand, Iago! Tartuffe, how the world has been mistaken in you! Macbeth! put that little affair of the murder out of your mind. It was a momentary weakness; and who is not weak at times? Blifil, a more maligned man than you does not exist! O humanity! how we have been mistaken in you! Let us expunge the vulgar expression "miserable sinners" out of all prayer-books; open the port-holes of all hulks; break

the chains of all convicts; and unlock the boxes of all spoons.

As we discussed Mr. Mugford's entertainment on our return home, I improved the occasion with Philip; I pointed out the reasonableness of the hopes which he might entertain of help from his wealthy kinsman, and actually forced him to promise to wait upon my lord the next day. Now, when Philip Firmin did a thing against his will, he did it with a bad grace. When he is not pleased, he does not pretend to be happy; and when he is sulky, Mr. Firmin is a very disagreeable companion. Though he never once reproached me afterward with what happened, I own that I have had cruel twinges of conscience since. If I had not sent him on that dutiful visit to his grand-uncle, what occurred might never, perhaps, have occurred at all. I acted for the best, and that I aver, however I may grieve for the consequences which ensued when the poor fellow followed my advice.

If Philip held aloof from Lord Ringwood in London, you may be sure Philip's dear cousins were in waiting on his lordship, and never lost an opportunity of showing their respectful sympathy. Was Lord Ringwood ailing? Mr. Twysden, or Mrs. Twysden, or the dear girls, or Ringwood, their brother, were daily in his lordship's ante-chamber, asking for news of his health. They bent down respectfully before Lord Ringwood's major-domo. They would have given him money, as they always averred, only what sum could they give to such a man as Rudge? They actually offered to bribe Mr. Rudge with their wine, over which he made horrible faces. They fawned and smiled before him always. I should like to have seen that calm Mrs. Twysden, that serene, high-bred woman, who would cut her dearest friend if misfortune befell her, or the world turned its back—I should like to have seen, and *can* see her in my mind's eye, simpering, and coaxing, and wheedling this footman. She made cheap presents to Mr. Rudge: she smiled on him and asked after his health. And of course Talbot Twysden flattered him too in Talbot's jolly way. It was a wink, and nod, and a hearty how do you do?—and (after due inquiries made and answered about his lordship) it would be, "Rudge! I think my housekeeper has a good glass of port-wine in her room, if you happen to be passing that way, and my lord don't want you!" And with a grave courtesy, I can fancy Mr. Rudge bowing to Mr. and Mrs. Twysden, and thanking them, and descending to Mrs. Blenkinsop's skinny room where the port-wine is ready—and if Mr. Rudge and Mrs. Blenkinsop are confidential, I can fancy their talking over the characters and peculiarities of the folks up stairs. Servants sometimes actually do; and if master and mistress are humbugs, these wretched menials sometimes find them out.

Now, no duke could be more lordly and condescending in his bearing than Mr. Philip Firmin toward the menial throng. In those days, when he had money in his pockets, he gave Mr.

Rudge out of his plenty; and the man remembered his generosity when he was poor; and declared—in a select society, and in the company of the relative of a person from whom I have the information—declared in the presence of Captain Gann at the Admiral B—ng Club in fact, that Mr. Heff was always a swell; but since he was done, he, Rudge, “was blest if that young chap warn’t a greater swell than hever.” And Rudge actually liked this poor young fellow better than the family in Walpole Street, whom Mr. R. pronounced to be “a shabby lot.” And in fact it was Rudge as well as myself who advised that Philip should see his lordship.

When at length Philip paid his second visit, Mr. Rudge said, “My lord will see you, Sir, I think. He has been speaking of you. He’s very unwell. He’s going to have a fit of the gout, I think. I’ll tell him you are here.” And coming back to Philip, after a brief disappearance, and with rather a scared face, he repeated the permission to enter, and again cautioned him, saying, that “my lord was very queer.”

In fact, as we learned afterward, through the channel previously indicated, my lord, when he heard that Philip had called, cried, “He *has*, has he. Hang him, send him in;” using, I am constrained to say, in place of the monosyllable “hang,” a much stronger expression.

“Oh, it’s you, is it?” says my lord. “You have been in London ever so long. Twysden told me of you yesterday.”

“I have called before, Sir,” said Philip, very quietly.

“I wonder you have the face to call at all, Sir!” cries the old man, glaring at Philip. His lordship’s countenance was of a gamboge color; his noble eyes were blood-shot and starting; his voice, always very harsh and strident, was now specially unpleasant; and from the crater of his mouth shot loud exploding oaths.

“Face! my lord?” says Philip, still very meek.

“Yes, if you call that a face which is covered over with hair like a baboon!” growled my lord, showing his tusks. “Twysden was here last night, and tells me some pretty news about you.”

Philip blushed; he knew what the news most likely would be.

“Twysden says that now you are a pauper, by George, and living by breaking stones in the street—you have been such an infernal, driveling, hanged fool, as to engage yourself to another pauper!”

Poor Philip turned white from red, and spoke slowly; “I beg your pardon, my lord, you said?”

“I said you were a hanged fool, Sir!” roared the old man; “can’t you hear?”

“I believe I am a member of your family, my lord,” says Philip, rising up. In a quarrel, he would sometimes lose his temper, and speak out his mind; or sometimes, and then he was

most dangerous, he would be especially calm and Grandisonian.

“Some hanged adventurer, thinking you were to get money from me, has hooked you for his daughter, has he?”

“I have engaged myself to a young lady, and I am the poorer of the two,” says Philip.

“She thinks you will get money from me,” continues his lordship.

“Does she? I never did!” replied Philip.

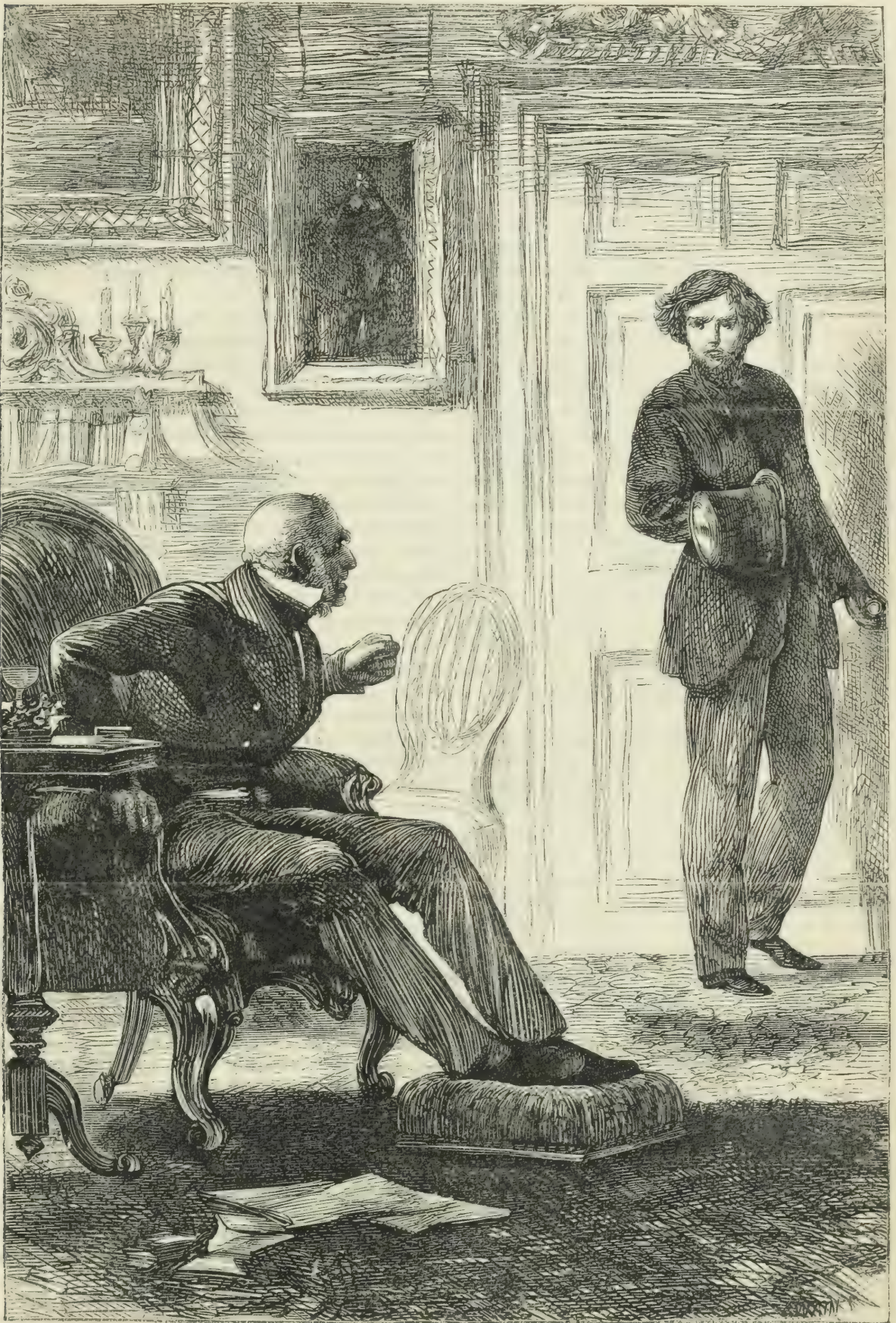
“By Heaven, you sha’n’t, unless you give up this rubbish.”

“I sha’n’t give her up, Sir, and I shall do without the money,” said Mr. Firmin, very boldly.

“Go to Tartarus!” screamed the old man.

On which Philip told us, “I said, ‘Seniores priores,’ my lord,” and turned on my heel. So you see if he was going to leave me something, and he nearly said he was, that chance is passed now, and I have made a pretty morning’s work. And a pretty morning’s work it was: and it was I who had set him upon it! My brave Philip not only did not rebuke me for having sent him on this errand, but took the blame of the business on himself. “Since I have been engaged,” he said, “I am growing dreadfully avaricious, and am almost as sordid about money as those Twysdens. I cringed to that old man: I crawled before his gouty feet. Well, I could crawl from here to Saint James’s Palace to get some money for my little Charlotte.” Philip cringe and crawl! If there were no posture-masters more supple than Philip Firmin, kotooing would be a lost art, like the *Menuet de la Cour*. But fear not, ye great! Men’s backs were made to bend, and the race of parasites is still in good repute.

When our friend told us how his brief interview with Lord Ringwood had begun and ended, I think those who counseled Philip to wait upon his grand-uncle felt rather ashamed of their worldly wisdom and the advice which they had given. We ought to have known our Huron sufficiently to be aware that it was a dangerous experiment to set him bowing in lords’ ante-chambers. Were not his elbows sure to break some courtly china, his feet to trample and tear some lace train? So all the good we had done was to occasion a quarrel between him and his patron. Lord Ringwood avowed that he had intended to leave Philip money; and by thrusting the poor fellow into the old nobleman’s sick chamber we had occasioned a quarrel between the relatives, who parted with mutual threats and anger. “Oh, dear me!” I groaned in connubial colloquies. “Let us get him away. He will be boxing Mugford’s ears next, and telling Mrs. Mugford that she is vulgar and a bore. He was eager to get back to his work, or rather to his lady-love, at Paris. We did not try to detain him. For fear of further accidents we were rather anxious that he should be gone. Crest-fallen and sad, I accompanied him to the Boulogne boat. He paid for his place in the second cabin, and stoutly bade



A QUARREL.

us adieu. A rough night: a wet slippery deck: a crowd of frowzy fellow-passengers: and poor Philip in the midst of them in a thin cloak, his yellow hair and beard blowing about: I see the steamer now, and left her with I know not what feelings of contrition and shame. Why had I

sent Philip to call upon that savage, overbearing old patron of his? Why compelled him to that bootless act of submission? Lord Ringwood's brutalities were matters of common notoriety. A wicked, dissolute, cynical old man: and we must try to make friends with this mammon of

unrighteousness, and set poor Philip to bow before him and flatter him! Ah, mea culpa, mea culpa! The wind blew hard that winter night, and many tiles and chimney-pots blew down: and as I thought of poor Philip tossing in the frowzy second-cabin, I rolled about my own bed very uneasily.

I looked into Bays's club the day after, and there fell on both the Twysdens. The parasite of a father was clinging to the button of a great man when I entered: the little reptile of a son came to the club in Captain Woolcombe's brougham, and in that distinguished mulatto officer's company. They looked at me in a peculiar way. I was sure they did. Talbot Twysden, pouring his loud, braggart talk in the ear of poor Lord Lepel, eyed me with a glance of triumph, and talked and swaggered so that I should hear. Ringwood Twysden and Woolcombe, drinking absinthe to whet their noble appetites, exchanged glances and grins. Woolcombe's eyes were of the color of the absinthe he swallowed. I did not see that Twysden tore off one of Lord Lepel's buttons, but that nobleman, with a scared countenance, moved away rapidly from his little persecutor. "Hang him, throw him over, and come to me!" I heard the generous Twysden say. "I expect Ringwood and one or two more." At this proposition, Lord Lepel, in a tremulous way, muttered that he could not break his engagement, and fled out of the club.

Twysden's dinners, the polite reader has been previously informed, were notorious; and he constantly bragged of having the company of Lord Ringwood. Now it so happened that on this very evening Lord Ringwood, with three of his followers, henchmen, or led captains, dined at Bays's club, being determined to see a pantomime in which a very pretty young Columbine figured: and some one in the house joked with his lordship, and said, "Why, you are going to dine with Talbot Twysden. He said, just now, that he expected you."

"Did he?" said his lordship. "Then Talbot Twysden told a hang'd lie!" And little Tom Eaves, my informant, remembered these remarkable words, because of a circumstance which now almost immediately followed.

A very few days after Philip's departure, our friend, the Little Sister, came to us at our breakfast-table, wearing an expression of much trouble and sadness on her kind little face; the causes of which sorrow she explained to us, as soon as our children had gone away to their school-room. Among Mrs. Brandon's friends, and one of her father's constant companions, was the worthy Mr. Ridley, father of the celebrated painter of that name, who was himself of much too honorable and noble a nature to be ashamed of his humble paternal origin. Companionship between father and son could not be very close or intimate; especially as in the younger Ridley's boyhood his father, who knew nothing of the fine arts, had looked upon the child as a sickly, half-witted creature, who would be to his parents

but a grief and a burden. But when J. J. Ridley, Esq., began to attain eminence in his profession, his father's eyes were opened; in place of neglect and contempt, he looked up to his boy with a sincere, naïve admiration, and often, with tears, has narrated the pride and pleasure which he felt on the day when he waited on John James at his master's, Lord Todmorden's table. Ridley senior now felt that he had been unkind and unjust to his boy in the latter's early days, and with a very touching humility the old man acknowledged his previous injustice, and tried to atone for it by present respect and affection.

Though fondness for his son, and delight in the company of Captain Gann, often drew Mr. Ridley to Thornhaugh Street, and to the Admiral Byng Club, of which both were leading members, Ridley senior belonged to other clubs at the West End, where Lord Todmorden's butler consorted with the confidential butlers of others of the nobility; and I am informed that in those clubs Ridley continued to be called "Todmorden" long after his connection with that venerable nobleman had ceased. He continued to be called Lord Todmorden, in fact, just as Lord Popinjoy is still called by his old friends Popinjoy, though his father is dead, and Popinjoy, as every body knows, is at present Earl of Pintado.

At one of these clubs of their order Lord Todmorden's man was in the constant habit of meeting Lord Ringwood's man when their lordships (master and man) were in town. These gentlemen had a regard for each other; and when they met communicated to each other their views of society, and their opinions of the characters of the various noble lords and influential commoners whom they served. Mr. Rudge knew every thing about Philip Firmin's affairs, about the Doctor's flight, about Philip's generous behavior. "Generous! I call it admiral!" old Ridley remarked, while narrating this trait of our friend's, and his present position. And Rudge contrasted Philip's manly behavior with the conduct of some *sneaks* which he would not name them, but which they were always speaking ill of the poor young fellow behind his back, and sneaking up to my lord, and greater skinflints and meaner humbugs never were: and there was no accounting for tastes, but he, Rudge, would not marry *his* daughter to a black man.

Now, that day when Mr. Firmin went to see my Lord Ringwood was one of my lord's very worst days, when it was almost as dangerous to go near him as to approach a Bengal tiger. When he is going to have a fit of gout his lordship (Mr. Rudge remarked) was hawful. He curse and swear, he do, at every body; even the clergy or the ladies—all's one. On that very day when Mr. Firmin called he had said to Mr. Twysden, "Get out, and don't come slandering, and backbiting, and bullying that poor devil of a boy any more. It's blackguardly, by George, Sir—it's blackguardly." And Twysden came out with his tail between his legs, and he says to

me—"Rudge," says he, "my lord's uncommon bad to-day." Well. He hadn't been gone an hour when pore Philip comes, bad luck to him; and my lord, who had just heard from Twysden all about that young woman—that party at Paris, Mrs. Brandon—and it *is* about as great a piece of folly as ever I heard tell of—my lord turns upon the pore young fellar, and call him names worse than Twysden. But Mr. Firmin ain't that sort of man, he isn't. He won't suffer any man to call *him* names; and I suppose he gave my lord his own back again, for I heard my lord swear at him tremendous, I did, with my own ears. When my lord has the gout flying about I told you he is awful. When he takes his colchicum he's worse. Now we have got a party at Whipham at Christmas, and at Whipham we must be. And he took his colchicum night before last, and to-day he was in such a tremendous rage of swearing, cursing, and blowing up every body that it was as if he was *red-hot*. And when Twysden and Mrs. Twysden called that day (if you kick that fellar out at the hall-door, I'm blest if he won't come smirkin' down the chimney)—and he wouldn't see any of them. And he bawled out after me, "If Firmin comes kick him down stairs—do you hear?" with ever so many oaths and curses against the poor fellow, while he vowed he would never see his hanged impudent face again. But this wasn't all, Ridley. He sent for Bradgate, his lawyer, that very day. He had back his will, which I signed myself as one of the witnesses—me and Wilcox, the master of the hotel—and I know he had left Firmin something in it. Take my word for it. To that poor young fellow he means mischief. A full report of this conversation Mr. Ridley gave to his little friend Mrs. Brandon, knowing the interest which Mrs. Brandon took in the young gentleman; and with these unpleasant news Mrs. Brandon came off to advise with those who—the good nurse was pleased to say—were Philip's best friends in the world. We wished we could give the Little Sister comfort: but all the world knew what a man Lord Ringwood was—how arbitrary, how revengeful, how cruel.

I knew Mr. Bradgate, the lawyer, with whom I had business, and called upon him, more anxious to speak about Philip's affairs than my own. I suppose I was too eager in coming to my point, for Bradgate saw the meaning of my questions, and declined to answer them. "My client and I are not the dearest friends in the world," Bradgate said; "but I must keep his counsel, and must not tell you whether Mr. Firmin's name is down in his lordship's will or not. How should I know? He may have altered his will. He may have left Firmin money; he may have left him none. I hope young Firmin does not count on a legacy. That's all. He may be disappointed if he does. Why, *you* may hope for a legacy from Lord Ringwood, and you may be disappointed. I know scores of people who do hope for something, and who won't get a penny." And this was all the reply I could

get at that time from the oracular little lawyer.

I told my wife, as of course every dutiful man tells every thing to every dutiful wife: but, though Bradgate discouraged us, there was somehow a lurking hope still that the old nobleman would provide for our friend. Then Philip would marry Charlotte. Then he would earn ever so much more money by his newspaper. Then he would be happy ever after. My wife counts eggs not only before they are hatched but before they are laid. Never was such an obstinate hopefulness of character. I, on the other hand, take a rational and despondent view of things; and if they turn out better than I expect, as sometimes they will, I affably own that I have been mistaken.

But an early day came when Mr. Bradgate was no longer needful, or when he thought himself released from the obligations of silence with regard to his noble client. It was two days before Christmas, and I took my accustomed afternoon saunter to Bays's, where other *habitués* of the club were assembled. There was no little buzzing and excitement among the frequenters of the place. Talbot Twysden always arrived at Bays's at ten minutes past four, and scuffled for the evening paper, as if its contents were matter of great importance to Talbot. He would hold men's buttons, and discourse to them the leading article out of that paper with an astounding emphasis and gravity. On this day, some ten minutes after his accustomed hour, he reached the club. Other gentlemen were engaged in perusing the evening journal. The lamps on the tables lighted up the bald heads, the gray heads, dyed heads, and the wigs of many assembled fogies—murmurs went about the room. "Very sudden." "Gout in the stomach." "Dined here only four days ago." "Looked very well." "Very well? No! Never saw a fellow look worse in my life." "Yellow as a guinea." "Couldn't eat." "Swore dreadfully at the waiters, and at Tom Eaves who dined with him." "Seventy-six, I see.—Born in the same year with the Duke of York." "Forty thousand a year." "Forty? fifty-eight thousand three hundred, I tell you. Always been a saving man." "Title goes to his cousin, Sir John Ringwood; not a member here—member of Boodle's." "Not the earldom—the barony." "Hated each other furiously. Very violent temper, the old fellow was. Never got over the Reform Bill, they used to say." "Wonder whether he'll leave any thing to old bow wow Twys—" Here enters Talbot Twysden, Esq. "Ha, Colonel! How are you? What's the news to-night? Kept late at my office, making up accounts. Going down to Whipham to-morrow to pass Christmas with my wife's uncle—Ringwood, you know. Always go down to Whipham at Christmas. Keeps the pheasants for us—no longer a hunting man myself. Lost my nerve, by George."

While the braggart little creature indulged in this pompous talk he did not see the significant

looks which were fixed upon him, or if he remarked them was perhaps pleased by the attention which he excited. Bays's had long echoed with Twysden's account of Ringwood, the pheasants, his own loss of nerve in hunting, and the sum which their family would inherit at the death of their noble relative.

"I think I have heard you say Sir John Ringwood inherits after your relative?" asked Mr. Hookham.

"Yes; the barony—only the barony. The earldom goes to my lord and his heirs, Hookham. Why shouldn't he marry again? I often say to him, 'Ringwood, why don't you marry, if it's only to disappoint that Whig fellow, Sir John? You are fresh and hale, Ringwood. You may live twenty years, five-and-twenty years. If you leave your niece and my children any thing, we're not in a hurry to inherit,' I say; 'why don't you marry?'"

"Ah! Twysden, he's past marrying," groans Mr. Hookham.

"Not at all. Sober man now. Stout man. Immense powerful man. Healthy man, but for gout. I often say to him, 'Ringwood!' I say—"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, stop this!" groans old Mr. Tremlett, who always begins to shudder at the sound of poor Twysden's voice. "Tell him, somebody."

"Haven't you heard, Twysden? Haven't you seen? Don't you know?" asks Mr. Hookham, solemnly.

"Heard, seen, known—what?" cries the other.

"An accident has happened to Lord Ringwood. Look at the paper. Here it is." And Twysden pulls out his great gold eye-glasses, holds the paper as far as his little arm will reach, and—and merciful Powers!— But I will not venture to depict the agony on that noble face. Like Timanthes, the painter, I hide this Agamemnon with a veil. I cast the *Globe* newspaper over him. Illabatur orbis; and let imagination depict our Twysden under the ruins.

What Twysden read in the *Globe* was a mere curt paragraph; but in next morning's *Times* there was one of those obituary notices to which noblemen of eminence must submit from the mysterious necrographer engaged by that paper.

CHAPTER XXII.

PULVIS ET UMBRA SUMUS.

THE first and only Earl of Ringwood has submitted to the fate which peers and commoners are alike destined to undergo. Hastening to his magnificent seat of Whipham Market, where he proposed to entertain an illustrious Christmas party, his lordship left London scarcely recovered from an attack of gout to which he has been for many years a martyr. The disease must have flown to his stomach, and suddenly mastered him. At Turreys Regum, thirty miles from his own princely habitation, where he had



been accustomed to dine on his almost royal progresses to his home, he was already in a state of dreadful suffering, to which his attendants did not pay the attention which his condition ought to have excited; for when laboring under this most painful malady his outcries were loud, and his language and demeanor exceedingly violent. He angrily refused to send for medical aid at Turreys, and insisted on continuing his journey homeward. He was one of the old school, who never would enter a railway (though his fortune was greatly increased by the passage of the railway through his property); and his own horses always met him at Popper's Tavern, an obscure hamlet, seventeen miles from his princely seat. He made no sign on arriving at Popper's, and spoke no word, to the now serious alarm of his servants. When they came to light his carriage-lamps, and look into his post-chaise, the lord of many thousand acres, and, according to report, of immense wealth, was dead. The journey from Turreys had been the last stage of a long, a prosperous, and if not a famous, at least a notorious and magnificent career.

"The late John George Earl and Baron Ringwood and Viscount Cinquars entered into public life at the dangerous period before the French Revolution; and commenced his career as the friend and companion of the Prince of Wales. When his Royal Highness seceded from the Whig party, Lord Ringwood also joined the Tory side of politicians, and an earldom was the price of his fidelity. But on the elevation of Lord Steyne to a marquissate, Lord Ringwood quarreled for a while with his royal patron and friend, deeming his own services unjustly slighted as a like dignity was not conferred on himself. On several occasions he gave his vote against Government, and caused his nominees in the House of Commons to vote with the Whigs. He never was reconciled to his late Majesty George IV., of whom he was in the habit of speaking with characteristic bluntness. The approach of the Reform Bill, however, threw this nobleman definitively on the Tory side, of which he has ever since remained, if not an eloquent at least a violent supporter. He was said to be a liberal landlord, so long as his tenants did not thwart him in his views. His only son died early; and his lordship, according to report, has long been on ill terms with his

kinsman and successor, Sir John Ringwood, of Appleshaw, Baronet, at present Baron Ringwood. The barony has been in this ancient family since the reign of George I., when Sir John Ringwood was ennobled, and Sir Francis, his brother, a Baron of the Exchequer, was advanced to the dignity of Baronet by the first of our Hanoverian sovereigns."

This was the article which my wife and I read on the morning of Christmas eve, as our children were decking lamps and looking-glasses with holly and red berries for the approaching festival. I had dispatched a hurried note, containing the news, to Philip on the night previous. We were painfully anxious about his fate now, when a few days would decide it. Again my business or curiosity took me to see Mr. Bradgate the lawyer. He was in possession of the news of course. He was not averse to talk about it. The death of his client unsealed the lawyer's lips partially; and I must say Bradgate spoke in a manner not flattering to his noble deceased client. The brutalities of the late nobleman had been very hard to bear. On occasion of their last meeting his oaths and disrespectful behavior had been specially odious. He had abused almost every one of his relatives. His heir, he said, was a canting, Methodistical humbug. He had a relative (whom Bradgate said he would not name) who was a scheming, swaggering, swindling lick-spittle parasite, always cringing at his heels, and longing for his death. And he had another relative, the impudent son of a swindling doctor, who had insulted him two hours before in his own room—a fellow who was a pauper, and going to propagate a breed for the work-house; for, after his behavior of that day, he would be condemned to the lowest pit of Acheron before he, Lord Ringwood, would give that scoundrel a penny of his money. "And his lordship desired me to send him back his will," said Mr. Bradgate. "And he destroyed that will before he went away: it was not the first he had burned. And I may tell you, now all is over, that he had left his brother's grandson a handsome legacy in that will, which your poor friend might have had, but that he went to see my lord in his unlucky fit of gout." Ah, mea culpa! mea culpa! And who sent Philip to see his relative in that unlucky fit of gout? Who was so worldly-wise—so Twysden-like, as to counsel Philip to flattery and submission? But for that advice he might be wealthy now; he might be happy; he might be ready to marry his young sweet-heart. Our Christmas turkey choked me as I ate of it. The lights burned dimly, and the kisses and laughter under the mistletoe were but melancholy sport. But for my advice, how happy might my friend have been! I looked askance at the honest faces of my children. What would they say if they knew their father had advised a friend to cringe, and bow, and humble himself before a rich, wicked old man? I sat as mute at the pantomime as at a burial; the laughter of the little ones smote me as with a reproof. A burial?

With plumes and lights, and upholsterers' pageantry, and mourning by the yard measure, they were burying my Lord Ringwood, who might have made Philip Firmin rich but for me.

All lingering hopes regarding our friend were quickly put to an end. A will was found at Whipham, dated a year back, in which no mention was made of poor Philip Firmin. Small legacies—disgracefully shabby and small, Twysden said—were left to the Twysden family, with the full-length portrait of the late earl in his coronation robes, which, I should think, must have given but small satisfaction to his surviving relatives; for his lordship was but an ill-favored nobleman, and the price of the carriage of the large picture from Whipham was a tax which poor Talbot made very wry faces at paying. Had the picture been accompanied by thirty or forty thousand pounds, or fifty thousand—why should he not have left them fifty thousand?—how different Talbot's grief would have been! Whereas when Talbot counted up the dinners he had given to Lord Ringwood—all of which he could easily calculate by his cunning ledgers and journals, in which was noted down every feast at which his lordship attended, every guest assembled, and every bottle of wine drunk—Twysden found that he had absolutely spent more money upon my lord than the old man had paid back in his will. But all the family went into mourning, and the Twysden coachman and footman turned out in black worsted epaulets in honor of the illustrious deceased. It is not every day that a man gets a chance of publicly bewailing the loss of an earl his relative. I suppose Twysden took many hundred people into his confidence on this matter, and bewailed his uncle's death and his own wrongs while clinging to many scores of button-holes.

And how did poor Philip bear the disappointment? He must have felt it, for I fear we ourselves had encouraged him in the hope that his grand-uncle would do something to relieve his necessity. Philip put a bit of crape round his hat, wrapped himself in his shabby old mantle, and declined any outward show of grief at all. If the old man had left him money, it had been well. As he did not—a puff of cigar, perhaps, ends the sentence, and our philosopher gives no further thought to his disappointment. Was not Philip the poor as lordly and independent as Philip the rich? A struggle with poverty is a wholesome wrestling-match at three or five and twenty. The sinews are young, and are braced by the contest. It is upon the aged that the battle falls hardly, who are weakened by failing health, and perhaps enervated by long years of prosperity.

Firmin's broad back could carry a heavy burden, and he was glad to take all the work which fell in his way. Phipps, of the *Daily Intelligence*, wanting an assistant, Philip gladly sold four hours of his day to Mr. Phipps: translated page after page of newspapers, French and German; took an occasional turn at the Chamber of Deputies, and gave an account of a sitting

of importance, and made himself quite an active lieutenant. He began positively to save money. He wore dreadfully shabby clothes, to be sure; for Charlotte could not go to his chamber and mend his rags as the Little Sister had done; but when Mrs. Baynes abused him for his shabby appearance—and indeed it must have been mortifying sometimes to see the fellow in his old clothes swaggering about in Madame Smolensk's apartments, talking loud, contradicting and laying down the law—Charlotte defended her maligned Philip. "Do you know why Monsieur Philip has those shabby clothes?" she asked of Madame de Smolensk. "Because he has been sending money to his father in America." And Smolensk said that Monsieur Philip was a brave young man, and that he might come dressed like an Iroquois to her soirée, and he should be welcome. And Mrs. Baynes was rude to Philip when he was present, and scornful in her remarks when he was absent. And Philip trembled before Mrs. Baynes; and he took her boxes on the ear with much meekness; for was not his Charlotte a hostage in her mother's hands, and might not Mrs. General B. make that poor little creature suffer?

One or two Indian ladies of Mrs. Baynes's acquaintance happened to pass this winter in Paris, and these persons, who had furnished lodgings in the Faubourg St. Honoré or the Champs Elysées, and rode in their carriages with, very likely, a footman on the box, rather looked down upon Mrs. Baynes for living in a boarding-house, and keeping no equipage. No woman likes to be looked down upon by any other woman, especially by such a creature as Mrs. Batters, the lawyer's wife, from Calcutta, who was not in society, and did not go to Government House, and here was driving about in the Champs Elysées, and giving herself such airs, indeed! So was Mrs. Doctor Macoon, with her *lady's-maid*, and her *man-cook*, and her *open carriage*, and her *close carriage*. (Pray read these words with the most withering emphasis which you can lay upon them.) And who was Mrs. Macoon, pray? Madame Bérét, the French milliner's daughter, neither more nor less. And this creature must scatter her mud over her betters who went on foot. "I am telling my poor girls, madame," she would say to Madame Smolensk, "that if I had been a milliner's girl, or their father had been a pettifogging attorney, and not a soldier, who has served his sovereign in every quarter of the world, they would be *better dressed* than they are now, poor chicks!—we might have a fine apartment in the Faubourg St. Honoré—we need not live at a boarding-house."

"And if I had been a milliner, Madame la Générale," cried Smolensk, with spirit, "perhaps I should not have had need to keep a boarding-house. My father was a general officer, and served his emperor too. But what will you? We have all to do disagreeable things, and to live with disagreeable people, madame!" And with this Smolensk makes Mrs. General

Baynes a fine courtesy, and goes off to other affairs or guests. She was of the opinion of many of Philip's friends. "Ah, Monsieur Philip," she said to him, "when you are married, you will live far from that woman; is it not?"

Hearing that Mrs. Batters was going to the Tuileries, I am sorry to say a violent emulation inspired Mrs. Baynes, and she never was easy until she persuaded her general to take her to the ambassador's, and to the entertainments of the citizen king who governed France in those days. It would cost little or nothing. Charlotte must be brought out. Her aunt, MacWhirter, from Tours, had sent Charlotte a present of money for a dress. To do Mrs. Baynes justice, she spent very little money upon her own raiment, and extracted from one of her trunks a costume which had done duty at Barrackpore and Calcutta. "After hearing that Mrs. Batters went, I knew she never would be easy," General Baynes said, with a sigh. His wife denied the accusation as an outrage, said that men always imputed the worst motives to woman; whereas her wish, Heaven knows, was only to see her darling child properly presented, and her husband in his proper rank in the world. And Charlotte looked lovely, upon the evening of the ball; and Madame Smolensk dressed Charlotte's hair very prettily, and offered to lend Auguste to accompany the general's carriage; but Ogoost revolted, and said, "Non, merce! he would do any thing for the general and Miss Charlotte—but for the générale, no, no, no!" and he made signs of violent abnegation. And though Charlotte looked as sweet as a rose-bud, she had little pleasure in her ball, Philip not being present. And how could he be present, who had but one old coat, and holes in his boots?

So, you see, after a sunny autumn, a cold winter comes, when the wind is bad for delicate chests, and muddy for little shoes. How could Charlotte come out at eight o'clock through mud or snow of a winter's morning, if she had been out at an evening party late overnight? Mrs. General Baynes began to go out a good deal to the Paris evening parties—I mean to the parties of us Trojans—parties where there are forty English people, three Frenchmen, and a German who plays the piano. Charlotte was very much admired. The fame of her good looks spread abroad. I promise you that there were persons of much more importance than the poor Vicomte de *Garçon-boutique*, who were charmed by her bright eyes, her bright smiles, her artless, rosy beauty. Why, little Hely of the Embassy actually invited himself to Mrs. Doctor Macoon's, in order to see this young beauty, and danced with her without ceasing. Mr. Hely, who was the pink of fashion, you know; who danced with the royal princesses; and was at all the grand parties of the Faubourg St. Germain. He saw her to her carriage (a very shabby fly, it must be confessed; but Mrs. Baynes told him they had been accustomed to a very different kind of equipage in

India). He actually called at the boarding-house, and left his card, *M. Walsingham Hely, attaché à l'Embassade de S. M. Britannique*, for General Baynes and his lady. To what balls would Mrs. Baynes like to go? to the Tuileries? to the Embassy? to the Faubourg St. Germain? to the Faubourg St. Honoré? I could name many more persons of distinction who were fascinated by pretty Miss Charlotte. Her mother felt more and more ashamed of the shabby fly, in which our young lady was conveyed to and from her parties—of the shabby fly, and of that shabby cavalier who was in waiting sometimes to put Miss Charlotte into her carriage. Charlotte's mother's ears were only too acute when disparaging remarks were made about that cavalier. What? engaged to that queer red-bearded fellow, with the ragged shirt-collars, who trod upon every body in the polka? A newspaper writer, was he? The son of that doctor who ran away after cheating every body? What a very odd thing of General Baynes to think of engaging his daughter to such a person!

So Mr. Firmin was not asked to many distinguished houses, where his Charlotte was made welcome; where there was dancing in the saloon, very mild negus and cakes in the *salle-à-manger*, and cards in the lady's bedroom. And he did not care to be asked; and he made himself very arrogant and disagreeable when he was asked; and he would upset tea-trays, and burst out into roars of laughter at all times, and swagger about the drawing-room as if he was a man of importance—he indeed—giving himself such airs, because his grandfather's brother was an earl! And what had the earl done for him, pray? And what right had he to burst out laughing when Miss Crackley sang a little out of tune? What could General Baynes mean by selecting such a husband for that nice, modest young girl?

The old general sitting in the best bed-room, placidly playing at whist with the other British fogies, does not hear these remarks, perhaps; but little Mrs. Baynes, with her eager eyes and ears, sees and knows every thing. Many people have told *her* that Philip is a bad match for his daughter. She has heard him contradict calmly quite wealthy people. Mr. Hobday, who has a house in Carlton Terrace, London, and goes to the first houses in Paris, Philip has contradicted him point-blank, until Mr. Hobday turned quite red, and Mrs. Hobday didn't know where to look. Mr. Peplow, a clergyman and a baronet's eldest son, who will be one day the Rev. Sir Charles Peplow of Peplow Manor, was praising Tomlinson's poems, and offered to read out at Mr. Badger's—and he reads very finely, though a little perhaps through his nose—and when he was going to begin, Mr. Firmin said, "My dear Peplow, for Heaven's sake don't give us any of that rot. I would as soon hear one of your own prize poems." Rot, indeed! What an expression! Of course Mr. Peplow was very much annoyed. And this from a mere newspaper writer. Never heard of such

rudeness! Mrs. Tuffin said she took her line at once after seeing this Mr. Firmin. "He may be an earl's grand-nephew, for what I care. He may have been at college, he has not learned good manners there. He may be clever, I don't profess to be a judge. But he is most overbearing, clumsy, and disagreeable. I shall not ask him to my Tuesdays; and Emma, if he asks you to dance, I beg you will do no such thing!" A bull, you understand, in a meadow, or on a prairie with a herd of buffaloes, is a noble animal; but a bull in a china-shop is out of place; and even so was Philip among the crockery of those little simple tea-parties, where his mane, and hoofs, and roar caused endless disturbance.

These remarks concerning the accepted son-in-law Mrs. Baynes heard, and, at proper moments, repeated. She ruled Baynes; but was very cautious, and secretly afraid of him. Once or twice she had gone too far in her dealings with the quiet old man, and he had revolted, put her down, and never forgiven her. Beyond a certain point she dared not provoke her husband. She would say, "Well, Baynes, marriage is a lottery: and I am afraid our poor Charlotte has not pulled a prize:" on which the general would reply, "No more have others, my dear!" and so drop the subject for the time being. On another occasion it would be, "You heard how rude Philip Firmin was to Mr. Hobday?" And the general would answer, "I was at cards, my dear." Again she might say, "Mrs. Tuffin says she will not have Philip Firmin to her Tuesdays, my dear:" and the general's rejoinder would be, "Begad, so much the better for him!" "Ah," she groans, "he's always offending some one!" "I don't think he seems to please *you* much, Eliza!" responds the general: and she answers, "No, he don't, and that I confess; and I don't like to think, Baynes, of my sweet child given up to certain poverty, and such a man!" At which the general with some of his garrison phrases would break out with a "Hang it, Eliza, do you suppose I think it is a very good match?" and turn to the wall, and, I hope, to sleep.

As for poor little Charlotte, her mother is not afraid of little Charlotte: and when the two are alone the poor child knows she is to be made wretched by her mother's assaults upon Philip. Was there ever any thing so bad as his behavior, to burst out laughing when Miss Crackley was singing? Was he called upon to contradict Sir Charles Peplow in that abrupt way, and as good as tell him he was a fool? It was very wrong certainly, and poor Charlotte thinks, with a blush perhaps, how she was just at the point of admiring Sir Charles Peplow's reading very much, and had been prepared to think Tomlinson's poems delightful, until Philip ordered her to adopt a contemptuous opinion of the poet. And did you see how he was dressed? a button wanting on his waistcoat, and a hole in his boot?

"Mamma," cries Charlotte, turning very red. "He might have been better dressed—if—if—"

"That is, you would like your own father to

be in prison, your mother to beg her bread, your sisters to go in rags, and your brothers to starve, Charlotte, in order that we should pay Philip Firmin back the money of which his father robbed him! Yes. That's your meaning. You needn't explain yourself. I can understand quite well, thank you. Good-night. I hope *you'll* sleep well. *I* sha'n't, after this conversation. Good-night, Charlotte!" Ah, me! O course of true love, didst thou ever run smooth? As we peep into that boarding-house—whereof I have already described the mistress as wakeful with racking care regarding the morrow, wherein lie the Miss Bolderos, who must naturally be very uncomfortable, being on sufferance and as it were in pain, as they lie on their beds—what sorrows do we not perceive brooding over the night-caps? There is poor Charlotte, who has said her prayer for her Philip; and as she lays her young eyes on the pillow, they wet it with their tears. Why does her mother forever and forever speak against him? Why is her father so cold when Philip's name is mentioned? Could Charlotte ever think of any but him?

Oh, never, never! And so the wet eyes are veiled at last, and close in doubt and fear and care. And in the next room to Charlotte's a little yellow old woman lies stark awake; and in the bed by her side an old gentleman can't close his eyes for thinking—my poor girl is promised to a beggar. All the fine hopes which we had of his getting a legacy from that lord are over. Poor child, poor child, what will become of her?

Now, Two Sticks, let us fly over the river Seine to Mr. Philip Firmin's quarters; to Philip's house, who has not got a penny; to Philip's bed, who has made himself so rude and disagreeable at that tea-party. He has no idea that he has offended any body. He has gone home perfectly well pleased. He has kicked off the tattered boot. He has found a little fire lingering in his stove by which he has smoked the pipe of thought. Ere he has jumped into his bed he has knelt a moment beside it; and with all his heart—oh! with all his heart and soul—has committed the dearest one to Heaven's loving protection! And now he sleeps like a child.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 8th of October. Up to this time nothing of special importance has taken place between the two great armies lying almost within view of each other near Washington. Early in September the Confederates advanced their outposts toward the Potomac, finally occupying Munson's Hill, within sight of the National Capitol. Toward the close of the month this position was abandoned, and the army fell back toward Fairfax Court House, the main body occupying nearly the same position as before the battle of Bull Run. Skirmishes between advance-guards and reconnoitering parties have taken place at different points along the line of the Potomac, but none of these have led to any important result. In a reconnoissance toward Fall's Church, on the night of the 29th of September, two bodies of our troops, mistaking each other for the enemy, opened fire, by which 10 were killed, and about 20 wounded. The number and condition of the troops in the two main armies is carefully concealed. The most reliable estimates, which are merely conjectural, represent each at about 150,000 men. It is clear that the condition and efficiency of the National army is greatly improved since General McClellan has been placed in command. Of the condition of the Confederates the accounts are unreliable: some represent them as in the highest state of efficiency; while according to others they are suffering severely from sickness and privation.

In Western Virginia a series of engagements has taken place, the results of which have been in favor of the National forces. On the 11th of September General Rosecrans attacked the Confederate troops, commanded by General John R. Floyd, Secretary of War under Mr. Buchanan, at Carnifex Ferry, driving him from his position. He crossed the Gauley River, destroying the bridge behind him, and thus escaped pursuit. Our loss was 20 killed and 100

wounded. Among the killed was Colonel Lowe, of the Ohio Twelfth, a sketch of whose life will be found in another part of this Magazine.—From the 12th to the 15th a series of skirmishes took place about Cheat Mountain, between the Confederates, under General Lee, and our troops, under General Reynolds, the general result of which was that the enemy were repulsed and fell back. Among the killed were John A. Washington, late proprietor of Mount Vernon.—A reconnoissance made on the 3d of October against the position of the Confederates at Greenbrier resulted in a sharp action, in which, though no decisive result was attained, the Confederate loss greatly exceeded our own, which is stated at 10 killed and 20 wounded. We give our own losses as put down in the official reports; those of the Confederates can only be estimated, their official reports not being accessible.

The most important events of the month have occurred in Kentucky and Missouri.

In *Kentucky* a strong effort has been made by the Executive of the State to keep it in a neutral position, with the design of acting as a mediator. But at the State election, held early in August, Mr. Garrow, the Union candidate for State Treasurer, received 83,000 votes, while but 16,000 were cast for two Secession candidates, showing a Union majority of 67,000. In each branch of the Legislature the majority in favor of the Union was about three to one. Forces had, in the mean time, under various names, been organized on both sides, and large bodies of the Confederates were gathered in Tennessee, ready to pass into Kentucky. It was clear that, in case absolute neutrality could not be maintained, the sympathy of the State Government was in favor of the Confederates, while that of the people, as manifested in the election, was with the Union. On the 19th of August Governor Magoffin sent Commissioners to the President of the United States, bearing a letter stating that the people of Kentucky

wished to take no part in the pending war, and urging the immediate withdrawal of the United States forces, organizing and encamped within the State. President Lincoln replied that these forces were composed wholly of Kentuckians; that he did not believe that it was the wish of the people of the State that they should be withdrawn. He therefore declined to comply with the request of the Governor. The reply of the President closes with a regret that he can not find in the letter of Governor Magoffin any intimation that he desires the preservation of the Federal Union.—The Legislature of Kentucky assembled at Frankfort on the 2d of September. By a vote of 77 to 20, in the House, the United States flag was ordered to be displayed over the Capitol. This vote was an index to the sentiment of the Legislature. From the outset there was a conflict between the Governor and the Legislature. Governor Magoffin, in his Message, asserts the right of the State to maintain a neutral position; Kentucky had not sympathized, he said, with either party, while both had violated her neutrality. The State should raise all the military force that was needed.—On the 4th of September, almost simultaneously with the meeting of the Legislature, the Confederate forces from Tennessee, commanded by General Leonidas Polk, formerly Bishop, advanced into Kentucky, and took possession of Columbus. On the 9th General Polk dispatched a message to Governor Magoffin, justifying this measure on the ground that he had been assured that the Federal troops were about to take possession of the place, which would seriously endanger West Tennessee. His action had been submitted to the President of the Confederate States, and had been approved on the ground of military necessity. But he would withdraw his troops from Kentucky, provided that the Federal forces should also be withdrawn at the same time. The Legislature then passed a series of resolutions declaring that the neutrality of the State had been “grossly infringed by the so-called Confederate forces;” that the Governor be requested to call out the military force to repel invasion; that the United States be invoked to aid the State; that General Anderson, the defender of Fort Sumter, be requested to enter at once upon the discharge of his duties in this military district; and that the people of Kentucky be called upon to aid in “repelling and driving out the wanton violators of our peace and neutrality, the lawless invaders of our soil.” These resolutions having been vetoed by the Governor, were passed over his veto. He was also directed to issue a proclamation ordering the Confederate troops to evacuate Kentucky; a resolution ordering the National forces also to leave the State was negatived. Governor Magoffin thereupon issued a proclamation in the following terms: “The Government of the Confederate States, the State of Tennessee, and all others concerned, are hereby informed that Kentucky expects the Confederate or Tennessee troops to be withdrawn from her soil unconditionally.” Meanwhile Confederate troops were poured into the State in large numbers. On the west, Generals Polk and Pillow concentrated large forces at Columbus; on the east, General Zollicoffer took possession of Cumberland, near the Virginia line, announcing to the Governor of Kentucky that the safety of Tennessee demanded the occupation of that place, and that he should retain possession of it until the Union forces were withdrawn and the Union camps broken up. General Buckner, formerly commander of the State Guard, with a large body of forces in the Confeder-

ate interest, appeared in the northwestern part of the State, and pushed forward a party as far as Muldraugh's Hill, about 45 miles from Louisville. They fell back from this position to Bowling Green, an important strategic position at the junction of the two railways which enter Tennessee, from which place he issued a proclamation, dated September 18, stating that he had come at the head of a force “to aid the Government of Kentucky in carrying out the strict neutrality desired by the people.” A large portion of the Southern part of the State now appears to be in full possession of the Confederate forces. Meanwhile the Union men are active. The Legislature have passed bills calling out the military force of the State, and raising a war loan of \$2,000,000. Arrests of a number of prominent men have been made; among these are James B. Clay, a son of Henry Clay, and Ex-Governor Morehead, the latter having been sent to Fort Lafayette. A bill passed the Senate, requesting Senators Breckinridge and Powell to resign. Mr. Breckinridge is said to have joined the Confederates in Virginia. The health of General Anderson unfitting him for active service, the military district under his command has been assigned to General Sherman. Every thing indicates that Kentucky will soon be the scene of active military operations.

In *Missouri* the battle of Springfield, and the retreat of the Union forces to Rolla—about 125 miles, instead of 50, as stated in our last Record—left the southwestern part of the State open to the Confederate forces under Price and M'Cullough. General Price advanced northward upon Lexington, where a body of National troops under Colonel Mulligan were intrenched. The attack commenced on the 12th of September, and continued until the 22d, when, finding himself surrounded by greatly superior forces, and cut off from water, Colonel Mulligan surrendered. His forces numbered about 3500 men. Our loss in killed and wounded is stated at about 130, while that of the enemy is reported to have been much greater. General Price, however, in his official report, says, “Our entire loss in this series of engagements amounts to 25 killed and 72 wounded. The enemy's loss was much greater. The visible fruits of this almost bloodless victory are great. About 3500 prisoners, among whom are Colonels Mulligan, Marshall, Peabody, and 120 other commissioned officers, five pieces of artillery, and two mortars; over 33,000 stand of infantry arms, a large number of sabres, about 750 horses, many sets of cavalry equipments, wagons, teams, ammunition, more than \$100,000 worth of commissary stores, and a large amount of other property, have fallen into our hands. In addition to this I obtained the restoration of the Great Seal of the State, and the Public Records, which had been stolen from their proper custodian, and about \$900,000 in money, of which the bank at this place had been robbed, and which I have caused to be returned to it.” At the latest intelligence, General Price is said to have evacuated Lexington, and General Frémont, with the entire force under his command, to be advancing in that direction with the purpose of offering battle.

President Lincoln has addressed a letter to General Frémont in relation to his proclamation enfranchising the slaves of the insurgents. He says: “Assured that you, upon the ground, could better judge of the necessities of your position than I could at this distance, on seeing your proclamation of August 30 I perceived no general objection to it; the particular clause, however, in relation to the con-

fiscation of property and the liberation of slaves appeared to me to be objectionable in its non-conformity to the act of Congress, passed the 6th of last August, upon the same subjects, and hence I wrote you expressing my wish that that clause should be modified accordingly. Your answer just received expresses the preference on your part that I should make an open order for the modification, which I very cheerfully do. It is therefore ordered that the said clause of said proclamation be so modified, held, and construed as to conform with and not to transcend the provisions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress entitled 'An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes,' approved August 6, 1861, and that said act be published at length with this order."—The Secretary of State has issued a circular explaining and defining the confiscating act of Congress. He says: "No property is confiscated or subject to forfeiture except such as is in transit, or provided for transit to or from insurrectionary States, or used for the promotion of the insurrection. Real estate, bonds, promissory notes, moneys on deposit, and the like, are therefore not subject to seizure or confiscation in the absence of evidence of such unlawful acts. All officers, while vigilant in the prevention of the conveyance of property to or from the insurrectionary States, or the use of it for insurrectionary purposes, are expected to be careful in avoiding unnecessary vexation and cost by seizures not warranted by law."

Naval preparations on a large scale are pushed forward with great vigor, with the presumed object of making a formidable expedition to some prominent point on the Southern coast.—Several valuable prizes have been taken by our blockading squadron.—On the 13th of September the Southern privateer *Judith*, lying at Pensacola opposite Fort Pickens, was cut out by a boat expedition from the United States steamer *Colorado*, and burned at the wharf.—The steamer *Bermuda*, which appears to have been purchased in England and loaded with arms and munitions by the Confederate Commissioners, succeeded in running the blockade at Savannah. It is said that she is to be fitted out as a privateer.—On the 1st of October the steam transport *Fanny*, dispatched from Fort Monroe to Chickamacomico Inlet, with stores and supplies, and having on board twenty-five soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Indiana Regiment, was cut out by three Confederate steamers. The crew escaped to the shore in boats; but the soldiers were taken prisoners, and the vessel and cargo were captured.—The Emperor of Russia has addressed a letter to his Minister at Washington, which has been communicated to our Government. He says that for eighty years the Union has exhibited to the world a prosperity without example in the annals of history; and it would be deplorable if the compact which has made the strength of the country should now be broken up. United, the different interests of the country perfect themselves; isolated, they are paralyzed. The struggle, he says, can not be indefinitely prolonged, nor lead to the total destruction of either party; sooner or later there must be some settlement; and he trusts that it may be reached before a useless effusion of blood and squandering of strength shall have brought about the ruin of the commercial and political power of the country. Russia and the United States, he adds, placed at the extremities of two worlds, and both in the ascending period of their development, have a natural community of interests and sympathies, of which they have already given proofs to each other. Without touch-

ing upon the questions which divide the United States, the Emperor gives assurance that in any event the American nation may count upon his cordial sympathy during the important crisis through which it is now passing.

The Legislature of *Maryland* was to have assembled on the 17th of September, at Frederick. A large majority of the members were known to be in favor of Secession, and the passage of an ordinance to that effect was anticipated. The meeting of the Legislature was prevented by the Baltimore police, who arrested the clerks of the Houses and a large number of the members; these were detained for twenty-four hours. Meanwhile the Union members met in caucus, and resolved not to meet in Assembly. There being no quorum left, most of the other members, who had been released on taking the oath of allegiance, left the place, and no formal opening of the Legislature was attempted.

EUROPE.

A combined English, French, and Spanish naval expedition is to be fitted out against Mexico. By the terms of the treaty entered into between these Powers, their combined naval forces will occupy the principal Mexican ports on the Gulf, and will sequester the revenue accruing from customs, retaining one half to be applied to the payment of Mexican indebtedness, and making over the other half to the Mexican Government. Absolute war is not contemplated; but in case any opposition is attempted, an effectual blockade will be established.—M. Rouher, the French Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, has issued a circular clearly defining the position of his Government on the subject of blockade. He says that the right can not be denied to one belligerent, recognized as such, to injure the other by all direct and legitimate means, such as "seizing upon its possessions, besieging its cities, or blockading its ports. The exercise of the right of blockade involves the natural consequence of interdicting access to the blockaded places by other Powers. It is incontestable that the latter are sufferers by this interruption of their habitual commercial relations; but they are not justified in making complaint, for they are only indirectly compromised thereby.... The effectiveness of a blockade is now admitted to be the essential condition of its validity. From the moment that there are upon the spot to which a belligerent means to interdict access sufficient forces to prevent approach without exposure to certain danger, the neutral is constrained, whatever injury he may experience, to respect the blockade. If he violate it, he exposes himself to be treated as an enemy.... It is an error to suppose that a blockade exists only when notice of it has been given diplomatically, and that it is not binding upon neutral ships which have left their country previously to this notification. A blockade is binding the moment it is effectively established; the material result of a material fact, it does not require to be otherwise constituted.... That neutrals ignore the facts imports but little. If one of their vessels presents itself for the purpose of entering a blockaded port, the belligerent has the right to signify its prohibition. It is undoubtedly the general usage for a Government to inform others of the measures of a blockade to which it has recourse. But this notice, which is not an absolute rule, has no value of itself.... An agreement has now been made to the effect that the neutral shall only be considered duly warned of the existence of a blockade, when the warning is given on the spot."

Editor's Table.

OUR FARMERS.—In these dark and stormy times, when so many fair hopes have been rudely dashed, and so many great fortunes are utterly wrecked, we turn for relief to the solid ground, and look with wistful eyes to the men who live upon their own land and win a constant livelihood, however frugal or homely, from their own farms. Never, perhaps, in the history of our country, has there been so wide and severe a shock to our mercantile prosperity, and so good an occasion for reviewing seriously our ways of living, especially in our cities and large towns, and of asking whether we may not take as well as give some wholesome lessons in the conduct of life by a little more intimacy with our farmers. We propose now to treat of them in our usual colloquial and practical way; and at this season, when the harvests are gathered in and the light of the harvest-moon shines on so many rural fairs and merry-makings, we may be allowed to join for a while the robust and cheerful company, and be sure of being forgiven a little grave moralizing, if we only leave the dust and starch of the city behind us, and chat with the farmers as one of them, and try to look with a knowing eye upon their potatoes, and grain, and fruits, and cattle. We propose to speak especially of the farmer himself, and to consider his character and pursuits from our point of view. It is vain to try to cheat him by pretending to know more about his business than he knows himself, or to enlighten him upon soils, manures, seedlings, and breeds. It is better to leave him to guess how much we know about his affairs, and to win his favorable opinion by being inclined to appreciate him and his position fairly. We are disposed to be very good-natured in dealing with a party to whom we are indebted for the very bread that we put into our mouths; and we shall pay the debt all the more by throwing in, now and then, a bit of wholesome advice, that may show that man does not live by bread alone.

And let us begin by considering the farmer especially in his work, or as a workman. A workman he certainly is, and no man can be accused with less justice of being an idle cumberer of the ground than he. Yet it requires some little thought to state accurately what his work is; for farming seems at first to include all kinds of work, and to be more marked by its being a union of all trades, than by having a distinct specialty of its own. The farmer is certainly, in some respects, a mechanic, manufacturer, and merchant, and sometimes he is not a little of a lawyer, doctor, and minister. He is a mechanic, because he uses tools and is constantly contriving ingenious expedients to apply means to ends. So, too, he is a manufacturer, and his farm is the great factory in which he makes the raw material, the earth and the seed, the rain and the sunshine, into roots, and grain, and fruits. He is a merchant, moreover, for he generally buys and sells largely on his own account, and sometimes his expenses and sales mount to very high figures and give him a conspicuous name in the market. He must be physician enough to prescribe for infirm soils, trees, and cattle, if not for his own children; lawyer he readily becomes, so far as is necessary to verify titles or fulfill the duties of justice of peace; and in cases without number, where the sound of the Sabbath bell is not heard, the log-house or the grove is

his temple, and as in old, patriarchal times, the father is the priest, and declares the word to his own household and his neighbors.

Yet, various as is the farmer's work, and closely as it may trench upon other callings, it has a decided specialty of its own; and this depends so directly upon a positive law of nature as to distinguish his from that of others. He is by eminence a *grower*, and the law of vegetative growth is the power which he in the main uses. It is not enough to say that he works upon the soil, for so does the miner or the brick-maker. He works upon it solely with an eye to its yielding crops, and when he raises cattle and sheep he does this mainly by providing them with pasture, as the name for this business, grazing, denotes. The manufacturer may also busy himself with the workings of organic nature; but his processes are chemical not vital, and he aims to produce new combinations of atoms, as in making salts or acids, or to transform commodities into more available shapes, as in carding or weaving. The merchant deals in all commodities; but as merchant he does not grow them, and this work belongs exclusively to the farmer. To make our distinction more philosophical, we may say that there are three aspects in which nature is known to us—the mechanical, the chemical, and the organic—relating severally to things viewed in the mass, or in atoms, or in the life. Now while the mechanic deals with things in the mass and gives them new shapes, and the chemist deals with atoms and gives them new combinations, the farmer deals with things as having life; and while he is a raiser of animals his chief business is in growing the products of vegetative life. Other things are incidental, but this is the main business of his calling. And as the main use of the growth of the soil is food, we regard the farmer's as first of all distinguished by providing food for man and beast. He provides clothing also, by raising fibril plants, such as flax, hemp, and cotton, that give materials for the weaver; but these require so much labor and skill from the manufacturers before they can be useful, as much to divide with others his service; and, moreover, in their relative amount and value, the products that are made into clothing bear a small proportion to the crops that supply food. We say, then, that the business of the farmer is to feed and incidentally to clothe the human race, by studying and applying the law of vegetative growth. He puts the seed into the soil wisely, and carefully tends the plant which yields the harvest. All the arrangements of his farm, however few or many, simple or stately—all of his broad acres, whether meadow, garden, vineyard, orchard, wood—all his fences, walls, drains, barns, dairies, tools, machines, vehicles, cattle, and servants, are but so many different interpretations of the ancient scripture: "Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."

The farmer's work, of course, begins with the *soil*, and his first task is to prepare the ground for the seed. Now this seems to be a very simple matter; and as in our petty pride we tread upon the brown and common earth, we may think that we know all about it; and if we are inclined to bow the knee at all to its rude majesty, it is because of the gold and

silver and gems that may be hidden in its depths. Yet its great mysteries and richest treasures are near the surface, within reach of the farmer's plow and spade, without need of the miner's shaft, windlass, and safety-lamp. The substances upon which the potato, turnip, wheat, maize, flax, and cotton live give us our greatest wealth, and the yield of the mines of California shrink into insignificance before the two thousand millions of dollars that our soil in the best years bears to us from its surface. What more and better products it may bear we do not know; for we are but just beginning to study its nature and to dismiss the childish dream that we must take it as it is, and that its wild state is its true or best condition. The soil, like the soul, needs culture to show what it is and to yield its best fruits; for it may be said without question that the growths most valuable to mankind are only the fruit of careful tillage, and do not come to us by magic, or by the spontaneous movement of earths of native fatness, or climates of tropical luxuriance. Too much richness may be as fatal as too little; and Nature, like man, thrives best in the temperate zone, with its moderated elements and its healthy and laborious habits. In the temperate zone, where man best educates himself, he best educates the ground, and there the science and the art of agriculture have been developed.

A man's brain is ready to swim as he tries to conceive of the vastness of the territory open to the American farmer—the extent of the fields that call for his subduing hand. We have three millions of square miles, according to the latest returns, in our national domain, and of this immense region not more than one-twelfth part is under cultivation, and only about double that portion, or one-sixth, is occupied. Try to imagine the labor required to cultivate a single square mile of ground—as in the Central Park, which is a little more than a square mile in size—and multiply this by three millions, or by two and a half millions, and we have some idea of the extent of our country. Yet one-twelfth of that amount, or two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, which is near the extent actually cultivated, is more than we can have any definite conception of. Now try to estimate the amount of labor, skill, and cost needed to keep this land in cultivation. Remember, in the first place, that the whole of it must be in some way prepared *mechanically* for producing—as by plowing, harrowing, draining, etc.—in order that it may be duly opened to the light, and warmth, and rain, and the various ingredients of the soil may be so disintegrated as to act freely upon the growing plant. Consider, in the second place, how often the soil is to be mechanically changed by admixture with other earths and substances than it naturally contains, and whether clayey, sandy, gravelly, loamy, or peaty, its excesses may be corrected. Then, lastly, think of the great matter of fertilizing the soil, mainly by chemical changes through manures, natural and artificial, which look as carefully and scientifically to feeding the ground with precisely what it wants as we look to the feeding of our children. We may write volumes on the subject of manures, or may put it into a nut-shell, and state the whole matter simply thus: As the plant lives mainly out of the earth, the earth must be supplied with the materials which the plant takes away; and as these materials are of three principal kinds—*minerals*, or salts, such as lime, potash, and soda; *carbon*, such as charcoal and other woody fibre; and *nitrogen*, such as is most readily found in ammonia,

and which most tends to renew the tissues of the body—that is the best manure which affords these three materials in the proportions fitted to the wants of the plants to be cultivated, and in the form most easily assimilated by them. The form of the manure is as important as the substance; for as plants do not through their roots absorb any element which is not dissolved in water, or do not eat their beef or potato until made into broth, the chemist asks carefully for the best solvents of his nutritive materials: and hence, in great part, the importance of acids in his combinations, and the great emphasis given to phosphates, carbonates, sulphates, etc., in the modern methods of fertilization. Now every practical farmer is to understand this philosophy of manures as he values his pocket, his fields, and his barn-yard; and without this knowledge he will make sad mistakes alike by doing what he had better leave undone, as by putting mineral manures upon limestone soil, or emptying his dung-heap upon soil fat with vegetable mould. He must learn that his soil has a temper of its own, and needs to be regulated as much as his horse. It seems to be ascertained that mineral manures give bottom without speed, and nitrogenous manures give speed without bottom, and of themselves may stimulate too much; while those that are mainly carbonaceous are especially warming and fattening, and bear something of the same relation to the mineral salts that fuel bears to water, while the nitrogen brings the two together, and sets the steam-engine a going. This subject of fertilizers may seem too abstruse to be applied to common practice; but we defy any man nowadays to manage a single acre of ground wisely and profitably without some knowledge of it, and most men are likely to part with much money and not a little patience before they consent to study and apply the first principles of agricultural science to the soil.

After the *soil* is ready the *seed* is to be sown, or the plant or tree is to be set out. What a world here opens upon us in the choice of the seed or plant! Our America has become now one of the great gardens of the earth, and every desirable farm, with a good variety of soils, levels, and exposures, can bear most of the growths that are known to man, and almost all such as are of chief value to our civilization. What shall the farmer try to raise? is the question; and he must settle the question by considering what quantity he needs, what quality he can produce, and what uses he has most in mind. No little judgment and enterprise are evidently needed to choose the proper growths for a large farm; for, like a large family, it embraces a broad variety of aptitudes, and our fields, like our children, can not always do the same thing; and, moreover, they need rotation of crops, as children need rotation of studies. Our fields too, like our children, undoubtedly suffer much from being put upon the wrong work—as when the orchard is planted in a damp meadow, and the meadow is expected to appear upon the dry hill-side. Every sensible farmer will insist upon having every great department of vegetation represented upon his soil, and will think himself poor indeed without a due portion of garden and orchard, forest and field, hill-side and meadow. Not caring now to discuss the due proportion in which the great staple crops should be cultivated, we may say that there is no excuse for his neglecting the finer fruits, and making his table a stranger to the best pears and apples, grapes, cherries, and berries. These have great market value, and are, moreover, refiners of the taste, and

means of kindly fellowship and elevating competition. We confess to some little feeling of envy of the man who grows a new variety of fruit which takes his own name; and if it is ennobling to Herschel to have his name identified with a planet, or Americus to give his name to a continent, is there not something comforting in being named when friends meet to taste a delicious pear, like the Bartlett, or strawberry, like the Hovey?

But the farmer's work does not close with planting the *soil* with the *seed*. The *culture* but then begins; and who shall undertake to describe the judicious and faithful labor thus bestowed—whether to keep the ground open and free from weeds, or to protect the plant from drought, or blight, or insects, or too rank growth—to watch carefully its season of maturity, and gather duly the welcome harvest? What vigilance, what judgment, what nicety of touch, what skillful use of implements, and employment of animal strength, and human labor, must be expended every season! The farmer has of late called in the new and gigantic powers of mechanism to his assistance; and while the chemist analyzes for him the soils, the mechanician supplies him with vast motive powers more mighty and steadfast than a squadron of horses, that come without complaining to do his bidding; and steam, with its never-wearying pulse and never-fainting limbs, mows and reaps and plows for him as if the labor were sport, and it were no longer the sweat of the brow, but the sweat of the boiler, in which man is to eat his bread.

But we need not try to describe at length the completion of the farmer's work, when the culture of the soil and the plant is crowned by the harvest. We look upon him at once as standing in closer and ennobling relations with nature, civilization, and God's own providence. As his fields are white or yellow with their more than gold and silver treasure, and the orchards bow under the weight of their ruddy fruit, he sees before his eyes the reward of his long labor, and needs no longer walk by faith alone, in the assurance that he who goes forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him. The intention of nature in the order of the seasons is written out clearly in the work of his hands, and he sees why it is that God calls us to patient toil, that all the more effectually, in the course of time, he may mature his gifts. Not only do the overflowing barns receive the treasure, but the cattle on the hills and in the stalls are living depositories of its wealth, walking granaries that not only preserve but transform the products of the ground into higher and more precious substances. The horse, the ox, and sheep are happy in their fullness, and he enjoys their happiness, and is like the hand of Providence itself to them. He finds himself bound by new ties to society by his returns, and as he buys and sells in the market, he finds himself anew a partner in the art, science, and wealth of the whole world; and in return for what he gives he chooses from the world's store-houses what most he needs for himself and his family, however frugal may be his habits, never failing in some way to take home with him some of the great products of civilized thought or ingenuity. His contribution to the public welfare makes him a partner in the wealth of the great nation; and it is out of such offerings as his that the country heaps up her riches, and we now see the astounding spectacle of a nation not a century old supplying the markets of Europe with food and clothing, and even in this time of our civil trouble and impoverishment draw-

ing the gold of the old world to our treasury, and more than keeping the balance of trade in our favor. We can not contemplate this state of things, and the series of movements and ideas that have led to our agricultural prosperity, without owning the benign hand of Providence in the result, and giving glory to Him who is Ruler of nations and Lord of the harvest. Think of the time when a civilized man first put his spade to the virgin soil of our America, and try to follow him through all the difficulties and misgivings of that first day's work, whether near the bleak rock of Plymouth, by the rich banks of James River, or on the sandy island of Manhattan; then look now upon the harvest before us here in this great city, then along these bays and rivers, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific; follow the harvest-moon as she sheds her pale and mystical light upon a broad domain larger by far than all Europe as known to our ancestors, and we need add no words nor figures to exhibit to you the grandeur and the power of the American farmer's work. As yet, moreover, his task is but begun, and not only is but a fraction of our soil under improvement, but probably the richest lands are as yet untitled, and they await bolder enterprise, more skillful culture, and advanced civilization to develop their wealth. The work rises into dignity as well as spreads in grandeur when we contemplate the great intellectual, moral, and spiritual results that spring out of it; and remember that the wealth that comes out of the ground supports our schools, colleges, and churches, and educates families for this world and for the world to come. Thus it is that, under God's providence, the seed that is sown bears fruit not of bread alone, and the farmer, like the true artist, finds himself working according to a divine pattern, and modeling the rude clay into the likeness of the image of God. His fields and gardens, orchards and brooks, sometimes bear in their very face the features of high humanity, and the broad landscape as well as the open Bible teaches the worship that has the beauty of holiness.

If such be the work of the farmer, thus large and exalted, what ought the man to be? Let us say a few words upon the kind of manhood that ought to be found among the lords of the soil. We need not tell our readers that we are not canvassing for votes in the rural districts, and bound to eulogize its population as being of necessity all perfect—Arcadians in their simplicity, Spartans in hardihood, and Swiss in independence. We are trying to state facts, and not talk sentiment or retail deceits. We must confess that we know farmers who are not model men; and we are tempted to say, of a certain portion of them, that they come nearer to worshipping the almighty dollar than any people we have known on earth. Yet, while we condemn the miserly farmer, we must remember that he may be tempted to covetousness in part because he sees so little money; and that sometimes the city lavishness, that seems generosity, is but a wholesale way of getting the most money, and exchanging the petty hand-press of small niggardliness for a gigantic hydraulic squeeze of gross extortion.

There is much, certainly, in a farmer's position that should help his character. A certain manliness of character goes with independence of circumstance, and we presume that no class of men are so free from direct and invidious dependence upon others as the farmers who live upon their own land. They are not free from anxiety, indeed, and may lose their crops, and not always get their dues, and may be

often much stinted in ready money. Yet their risks generally affect their income without endangering their principal; and herein they are more favored than merchants, whom they are so tempted to envy, since the merchant risks principal and income too, and most of the class who trade in our great towns and cities seem to be utterly wrecked every ten or twenty years. It is certainly a vast thing to have a sure home and daily bread, and opportunity to work and to train up a family where habits are simple and hard times are more tolerable, because hardships may be borne without exposure, and the meddlesome and artificial world is not looking on to see and tell what we eat and drink and wear. So important is it for a man to be sure of having a snug household of his own to fall back upon in dark days, that it is well for every prosperous man to own at least a cottage and a few acres in the country beyond all risks of business, and to settle it on his family, in addition to a life-insurance sufficient to keep soul and body together, in case of his being ruined by a financial crisis, or taken away without settling up his affairs.

Health is more important even than substance, and the farmer is in the way to secure substantial strength as well as property. His calling is the healthiest, as the official returns abundantly and universally show. The reason, too, is as obvious, as his out-door exercise, regular labor, frequent riding, and sufficient fare show. He is lucky enough never generally to have discovered that he has any nerves or organs of digestion, and he needs no anodynes to put him to sleep. When he combines, as he often does, the manly and skillful sports with his labor, his health has a high quality as well as ruddy fullness, and with his rod, or oar, or gun he learns a gentle courage that does much to soften and refine his massive force, and make him a welcome companion to his more cultivated neighbors of the book, or the sword, or the ledger. There is something, however, in his habitual occupations that gives him a certain fineness of touch as well as force of muscle. He must hold the plow and wield the spade, and so also must he handle the sickle and the pruning-knife; and in this and many other mechanical appliances he finds room for the use of much manual skill, and may indeed be readily something of a carpenter, locksmith, and cabinet-maker. No man is in a position to have more versatility of hand; and the farmer is very much like the sailor in being a Jack at all trades with his farm, as one field of labor which Jack with all his supple fingers can not get hold of while at sea.

His strength not only thus joins with dexterity, but tends also to a certain command which is above brute bulk as it is above effeminate ease and sentimentalism. The farmer's mind tends strongly to the hand, and he is obliged constantly to make his mark upon solid material and to guide living forces. He is not a dreamer, but by eminence a doer, and he has direct dominion over the field and the beasts; and thus the best specimens of the vocation have in their bearing a certain princely quality of command. The old Roman gentleman was of necessity a horseman; and every good farmer is of the equestrian order by owning a good horse, and winning from him not only pleasant rides and profitable work, but something of the air noble that comes from ruling a powerful creature in a worthy spirit. Sometimes the same spirit goes out in the mastery of unruly men; and the lord of the soil, of the old times or the new, has servants and laborers under him over whom he is

called to exercise a wholesome control. Clearly, then, if he enters at all earnestly into his opportunities, he will be a man of varied force, and his right hand should have as much strength and cunning as any other man's.

What the farmer ought to be as a thinker or intellectual man, it would take much time to show with any tolerable fullness, so broad are the pursuits, so various are the labors, and so different the types of native character presented. Yet one or two points are sufficiently distinct to be positively noted, and briefly too. He certainly is led by his business to be decidedly a matter-of-fact person; and no man, who sees every day that bread and all wealth come out of the ground by hard and constant day's work, can very easily become a visionary. Undoubtedly much of the sound common sense that rules the thought and common life of this country comes from the practical judgment of our agricultural population, among whom the males over fifteen years of age are more numerous than all other classes of laborers combined, and make up nearly one-half of the entire people. The farmer is literally led to be a man of solid understanding, for he stands on the solid ground, and does not expect things to grow without having some root there; being in this respect unlike the frequent kind of theorists, who think that the world lives upon words and air, and a scheme may be done as easily as said. Especially in politics does his characteristic realism appear; and we may well rejoice that the conservatism of the rural districts has saved the nation from the grasp of monopolists and the madness of radicals. He does not believe, as so many traders and manufacturers do, that the wealth of a nation is measured by the extent of its non-intercourse with other nations, and that it is best to give more to a native for a poor article than to pay less to a foreigner for a good article; and not desiring to have any bounty paid him on his produce, he generally sees little wisdom in the high tariffs that pretend to protect other forms of labor, and tend to raise the price of his purchases in the stores of the cities and towns. He is not, moreover, tempted to fall in with the assuming radicals who talk as if the world must be turned upside-down, and nothing can go right without their fussy interposition. He sees that while he plants and tills the soil God gives the increase, and generally waters and warms it too. He is for letting things alone when they are best let alone; and hence it is that our farming class belong so generally to the better order of democracy, that leaves the people as far as possible to themselves, and assigns only as much power to the central, or federal, authority as is required to keep the nation one and powerful. He believes in a man's taking care of himself without being interfered with by official dictation; and precisely therefore he is a firm advocate for a strong government in the State and the nation that carries out the local and national law, and so secures to each citizen the largest liberty in the most regulated order. He uses his common sense, too, in his ideas of reform; and knows well that the great want is not of more imposing theories, but of more judicious and effective measures. Constantly applying actual powers to actual objects, he judges of all schemes from this point of view; and when men talk of improving the farms of the country, or enlarging the liberty of laborers, whether bond or free, he thinks little of high-sounding professions, and regards it as about as reasonable to vote his land to be twice as fertile and the whole country

twice as productive because Liebig says it ought to be so, as to suppose that a million of rude hinds can rise to the state of civilized liberty merely by voting or proclaiming them free. He asks how the thing is to be done; and he knows full well that liberty is not merely a condition, but a quality; and that a man, like a child, is not free by being called so, or by being turned adrift into the world. Freedom is the gift, not of rude nature, but of civilized society; and any rustic knows that to be turned out of doors to herd with cattle, and be beset by wolves or savages, is exchanging a certain form of law and order for a fearful tyranny. Lover of liberty, he is a lover of order; and conscious of being the independent owner of his own soil, he knows that he holds it firmly under public law, and that every title-deed is the pledge of his citizenship, and should be the seal of his loyalty.

Yet, while no visionary, he is no materialist nor worshiper of the clod of the valley; no denier of the Spirit of God that giveth understanding. He looks constantly upon the earth and knows that to dust all of its growth, and man with the rest, must return. But he sees in the earth and above it the constant play of mysterious spiritual forces; and in the lightning, the moving planets, in vegetative and animal vitality, and in human thought and will, he discovers the presence of powers that can not be explained by any theory of matter and motion. He is obliged to note the different planes as well as the different amounts of things and their forces, and to see the majestic scale of being which rises from the crystal which shines at his feet to the light that flashes from the human eye with the ray that emanates from the Eternal Mind, and appears in every living thing, from the opening flower to the beating heart and the rational soul. He is thus something of a poet as well as a philosopher; and in Shakespeare as well as Bacon the sagacious farmer finds many a simile or maxim that comes home to him more than to any closet student, and answers well to the play of his own observation and the thought of his own mind. He likes best the books that are based upon facts; and although ready to meditate upon the causes of things, and rarely willing to be content with facts without ascending to principles or defining powers, he is more fond of the method of observation and inference than that of theory and deduction. Yet we know that many farmers are keen metaphysicians, and such books as "Edwards on the Will and the Affections" hold a place in our rural libraries such as Shakespeare or Milton might covet. But Edwards, in his way, was a mighty realist; and metaphysician as he was, he was mainly a student of Nature and the Bible, and with these manuals and the light within his own soul, he wrote his books, so marvelous for gentle charity, lowly trust, inward illumination, as well as fearful denunciations. He did all that he could to put the life of the natural world and the Bible into the most terrible of all creeds, and many were won by the power of his grasp who shrank from the motto of his standard. One cause of the fondness of farmers for such writers as affirm a positive spiritual faith, lies in the insufficiency of merely natural religion to meet their wants, or the religion that is based upon the observation of visible nature; for nothing is clearer than that while sentimental maidens and smoking students, who see little more of nature than a chance nosegay or a stray cow, are ready to call the light of nature enough for their wants and fellowship, they who live habitually in the country are

constantly yearning for something more; and they find the rivers, trees, and stars—nay, even the birds, the bees, and the cattle, very unsatisfactory companions as the sole dependence. Hence the need of positive religion, with its Gospel and Church; hence the fact that faith is little likely to lose its strongholds among our valleys and mountains, and the homesteads and barns are never long far distant from the spire that crowns their wealth and points their aspiration.

On the whole, we may safely affirm that country life enables a thoughtful man to discern very well the various kinds of substances and powers that combine to make up the universe, and to save him from the follies of visionaries who fail to see the substances, and of the materialists who lose sight of the motive and vital powers. If there be any defect in the school in which he is a learner, it comes from the dearth of human society, and the absence of the complex social organization and humanizing influences that are found in large towns and cities. True, indeed, where men much congregate, folly and vice abound, and so, too, wisdom and virtue there centre, and we are obliged to say in truth that the best social powers centre in the choice circles and improved institutions of our towns and cities. The farmer will at once confess that he misses the stores, markets, schools, and arts of the city, but he hardly knows how much he loses in the absence of the unconscious influence that comes from the courteous manners, elevating conversation, and refined culture of the best society. He may have specimens of this in his neighborhood, or may fall in with it in his visits in town; yet one of his first dangers comes from want of the sympathy and incentives flowing from habitual associates of the right stamp. He is tempted to be slovenly in dress, manners, and speech, and live as if it were of little importance how he lives so long as he breaks no moral law and parts with no essential comfort. Hence the frequent absence of good taste and even of common decency in many country places. The sacrifice of the beautiful to the economical, even to the thrusting of the pig-pen and dung-heap into the eyes and nose of the family, and the desertion of the whole house for the shelter of the kitchen and the fumes of the pot and the gridiron. The rules of good-breeding suffer sometimes as much as the laws of taste, and the conversation and garb are as rough as the furniture and aspect are unseemly. A hard selfishness is apt sometimes to be the spirit of the family; and if they agree together tolerably, they may live as if they thought that there were nobody worth caring much for outside their own doors. The isolation of position may tempt isolation of feeling, and the abandonment of the great human fellowship for the imperious sway of private thrift and personal appetites. Yet every generous nature relucts from such perversion, and the very dangers of a comparatively lonely position will impel a true man to take especial pains to resist them, and to win by deliberate effort the advantages that other men have as a matter of course. Hence the good farmer will bring out as much as possible the gifts and powers and graces of his own family, and will try to cultivate the best society in his reach, and to use every fair opportunity of associating with superior men in the interchange of business, and in the pursuit particularly of rural interests and patriotic, literary, and religious objects. He may find great help among his own children, and a half dozen bright girls and boys of various capacities and attainments will do much to

enliven the family, and even enrich the farm by their skill and associations. It is very important that he should have strong and frequent influence from companions bound together by fellowship of pursuit, and it is one of the good signs of the times that our farmers are becoming very gregarious in a new and better way than at the ale-house or the tavern, and now meet at fairs and institutes the master minds and the best products, implements, and ideas of their calling. A better standard of ambition is thus set before them, and the good effect of it appears not only in better crops and cattle, but in gentler manners and finer tastes. The farm itself often wears the look of the new age, and not only does thrift speak from the teeming fields and lowing herds, but beauty looks out from the landscape, and it is evident that the owner of the house and grounds has learned that fitness is the first principle of loveliness, and the farm is fair as well as fit when all its parts and uses combine in due order, and the unity and diversity that are the law of God's heavens rule the affairs of the earth and exalt man's *many* things and thoughts into harmony with the *one* great Being who sent all existences forth by His word and recalls them to Himself by His spirit.

What motive should more effectually check the farmer's too ready selfishness, and bring him into living human fellowship, than the great principle of patriotism? Who should love his country more than he, and who should feel more than he the stability, the honor, and the power of good government, with its firm law and merciful order? The mysterious power of the nation blesses him when he may least think of it, and the strong arm that protects his property, and gives sweet sleep to his weary pillow, and opens to him a good market for his products, and bears him faithful word of distant friends, and brings his absent son or daughter within reach of his pen and almost of his touch—what power does this but the country, the nation that gathers the many into one, and joins the remotest village to the capital, under the shield of the same broad and mighty nationality? To him the country is no abstraction; for he looks upon and traverses a large piece of its domain day by day, and no man can have more love for his native land than he who owns and inhabits some of its solid acres. But why philosophize upon the nature of the case, when experience proves so amply the patriotism of farmers? In fact, they made the nation; for they were almost the whole population when our liberty was won and our Constitution was fixed. Our great statesmen have been farmers, and in the strict practical sense of the term too. Our great patriot, Washington, stands rightfully at the head of the profession; for he owned 8000 acres, and to his death kept 4000 of them under regular culture. Our great statesmen, the Adamses, Jefferson, Madison, Clay, Webster, and others, have followed in his path, and while they undoubtedly found health and thrift in the soil, yet their great advantage was derived from its wholesome discipline and broad affinity, and they understood and served the people better from seeing with their own eyes how bread is earned, and labor done, and comfort enjoyed, and the nation is governed and blessed.

God's blessing upon our farmers, and may the next half century justify and reward the bright promise of the last fifty years! What the America that the twentieth century looks upon will be, is a question more fitting for a prophet, or at least for a poet, than for our prosaic pen.

Editor's Easy Chair.

LET it go on record that our war summer was one of the loveliest summers that the oldest Easy Chair remembers. The fiercely hot days have been very few, and all the days enjoyable. The usual summer resorts have naturally been less thronged than in other years. The wild revel of fashionable frivolity has been checked. Who can doubt that we have been a soberer, sadder, better people this summer than for many summers before?

There is probably many a philosophic loiterer upon Newport beach in one of those gleaming, golden twilights, when the world has just driven back to the Ocean, and Atlantic, and Bellevue, and Fillmore (if there be later and more luxurious caravansaries the antiquated Easy Chair humbly begs pardon for omitting their names), to array itself for the ball or concert of the evening, who, as his horse paced slowly along the edge of the sea, or he sat upon a rock snuffing the sea-weed, has mused upon the gilded youth of Rome and the watering-place splendors of Baïæ. For so we love to contemplate ourselves historically by putting others long dead in our places, and to feel how picturesque we are by seeing how they were so.

The ruins of our Newport villas, or our Saratoga and Sharon hotels, are not likely to furnish mosaics and marbles for the mosses and vines to overrun. Our temples of Venus will hardly survive like the famous temple at Baïæ. Given desertion and desolation for an equal period, and the only Newport ruin will be the old tower, that was already a ruin before any house now standing in Newport was built; and a ruin upon which all the busy and beautiful life of the watering-place will have made no impression whatever.

Yet our Newport nobility may be consoled. If their villas do not survive—if in a century they are all replaced, and Newport gayer than we have ever known—it is pleasant to reflect upon the greater comfort the heirs of the villas will enjoy. We think, of course, that we have touched the height of comfort and luxury. Do you think that Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Caracalla, Nero, and the rest thought otherwise when they breathed the soft sea air at Baïæ? Yet who would not rather live to-day in a spacious house with "the conveniences" than in the marine villas of those Emperors? They rolled in coaches of solid silver, curiously carved. But they were only carts after all, and poorly exchanged for comfort with a well-hung wagon or stuffed carriage. They wore long robes of silk and purple fluttering in the wind, with rich tunics elaborately embroidered. Would a sane man prefer such clothes to the loose sack and the rational peg-top? They sailed in painted galleys from the Lucrine Lake to their villas upon the sea-coast. But how Italy would have remembered, how Horace would have sung, how Pliny would have recorded, if those classic dandies could have seen the yachts that light Newport harbor—the white swan *Julia* skirting the sunny shore, or the gentle *Una* gliding up the bay!

Newport can cry quits in comfort with Baïæ. Modern life, in its higher social varieties, is not intrinsically so splendid as the old life of Rome; but it is more substantially comfortable. In fact, in later times, the heir of an old English country mansion, rich in historic value, may often wish that he could build a comfortable house for himself, instead

of supplying the defects of an earlier day by adding the conveniences of his own.

So if the loiterer upon the twilight beach should reflect that Baïæ was not better, even in its watering-place way, than Newport—if he should feel no envy of that older day—if he should remember how wanton and wicked was all that imperial luxury—if he should consider that although almond-trees and aloes and oleanders do not grow along the shore of Rhode Island, yet that, on the other hand, the Mediterranean is but a tideless lake, and that on the beach he treads he breathes the strong salt breath of the Atlantic, the philosopher may go home to tea satisfied with his own century and his own country.

IN respect of foreign Princes we observe a strict neutrality. Several weeks ago the Prince Napoleon arrived and went to Washington, and was properly dined and presented, and taken to a review. He represents the Powers that be. Hard upon his heels comes the Prince de Joinville—Cap'n Jineville, as the worthy Boston matron described him after the famous ball there of other days. He too goes to Washington, is properly dined and presented, and taken to a review. He represents the Powers that were.

Treat every man as if he might one day be your enemy, was Machiavelian advice. Treat every man as if he might one day be your biographer, is the method of many famous men. Treat every prince as if he might come to his own again, is certainly the rule of good conduct for all potentates. The pretty steam-yacht *Jerome* has run round to Boston with her freight of an Emperor's cousin and a King's daughter. "Cap'n Jineville" has put his son to school at the Naval Academy. Meanwhile the whirligig of Time spins on. And is it more unlikely that a few years may show Louis Philippe's son restored to his chance of a kingdom, than it was that the few years which have passed since Cap'n Jineville was here should have restored Napoleon Bonaparte's nephew to the chance of an empire?

The visit of Prince Napoleon is certainly one of the most sensible visits to a country that a man in his position could make. He really saw the country. "Saw the country, Sir!" cried an explosive Second Lieutenant. "By Jupiter, Sir, you'd better say so. Why, he came plump into Syracuse by the train one noon, and dined at the table d'hôte of the Globe Hotel at Convention time; and if that is not seeing the country, Sir, I should be glad to be told what is."

At least we may be very sure that the French Prince knows something more of us than the English Prince who was here a year before him. Jenkins tried very hard to "do" the Prince Napoleon, but Jenkins was turned out into the street, and to this day does not know whether the Prince wears separate collars, or has them sewed on to the shirt. He seems to have made a quiet, gentlemanly impression. A man whose uncle made himself Emperor, and whose cousin had to do the same thing, is naturally doubtful of his future. They who play for crowns, directly or indirectly, play high, but they play a dangerous game. It was the Prince de Joinville's turn twenty years ago, and there was a young Mr. Bonaparte of no importance upon the world. It is Prince Napoleon's turn now, and "Cap'n Jineville" is about.

A FRIEND suggests to the Easy Chair that his pastoral letter in August, informing every body that

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what he wrote and sent to the Magazine would be fairly treated and considered, must have been peculiarly gratifying to the Editor by trebling and quadrupling his work, "as if any editor were not overwhelmed by the manuscripts which are sent to him without solicitation."

Let the Easy Chair, then, modify the letter. Good brethren of the quill, you will easily believe that most of what we all write is not worth reading; and when we add to the enormity of writing at all, the crime of writing illegibly, in what Abana or Pharpar shall we hope to be made clean? We must not suppose that because we have a fancy to write, and do write, we ought to pain any one else by compelling him to read it. Authors owe a duty to editors, as well as editors to authors, and the first duty is humanity. Besides, if you send a poor thing, and it is, as it will be, rejected, you will find that it has infected all that follows. If a man in a green coat has bored you once, you will always be wary of the bore in the green coat. You will not see him approach without the certainty that you are to be bored; and even if he have something really pleasant to say it will sound to you wearisome.

If the first duty, brethren, is humanity, the second is humility. If you don't think what you have written is good enough to publish, resist "a few friends" and "a famous author who assures you," and "the urgent solicitation of many." That is the worst form of conceit. If you send what you write because you believe in it, that is something. But if you send it because somebody else believes in it, you merely try to gild your vanity with humility. And, O dear brethren, that is so transparent! It is painting your tub yellow, and trying to palm it off for a golden goblet. If you read in the preface to a book that the author has been persuaded by a few friends that he has written something the world will not willingly let die, do you turn with avidity to the pages, or do you quietly lay the book down?

When you have written a poem, or a story, or an essay, the probability is—it is probable of all of us, beloved brethren—that you have written a very poor thing. It is well for us all to think so. But when we do think so, let us not send it to an editor and request his opinion. He is too busy. Every moment he is engaged with his legitimate duties; and it is not one of those that he shall decide the abstract question of merit in your productions. It is so easy to write, and so hard to write well. The Easy Chair receives many a modest and mannerly note accompanying a portentous manuscript. Here is one. It is written in perfect good faith, and it is so received and read:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Being afflicted with a temperament which I am afraid is of a poetic tendency, as it breaks out in sundry effusions under a pressure of the hardest kind of work, and being unable to overcome the longings and aspirations which are said to belong to such characters, I here humbly wait on the 'Easy Chair,' and pray *him* for his advice and counsel under such trying circumstances. The malady develops itself in beautiful visions which haunt my mind, while the beauties of truth captivates my understanding, harmony in sound or form enchants my soul, and all the beautiful in nature and art, in the grand, the terrible, the sublime, find deep responses in my inmost soul. Amidst all those feelings and impressions the demands of existence calls for work; work and duty chains me to the material and irksome necessities of life, while the inquiring mind is wandering far away, giving hushed utterance to the tuneful vibrations called forth by time and circumstance and the varying events of our fleeting existence.

"To be or not to be, that is the question;"

and so I leave it to the worshipful 'Easy Chair.' I inclose three pieces for your consideration, and if it jumps with your inclination and duty, please to criticise. I am conscious of many imperfections, but as the old divines used to remark, I have 'the root of the matter in me,' if I had opportunity and qualifications to put it in form, not being a very efficient scholar. Though I feel the difficulty of giving the poetic sentiment an arbitrary direction, yet I will be glad to make an essay on any subject as a test of originality. With the sincere hope that I may never become a bore, I hope you will permit me, should neither of the inclosed pieces be suitable, to continue sending till I come up to the standard. Many times a theme presents itself to me which I mentally enjoy but I never bring to fruition, partly from want of time and sluggishness, and having no proper outlet to stimulate me to exertion. If your time and regulations will permit, I will be glad if, instead of consigning me to the Drawer or correspondents' column, you would let me have a few lines per post.

"I am, Dear Easy Chair,

"Yours in Hope, —————"

The writer incloses three poems. Will you hear the opening of the first?

ON SAPPHO SINGING.

On sea-girt isle, where many sounding caves
Give back the gentle murmurs of the waves,
O'er deep blue sea, where prospect far extending,
There sits a form divine, in wayward motion bending.

That is, perhaps, enough. It seems strange, dear brethren, that any body should suppose such lines to be poetry. Yet it is our own case magnified. Many of us who secretly smile at our neighbor's mote are rather proud of our own beam. Therefore let us all be on our guard, and let us not send poems and other literary performances for criticism to Editors, whatever we may send to Easy Chairs. The chair of an Editor is not easy. Common humanity requires that we should not put pins in it for him to sit down upon, and every body who sends him a crude, doubtful, long, illegible manuscript does stick a pin in it. Such a manuscript steals his time and kills his temper. Are you ready to become a thief and murderer? Let the Easy Chair beg every literary brother who may see these words to pause as he is mailing his article, and if he has the least doubt of its acceptance, to save the peace of the editor and his own postage stamps.

In every battle how many a hero falls, of whom often only the name, which tells no tale, survives! We read of the hundreds killed and the thousands wounded; but how little we think of the hearts that are broken at home! In every battle, wherever it may be, in Missouri, or Virginia, or Kentucky, the same qualities are visible that poetry and romance have always celebrated, and the human heart always loved. The history of a thousand heroes is briefly told. Their country called: they marched: they fought: they fell. The following letter tells the story of one, and yet of how many more than one, whose career honors themselves, their country, and mankind!

"MY DEAR EASY CHAIR,—I read this in the New York Evening Post:

"Colonel L——'s regiment engaged the enemy directly in front. L—— fell dead at the head of his regiment early in the hottest fire, by a ball in the forehead."

"And so ends the earthly record of a good and true man's life. His history is so characteristic of his country that it has more than a transient interest. Some forty years ago this great metropolis contained a young, mother-

less boy, with his sister, two years older than himself. There may have been nothing about him to attract a straying attention, except his bright eye, his pressed lip, a quick, firm tread, which showed that there was a soul within him that would not always slumber. The father, an educated man, had been reduced, by years of sickness, to very narrow circumstances. But for his children's sakes, perhaps, he had married again. Many a step-mother may love the children of a stranger at their own fireside as if they were her own. But this step-mother was not one of them. A brutal nature, heartless and selfish, vented its irritation upon those two helpless children. At some childish and not habitual act of forgetfulness the blood flowed from the little girl's shoulder, and I know not but that the scars are there to this day. And the child (they were then for a while in the vicinity of the city) went out more than once and kneeled down by the fence, and while the tears streamed down her young face prayed that one harder blow might end her life. And the little boy's eyes flashed, and his childish soul burned within him, that he could not protect his dear sister. And privately he said to her, 'Sister, if ever I live to grow larger and that woman comes to my door for a crust of bread, because she is starving and will die, I will drive her away without it!' Almost as brutal to her own little ones, she would be absent for days together, leaving them to those two poor children's care. Enough of that.

"A year or two more passed and the father was dead, and the helpless baby, who sadly missed a mother's care, was thrown, a heavy burden, upon the shoulders of these two orphan children. And resolutely did that noble-spirited boy toil early and late, bringing every cent he earned, except a single sixpence, weekly, to the woman who had proved any thing but a mother to him.

"But he was not satisfied with the mechanical work to which poverty had driven him. And when he came home at night, he said, 'Sister, God never meant me to spend my days at this:' so holding the little ones between his knees, while the step-mother was idling away the evenings among her neighbors, he studied hour after hour by the dim light of a tallow-candle, when the day's work was done. A free library provided him with books, until at last he said to his sister: 'I have done my part for these children. Now I must go away and do my part for you and me, for here I shall always be at the bottom of the well.'

"L—— is next found in a Western town among a struggling crowd of lawyers, making his way slowly upward. What he thought of the effort, you may judge from his letter to a young person who in after-years sought his advice concerning the choice of a profession. 'As for the law, if you are willing to work like a dog, live like a dog, be abused like a dog, and fight like a dog, buy a copy of Chitty's Blackstone and go to reading as soon as possible.'

"Yet he made his mark, and when he set his foot on a new rung of the ladder which he was climbing, he kept it there until he was ready to step up to another. Strange obstacles arose in his way. The 'belle of the town' was the daughter of the Judge of the Circuit Court—a double reason why the young lawyers of the town should be in search of her, and why some of them should not look very lovingly on the young stranger who had secured her affections by a love which burned as true and warm to the last hour of life as when it was first kindled. A strange plot was devised to ruin, if possible, the young lawyer. Nowhere but in a Puritan community would such have been even attempted. It was well known that the Judge was the very soul of honor and uprightness. So a letter came addressed to the Postmaster of the town and stamped N. Y., asking if one L—— were residing there; for he had incurred a host of debts for gambling, drinking, fast horses, etc., and then run away from New York, and some of his creditors would be glad to know if any money could be gotten out of him. It was more than a year after L——'s marriage before this ingenious villainy was shown to have been concocted by two young lawyers of the town.

"It was dogged determination and perseverance, joined with the purest honor and high-toned courage, which en-

abled him at length to write, 'Sweet is success when we have toiled for it through years of privation, and our high endeavor is crowned with glad success.' Some words he wrote long after give the key to his character: 'I adopted as my cry, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead;" and often, when it seemed that I must sink under the accumulation of troubles and difficulties, a recurrence to my motto has raised my head above the waves, and borne me safely through.'

"So at length, after nine years' absence, L—— was able to go back to his childhood's home. 'Sister,' said he, 'I bring you back no riches from my tough struggles in the West, but I bring you back an *unsullied name*.'

"The Mexican war broke out. A company was formed in his town, and he was solicited to take command of it. 'I rather think I shall decline such honor. M—— says that she will cut my toes off before I shall go. My pride and patriotism urge me on, but my interest and affection say nay.' In the end, however, patriotism triumphed, and he went. And he did his duty. But the patriot soldier had still a tender heart. 'I do not like this,' he wrote, speaking of scenes of sickness, and men sinking down in that burning heat and left by the wayside to the tender mercies of guerrillas. 'In my youth I might have had more of the disposition of the vulture; but I have mated myself so long with a dove that the fierce scenes of conflict have no charms for me. Every tender feeling must here be crushed at once, or the heart would break.'

"In 1849 the cholera came sweeping over the West, as L—— said, 'like a fire over the prairie.' Cholera there was a different thing from cholera in the cities. The 'cry of contagion was a most potent one for evil, as the women, whose services were most needed, shrunk from the presence of this dreadful disease when they heard men whom they believed brave and above fear pronounce it contagious. I am satisfied that the cry of contagion sprung from a coward heart, and was dictated by a selfish spirit. In a little town above us, H——, the idea was advanced, and the result was that the nature of the people seemed at once changed. Fathers and mothers forsook their children, and children refused to go near their parents in that sad hour; and we heard of occurrences that would almost make an angel weep over the weakness of human nature when perverted by that worst of weaknesses—fear.' 'If you are disposed to act the part of a man here you must nurse almost every one; watch with every corpse; lay them out; clothe them in their grave-clothes; place them in their coffins; help dig their grave; and at last place them in it. Such has been the case with a few of us in our town. Mother, M——, father, and about half a dozen others forsook all business, and devoted our time entirely to such offices.'

"At length this last tremendous struggle rent the heart of our people. L—— was no longer young. He calmly weighed the consequences. There was no personal end to seek in leaving home, and friends, and legal practice. But the people thought that no one else was so competent to lead their regiment. But in a spirit of the purest patriotism he wrote: 'I may never return again, nor see wife or children more; but if I fall, you will remember that I fell in the performance of a sacred duty to my God and country.' And he has fallen at the head of his men, with his face toward the foe, and in the hour of success. *Requiescat in Pace!* But the demon of civil war has received few nobler and more precious sacrifices than that upright, honorable, brave soul that was breathed out on the battle-field of September 10. Much more than this might have been said of him. Less would not have been just to a true man, a loving friend, a brave soldier, a humble, God-fearing Christian. Died September 10, 1861, at the battle of Carnifex Ferry, Virginia."

LONG ago Washington deprecated the rancor of party-spirit in this country, and it was certainly never more furious than under his own administration. Since that time its fury has, perhaps, not increased—that is to say, men of different parties dur-

ing the last twenty years have not hated each other with the bitterness of the hate that existed between old Federalists and Jefferson Democrats. And one of the consolations of our present condition is, that it buries party feuds and brings together men who really belong together.

We must all make allowance for each other. In the hot career of political life it is a very easy thing to sophisticate yourself as well as other people. A thousand ties, a thousand traditions connect us with various parties. It is our view, our statement, our interpretation of their principles that we believe in. If something is done that we do not approve, we instantly excuse it to ourselves by the reflection that the party creed does not allow it. We make, in our political estimates of men, the same allowance that a Roman Catholic makes for a priest. If he is a bad man, it isn't *because* he is a priest. So if an officer of our party is false, we do not allow that it is because he belongs to the party. But if an officer who belongs to *your* party is false—aha! see what *your* principles lead to! "Orthodoxy is *my* doxy," said Dean Swift; "heterodoxy is *your* doxy." At least he is said to have said so.

But all special policies disappear before the question whether there shall be any policy at all. First catch your hare. The late parties in this country represented different policies under the Government. The question of government itself has superseded them. And that is a question which the people themselves will answer. By the time these lines are read the political conventions in many of the States will have been held. And Mr. Easy Chair is greatly at fault if the prevailing resolution everywhere is not found to be a wish to forget and forgive—not in any nursery millennium fashion, but in the spirit which alone can save us from certain destruction by parties.

One thing, at least, is very clear—the old party issues will no longer exist, whether their names survive or not. Those who value names will retain them. Those who prefer things will contemplate the disappearance of names with profound indifference.

THAT the consequences of the war, whatever its result, must be hard to every body, is clear enough, and especially hard to the poor. The war itself, of course, employs many of them, but the returning soldier has always been a doubtful problem to the statesman. In other days, when Julius Cæsar, or Sulla, or Pompey was the returning soldier, the future was about as clear as the past.

War is by no means an unmitigated evil. Many woes can befall every state which are a hundred-fold more to be deprecated than war. And war for a great cause necessarily strengthens and elevates national character. Men sound new depths of ability. Their eyes are cleared. In a time of peace a trading people, which knows that peace is the essential condition of trade, deprecates every thing which may possibly disturb that peace. If difficulties can only be staved off until to-morrow, a trading people is naturally contented. It may be worse to-morrow. The reckoning must surely come, and be a thousand times sharper for the delay. Yes, yes! cries Trade; but for Heaven's sake let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.

Thus a trading nation sophisticates itself. It shuts its eyes, and will not look upon the truth. It prefers not to consider the question. It wishes you would hold your infernal tongue. It wants people

not to be meddling all the time. In one word, it wants to make fifty thousand dollars a year. Meanwhile, if war breaks out—if after all the effort, and wear and tear, and closing the mouth, and holding the ears, and shutting the eyes tight, the gun is loaded and fired, and before you can have peace again you must conquer peace—then the very same persons who sincerely, but foolishly, blinked the facts of the case out of sight, look squarely at them; study them, talk of them, bring their good sense to bear upon them, and finally help to settle them.

This is one of the first great advantages of war. The cannon-ball shoots away veils; it opens eyes, and ears, and mouths; and there is no subject tabooed but disgraceful surrender.

Then again, war for such a purpose as we suppose necessarily unites men in intelligent sympathy. The fraternity of a great and good cause is tender and beautiful. When two men are set to hold a post against an enemy, if they hold it because they have a right to, and because justice in that spot is only to be secured by the bayonet or the ball, a common cause, a common danger, a common devotion, links those men together as no other tie can, and they are indeed brothers from that moment. They stand upon the essential quality of their manhood. If their cause is just, or if they think it so, are they not a nobler spectacle than they would be as two rival traders, each struggling to outwit the other?

Because peace is good, it does not follow that all the pursuits of peace are so. Because peace is essential to trading prosperity, it by no means follows that that prosperity promotes public virtue or private integrity. When the Dutch put Holland under water rather than submit to a despotism, they were a moral power in the world. That was the historic moment of Holland. The men of that time were the great Dutchmen. Since then trade has flourished in Holland for three centuries. They are of the great merchants of the world. Would the citizens put their country under water to-day to escape a moral or religious tyranny? If not, why not? Why, but because prosperity does not necessarily strengthen a moral manhood.

So the prosperous colonists in our old revolution deprecated the fanaticism of Otis, the extravagance of Adams, the heedless impracticability of all the leaders. It was nothing to the prosperous class that our revolution, although a war with the English parliament, was really a defense of the principles of the English constitution. The tradition of Great Britain, of this country, and of the Saxon race is constitutional liberty: liberty regulated by law. To defend the great principle of the English system we were obliged to fight England, and having fought, to separate.

It is not worth while, then, nor is it just, to consider war an unmitigated evil. It has its sweet compensations to individuals and to nations. But in its details it falls heavily upon very many. When the streets are full of rejoicing crowds after the victory, and the windows blaze with festal lights, there is one house which is dark and silent in the general joy. Not less dear to that home is the cause, not less precious the victory. But why burn lights at the windows when the light of the home within is quenched?

It is but a symbol of the inevitable sorrow which the battle brings. And it is the kindly part of war that it softens the heart for sorrow. Therefore, if there is more want during the next winter than usual, there will be a greater readiness to relieve it.

Scarcely a family but has a personal pledge and interest in the war. The alms of this winter will come from the heart as well as the purse.

HAMILTON X—sends a poem to the Easy Chair. If the author could forget it for a month, and then have it presented to him, he would say: This is certainly very well; but then Mrs. Browning has done the same kind of poem in the same measure, or near it, very much better. This writer has evidently tenderness of feeling, quick sympathy, and a fluent pen; but there is not a reader familiar with the poetry of to-day who would not instantly feel that this poem is a suggestion of the author's reading, not his experience. Owen Meredith does so large a business of this kind that nobody else need engage in it. The author ought to understand that all gentlemen of poetic taste and reading write such verses as these. He speaks of Charlotte Brontë's trouble in finding a publisher. Now the fact is that Charlotte Brontë found a publisher the moment she produced any thing really worth publishing. True, "The Professor" went the rounds of the trade with no success, as he should have done. But how many hours was it from the time when "Jane Eyre" reached the publisher before it was accepted? Just so many, if we recollect rightly, as sufficed for the "Reader," by sitting up all night, to peruse the manuscript. The truth is that Publishers are shrewd men, and find it for their interest to call in the services of the best "Readers" to aid them in their judgment. These "Readers" have no interest in procuring the acceptance or rejection of any book. Their employment depends upon the general soundness of the advice which they give. The wisest of them may indeed occasionally err in judgment, and every author whose book is declined may, if he chooses, think that his case is the exceptional one. But if these exceptions become the rule, the "Reader" will soon find his services "declined" by the Publisher. But what if Hamilton's idea of Charlotte Brontë's case were true? Does he mean to intimate that every unsuccessful author is to consider himself, for that reason, a writer of unusual genius? If so, the great mass of writers in every country are persons of very remarkable power. Or again, does it follow that every body who has a wry neck is an unequalled General because Alexander the Great had a wry neck? Is a club-foot the certificate of Byronic genius?

This is unquestionably what Hamilton would say could he forget his poem and see it again.

Our Foreign Bureau.

EUROPE, too, has its Southern "question," with its periods of bloody outburst, its diplomatic subtleties, and its different phases of military treatment. The fierce blood of Calabria has not come kindly under the beneficent rule of liberal Piedmont. The corruptions and the excesses of a turbulent despotism have not furnished a people to the Neapolitan realm that accept of the new order, and the Italian unity, either with the pride of freemen or the zeal of those who toil for freedom. There are those who, like Massimo d'Azeglio, half despair of their capacity for freedom. Brigandage is rife through all the mountain villages of the Neapolitan territory; its instigators and abettors are in all the cities; the Jesuits give it the cloak of church blessings, and the white flag of the Bourbon is its stand-

ard. Governor has succeeded governor as swiftly and vainly as the Union governors of Kansas; ambitious politicians like the Chevalier Nigra have broken their hopes there; and now Cialdini, the first and most accomplished general of the Piedmontese service, is compelled to call for large reinforcements; while Ricasoli, the prime minister of Italy, is forced to make appeal to Europe, through a diplomatic letter, in favor of more summary means of coercion, and in reprobation of those arch Roman conspirators, the Pope and the exiled Bourbon, who foment the southern rebellion.

His letter is earnest and manly—not so trenchant or inspiring as Cavour would have dictated, but looking to no other solution of the difficulty than the master mind of Italy would have aimed at and wrought out. The people of the south, overtaken by the oppressions of years, received with exultation the heroic band that conquered their deliverance; by a solemn vote they ratified union with North Italy, and declared for the king Victor Emanuel.

That the malcontents should be numerous enough to foment disorders, in no way invalidates the dignity or the importance of the national resolve. Long after the time when England accepted deliverance at the hands of the Prince of Orange there were Stuart armies of rebellion that traversed the kingdom. So in France, the Vendéens were sturdy royalists long after a republic was inaugurated, and sturdy Napoleonists after Louis Philippe was king. Spain still struggles painfully with her periodic Carlist uprisings, and shall Italy be less staunch in defending the integrity of its kingdom than the Court of Madrid?

Those Neapolitan soldiery who yielded by thousands to the hundreds who came with Garibaldi, were not counted of a calibre to give efficiency to those Piedmontese armies which had learned valor after a different method, and were disbanded. But they had no habits of thrift; they had lived in an atmosphere of corruption, where superior force seemed to justify all manner of crime; their city residence had unfitted them for the tame pursuits of the peasantry of the mountains, and the dissipations of the city had taught them habits that could only be gratified among the peasantry by criminal violence; the traditions, too, of South Italy seem in some measure to give a color of nationality to lawless brigandage; and so it is, and for such reasons, that Cialdini with his thousands of *bersaglieri*, and Ricasoli with his diplomatic protests, are contending against the Neapolitan rebels.

In Rome they find arms and money as well as sympathy; and it is stated that recruits are obtained even in Marseilles and Nice, who are not insensible to the promises of the exiled king, and who land at Civita Vecchia, *en route* for the southern border, without challenge from the French sentries.

Of course Cialdini, with his masterly activity, and the hearty co-operation of the new Home (or National) Guard of his district, renders a good account of some of them. Every day ship-loads of unkempt, unwashed, lowering-faced Neapolitans are disgorged upon the piers of Genoa. Ordinary prisons are not sufficient for the crowds who come. Many of the earlier arrivals were sent to the Piedmontese fortress of Fenestrelle. It is a famous fortress for its position and strength, commanding as it does one of the old Alpine passes into the plains of Turin from Savoy, and further famous from the fact that Saintine has laid there the scene of his plaintive story of "Picciola." Whoever passes from Cesanna, in

Savoy, to Perosa, in Piedmont, by the Col de Ses-trieres, being eleven hours of hard mountain walking, will see the fortress of Fenestrelle. It is like many another Alpine pass: a valley of a river first, with its rocky bed and its firs; secluded hamlets, with broad eaves and balconies; fresh bits of high-lying pasturage, where you hear the tinkle of bells from the necks of dun-colored cows; a zigzag road creeping tediously, the river and the hamlets dwindling below you; scant herbage, and hard breathing, and cool gushes of wind; then the top, the view, and the battlemented gate-way of a kingdom.

Fenestrelle is a succession of fortresses running up five rocky terraces of the mountain, and joined to each other by a casemated gallery of four thousand steps. Within this congeries of forts a few hundred of Neapolitan bandits have latterly plotted insurrection and a seizure of the strong-hold. They proposed to organize into four bands, one of which was to surprise the commander, another to close the gates of the fortress, the third to seize upon the armory, while the fourth possessed themselves of the upper and commanding portion of the works. A defense of the place was afterward to be regularly organized, and detachments to march out from time to time in revival of the old banditti service of Naples.

The plot was revealed to the commander only a few hours before the time fixed for its execution, and his promptitude alone saved the Sardinian Government the perils and awkwardness of a recapture.

Later arrivals of these soldier prisoners have been established in open camp, upon certain waste lands not far from Turin, where they are girdled by loyal inhabitants, watched over by a regiment or two of Sardinian troops, and occupied with incessant drill. It is questionable, however, if these brutish victims of so many years of tyranny can be educated to the condition of competent and willing soldiers for a liberal government. This generation in the south will hardly outlive the old prejudices against Piedmonters, nor will the northern troops stationed at Naples readily admit to companionship the brigands who have decimated them by assassinations. There can be no possible doubt of the power of Piedmont to subjugate utterly the disaffected populations of the south; but whether the subjugated people, envenomed by the bitterness of war, will not act as a canker upon the integrity of the new and united Italy, is another question.

In view of this continued rebellion, and the undoubted countenance given it by the advisers of the Papal Court, the relations of the Emperor Napoleon with Rome have become exceedingly interesting. A late pamphlet, of French origin, which has carried forward with more bitterness and zeal the Prince Napoleon's spring attack upon the temporal privileges of the Church, and which was credited a *quasi* Imperial authorship, has been openly repudiated by the *Moniteur*. As the case now stands, Napoleon virtually sustains the Pope; the Pope gives harbor and countenance to the exiled Bourbon; and the Bourbon, by his wealth (of which he has great private store), and by the pretty coquetry of his Bavarian wife, is every day adding new champions for the reactionary battles of Italy.

Yet, it is alleged, if the Emperor withdraw his army the Roman populace will at once declare for Victor Emanuel; the Pope becomes a fugitive; and the great priest party of France will rally to their aid Austria and Bavaria and Spain, and so provoke an intervention in favor of the Bourbon (as the last hope of the Church), and against heretical Piedmont,

which shall work more harm to the cause of Liberalism and of Italian unity than the present intermittent warfare of brigands.

To show the opinions prevailing at the Sardinian capital, we quote this fragment from the leader of a journal of Turin :

"Brigandage is reduced to two provinces bordering on the territory still subject to the Pope, and would by this time be completely put down did not our soldiers, in pursuing the bandits, find themselves stopped by the god Terminus on the Pontifical frontier protected by the French troops. But suppose our soldiers, impelled by necessity, were to cross the frontier, and sweep the miscreants from the country, what might be the consequence? On what principle did Count Cavour invade the Marches and Umbria? When a country has become a nest of conspirators and a retreat for brigands, who, when they have performed their errand, find a secure asylum there; when a Government pays the dregs of society to disturb and lay waste the provinces of a neighboring State, does not international law authorize us to dislodge such bandits from the country where they assemble, the more so when that country belongs to us by right? If brigandage is to last any longer, either France must be requested to watch the Pontifical frontier more efficaciously, or our own troops must chase the brigands on the Pontifical territory. We can not believe, nor can France permit, that the troops of a generous nation should be placed to protect a territory where conspiracies are concocted, and expeditions of bandits prepared in order to disturb a friendly and allied State."

OF Hungary we have nothing new to tell. Its Diet is dissolved; but the Austrian parliament is still without its Magyar contingent. The Ministers of the Emperor, planting themselves upon the provisions of the new constitution, will not yield to the demands of Hungary; and the Hungarian patriots, with a proud and defiant assertion of their traditional dignities, will not consent to ingulf their nationality in the new constitutional empire. The difficulties of Austria, however, form no longer an engrossing European topic: its attitude and that of its provinces has now come to wear that chronic cloudiness which makes it wearisome to wait for the storm. But—the storm will come.

Poor Becker, who the other day courted a smoky kind of German heroism by firing upon the Prussian King, has been condemned to imprisonment for life. The boy resents this indignity, and under claim that his crime was high treason, demands a new trial, and upon conviction will suffer death. It seems half a pity that his savage pride should be balked of its aim.

We alluded a month or two since to the MacDonald comedy, which illustrated at once the conceit and insolence of British travelers upon the Continent, and the dogged insolence of German officials. The affair came near to the provocation of international rupture; and now bad blood is again stirred between the parties by a British-German row in the city of Heidelberg. The particulars are hardly worth our narration: a supper with its beer and pipes, and a tavern broil were at the bottom of the difficulty; and the swift escapade of all British travelers from the town is the result.

OF war, and of what concerns war, there is a great budget of talk, from the graceful rhetoric of "Lord Warden" Palmerston to the news-writers upon the respective merits of the Armstrong, the Whitworth, and the Blakely guns. France is quieter in her preparatives than England, but not a whit behind her. In the matter of the rifled guns, and the plated

ships, France has been from the beginning the pioneer, and England is pushing after her with a giant stride. At the close of the late session the Admiralty obtained a vote of two millions and a half of pounds sterling for the further construction and equipment of iron frigates. And this large sum of twelve millions of dollars, it is estimated, will only complete five of the proposed size and strength. Up to the present time the cost of the *Warrior* in hull, engines, and rigging, has been in the neighborhood of four hundred thousand pounds; and the new ships are to rate larger by seven hundred tons. The armor, too, which upon the *Warrior* is four and a half inches in thickness, are upon the new frigates to be at least five and a half in thickness; while (unlike those of the *Warrior*) they will completely incase the vessel. Nine hundred tons of metal make the armor of the *Warrior*; while for the new frigates no less than two thousand tons each will be required. These last are also to be adapted for service as rams; and to that end will have a projecting beak, twenty feet in length, under the water; their bows thus offering the swan-neck profile of the ancient galleys. The beak will of course be constructed of immense strength; and immediately above, or upon the bow proper, an armor shield of no less than seven and a half inches in thickness will cross the vessel, with two ports for 200-pounder Armstrong guns. The question of rig is understood to be held in reserve: such spars as may be adopted will probably be of iron. At the Thames iron works are now lying the masts of wrought iron which have been constructed for the ship *Defense*. "Each is 115 feet long by only 32 inches diameter, and though only a ton heavier than a wooden spar of the same size, are more than ten times as strong. At the same yard is an iron spar of 120 feet by two feet diameter at the base, which has been made for a flag-staff for the Victoria tower of the new houses of Parliament. This huge flag-staff is built up of boiler plate half an inch thick, with six wrought iron T-shaped ribs passing along its entire length. Its weight is rather over ten tons, and the summit of the pole is surmounted with a gilt copper crown, almost large enough for a small party to dine in." We mention this to show the capability of the British artificers in the way of iron spar making.

The latest experiments at Shoeburyness in target practice seem to favor the ultimate adoption of the angular disposal of plate armor, in such sort that a ship built with this design would offer the appearance of a low, pent roof rising above the water. A target of four-inch iron, at an incline of 50 degrees, was found to withstand effectually twelve or fifteen successive Armstrong bolts at short range.

These experiments and designs are freely commented upon in the French journals, and, without doubt, sagaciously improved upon by the French Emperor.

He, meantime, in the great camp at Chalons, is understood to have directed particular attention to the improvement of his mounted force. The experience of the Italian campaign was not favorable to the efficiency of the old cavalry service. The rifled guns have given a new edge to battle, and the conical bolts outleap the horses. An intelligent observer upon the camp ground, after commenting upon the comparative uselessness of the cavalry at Solferino, even though assisted by guns and a numerous infantry, thus proceeds:

"No better occasions could have been found for cavalry, and yet some desultory charges at different points, just

sufficient to fatigue the horse, but not to produce a result, were all the part which the cavalry took on either side, and I assure you the opinion about the efficiency and utility of French, and in general of all cavalry brought back by the French army was not flattering. The Emperor seems to have shared only one half of this opinion, namely, that which relates to French cavalry, but by no means the second half, which refers to cavalry in general; on the contrary, if one is to judge from the changes introduced, he thinks cavalry an important element, not only in outpost duties and pursuits, but in general actions. This matter has been seriously taken in hand. The direction of the improvements tends toward assimilating the cavalry evolutions to the character taken by those of infantry and artillery. Individual excellence, rapidity, and consequently simplicity of movements and action with large masses in extended lines—these are the three points which have been assumed as bases. The success gained by the efforts thus made is very creditable, but owing to the difficulties offered by the peculiarities of country and people to the formation of a really superior cavalry, it will take some time before a satisfactory solution of the problem can be come to.

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“Having done a great deal to improve horses and saddles, the next step, even more difficult, was to improve the horseman. Who has not looked at the skies through a troop of cuirassiers riding at a trot? I remember in this respect a curious scene. The Villa Pieroslawsky, close to the Woronzow Road, leading to Baidar, was occupied by a heavy cavalry detachment, which had a picket on the roadside. A general officer is espied from afar, and the picket has to get on horseback. A pull at the bridle which makes the horse jib, a kick or two in the belly which makes him sidle, a few hearty *charognes*, disembroiling the bridles, trying to find the stirrup, throwing back all impediments, such as carbine, sabre, etc., hopping with one leg in the stirrup, at last falling into the saddle with only the danger of rolling over on the other side, a desperate pull at the bridle, accompanied by groans from the horse, and an attempt to pull out the sword, which, however, was given up, as the general officer had long reached Baidar. I could not but think it fortunate it was a friendly general officer, instead of a patrol of nimble Cossacks. Having such scenes in my memory, I was surprised at the progress which has been made in riding. This is owing to great labor, directed chiefly toward obtaining individual excellence before any combined movement is attempted. Formerly, as soon as a man who had never before sat on horseback could somehow or other manage to keep in the saddle while trotting, he was immediately practiced in evolutions. The result was, that all he could do never went beyond keeping, by means of hand and feet, in the saddle, and that was all. Now this individual practice in single files in all paces forms the most prominent part of the exercise. The stirrup has been somewhat shortened, so as to let the man sit down comfortably; he has thus the chance of keeping in his seat without the assistance of the bridle, and can use his hands to handle sword and lance, both of which he is taught to adapt to the movement of the horse. A new kind of puppet-heads has been put up on the practice-ground, and these rise again by a spring when they are struck by lance or sword. Barriers, too, are to accustom the horses and men to leaping. All these are, if you like, old things, but practiced as they are they give now a very different result. Both men and horses of the Lancers, who have gone regularly through this practice for the last two months, have acquired an agility which they never before possessed. Marshal Randon is spoken of as the initiator of these changes; but, without taking away any thing from the merits of the Marshal, one can not help remembering that the Emperor himself is one of the best horsemen in France.”

the Emperor conducts particular experiments in gunnery and target trials with a quietude and noiselessness in marked contrast with the British habit. Thus we learn, by a four-line paragraph in the official journal, that the other day the plated ship *Gloire* sailed from Toulon with a large gun amidships, in triple envelope and sealed, for gunnery practice at sea. After the firing, the envelopes and seals were replaced, and nothing will be known of results except through the official report to the Department of the Marine.

French confidence in the military sagacity of the Emperor, so far from showing any abatement, seems steadily upon the increase; within the lines of the camp and of the army it has even taken on somewhat of that exuberance and idol-worship which characterized the national feeling for the first Napoleon. The young Prince, too, is wearing his boyhood with a jovialty and a *bonhomie* that are fast making him the pet of the Guards, and if the years spare him for the handling of a man's musket, in place of his tiny one of to-day, he will find an army ready drilled to back his dynastic claim. Needless to say that the Emperor encourages his ready familiarity with the troops, and that the chivalrous regard which is universally felt for the pretty Empress confirms and promotes attachment to the Prince.

Two late speeches of MM. Chevalier and Delangle—both men whose past lives and whose dignity of character have raised them above the charge of sycophancy—are remarkable for their earnest laudation of the Emperor, and their boast of his successes in giving efficiency to the military power of France, and contentment and prosperity to her people.

The municipal improvements in Paris are pushed on with unabated zeal; the newly-opened Boulevards are rapidly filling up with princely houses. The southwestern angle of the Tuileries, that has so long leaned threateningly over the quay, has been razed to the ground only to give place to some new miracle of the stone-workers. A gem of a Russian church with its gold, and emerald, and cones—so many types of the Kremlin—has been dropped upon the Faubourg St. Honoré. And on the river is to be seen a weird craft which carries one back three centuries.

The Emperor some time last year gave an order for the construction of a vessel upon the model of an ancient galley with three banks of oars (*trirème*). This has been completed, and not long since was tried with its full complement of rowers, one hundred and thirty, upon the Seine. The vessel is some hundred and thirty feet long by eighteen feet beam, and draws four feet of water. It is furnished with one hundred and thirty oars, sixty-five upon either side, arranged in three banks. The lower range of oarsmen are seated below deck, the second range on deck, and the third upon elevated benches, in such manner that they can give oar stroke over the heads of those upon the deck.

Two rudders are arranged on either side as in the ancient bas-relief, and a rostrum surmounts the bows, armed with triple branches of steel, destined in the old wars to pierce the sides of hostile craft. In every respect the vessel has been wrought up to the fullest possible representation of the old galley (except only in size). The Emperor and Empress with a numerous suite, embarked upon their *Trirème*, for a trial trip in latter spring, and proceeded down the Seine under the vigorous and well-timed strokes of one hundred and thirty oarsmen at a speed of six miles the hour.

THE life and evolutions of the camp at Chalons are subject to the observations of all the world; but

Since the days when the last Doges of Venice, before the French conquest of Italy, wooed the Adriatic in the gilded Bucentaurs, there has been no such galley afloat; and it contrasts with the monster ribs and iron plates of *La Normandie*, as the effete civilization which went before the whirlwind of 1789 contrasts with the dash and energy of ours.

THE reminiscences of Guizot progress—an old galley of a statesman that lies beached while the armor-clad ships are slipping into action. But in retirement and in quiet—with only such arena for the declaration of his calm, philosophic judgment, as the sombre hall of the Academy gives, or his nervous, trenchant pen, he has yet, more than any cast-away statesman of the recent revolutions, sustained his dignity and his self-poise.

Thiers has coquetted adroitly with the souvenirs of the first empire: Victor Hugo (if he may be called statesman) has wearied and worried himself by irritating thrusts at a dynasty that forgets him: Louis Blanc, in the fogs of London, has chased the old visions that allure him into a realm of the vague and unreal: Dupin has bartered his former *status* and his wealth of judicial fame against place and perquisites: Montalembert has now assailed and now bepraised the Imperial action—has given adulation to England and then abuse—constant only in one thing, an insane admiration for the traditional pomp and prerogatives of the Romish Church: Lamartine forfeits over and over the respect we all once bore to him—we all wished to bear. Guizot himself, in the very memoirs which have prompted this mention, tells the sad truth of him. It is one Academician who speaks of another—one fallen statesman who speaks of another that has fallen—one old man tottering to his grave who speaks of another old man whose years are almost full:

"I can not encounter the name of M. de Lamartine in my reminiscences, or himself in our streets, without an impression of profound melancholy. No man ever received from God more valuable gifts—gifts of person and position, of intellectual power and social elevation. Neither have favorable circumstances been withheld from him, in addition to these original advantages; every chance, as well as every means of success, have attended his steps. He grappled them with ardor; for a moment he played a lofty part in a lofty drama; he reached the end of the highest ambition, and enjoyed its most consummate glories. Where is he now? I speak not of the reverses of his public career, nor of the trials of his private life. In our days who has not fallen? Who has not experienced the blows of fate, the anguish of the soul, the inflictions of fortune? Labor, disappointment, sacrifice, and suffering have held in all times, and will continue to hold, their place and portion in the destiny of man—with the exalted more than with the humble. What surprises and saddens me is that M. de Lamartine should be astonished or irritated at this. It is not alone the pain of his position, but the state of his feelings such as he has revealed them to us, which I can not contemplate without melancholy. How can a spectator who looks on events from such a height be so intensely moved by the accidents which affect himself? How can such a sagacious appreciator of other men be possessed of so little self-knowledge? How does he abandon himself to so much bitterness after such extensive enjoyment of the favors of Heaven and of the world? In that richly-endowed nature there must be great blanks and a want of controlling harmony to cause its fall into such internal trouble and its manifestation with so much vehemence. I have seen too little of M. de Lamartine to know and understand him thoroughly: he seemed to me like a beautiful tree covered with flowers, without fruit that ripens or roots that hold; a brilliant meteor without fixed place, and

with no assigned course in the general system of the firmament; a great spirit incessantly passing and repassing from the regions of light to those of clouds, and catching at every step a glimpse of truth without being arrested by it; a noble heart, open to all generous sympathies, but still governed by personal prepossessions."

WE have alluded to the Count de Montalembert: he has latterly occupied himself with the Polish question; he has taken a summer jaunt into Poland; he has written eloquently—never writing otherwise—in defense of Polish liberties. That the royalist and the Romist should argue for revolution in support of a people's liberties, is explained by the fact that Poland is Papist and Russia schismatic. His new thirst for freedom is a thirst only for the waters of Rome. Both Pope and Poland will languish in spite of his rhetoric.

CROSSING the English Channel we find the public attention particularly and warmly exercised by two recent railway accidents, the results in each instance of undoubted carelessness, which in proportions and fatality approach nearly the level of American catastrophes. The first was upon the Brighton road, upon which a crowded excursion train, while in a tunnel, was run down and run over by a regular parliamentary train. The second occurred in the immediate vicinity of London, where an excursion train ran into a ballast train which was crossing the track. The killed by both accidents count up nearly two score, and the wounded twice as many more. The legal risks of railway companies in England are not well defined, and the extent and nature of those risks form the subject of many of the London leaders.

The failing cotton supply, and the falling off of exports to America, are, very naturally, the grand topics of discussion. And the eagerness and insistence shown in their discussion evince a fermentation of public feeling, and a poorly concealed dread of approaching trouble, that has not for many years been known in England. Your own journals will give surfeit of paragraphs to show the tone of the British press on these questions. With only very few and remarkable exceptions, English papers look upon the civil war in America as decisive of the permanent disruption of our country. "We perceive," say nine British observers out of ten, "that the force, distinction, and excellence of your government lies in the fact that it is a government of the people; but we also see that the exigencies and animosities of war are fast making two peoples of the one. We can understand how one may conquer the other, possess its forts, destroy its offensive power, but we can not perceive how it will ever reconquer that loyalty to the constitution which is essential to good citizenship, whether South or North. We can not perceive how voluntary assent to any Federal compact (which every election supposes and demands) can be accomplished by the most vigorous and complete reassertion of all the powers of the Federal Constitution. If you say you care not for assent or dissent if only the outraged National authority is made good, you say virtually that you will hold as a dependent province what you can not hold as a sister State."

THE British Association of Science is just now holding its sittings, and the opening address of Mr. Fairbairn, if very long, has been specially interesting. We notice that in his summing up of the recent conquests of steam-power he affirms that the

steam-plow is yet to effect an entire revolution in agriculture. In support of this view, we remark that a recent carefully-conducted series of practical experiments by a Scotch farmer demonstrate the large economy of plowing by steam-power on a farm of less than two hundred acres.

Mr. Fairbairn, in allusion to the new uses of iron, expresses the confident belief that the day of old wooden war-ships is utterly gone by, and that the plated vessels of England and France will inevitably rule the seas. He praises largely the engineering skill which has brought the waters of Loch Katrine into the streets of Glasgow; and trusts that at an early day the streams of Wales will be brought across the whole breadth of England and poured through the streets of London.

An experimental *conduit*, upon the atmospheric principle, for the dispatch of papers and parcels, has been established from Battersea to the Victoria Road station. The conducting tubes are of iron, two feet nine inches in height, and of a transverse diameter of two feet six inches. The joints are hermetically sealed with lead. Within are two rails for the miniature wagon which serves as vehicle of transportation. An exhausting pump is in position at either end; the length of tubing being at present one-fourth of a mile. The result shows a speed of about twenty-five feet in a second, and the projectors promise ultimately transmission of dispatches at the rate of a mile a minute.

THE death of Mr. Atkinson, the famous Siberian traveler, is announced, at the age of sixty-two. He was of very humble origin, and for a time in his early life followed the pursuit of an ordinary stone-mason. He discovered soon a taste for architecture, and Manchester is indebted to him for the initiative in that architectural taste which has come to distinguish the town. He lived to tell the world more of Chinese Tartary and the surrounding regions than had been communicated since the days of the old Venetian travelers. A daughter of the deceased, Miss Emma Atkinson, is not unknown in the literary world.

Editor's Drawer.

BOSWELL is supposed to have gathered up and embalmed all the good things which his hero said, but he has not recorded the fact that one evening Goldsmith told a story which set the company in a roar, and when the truth of it was challenged by some incredulous dog in the party, Goldsmith turned imploringly upon Dr. Johnson, and said,

"Doctor, you can attest the truth of that story."

"Oh yes," said the surly old bear; "I know that to be true—I made it myself!"

The truth of many a good story has the same indisputable claim to the belief of mankind, if we could only, as in this case, get back to the original, and find the author who is willing to take the paternity of his own offspring. But if the authors will not own up, somebody ought to help the easy, good-natured public to the names of the men who place them under such obligations. A boy in Birmingham, England, being asked whether some shillings which he was passing were good, answered, with great simplicity, "Ay, that they be, for I seed father make 'em all this morning!" The making of jokes, like the making of shillings, is too common a trade, and the laws should be rigidly enforced against all manufacturers. Jokes are born, not made. It

is so with poetry and all other follies of the sort. Nat Lee was thought to be a crazy poet, and one day Dick Hoffman said to him, "Nat, is it not mighty easy to write like a madman, as you do?" "No," said Lee; "but it must be very easy to write like a fool, as you do."

Who said the good thing first? would be a curious question to pursue with reference to half the standing jests on record. And even Joseph Miller, or Josephus Molitor, would be shorn of half his laurels if the jokes were all traced home to their legitimate parents. The other day a man was telling of the hard times in Philadelphia, and said that they have good workmen there who would get up the inside of a watch for three dollars. "Why, that's nothing," said his friend; "there are plenty of boys who will get up the inside of a chimney for a quarter." And that is as old as the hills.

Now this one, and soon we will have another *old* story worked up to be as good as new:

It was during the last Presidential campaign that the little incident we are about to relate transpired. Mr. Downy, a merchant of Falstaff proportions in a little country village, espoused warmly the cause of the Republican candidate for Presidential honors, and his store was the rendezvous of a large number of his townsmen of the same faith and order. Downy prided himself no little on saying harder, sharper, wittier things than any one else in the vicinity, and it was very seldom any one could be found daring and fool-hardy enough to break lances with him. One day, however, as Mr. Downy sat upon the counter picking his teeth, as was his wont when not otherwise engaged, surrounded by his admirers, and longing for a victim to handle, in comes Patrick M'Dougal, a ruddy son of Erin, and a most devoted adherent to another political party. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and forthwith the merchant began the attack, winking slyly to his devoted followers to look on and see the fun.

"Pat," said he, "how fares it with the 'Little Giant,' eh?"

"'Little' was ye afther sayin'?" quoth Pat, flushing up suspiciously.

"Why, yes, little, to be sure. Why, Pat"—and Downy winked knowingly to his friends—"I could pick up your pet candidate and swallow him at a mouthful."

Pat stood for a moment eying his obese friend, perfectly aghast; then he replied, with a low chuckle,

"Fath, and mesilf 'll not be fer disputin' the likes of ye; but if ye did, ye'd be afther havin' a dale sight more brains in yer stomach than ye iver had in yer head!"

Downy changed the subject.

A KIND correspondent sends the following to the Drawer, but it has been better told and printed a score of times. Bishop Hughes made the best version of it at the New England Society Dinner:

"There resided in our vicinity some years since a family by the name of Titus, who were not especially favored with powerful intellects, and who were particularly predisposed to imbibing whenever opportunity presented. One of the sons, a great stalwart youth of some twenty summers, was sent one day with an ox-team to one of our iron foundries for a load of pig-iron. On his return having, as usual, become quite oblivious on account of his too frequent potions, he deliberately lay down in the bot-

tom of his wagon and was soon unconscious, in which state he remained for several hours. A wag happening along, detached the oxen from the wagon and removed them just out of sight into an adjoining piece of timber. Perhaps I ought to have stated previously that the teamster rejoiced in the rare cognomen of Amni Titus. Time, which works so great wonders, brought poor Amni finally to his senses, in part at least, who soon began to scratch his pate, and at the same time striving to recall the past. Noticing the absence of his oxen, he mused thus—"Am I Amni, or am I not Amni? for if I *am* Amni, I have lost a pair of oxen; and if I am *not* Amni, I have found a wagon and a ton of pig-iron." How he finally solved the perplexing problem dependent saith not.

"Another feat of Amni's, which is strictly true, is as follows: He was once attending some coal-pits, and devised the following very original plan of ridding himself of parental authority, which history informs us was exceeding irksome. He procured a sheep, and making an opening in the side of the burning coal-pit, threw him in to perish. At the same time he divested himself of the major part of his clothing, and laid it down carefully by the side of the opening and ran away. Search was soon made for missing Amni, the clothes were discovered near the opening, and it was at once surmised that he had voluntarily 'shuffled off this mortal coil' by precipitating himself into the burning mass. Search was accordingly made in that direction, and the bones of the sheep were brought forth and pronounced as all that was left of poor Amni; and, indeed, it is stated that one of our doctors was called in and pronounced the remains human. They were carefully collected and coffined, a funeral service held, and the remains carefully deposited in the village church-yard. If possible, judge of the surprise of the community when, at the end of two years, Amni appeared alive and well!"

RIDING one day on the outside of a stage-coach, in the interior of Minnesota, last summer, the driver, a funny little fellow, told the following story: Bill, one of the drivers on our line, was coming out of Rochester one morning early this spring. The weather was cold and frosty, the roads were bad, and the horses would not work well together. On the seat beside him was a clerical gentleman. Now Bill swore sometimes, and stuttered as well, when things went wrong, as did the horses this morning. Bill would haul them up and give them a crack with his whip, saying "G-g-git up, d-d-dam you!" The clerical gentleman requested him not to swear; to be patient. But Bill would swear. The clergyman, after a repetition of Bill's profanity, again appealed: "Be patient, be patient; Job was a man of patience." Bill cocked an eye at him, and said, "J-J-Job! wh-wh-who did he d-d-drive for?"

IN the vicinity of Cincinnati there resides an eccentric individual who has occupied the office of Squire for the last quarter of a century. He is generally known among his neighbors as the Chief-Justice of S—, that being the township in which he resides. He is not only a farmer, but an extensive grape-grower, cultivating a very large vineyard. Among his numerous buildings he has a stone wine-house, built in the side of a hill. The lower or ground floor is used for two purposes—one-half for a wine cellar, the other as a fruit cellar. The upper or second floor is occupied as a press room, in which

is his wine-press. On the ground-floor the entrance is by a large circular door of great strength and solidity. Over the door is the word "Bastile"—showing to the stranger that the Squire has a jail of his own.

In the summer months he holds his court in the open air, selecting the shade of an apple-tree in his orchard for the purpose. During the extreme hot weather in the last of July he was thus comfortably seated one Sunday morning, when he was aroused from his meditations by a strange voice, saying, "Are you the Squire?" Answering "Yes," with "What do you want?" he was replied to by an old man of perhaps seventy years, who stated that he had been bitten by a dog belonging to a neighbor of the Squire's, and by the torn condition of his breeches and coat the Squire was satisfied there was truth in his complaint. Thereupon he called a hired man, made him a constable, and dispatched him for the owner of the cruel dog. In a short time the constable arrived, having in his custody a good and substantial German, whose business is that of a vine-dresser. Being in his best suit to accompany his wife to church, he was somewhat surprised that he was obliged to visit the Squire on that holy morning. The Squire in his usual way, says,

"Good-morning, Hans; how are you? Did you ever see this man (pointing to the old man who had made the complaint) before?"

"Yaw, Mr. Squire; he was dis mornin' by mine house on de road. Mine dog umped over de fence and makes a bite at him pehind, and de man he dries to run away, ven mine dog umps on him; den de man hollers murder and runs away, and I makes mine dog in mine house."

Whereupon the Squire says to him, "I must fine you five dollars."

To which Hans says, "Mine Got, Squire, five dollar is more monies as I has got, and de dog is not worth a dollar, de war times is so bad, and dings is worser mit me as dey was one yar ago, and I can nit pay de monies."

To which the Squire replied by ordering the constable to take them both to the Bastile, to strip both the men, and to have the old man put on the Dutchman's clothes and the Dutchman to dress up in the old man's clothes. The Dutchman objected; it was no use: the Squire had given his verdict, there was no appeal. The old man went on his way rejoicing, thinking, no doubt, that he, at least, had received justice if not law; while Hans was obliged to return home minus a tail to his coat, and pantaloons with a rent in arrears.

As he left the sanctum of justice his last remark was, "Squire, vat vill mine frow say ven she sees mine new clothes all gone, and dese worser as dem vat I vorkes in?"

The Squire says that he could fill the jail of the county in sixty days with parties whose offenses against the law are more trivial than the one narrated; yet he thinks good adjustments are better than putting his neighbors to look through grated bars.

"I HAVE always taken a great interest in the Drawer; and reading this morning the testimony of a witness in the case of a liveryman, who had sued for the value of a horse that had been killed by fast riding, it brought to my recollection a case somewhat similar that was tried in a justice court in the town of G—, not far from the lead mines in Northern Illinois.

"Some fifteen years ago come Christmas a few Irish boys hired horses from a livery-stable in the town of G—— and determined to have a good time generally. One of the horses never recovered from the effects of the ride, and the liveryman sued the rider for the value of him. The lawyer for the plaintiff was an ex-judge. He was a good lawyer, but fond of his toddy. He was trying to prove by one of the witnesses that all hands were drunk, and commenced by asking him,

"Where did you stop first after leaving the livery-stable?"

"We stopped at Michael N——'s."

"Did you take a horn there?" asked the judge.

"Yes."

"Where did you stop next?"

"At the —— Gardens?"

"Did you take a horn there?"

"Yes."

"Where did you stop next?"

"At the Four-Mile House."

"Did you take a horn there?"

"By this time the witness began to smell a rat. 'Horn!' says he; 'I want to know what has a horn got to do with this case. I suppose because you are a drinking kind of a fellow yourself you think that every other body is drunk.'

"You ought to have heard the explosion which shook the court-room. The ex-judge did not ask the witness any more questions."

THE FIRST RECORD OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I will with pleasure write out that little play upon words about "the first record of corporal punishment," which, by-the-way, was not original with me. I do not think it is worth printing; few such things are. But you must judge: it will not take more than five lines. All its point lies in the fact that a couple of Hebrew proper names sound exactly like common English words, though spelled quite differently.

This frequent want of agreement between the spelling and pronunciation of English words must be a great puzzle to foreigners in reading English poetry. I know a poet who insists that no rhyme is allowable that does not, as he says, "rhyme to the eye as well as to the ear." This is hypercriticism. Miss Martineau has written a poem called "Rhymes by a Deaf Person," which are funny just because she makes the most dissimilar syllables rhyme merely because they are spelled alike. Thus *through* and *cough* are supposed to rhyme. But this is wandering from the subject of Hebrew names.

Speaking of Hebrew names, I wish instead of the conundrum (for really it is nothing more) which I am about to write out, that I could call to mind something infinitely better which my old theological teacher, Dr. S. H. Cox, used to tell his classes. In Hebrew, you know, all proper names have a significance, as I believe they originally had in all languages; and it would be a curious subject to trace our names through various languages back to their original significance. The Doctor would write down the names of the patriarchs, up to Noah or Abraham, I forget which, in the order of their birth. These make a perfect sentence, which, when literally translated by him, embodied all the cardinal doctrines of Calvinistic theology. I do not know whether this was original with him or not; but it is very curious, and if I can turn it up in some of my old note-books, I will send it to you.

Speaking of Dr. Cox, I must, by way of paren-

thesis, put in half a dozen lines about him. He was, and I trust is—for I have not heard him for some years—a most brilliant lecturer as well as preacher. He was clever before a miscellaneous audience; but was in his glory when lecturing to a class of students. Between him and his audience there was enough of personal acquaintance to put them *en rapport* with each other. He would then let his mind "break loose." If I have space in this note I will tell you a good thing said by the late Professor Bush about Dr. Cox's mind "breaking loose." But I must first finish what I had in mind about the Doctor.

On the platform he had a most imposing presence. Those who have only seen him in the pulpit, where all but head and bust are cut off by desk and cushion, can form no idea of his grand appearance upon an open stage. He *stood* more firmly than any man I ever saw. He seemed to have grown upon the platform. In looking upon him I always thought of a sturdy oak. I saw the other day in your Magazine a capital account of a reading by Charles Dickens. I was specially struck by the description of the way in which Mr. Dickens enjoyed his own good things. Dr. Cox is almost the only public speaker in whom I have observed this trait. When he had said a good thing, his whole face would be aglow with delight—not with vanity, but with the good honest pleasure which he would have felt at hearing it from any one else. Why indeed should it not? Should not a man take pleasure in his own children as well as in those of his neighbors? But I must cut short my own reminiscences of the Doctor, or I shall not have room for Professor Bush's *mot*, which, short as it is, is worth a dozen pages of mine, as a picture of the man.

But I must mention one feature of the Doctor's mind before I close. He had a wonderful memory, which perhaps had much to do with the discursive character of his discourses. In the midst of a lecture some anecdote or illustration would suggest itself; that would suggest another, and so on, until his hour was up. This discursiveness was not so common in his pulpit as in his platform discourses, but even in the pulpit I have heard him announce at the beginning the heads of his discourse down to "seventhly." But in the midst of "firstly," some fresh thought would strike him, which he would follow up, without ever getting back even as far as the "secondly" of his original skeleton.

But in his lectures to the students he gave himself free scope. We never had the least idea when the subject was announced what he would—or, rather, what he would *not* speak about. Only, of one thing we were sure. He would be certain to give a blow at "Puseyism" before he closed. Thus, in one of his lectures on History he had spoken of Xerxes crossing the Bosphorus. "*Bosporus*, gentlemen, not *Bosphorus*—*bos*, an ox, and *porus*, a ford: water over which an ox can swim—exactly like the English Ox-ford: Oxford, where they teach that—" And then came the onslaught upon tractarian theology. Again, he was speaking of the victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens at Tours, which checked the wave of Moslem conquest in Europe. "Had the Saracens been victorious there, perhaps, as Gibbon says, 'the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet'—and they might as well do that," interjected the lecturer, "as teach, what they now do, that—"

And then did not Dr. Pusey and his followers "catch it!"

It was this very discursiveness which made the Doctor one of the most charming *talkers* to whom I ever listened. No matter what was the matter on the *tapis*, it always suggested to him some apposite anecdote. No matter how good a story was told, he could always "cap" it with a better one. It was, I suppose, in reference to his brilliant conversation that Professor Bush "got off" the *mot* to which I referred, and which I will now give you. It was said at a social meeting of clergymen—one of those "Monday meetings" where they relax from the severe professional labors of the week, and recruit for new efforts. Indeed, if any work wears upon the mental powers it must be that of a clergyman who has to prepare his two sermons weekly. I remember hearing Dr. Erskine Mason, who I think was the most massive-minded of all the clergymen I have ever known, say that when he had finished one of his profound and elaborate discourses, it seemed to him as though he could never prepare another sermon. He had told all he knew—had, as it were, "emptied himself." I think Charlotte Brontë said much the same thing after she had written "*Jane Eyre*" and "*Shirley*." But somehow, in Dr. Mason's case, when next Sunday came, two more profound discourses were ready, and his hearers, at all events, saw no signs of the exhaustion of which he spoke. I imagine that the mental recuperation necessary was in a great measure supplied by these "ministers' meetings." At all events, if any man has found more brilliant talk and ready repartee in any society than at a social meeting of our gravest divines, his experience differs from mine.

In this conversational "fencing" Dr. Cox was the most dextrous of all. He was never at a loss—never to be caught at disadvantage. This makes me doubt the truth of the capital story which has been told about him, and which, I think, has appeared in print. It ran something in this wise: He was once riding homeward to "Rus-Urban" when his carriage came in contact with the vehicle of a carman, who, if the story is true, must have been a wit of the first order.

"My good man—" began the Doctor, apologetically.

"G—d—n!" exclaimed the carman, in apparent horror, "don't say that. Don't swear so. I hate to hear it. There's no great harm done; we'll be loose in a minute. There's no need of swearing."

"Swear! I swear!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"There, now, don't do that; what's the use of swearing? Keep your temper. I didn't mean to run against you."

By this time a crowd had gathered, and the wag-gish carman kept on, never giving the Doctor a chance to say more than three words. "Don't swear so—don't. It makes me feel bad to hear you. I don't profess to be a very good man myself, but I don't swear that way. I'm only a common man; but you—why, such a venerable-looking man I never saw. You might, from your looks, be a clergyman, or maybe a Doctor of Divinity; and to hear you a cussin' and swearing hurts my feelings. There, we're loose now, good-by! Don't swear any more about it." And, so goes the story, he drove off amidst the shouts of the crowd, every one of whom by this time recognized the well-known features of the Doctor, and appreciated the point of the carman's joke.

But, as I said, I do not believe this story. I think

it is "made, not found." I do not believe any body ever got such an advantage over the Doctor.

Well, now to come to Professor Bush's *mot* about Dr. Cox.

But I have actually got to the bottom of my last sheet of paper, and not another scrap in the house. I must send to town for more. When it comes I will write out what Professor Bush said, and add the conundrum for which you asked me.

Yours ever,

H.

THE THREE SKATERS.

A PARODY ON KINGSLEY'S "THREE FISHERS."

THREE skaters went up to the Central Park,
To the Central Park when the moon was high;
Each felt as gay as the singing lark,
Each thought of his girl with a heavy sigh:
For gents must skate when the ice is strong,
Though oft they take the maidens along
To the Central Park, so far from the city.

Three maidens sat in a parlor together,
And sung and played when the moon was high;
Anon and anon they looked at the weather,
At the dark clouds drifting across the sky:
For though gents skate the wind oft blows,
As it did that night, and a storm arose
That drove the skaters back to the city.

Three overcoats hang on a rack in the hall,
And each gent is happy as any young spark;
While the maidens are laughing and hugging them all,
The skaters that early came back from the Park:
For gents may skate, and maidens may wait,
But that night the girls blessed fortune and fate,
And the storm that drove their beaux to the city.

"PLEATH, dear mamma, why does Mrs. Webster call Ruthy alwayth 'honey,' and me sometimes too?"

"Because Ruthy is a *sweet* little girl, and so are you, and 'honey' is sweet."

"Well, manma, if she calls Ruthy honey, then—then—then—she ought to call me *molasses*!"

A VENERABLE clergyman sends us a couple of old New England anecdotes:

"In the early settlement of Northern Vermont Sabbath privileges were rare and precious to the sparsely-settled people, and from far and near they gathered, when from farm to farm the notice sped of preaching at such time and place. Once a good man of the Free-Will-Baptist order sent word to the people of C—that on a certain day he would be there and preach. A place was sought for in which to hold the meeting; but none desirable was found save a large barn, which was offered and arranged for the occasion. The day and hour came, and the, for those times, large congregation were assembled and quietly seated in the main floor. The services commenced, and all went decorously on till, in the 'long prayer,' some mischievous boys, who could not resist the temptation to climb, had reached the 'great beams' overhead, and were amusing themselves by pelting one another with whatever they could reach, occasionally hitting here and there among the congregation seated below. Suddenly the minister opened his eyes and, without any rest or the least change of tone from that of prayer—'May the Lord bless the good people!'—he went on, 'Boys, be still, throwing down chips, and sticks, and little pieces of ba-a-rks!'—and then again came the prayer, as though there had been no interruption. It was too much for the risibilities of the people, and their devotions were somewhat disturbed. Several times have I had the pleasure of listening to the discourses

of good Mr. W——, now an aged man, but never without a thought of what that scene must have been which took place so many years ago."

"IN the same North country lived by themselves an aged couple of the name of Crook: the old gentleman, celebrated for his quick motions, was known as 'Uncle' in all the country round, and 'As quick as 'Uncle Crook,'" became a household proverb. There being in those new settlements only now and then an opportunity to hear a sermon, or attend any religious services, people were not in the habit of leaving their homes on the Sabbath, at least such as had any religious principles; and very much astonished were the family of Mr. K—— by the arrival, one fine Sunday morning, of Uncle Crook and his wife, apparently for a visit. They were on the way to the mill 'with a grist,' and would stop and see their neighbors a while; so coming in, the old lady took out her knitting and went diligently to work. The family, surprised, puzzled over it a while; and then one said, 'Mr. Crook, do you know what day of the week it is?' 'Why, Saturday to be sure,' he replied. 'Oh no; you are mistaken: it is Sunday.' Amazement held the old man in absolute quiet a moment, and then chair and feet in an instant were square upon the floor, the knitting needles were as quickly pushed aside, and instantaneously were the old folks in their wagon, with faces turned toward home, from which no persuasions could longer keep them, and lamenting as they went their loss in reckoning of a day and thereby unintentional Sabbath-breaking."

CHARLEY had been passing several weeks in the country, and the dreaded period of departure was rapidly drawing nigh. Loth to forego his rural enjoyments, his many rambles by breezy meadow or willowy stream, his butterfly chases or bird-nest climbings, Charley formed the resolution of defeating his parents' intentions at least for one day longer. The coachman had been ordered to have his horses prepared at a certain hour, so that the departing guests might meet the only train which then communicated with the city. Hearing the order, and discerning the necessity for immediate action, Charley hurried to the stable, and carefully marked the driver's movements. Scarcely had the horses been harnessed on one side and the coachman repaired to the other, than Charley as quickly removed the traces and other gear, twisting the straps in inextricable confusion. The coachman was at first unaware of the variation; but it was soon discovered, and the respective pieces properly replaced. Ere, however, these had been arranged to entire satisfaction, Charley had visited the opposite side and reduced it to a similar situation. Thus he continued until the coachman, whose patience was now thoroughly exhausted, caught him in his arms and bore him from the spot; but the little fellow's satisfaction was wholly unalloyed, as the shriek of the locomotive and the rattling of the departing train bespoke the success of his manœuvre; and he exclaimed in an ecstasy, "Now, Barney, if you can hitch up a horse, never say that I can't unhitch him!"

AN Illinois correspondent writes: "In these times, when we all feel gloomy enough about State affairs, it is well to have something to keep off the blues, and the contents of your Monthly Drawer afford amusement in camp and cabin. The following river story may help to fill up a number: As one of our

Western steamers was ascending the Father of Waters, among her crew was a sturdy fellow not long from the land of Erin, who was much afraid of snakes and varmints. One evening, a little after dark, the boat made a landing at a cabin on the Upper Mississippi, and Pat was ordered on shore to make fast a line. Now it so happened that the owner of the cabin had a pet bear, which on that evening was chained in front of his domicile. Pat shouldered the line and made up the bank, when seeing, as he thought, a stump, proceeded to march around it, intending to fasten the end and sing out to haul aboard. Bruin sat still until he came around, when he opened with a growl and jump toward our hero. 'Holy Mother of Christ protect me!' sung out Pat; and with two bounds he was in the Mississippi, screaming for help, and cursing the country where the stumps attacked Christian men wid their mouths open."

"THERE is an old fellow residing in South Royalton, Vermont, who has been for a lifetime the storyteller of the neighborhood. His experience has been great in that line, and his composure and placidity while he enunciates a 'whopper' unequalled. No matter what extraordinary event happens, he instantly remembers one which surpasses it. To give you an instance: One day he killed a common striped or garter snake while mowing in the meadow. When he came home to dinner he told his employer that he had killed the biggest striped snake he ever see, and asked him how big he s'posed it was. The farmer reflected never having seen one over two feet long, but knowing our friend's propensity he guessed it might have been eight feet long. With the emphasis of one who knows he is going to make your eyes stick out with astonishment, he brought down his fist upon the table, and said, in a tragic whisper, 'Twas nine!'"

"The last time we heard of him was in the tavern, talking with a number of farmers about the effects of poudrette upon corn. Poudrette was a new thing there, and each one who had tried it vied with the other in their statistics. Our friend, whose tactics were always to draw out the strength of the enemy before he ventured any thing himself, waited till every body was through, then took up the thread of the following tale: 'When I fust heerd of this here Poudrette I went an' got a pint, an' I put it all inter one hill, an' then I put five kernels of corn in the hill five inches apart (how very particular these fellows always are!), an' I stuck a stick inter the middle so's I'd know it agin. Wa'al, I never seed corn grow like that 'ere. It growed an' growed till it got to be ten feet high, an' when it eared every ear was fifteen inches long, an' when I harvested that 'ere hill I got five ears off of every stalk, and seven off the stick!'"

"WHEN Meeker County, Minnesota, was new, before lawyers found their way out there, two Dutchmen, Fifer and Steirne (brothers-in-law), undertook to cheat Uncle Sam by pre-empting two claims with one cabin, each furnishing half the lumber, the cabin to stand on the line between the two claims. Before the claims were pre-empted the brothers fell out. Steirne undertook to carry away his half of the lumber, when Fifer shot Steirne through 'the sacred soil' of the system. Steirne complains of Fifer for an assault with intent to kill, and Fifer settles up by giving Steirne a chattel mortgage on two yoke of oxen (all the property either party had in the world except a wife and seven children each).

was intended for kindlin', it's a consarned sight too fast."

L—— did not wait to press a sale, but giving the whip to his ponies he went out of that town at the rate of something like 2.50.

THE following comes from New Hampshire: "Enclosed is a copy of a note which I received when I was teaching school:

"WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, N. H., Dec. 6, 1859.

"DEAR SIR,—As I do not know your name I adress myself to you to inform you that I would like to have you give boy Oscar V. Adams a seat Where he can set so as th large Boys cant pull His hair when they go to and from their Seats as he is very bashfull He is afrade to speke to You he would let them pull his hair all out of his head before he woud tell you he is so bashful if you can dissmis MariOn & Oscar when Marion gits thru with her studys so that they can com home a lone You will mutch Oblige me when we are as sheep among wolves we must be Wise as Serpents & harmles as doves—Yours With respekt from Mrs caroline Adams—to The teacher"

"AN attorney named Capron, of our little town in Indiana, was employed to attend a case before Squire F——, and Judge B——, of an adjoining city, was the opposing counsel. Capron is a young man, though well versed in legal lore. Judge B—— is an old attorney, of great character in our 'neck of woods,' at one time Judge of Nebraska Territory, looking very much as our fancy paints the English barristers of old, and very fond of a joke. A legal point was raised of vital importance to Capron, and he made a labored speech, showing a great amount of law to sustain his position, and making the thing very clear. During his speech, the Squire, who was a most eccentric individual, and not a man of much legal knowledge, listened at first attentively, but was soon tired out, and amused himself in scratching the desk with his jack-knife, and such other employments as he could engage in. When Capron sat down, Judge B—— arose and made a few remarks, and submitted the point, doubtless thinking it scarcely worth while to contest the point very closely. When he had finished, the Squire, who had just been driving some boys out of his 'bench,' looked up, and remarked in a kind, consoling tone of voice, to Capron, 'Well, Capron, I guess the old man *has got you where the hair is short*,' and renewed his labors with the juveniles."

"THE literary progress of our little four-year old has, through devious ways, led him deep into the labyrinths of the double letters. He catches sight of every double L or double O on the paper, and demands an explanation at once. The other day he brought down the house by bringing me a printed envelope containing the name of a distinguished Western underwriter, and inquiring, with eager emphasis, 'Papa, what does J double B, E double N, E double T spell?'"

"WE live a mile in the country, and every now and then a bull, which is the terror of our little boy, comes bellowing along with the rumble and muttering peculiar to that animal, when the little fellow will fly for safety to his mother's lap, crying, 'Oh! mamma, the bull is coming.' The other night he woke up, and mistaking a small noise close by for a great one far off, he got up in his crib and woke his mother, exclaiming, in great distress, 'The bull is coming, mamma!' His mother laughed, and said, 'No, my child, it is only papa breathing hard.'

Comforted, he lay down again; but presently the long regular snore aroused him once more, and he cried out, 'Mamma, mamma!' 'What, my dear?' 'There comes the bull again!'"

FROM Rhode Island we have the following:

"Not many years ago, at an academy then very popular in the Green Mountain State, I witnessed the following good thing: It was examination-day, and the spacious hall was filled, as usual on that day, with visitors from abroad, while on the teacher's platform were ranged those august personages, the trustees, who composed the committee of examination. The grammar-class had the floor, and our worthy principal, calling up one after another, pronounced the name of Dewey. Dewey rose. Although still in his teens, he was a stout fellow, with heavy black whiskers, thick-tongued in speech, and awkward in manner, albeit nobody's fool. Now our teacher would sometimes propound questions very simple and very odd, as surely were these, to wit: 'What is a period?' 'It's a little dot,' hesitatingly spluttered the pupil, with a broad grin. 'About how large should you think?' persisted the teacher. Every eye was now turned on Dewey. 'Oh!' drawled he, 'I should think's 'bout's big's a fly-speck.' Dewey sat down.

"IN the same village dwelt a certain judge, who, being a widower, always accompanied his niece to church. One summer afternoon, while she was intent upon the sermon and the judge was having a quiet snooze, she discovered a grasshopper on her dress. Picking it off, she gently nudged the drowsy judge, that he might throw the intruder into the aisle. He took it with eyes half open, and supposing it to be a clove, quite unsuspectingly bit off its head!"

AN old contributor returns to the charge with several pleasantly-told stories:

A gentleman somewhat past his school-days, coming in the room one morning where his cousin, Miss D——, sat reading, inquired of her the botanical name of the flower-stalk.

"Peduncck," was the reply.

"Thank you, Cousin Mary. I knew it was an *unck* of some sort, but couldn't think of the precise term to be used for the life of me."

"No wonder, no wonder at all, Cousin More. It is only *ped-ants* that *do* use the term."

HERE is the account of a hard case of fever, related to me by a D.D.S. now residing in one of the pleasant villages situated on the line of the Michigan Central:

"When I first came West," says our friend the dentist, in his inimitable manner, "I was introduced to Dr. C——, and was somewhat imposed upon, at first, by his pretentious manner, and really was inclined to consider him one of the lights of medical science until accident one day dispelled *that* illusion. Going along by the Knapp House I saw the Doctor standing in the hall, saddle-bags on his arm, and looking as wise as the Sphinx. He was dressed well, and with his portly figure and look of solemn gravity would have imposed upon any one.

"Stepping toward him from the street, I accosted him politely, and made inquiries regarding the general salubrity of the place.

"'Drefful sickly, drefful sickly, Sir,' said the Doctor.

"Ah! indeed, Sir," said I, in a tone of interest; 'what is the general type of disease?'

"Typhoid type, Sir. Have got some drefful bad cases of typhoid on hand now: one of 'em is particularly uncommon: drefful, Sir, drefful!"

"May I inquire what there is peculiar in the case you have mentioned, Dr. C——?"

"Certingly, certingly: it's the *pulse*: that's drefful, Sir, drefful! Sixty at the wrist and ninety-seven at the forehead! drefful, Sir, drefful!"

"I thought it *was* 'drefful!'"

MR. SPRAGUE, of Bayou Sara, West Feliciana Parish, Louisiana, had been rather careless in his manner of bringing up his sons. One Sunday morning Parson Butler, an old Baptist clergyman of the neighborhood, in riding to town met Billy and Sammy Sprague going into the woods, evidently for the purpose of hunting. Feeling certain that any thing like direct remonstrance with the young gentlemen themselves would scarcely turn them from their ways, he waited until after "preaching," and sought the old gentleman. After recounting the circumstance of meeting Billy and Sammy as he had done, he closed an affecting appeal by inquiring of their father why they had not been "brought up in the fear of the Lord?"

"Fear of the Lord, Parson—fear of the Lord! Why, they *hev*! They're so 'feard of him now they dassent go out Sunday without double-bar'l'd shot-guns on their shoulders!"

"In the beautiful village of Waterloo this summer I was particularly amused with the words of a follower of Izaak Walton, which I consider too good to be lost. The little fellow's name was Le Grand, with a companion who answered to the decidedly classical sobriquet of 'Hank.' Le Grand and Hank, fully equipped, started for a fishing excursion. After the absence of an hour or more, Le Grand made his appearance with his basket well filled with fish. He asked all his friends to look at his fish, of which he seemed quite proud. When upon being interrogated as to how many he caught, he reluctantly replied: 'None: but I would have caught them, only Hank had the best place!' The incident fully illustrates how many things we are sure we could do if we only had the right place."

"THE anecdote in a recent Drawer of the girl who knew that it must be true because her father read it in a *bound book*, proves conclusively the truthfulness of printers and bookbinders. As one of the latter, who not only reads but binds *Harper*, permit me to cancel a portion of my indebtedness by the following installment:

"Two bookbinders in 'our village' quarreled and came to high words. One of them at length said, 'Your countenance shows what you are; you can't look an *honest man* in the face.' To which the reply was made, 'I can look *you* in the face.'

AN Illinois dealer in wheat writes to the Drawer:

"The anecdote in the Drawer of the July number of the Irishman who paid six shillings for flannel that was offered at five cents less, reminds me of a like case which I witnessed here—and, I think, better still.

"An old German offered for sale a load of wheat, and was told by a buyer that, owing to the late depression in prices, he could only give him seventy-five cents per bushel. He thought it over for some

time, and then replied, 'Dat ish too low; you gif me sextee zent, and you take him; I no *zell* him for less!'

"The buyer was not certain whether he understood him rightly or not; but found, on questioning him, that *sixty cents* was really the figure, so he replied, 'Well, being as it's you, I'll do it;' and he actually bought the wheat at fifteen cents per bushel less than he first offered for it. You can imagine how difficult it was for me to keep my countenance long enough to get out of sight so as to give vent to my laughter. Doubtless the honest old German thinks to this day that he made at least five cents by setting a price."

And the Drawer wishes to add that he finds something more difficult to imagine—and that is, how any honest man could take advantage of a German's ignorance of the language, and so cheat him out of fifteen cents on a bushel of wheat. We would rather be the cheated than the cheat in such an operation, and though we put the story in the Drawer, we would not put any wheat into our garner that was got by such a bargain.

"RIDING one night over the P. W. and B. Railroad, the passengers were much amused by the prattle of a little girl whose age might be expressed with a single figure. The train stopped at a well-known place, opposite to some rather dilapidated-looking buildings. The moon was shining brightly, making the surrounding objects quite distinct. Our prattler, after gazing out of the window for a few moments, withdrew her head, and turning to her mother, said, 'Ma, wasn't this place built before any body was born?'"

OUR correspondence with the South is necessarily limited. A correspondent in North Carolina some months ago sent us the following obituary notice. He says it "looks like a burlesque, but I assure you it is genuine. It is taken from the Macon (Georgia) *Journal and Messenger*:"

"Departed this life in Macon County, Nov. 30, 1860, E PLURIBUS UNUM, youngest son of John T. and Catharine Oliver, aged 1 year 10 months and 9 days.

"We are seldom called upon to chronicle the death of such a promising child as E Pluribus. His amiable disposition and affectionate caresses rendered him the idol of all who knew him; but he is gone, and is an angel now. To the parents of the little boy we say weep not, but endeavor to be resigned to the will of Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Farewell thou charming little son,
We never shall hear thy voice again;
Farewell little E Pluribus Unum,
May we together in heaven rich blessings share."

VERY fair this is for a boy in Doylestown, Pennsylvania:

"We had in our school a boy of rather dull capacity, and he was particularly puzzled in his English Grammar. For the life of him he could not see into the distinction between nouns and pronouns, etc. On one occasion he was called up, with others of his class, to the Grammar exercise. He came to a word which he pronounced to be a verb. 'Well done!' says the teacher. 'Now if you will tell me what kind of a verb it is, I shall have hopes of making a grammarian out of you yet.' The boy's eye brightened up with a sudden flash of intelligence, and he roared out at the top of his voice, 'It's an ad-verb!'"



THE BENCH.

AN ENGLISH COURT.

THIS is Westminster Hall. The first thing you look for is a "place," which you find high up in the back seats; and when this has been climbed into, with more or less noise, you find yourself facing the bench. By the bench, of course, I mean the judges. They are peculiar. Their dress is rather startling at first, till you get used to it; but it is nothing to their caps, which are represented by a little black spot on the top of the wig.

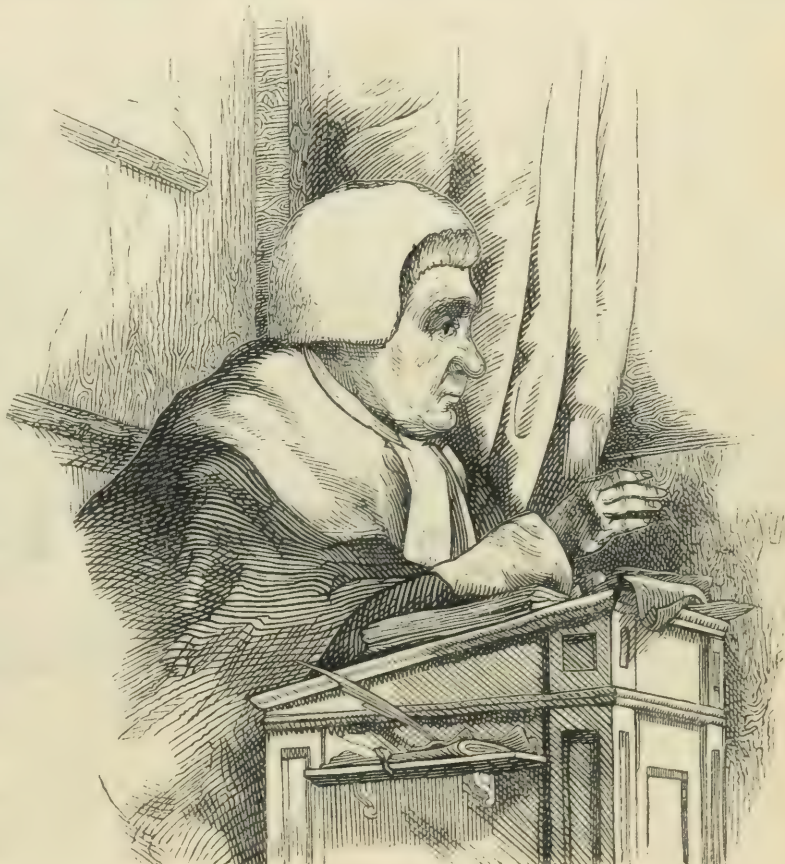
But between the back seats and the bench look for the bar, and if you don't exactly see the bar, you will the counsel, which is the same thing. Possibly you may hear them—for they are given to talking; to each other, if they have no better resource; but to the jury, or at all events to the judge, if they can find an occasion: some who, curiously enough, have round noses, round eyes, round mouths, and double chins, are sonorous, emphatic, and what we will call portwiney: others are ponderous, slow, chest-speaking men, but these are mostly tall, lank, and coarse-haired, with terrible noses—long, from the bridge downward, and blunt at the point; some, again, of the sharp, acid, suspicious sort—shriek a great deal; while there are a few—great men these—who are so confidential and communicative, that they seem (using a colloquial phrase) to talk to the jury "like a father."

Well, having seen both Bench and Bar, and wishing to understand what they are both engaged in, let us suppose a case. We will say that an obstinate man, one Bullhead, has his action against a plausible man, one Floater. Now the unconquincible Bullhead, who thinks that he has never yet been taken in, has somehow at various times, and upon the

flimsiest of all possible pretenses, handed over to said Floater sums of money to the amount of—say two hundred pounds: between the possible inconvenience of losing so large a sum of money and the wish to show that his wisdom is equal to his obstinacy, he has brought the little dispute out of his own frying-pan into the judicial fire.

There he stands, or rather leans in the witness-box, carefully checking off his short answers with his forefinger on the sleeve of his coat, and screwing his face on one side, as if to concentrate all his intellect into the left eye that is so widely open; he looks very untractable, with his stumpy brows knitted closely over his thick, stumpy nose; but what chance can he possibly have against such a cool hand as the defendant, Floater, Esq., with his very white stick-up hair bearing witness to his respectability, and his very black lay-down eyebrows covering the unbarnacled portion of those side-glancing eyes? How gently his jeweled fingers are laid on the edge of the witness-box! how shockingly informal the "document"—of whatever sort—proves to be during his examination—what a respectable man he is! Three letters after his name!

Of course, and as usual, the jury hardly know what to make of it; the stout foreman inclines to the plaintiff in despite of law; but he is evidently puzzled all the same; the thin man with the bridgy nose, the cold man with the round head, and the argumentative jurymen with the mutton-chop whisker, all look at it, as they say, "legally," and decide in favor of the defendant. The jocular "party," with the curly red hair and the two tufts of chin-growing beard, treats it all as good fun, and is ready to give his verdict for the defendant too, because, as he says, "He is such a jolly old humbug, you know," which mode of settlement, however, is not looked upon as sufficient by his two neighbors, to whom it is a much more serious matter. One of these is trying to make up his mind, a feat he has



THE JUDGE.

never yet successfully accomplished—so I suppose that, as usual, it will be made up for him by somebody else; as for the other, after three hours' reflection, he has really come to a decision, but, unfortunately, it is entirely opposed to every thing that the judge will tell them in his summing-up, and of course they will all be led by his lordship.

My lord will take them in hand kindly, explain away both counsel for plaintiff and for defendant, and read them a great deal of his notes, which are a thousand-fold clearer, fuller, and more accurate than the reporter's "flimsy," although during the trial he has been distinctly seen to write four long letters, has gone twice to sleep, and has made seven recondite legal jokes, including the famous ever-recurring and side-splitting innuendo of calling upon the usher to cry silence, or "Sss-h!" whenever the somewhat indistinctly speaking junior for the plaintiff rises—there will be no withstanding his clear-headedness.

As you would imagine, these jurors have been in turn led away by the opposing counsel. For the plaintiff; they were made to admire the consummate common sense and discretion of the plaintiff,



THE COUNSEL.

Ballhead, who, having diluted his ordinary keenness with that admirable faith in human nature which is the keystone of all commercial transactions in this Arcadian world, has for the first time in his life found his confidence misplaced by the conduct of the defendant. Said the advocate: far be it from him to call Floater, Esq., M.Q.S., by any derogatory appellations; he was not a swindler, he was not a



THE PLAINTIFF.



THE DEFENDANT.



THE JURY.



THE ATTORNEYS.

rogue, he was not a wolf in sheep's clothing, he was perhaps the victim of a misconception or a want of memory, but a very honorable man all the same—an opinion which the jury would heartily indorse by giving full damages to his discreet and sensible client.

But, said the counsel for the defendant—a foxy man with reddish hair, angular eyes, and a mouth that seems to have a hole punched in each end of it: he would not call Mr. Bullhead a villain of the deepest dye, he would not say that he had laid a plot to blast the happiness of the domestic hearth of his unfortunate, his scrupulously respectable, and he would add his distinguished client; no, not he—far from it, he would suppose that an obtuseness of intellect on the part of the, at all events, short-tempered plaintiff, had led him to imagine, and so forth. And by-the-way, notice how these foxy counsel do cuddle themselves up, how they look askance, and wriggle about to show their honesty and straightforwardness—for indeed I suppose we must admit that they are honest and straightforward from their point of view, although they do shake their heads at his lordship whenever a particularly damaging statement is put forward by the opposite side, and although they do paint black with a gray tint, and

find a few spots upon the purest white. Thank goodness, they have the attorneys to throw the blame upon when there happens to be any, and the attorneys sitting under the bar, and putting their heads together, have, I suppose, shoulders broad enough to bear it.

These two do not look ingenuous: here is the smooth and the rough. The rough one never seems to believe a word that is said to him, while the smooth one appears to take in every thing. The one, half shutting his eyes, draws his face down and his forehead up into all the fifty lines of unbelief, while Smoothman drags his cheeks into such a lovely smiling look of faith in every thing you have to propose, that you really begin to wonder how that underhung jaw and knitted brow came into the same company. Well, there is not very much to choose between them.

So we will say that this trial has gone against the angry plaintiff; that it is one more feather in the cap of Foxy, Q.C., and money in the purse to Float-er, M.Q.S.; that the jury are aware of having supported the glory of the English nation and the majesty of the law; that the learned judge, disrobed and unwigged, is no longer a good old lady, but a distinguished gentleman.



"ABOUT forty-five years since, Colonel P——, a Revolutionary veteran, but with all his youthful fondness for fun, kept a public house, which was much frequented in the long winter evenings by a number of the citizens, for the purpose of enjoying themselves in a social chat.

"On one of these occasions our conversation turned upon feats of activity, especially in jumping; and almost every one present had some tale to tell, either of how far or how high he could jump or had ever jumped.

"Colonel P——, who, although then well strick-

en in years, had been an uncommonly athletic and active man, listened with much apparent interest to our several tales, and when we had all spoken, he arose, and remarked,

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose you expect me to have something to say?"

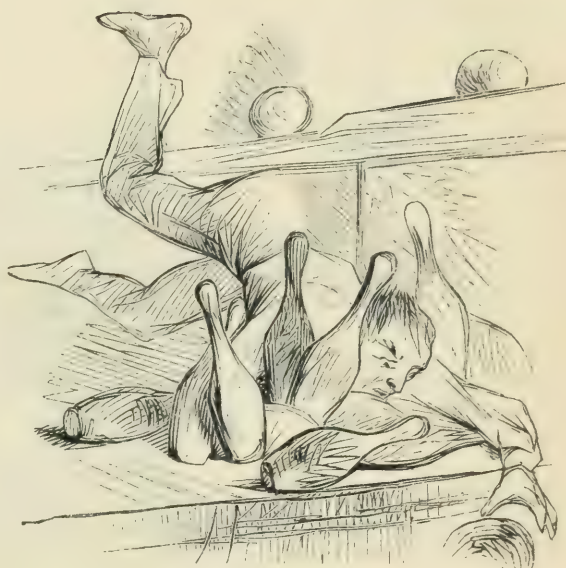
"Yes, Colonel; we are anxious to hear you."

"Well, gentlemen, I don't know as you will believe it, but I pledge you my honor it is a fact, that I have seen the time when I could jump—yes, gentlemen, when I could jump—as far as ever I could in my life!"

Mr. Downey in Search of Physical Development



He tries Bowling :—



But can't get the Run.



Thinks he will like Skating :—



But finds that he does not.



Tries Riding :—



But gives it up.



Tries Rowing :—



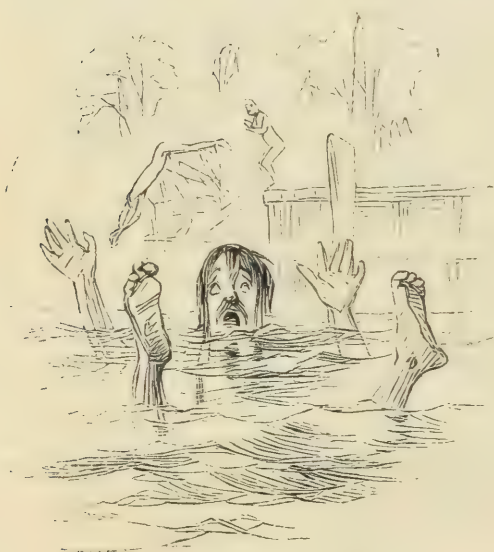
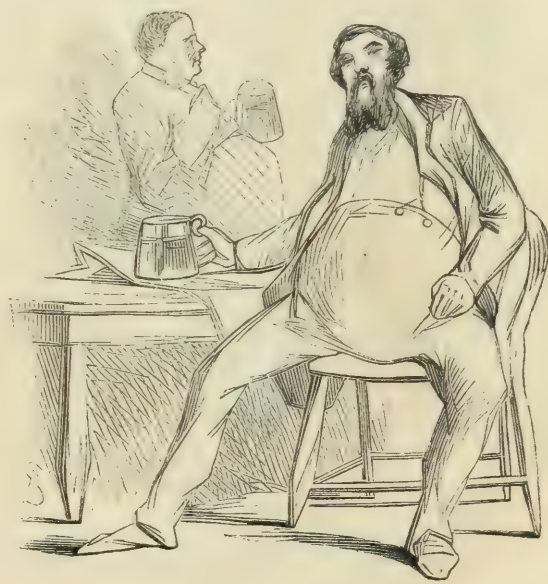
But catches a Crab.



Tries Base-Ball playing :—



But finds it too rough.

Tries the Salt-Water :—
But gets more than he bargained for.At last he tries Lager-Bier :—
And is perfectly satisfied with the result.

Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—CLOAK AND BOY'S DRESS.



FIGURES 3 AND 4.—EVENING COSTUME AND WALKING-DRESS.

THE CLOAK is of black cloth, with velvet and crochet *passanterie*.

The BOY'S DRESS is of poplin, of a rich scarlet hue, designated as *rose sublime*. The hat, Tudor style, is of velvet, with a plume.

The EVENING COSTUME and WALKING-DRESS are of silk, of any favorite color. In the Illustration the full costume is of the new *azurline blue*, with a quilling of the same *en tunique*; the heading being falls of Valenciennes.





